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NO. 15

UNSATISFIED.

Dear heart, so sad tonight, and all unsatisfied,
Has all thy striving been in vain today?
Has all thy soul doth yearn for been denied to thee?
And life itself seem but a waste of years?
With cheer and courage thou didst greet the dawn;
And now, at eventide, all hope is fled.

Dear heart, thou canst not see the good
Thine earnest toll
Has done for thee, and thine, and all the world.
Thine eyes, so bound by sense, see but material things.
The longing of thy soul, unsatisfied,
Unknown to thee, shall bring its own reward.
Be of good cheer: life holds great joy for thee.

—Elizabeth W. F. Jackson.
Terre Haute, Ind.

Literary Department.

New Hampshire Psychic Lights.

Julia Augusta Bunker.

PART V.—THE OLD SWEET STORY—AND MORE.

Sunday.

My darling Mollie:—

I suppose the Elder Libby would send me to fire and brimstone quarters if he knew I was writing letters today. I don't care for his say-so. Daddy writes on Sunday, and why not I. I notion father knows a deal more than Parson Libby. I am going to write this letter to you anyway, in spite of the fires that glow for sinners.

I never was so tired in my life as the day after daddy's Review. The Parade ground was just black with people from everywhere. Lots from Chester, Auburn, Deerfield, with baskets of "training gingerbread" for sale. But oh, dear, the funniest thing happened. You know I wrote you, father put lots of rum and brandy in for his soldiers. Guess some of the boys got hot, and did not know enough to turn the spigot when they drew the rum,—anyway, Henry went in the pantry to get a glass of brandy for Major Stark, a visitor from Concord, and lo! you could swim in the liquor that was running all over the floor and out into the hall—every cask was empty and Henry had to get some brandy from the wine cellar for the major. That stopped the drinking.

Major Stark is a fine looking man. He has improved wonderfully since he first beamed upon you, my dear. The Major came into the parlor to see us women folks and was very particular asking after you. I did not know Major Stark was gracing daddy's parade until I heard a great shout—that was after dinner—and I ran to the window to see what the rumpus was about. Then I saw hats shot up into the air and in the middle of this rumpus of hats and men, there was the major beside father, speaking,—but I could not hear what he said—guess it passed muster. Brother Henry was one of the speakers, too. I am proud of my brother, Mollie. He is only a shade less grand and gentlemanly than daddy. I call that big praise, for father, as you know, is the top notch of chivalrous manhood.

Oh, wish you could have seen the crowds! None went away hungry. Father had the big sap boilers set, and big fires blazing under them. They were filled with bean-porridge. There was dealt out cold ham, brown bread, doughnuts and cheese and apple pies. For drink was cider and rum. More company than we wanted in the house. Guess I will go to bed now. Goodnight. Lovingly,
Bettie.

P. S. When you answer this letter just mention the health of your cat Jim—he that worries the rats that eat the cheese that lies in the house that your pappy built.

Did brother Henry show you his purchases? He came home all loaded down with finery for Sarah and I.

I am making a bead chain for Sarah. I weave the beads into a half-inch chain. I have woven in Sarah's name and some pretty Grecian flowery thing.

—B—
Tuesday.

My Darling:—

I suppose you are on tiptoe to know how the Anderson dance went off.

I wore mother's pearls—father said I might—and my dress was a dream, all suffed with the dearest lace. I wore my hair in curls and I put a few bits of black court-plaster here and there to give me a quaint look like court ladies. I wore white silk stockings, my new bronze shoes and carried my new fan. You can imagine how I looked.

Jack teased me of course.

When Sarah got me all fixed ready to go, I swept into the room where Jack was waiting for me and made a low curtsy to him.

My darling Mollie, I don't know why I am going to lay bare to you the heart's delight of these (to me) golden days, only you seem

part of a divine plan in which you and I have important and related parts, and others, whom one would imagine were nearer and my natural confidants, I feel are but incidents to my eternal pilgrimage.

A mukey smell is coming into my chamber from the stables and barn. It has been a warm day and the windows are up, all over the house, to get the cool of the evening and air. The fireflies are dancing and flashing—oh, this June loveliness of evenings!—the last dainty touch, it would seem, the going sun, gives us,—was there ever such a divine plan of compensation for those that toil?

Indeed, I am wool gathering—forgetting I was to tell you of the Anderson dance. Now, then, as I was saying, I went clear down on one knee to Jack, as I came into the room where he was waiting for me (mock humility). I flirted my fan and bowed my head until my curls must have hid me, dress and all, then I said, as I sprang upright and tossed my hair and gown into fix. "How do I look, your majesty?"

Look! I wish you could have seen how Jackard looked! He rose up in a dazed kind of a way, took a few steps towards me, and looked steadily in my eyes—he did not speak for something happened, so strange that I know not how to word his expression.

We two seemed to me like Israel coming to our own again after eons on eons of life wandering apart. We neither spoke and yet we seemed to live in language so lovely and intimate, that when Sarah called 'twas time to go, her voice to me was like a knife-thrust and set me all of a tremble.

Then Jack touched my hand and spoke: "My own?" he said, and I said, "Yes." That was all—the spell was broken, but yet I knew he meant we were one for life. Since then, Jackard and I are in an odd way. I seem to know his every thought, and he mine, and everywhere he goes, if he thinks of me, there I am in thought also. I am almost afraid of myself these days.

The dance was a great success, of course, but through it all I was like a dreamer, and the dreaming was all of Jackard.

We came home by the Pine Hill road and just as we neared the growth of big pine trees where the road forks to the south I heard a voice, then a shadow flitted before us, although we were facing the moon and nothing could cast a shadow in coming the way this form did, from behind us two, then facing.

Jack heard the voice as well as I. It said: "I am Hortense, your mother, Jackard." "Get the papers!"—"Capt. Patten's Log!"—"ship!"—Then the voice vibrated to a murmur like the wind-whipped pines near us.

We were neither of us scared,—at least I was not, for by the odd magic that seemed to live and move in us two, we were masters of all extent. I felt that ghostly voice as though it were a live thing—a gathering up woe—strained and snapped threads of Jack's and my wanderings in lonely ways; a gathering for mendings and weavings into a once more, one and flawless being.

I am not any more the same Bettie you have known me. I love you and everything immeasurably—as I never dreamed I could love. I am changed, grown, blossomed like a lotus and in the lily-fragrance are us two as one, and we, Jack and I, seem infinity.

I am, my blessed Mollie, your loving Bettie.

PART VI.—CAPT. SOL. PATTEN.

Undated.

Dearest Mollie:—

Like a water-brook am I, that must run and babble and dimple, daily with every stick and pebble, frolicking along the way, or else become a stagnant pool, a breeding place for foul airs, marshy lights and unclean things. Stagnation spells death and corruption—to our sense perception—which after all and of a verity (don't you see?) is only nature's freeing way to incorruption and are always expressing life.

These are father's sentiments, and of course he knows. Still and surely if I wish to avoid seemingly calamitous things such as the doldrums and bilious fleshly wranglings, I must chatter and babble like the "water-brook," scribble to you my beloved and wing in thought to airy dream-castles, imagining myself whirling with the stars, tagging comets, pulsing the milky-way and making myself generally a nuisance to the world's folk.

I would fly away like the old woman on a broomstick if I was unable to plague you, dear Mollie, with my love tales and gossipings. The night of the dance I am sure I did not get the "forty winks" of sleep due me because I was so happy and occupied, thinking of Jackard, the dance and our walk home and mostly wondering about the future, which seems to me so golden. And the voice, too (Jack and I heard) coming home by the pine hill road, that kept haunting me, and I thought I heard it again, just as I was falling into a dose and when I slept I dreamed of a slender, beautiful woman who kissed me and led by the hand out of my room, downstairs—out into the sweet night air, when we both arose like birds, and skimming over tree-

tops, past the white meeting house, over the hills, we went, and down, down, and things merged and immersed and we were in Granny Bagley's attic with its musty smells and cobwebs, and old ruck of housekeeping, and there was Jack, too, down beside an old sea chest, marked "Captain Sol. Patten, Ship Petral." I tried to run to him to see what he was doing, when the dream-picture seemed to blur and transmute into a lovely morning glow and behold, it was sunrise, and I awake and in my very own bed.

This morning, bright and early, while I was helping Sarah shake up the beds, I peeped out of the window to see if the chickens were in my flower garden, and there I spied Jack almost on the run across the fields, hat off and holding something white in his hand. Plainly very much flustered.

Of course I ran downstairs to meet him and find out what was hurrying him. When I caught up with him, he did not answer the lots of questions I asked, but took me by the hand and led me wondering and half scared into father's study. As cool as a cucumber he marched in, and walking up to daddy laid the white package he was carrying on father's knee, and said, without any ado: "Mr. Emerson, will you please read this document I found among Capt. Sol. Patten's papers, in his sea chest? I found it last night, after coming home from the dance. I could not sleep and thought I would go into the attic and see what I could find in Capt. Patten's old sea chest, and I found this."

I can tell you, Mollie, as three had a dramatic time for an hour or more. Father carefully read "this" that Jack gave him. They were mostly papers and proofs of identity of Hortense Boncour, and her son—our dear Jackard Boncour (Jack), I am going to marry some day), also her marriage certificate. Proofs of her wedlock to one Count Boncour—with a long string of unpronounceable surnames—also the birth of Jack and baptism, together with title deed of her marriage settlement of estates near the Alpine Pass. An offshoot of the House of Savoy was Hortense Boncour—of noble lineage, you see, Mollie, but with married lines in unpleasant places and among her husband's graceless scheming relatives, from whom she was obliged to fly, after her husband's death, to save her child, Jackard Boncour (our Jack), who was of course heir to his father's estates and rent roll, and so a stumbling block in the way of his scheming Uncle Francis, of the Red Hand (why Red Hand, I don't know). Anyway, this uncle, it seemed, tried to use a Red Hand on his nephew, Jackard Boncour. Oh, Mollie, this is all like a fairy tale. Was there ever anything so strange?

Father and Jack have gone into "brown studies" over this matter, and I don't know how it will end, maybe in Piedmont, with wealth and station for Jack and of course me. Father thinks Jack better push matters into the enemies' camp, go to Paris, prove identity and claim his own. But some influential American must go with him, and who more suitable than your papa. Daddy thinks when your father takes his trip to Paris Jack better go with him, and of course that would simplify matters, because your daddy knows the pull of all the foreign ropes.

I want Jack to go and yet I don't. Oh, dear, I wish I knew how it would end!

Guess I will stop this scribble by sending you lots of love, Mollie.

PART VII.—A THREE MONTHS' SILENCE—AND AFTER.

There is a hiatus in time of Bettie's letter-writing to her dear friend Mollie.

I find this letter, evidently written after the sailing of Jackard Boncour (our Charming-Fair friend), and Mr. Bradford, father of Bettie's friend Mollie, bound for Paris in the quest for Jackard Boncour's fortune. Evidently there were many social clouds and worries both in the House of Bradford and Emerson over the journeyings of Jackard and John Bradford, as you will see by reading the following letter of Bettie's.

Undated.

My Dear Mary:—

Lots of depressing things have happened since your dear father and Jack sailed.

Oh, dear, how am I ever going to stand it! The days are like nightmares and the nights are Hades—and no word from Jack, and of course no news from your father, either.

Three months and no word—just think of it—and we were so sure he would hall a passing vessel and send letters. Oh, we must hear soon!

I was interrupted in the finishing of this letter. Company came from Goffstown.

Last night I had a strange experience, which happened me all day. After I blew out my candle I stood a minute by the window looking out into the moonlight, then hopped into bed all in a glad mood, but why I was feeling so buoyant I could never have told, only I know I lay myself down in luxurious peace.

A kind of brooding hush was pressing me,—I felt a faint breath—a perfume, as of mignonette stealing through the room,—saw a misty palpitating something, and lo! Jack, my dear Jack, was with me.

Oh, the lovely, comforting bliss of the sight—and if it was not Jack 'twas a presence just as real, bless it!

I can't say why I did not jump up and scream for joy, only some inner consciousness held me, and breathing out seemed to (as it were) clasp hands with its fellow in the mystery of this presence that looked like Jack, and was by me, and was that not enough?

Oh, the richness of my content! What joy when he bent down and really kissed me—a warm, living kiss it was, and if I was dreaming, may I ever dream. Such bliss when he kissed me, and wound my curls, lying on my pillow, around his fingers and whispered "Sweetheart! Don't be troubled, my sweetheart," he said in a natural voice. "All is well with me and Bradford—will explain soon. We are alive and well. Dearest heart," he murmured, last kissing me lingeringly on my eyelids, and when I could look, I saw nothing but the moonlight and the tossing shadows of the trees through my window and my familiar room. That was all. The beautiful vision was gone, but delicious thrills kept me happy until the sun came up.

I told father, Sarah and Henry of my vision and they, too, seem comforted by its relating.

I am now sure Jack is alive and well. How could such things be as a living Jack coming to me as he did and yet having not the ability to stay? Who knows?

But I am comforted anyway. Write me what you think of this strange experience. Send me a fat letter by brother Henry.

Lovingly,

Bettie.

I find no more letters of Bettie's relating to the subsequent wanderings in foreign parts of Jackard Boncour, but this his chronicler tells: While in Paris Jackard Boncour and John Bradford were decoyed and carried off to the castle of Francis Boncour of the "Red Hand"—uncle of Jackard of Charming-Fair, N. H. Probably they were carried off with intent to dispose of them, only death stepped in and eclipsed Francis the "Red Hand," and as Francis Boncour seemed the last of his line his estates were sequestered and of course in the overhauling of things our two American friends got their freedom and Jackard Boncour his inheritance.

Of course in the passing of events Count Jackard Boncour hid himself back to Charming-Fair of the States and married Bettie Emerson and carried her over-sea to his castles in France and many is the descendant to tell the tale of these early New Hampshire days and odd family happenings. One curious tale is told which proves the veridity of Bettie Emerson's story of her soul communings with her sweetheart Jack while he was imprisoned in the "Keep" of his Uncle Francis—"the Red Hand." While cut off from communication with the world, it was said, Jackard Boncour's thoughts went so anxiously and persistently to his beloved Bettie, that every night when all was still in slumber at the Col. Emerson New Hampshire farmstead a magical exosmose was effected of the super-Jack and he was thus consciously able to be in communion with his soul's love—Bettie.

Candia, N. H.

The End.

The Beauty of a New Vision. II

William Branton.

If anything is the matter with the eyes, we are in trouble at once, it spoils our seeing, and we hardly know what to make of it. We are sensible it is a great calamity, a great deprivation. We were not aware how much enjoyment came to us through the eyes, what a dear delight it was to look clearly into the face of a friend and to see the richness of the landscape. Oh! beauty is beautiful, and we ought to seek all that the eyes can behold!

We correct our misfortune as soon as we can, either by surgery or spectacles. It is a great gain that man can wipe age from his eyes and dimness of vision, by the use of glass wisely adapted to his need. In the mastery of the material, and in the making of it into a servant of the soul, is one of the glad things of manhood. We ought to be proud of such achievements. They make a different world for us to have and to hold.

But new wonders are said to be near at hand even in this respect so that the blind may hope for help and successful sight. This would be joyous news indeed, and doubtless some day in the near future, we shall eliminate sin and sickness and misfortune by being born strong and true and equal to the situation. We are having a vision of a world where man shall assert his manhood and a race shall live for the full unfoldment of the

race; where none shall marry who are unfitted for parentage, where it will be a crime in thought to bring forth children with the marks of the beast of passion and sensuality upon them.

I hold this as one of the new visions of the hour, even if you go back to Isaiah, or any other singer of good, and find the vision was in his soul. We have to dream more truly, that this is not a dream but a divine possibility for an enlightened humanity.

Suppose we could travel in many lands, from the sea to the mountains, east of the sun and west of the moon, and find everywhere health and happiness and prosperity. How lovely that would be, to miss in hamlet and city the poverty and ignorance of many peoples, and to see real manhood and its enjoyment, and hear its utterance in the language of all kindreds and tongues! That good time is coming, it belongs to man as the blossom belongs to the orchards of May.

"Yes," you say, "we have got to wait for it until the hour is struck in the morning of the years." But man is the maker of his own destiny, the master of his own fate, and the creator of his own world by the faithful following of divine principles.

We have got to have a new vision of this and be open-minded to the all-shining truth. Ours eyes are hidden yet, and we hardly realize. Many people could not see out of the left eye. It is weak and they do not know it. It must be a pleasure to have the perfect strength of both.

And many are half-sighted about truth. They see what is in their own people, but not what is in others. They cannot recognize the same in another. We are going to have a new vision of men as lovers of truth, and to test their gain of truth by the beauty of their lives. We shall taste the fruit of this faith and that, and if it is sweet and good for food, we shall approve it and use it for the good of our lives.

I see clearly I have no right to judge men for their several positions of religion and the rest wherein we differ. There is truth in all, and more in all if we would take all and make it into a complete life.

One cannot pick and choose out of this sect and that. He has a certain stand, and wishes to work with those who best represent his ideals and purposes. That is true, and the way men and women must do to hasten the great day of good.

And yet all the same, one can cease vituperation and blame and name-calling, and see the good in things seeming evil. My neighbor finds a blessing in this cult or that society let me also see his good and have the beauty of it in my life. I cannot afford to be exclusive, or narrow, and the good of religions can be carried like gems in small space, and by taking of that good, I impoverish not another, but rather help him to prize what is valuable in his faith.

And to do away with the darkness of prejudice and bigotry, is to win blessing. We are not liberal, if we are blaming our neighbor. We are not progressive, if we stand and throw stones at those who go the other way at the cross roads. The new man, with eyes of love for men, has gladness in all souls with God who loves and prizes all.

This came to me in a dream. I was in a strange land and dark, and I wanted to wander around and see things and men, but could not for reason of the darkness. A glimmer of light dawned and I began to know something of the scene, and I saw faintly the forms of men, yet indistinctly when I wished for open vision. In a while it came and I was glad to find I was among those I loved and I greeted them with a great gladness, for it seemed good to know after this yearning. Yet I was still held in the spell of sleep, and I suddenly seemed endowed with clairvoyance to read the interior nature of my friends, and I cried aloud for joy at the discovery. They were a thousand times better than I had known; I saw in them hidden graces and gentleness and charms and virtues and gifts, which I said, made them all kings and priests to God. Amen, said the spirit, it is even so, all these are divine with music and art and all the potencies of life, and it is for thy new vision to recognize when thou shalt awake! I heard the voice, and I awoke, but how am I to keep my new vision? By living in the spirit and letting the eyes of love behold all the children of men!

An interesting story is told by the Port Jervis correspondent for the New York World. This correspondent says: "Irving Cox had a leg cut off by a train just before the holidays, and the leg was placed in the receiving vault of the cemetery. A few days ago Cox complained to his wife that there was something hurting his severed leg. He became so nervous that members of his family went to the receiving vault, opened the box containing the severed limb and removed a bit of frozen sand. Although Cox did not know that this had been done, it is said that the instant the sand was removed his pain ceased, and upon their return they found him happy and free from the annoyance."

WARNING.

High in the heavens I saw the moon this morning
Albeit the sun above bright;
Unto my soul in voice of warning,
"Remember Night!"

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.
Page 58 of "Poems of Life."

When life seems over-full of love and pleasure—
Happy beyond belief—
Remember this—God's and not thine thy treasure,
Remember Grief!

A voice speaks to us in youth's golden morning
(As it were under breath)
Through rain of silver singing rings its warning,
"Remember Death!"

A soul one loves, ever its home adorning—
Calm 'midst earth's jarring strife—
Goes heavenward, homeward with angelic warning,
"Remember Life."

Kate Taylor-Robinson.

Tweed Green House,
Whalley Range, Lancashire, Eng.

The Innermost of Manhood.

Charles Darcourt.

CHAPTER III.

When we study a little further into the innermost of manhood we perceive that the mortal brain limits thought expression by its form or shape. This mortal brain is itself an individual, on a small scale, and determines whether the man shall be a genius, a fool, or just an average, like the rest of us. The extended psychic brain, which belongs to the innermost of man, compels a different expression of manhood. For instance, its memory is perfect; and it may have many expressions such as clairvoyance, etc., impossible to the physical brain, but which all belong to the larger man, and are thus "the innermost of manhood." And, perhaps most important of all, we remember it has form. It is therefore built up of molecules, that is to say, it is a compound of energy, substance and intelligence, like the physical brain, which is vibrating within the limit of our mortal sense. This limitation of the physical brain limits the sub-intelligence too, when it is called to the level of our everyday life.

We do not for a moment suppose that our sub-man has just a brain form and nothing else. That brain will be part of a larger form, with organs, independent it is true, but all working together, or the brain could do no work, and the form would soon drop apart. But the fact that this sub-brain, and this form of sub-plate, are placed out in a grasp, puts them beyond the study of minds which pronounce reflex action "purposeful," but not "intelligent." The vivisectionist may slash and tear the physical till it becomes silent. He may starve it, and thrust it, and dope it with drugs, but all he can accomplish is to stop the sub-man from preaching his sermon upon the inner life. But this sub-man is himself at great disadvantage when he tries to use the physical brain. He is at once limited. His expressions will be distorted, and his intelligence smothered.

The universe, by which I mean the Cosmic whole, is always in touch with its units. The most distant star, which even the telescope fails to exhibit to mortal eye, is producing a positive effect upon our planet, and upon all things therein. For instance, though man the mortal cannot see it with a telescope, he makes a sense of its plate, and places it in a camera, which is held to the motion of that star for hours at a time. Neither the man nor his plate are doing anything, but the star is, for presently its distant personality is pictured by its own energy upon that plate. In the aggregate that must mean a mighty fount of stellar energy pervading space, and contacting with every form therein. We may not today be able to sense that intelligence other than as an expression of form, but the time will surely come when the intelligence of the vast whole shall be recognized as a mighty influence acting upon the form speck called the brain of man.

Cosmic intelligence is thus seen to be most surely and necessarily a dominating influence, although we may be too small to comprehend its proclamations as issued by the great blended personality called "over soul" or God "manhood." To the speak personalities called "manhood."

Without any acceptance of astrological assertions of lucky or unlucky days caused by some distant star, we do thus know that the most distant star, and every other star, is an intelligent personality, and in touch with every other personality throughout the universe. The influence is universal, like that of a national government, although the unit citizen may not be able to read its laws and proclamations.

That influence applies, of course, to the whole of every form, and not merely to the little part of it recognized by mortal man's sense. It is an influence of the whole upon the unborn speck, and also upon the speck of substance, intelligence and energy which at death escapes the doctor, the undertaker and the scientist. It is not unit whispering to unit, but a Cosmic blending of units uttering an intelligence so vast that any smaller molecular grouping may feel it rather than comprehend it. At this point in our study it is well for both the reader and the writer to remember that Cosmos itself is molecular, and therefore a blending of individual units which will one day drop apart, and change its form. Indeed it is probably doing so at every moment. But we now realize that manhood is ever subject to this greater expression of intelligence, and ruled by it, all through his existence in form, and it is quite probable that his sub-conscious self—his aural manhood—his innermost—may interpret much of this Cosmic intelligence which escapes the mortal.

We next take special note of the fact that every form expresses itself differently under different conditions. For instance, in one condition we call it hot, in another cold; in one liquid, in another solid; and, so far as we know, every form is capable of polarization, that is of responding to an outside influence. But the form, built up as it is of vast numbers of other forms, and therefore a collection of personalities, must blend gradually, for time is a factor even in eternity. There is a time when the new conglomeration of forms is but loosely attached, and, of course, it may not then hold some of its personalities to close and central contact. Herein is the explanation of the different form persons, belonging to one greater form person, being left partly unconnected at birth, or perhaps one or more severed by some sudden shock, too severe for the force at work to hold it to its centre. The child in process of birth is a collection of persons, as we have seen, some of whom may just escape the slower vibrations of mortal life, and thus remain on the psychic side of that form. Our scientists are recording experiences of various marked personalities peeping out through one mortal

brain, in many well known cases. And if molecular grouping is itself a personality, we can now perceive that the psychic expressions called clairvoyance, clairaudience, etc., are merely expressions of certain faculties that were not quite smothered into earth life.

It is these looser form attachments to his manhood that distinguish the sensitive from his fellows. They are not quite closely attached to the blended whole, so they get and sense experiences which are often, and usually, so imperfectly related through mortal sense that they are pronounced false—the work of designing spirits—or perhaps called first-class lies, manufactured by the sensitive himself.

The key note of the whole problem is the fact that every molecular gathering is a personality, and that man, like other forms, is built up of such personalities, which work together part of the time, and part of the time exercise their independence.

A number of such personalities become blended so closely that we call them "mortal man." A myriad others just escape this close blending, but are still part of the whole form. They are outside the mortal sense, but inside the psychic aura of that form. Man has grasped this fact in nature, but so imperfectly that it has become the foundations of his superstitions, and the mark of his ignorance. The time seems to have come when man should begin to know himself as he really is—just a collection of myriad forms, but not one of these molecular forms permanent, either in this life, or any other. Of course man's present form outlasts death. That we know is proved by spirit return. And for all we know, it may last a myriad ages before the units have gained all the experience they desire.

We now see that the "purposeful" activities, recognized by the scientist and called "reflex action," are merely the psychic activities of personalities belonging to the form, we call man, but not so closely attached to the form centre as to become tangible to mortal sense.

The wee little animal known as a hydra is little but form, and turns itself inside out on the least provocation or necessity. Little swellings appear on its surface. After a time they usually break off and set up housekeeping as independent hydras. This is propagation by "budding." But now and then they stay at home, when the combined intelligence divides up the work. Some of the man's born children of the hydra make it their specialty to catch the needed prey. Others do the paddling from place to place. In fact various organs now appear, and the startled scientist finds himself in presence of an animal he had long known as a "hydra polyp." In a similar manner manhood itself may have been evolved.

So our problem as to the "inwardness of manhood" is met and solved when we realize that every form, manhood included, is built up of other forms, each with its own personality, though it may be but loosely attached to the form's centre. Yet each and every one of these blended forms, whether loosely or closely attached, manifests a fealty to its centre that holds it to such manifestation as conditions will permit. And it is in the department of loosely attached forms that we discover the class of manifestations we call "psychic." And necessarily their manifestations are largely beyond the control, and often without the knowledge of the mortal sense belonging to the closely attached centre.

In other words, we each are composite men and women. There may be plenty of "reflex action" and even "chain reflex," as Loeb calls it, but the intelligence so manifested is not that of the individual, but of the composite whole. And that composite whole includes "the innermost of man." There are lesser and greater composites, but that manhood is always a composite of a number of personalities may be taken and accepted by the student reader as a natural and undeniable fact upon which manhood itself rests.

San Leandro, Cal.

The End.

The Exercise of Judgment.

Wm. Emmette Coleman.

In an article published in a Spiritualistic paper the following is quoted, apparently from the Bible: "Judgment is mine, saith the Lord;" and then the article goes on to say that certain Spiritual teachers seem to have usurped the Almighty's prerogative in their condemnation of some erring fellow-mortals, said erring fellow-mortals being certain fraudulent spiritual mediums.

In the first place no such passage as that quoted can be found in the Bible. "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord," is what the Bible says. It is true that in a large number of Biblical passages judgment is ascribed to God; but in others it is likewise committed to men on earth. In John vii, 24, Jesus is represented as saying: "Judge not according to appearance, but judge righteous judgment." This is a very sensible and excellent precept, and it is just what the friends of truth and honesty in Spiritualism endeavor to do. When purported Spiritual manifestations are presented to them, they endeavor not to judge by the superficial appearance of things, as so many Spiritualists are inclined to do (accepting as genuine that which is spurious), but they search deeper into the matter, in order that they may give righteous judgment. Paul says: "Prove all things; hold fast to that which is good." In order to prove the character of Spiritual phenomena it is absolutely necessary that we use our judgment. In fact, a good judgment is the crowning attribute of human nature. "Reason is the flower of the spirit," and judgment is simply the exercise of reason. God never intended any one not to exercise his best judgment. The fact that man is endowed with the capacity of judgment, and that a man without judgment is perforce a fool, proves that it is no usurpation of the Almighty's prerogative to judge others, evil-doers as well as the righteous.

It is our duty to judge and condemn vice and crime, and to do all we can to suppress it. It is our bounden duty to aid in preventing our brothers and sisters from being preyed upon and swindled by knaves and charlatans; and no sentiments of false or mock charity should avert us from the straight line of duty. True charity does not require us to aid the vicious and criminal by silence concerning, or approval of, their misdeeds. That is true charity both to the evildoer and to his victims which does what it can to check the wrong-doer in his or her course, and prevent the victims from being increased in number or from being further preyed upon. Justice and charity should go hand in hand. So-called charity without justice is productive of much evil in the world; and so-called justice exercised independently of the consideration of charity is in itself often rank injustice, cruelty, oppression.

Each, hasty judgment whether of a favorable or unfavorable character, should ever be avoided. In all cases, "Judge not according to appearance, but judge righteous judgment." Be careful and cautious, avoiding prejudice on either side. Seek honestly and candidly to know the exact truth. Be neither quick to condemn nor quick to approve. Search for the facts. Examine all the evidence in any given case, and let reason, unbiased and untrammelled, be the arbiter. If convinced of wrong-doing being practiced, let

no false charity excuse or condone it, unless there be extenuating circumstances calling for the exercise of charity. True charity must never be lost sight of even with the vilest wretches. No motive of vengeance or vindictive retaliation should mar our justice to the wrong-doer; but the love of the supremacy of right, the welfare of humanity, and the protection of society demand that the criminal should be exposed and restrained; and no false charity should interfere with the exercise of "righteous judgment," to the suppression of evil and the advancement of the good and true.

San Francisco, Cal.

"The Widow's Mite and Other Psychic Phenomena."

George A. Bacon.

This is the latest, most voluminous, and elaborate contribution to spiritualistic literature that has appeared for many a day. Rarely does there occur a threefold combination more suggestive or significant than the publication of this book—its author, its subject-matter, and its treatment.

It is especially noteworthy for many reasons. It is written by a distinguished Christian scholar and theologian who can write D. D. and L. L. D. to his name—the editor-in-chief of the Standard Dictionary. He claims not to be a Spiritualist, yet is one who evidently has long been more or less conversant with the subject, from the standpoint of an investigator. It is written in a candid spirit, at once popular, critical and comprehensive.

The general reader will be interested for its absorbing personality. The skeptic for its revelations that baffle explanation on any other theory that is half so rational and natural as the one claimed for it. The psychologist for the extraordinary field of operations which it unfolds and the legitimate results naturally to be obtained therefrom. To the intelligent Spiritualist for the corroboration, confirmation and duplication, from an unexpected quarter, of many of his own experiences. While it deals incidentally with the physical phase of the subject, it is more largely concerned with its mental aspects. It also gives certain of the teachings of the communicating intelligences, which are generally in harmony with those received through kindred channels everywhere, and which are practically accepted by the great body of Spiritualists throughout the world.

"The Widow's Mite" takes its title from a valuable ancient coin, known by that name, which was loaned to Dr. Funk to illustrate the Dictionary, but which coin failed to get returned to the owner though specific instruction had been given to this effect, and faithful compliance with which was supposed to have followed.

The author relates that on attending a private circle in Brooklyn, N. Y., one evening in the month of February, 1903, where the head of the family, a widow lady of 68 years, of humble life but intelligent, delicate refined, had been accustomed to hold a family reunion, a kind of prayer meeting for the living and dead, once a week for the previous four years.

No charge of any kind was permitted to guests privileged to attend. At the close of one of Dr. Funk's visits, the lady, unconscious, under control of a masculine spirit voice asked: "Has any one here got anything that belonged to Mr. Beecher?" There was no reply. On his emphatic repetition of the question, I replied, being the only one present, as I felt sure, who had ever had any immediate acquaintance with Mr. Beecher: "I have in my pocket a letter from Rev. Dr. Hillis, Mr. Beecher's successor. Is that what you mean?"

The answer was: "No; I am told by a spirit present, that Mr. Beecher, who is not present, is concerned about an ancient coin, 'The Widow's Mite.' This coin is out of its place, and should be returned. It has been away, and Mr. Beecher wishes it returned, and he looks to you, doctor, to return it."

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

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

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

I said to the control: "The only 'Widow's Mite' that has ever been in my charge was one that I borrowed some years ago from a gentleman in Brooklyn; this I promptly returned." To which the control replied: "This one has not been returned. I am impressed that this coin is in a large iron safe, that it has been lost sight of; it is in a drawer in this safe under a lot of papers, and that you can find it, and Mr. Beecher wishes you to find it. That is all that I can tell you."

The next day, thinking over this strange communication, the repeated assertion that the coin had not been returned, and the curious fact that such an unusual piece of money should have been positively mentioned, led the doctor to ask his brother, who had been the business manager of "The Standard Dictionary," if he could tell him anything about "The Widow's Mite," which had been used in the illustration of the dictionary? The brother said he could, that he had returned it. "To whom?" asked the doctor. "I don't know the man, but I returned it to the person from whom you said you had borrowed it." This statement was repeated again and again.

That same afternoon, at their business conference, Mr. Wagnalls, the vice president of the company, and Mr. E. J. Wheeler, editor of The Literary Digest, being present, Dr. Funk told them of his curious experience.

Mr. Wagnalls said: "I never heard that you had borrowed such a coin." Mr. Wheeler, being particularly skeptical of spirit communications, remarked: "Well, now, find that coin and it will be a good test." "All right," said the doctor, and calling in the cashier asked if he remembered an old coin called "The Widow's Mite," which was in our possession during the making of the dictionary? He replied that he did, that it was given to him by Mr. R. F. Funk, and he was under the impression that it had been returned to the owner. "Are you sure of this?" he was asked. "I believe it has been so returned," he replied.

The doctor told him to go to the large iron safe (there are two safes in the cashier's office) and have his assistant help him see whether that coin was anywhere in the safe.

The mystery, while giving additional and exact information directly contrary to that which was held to be correct; but every statement made by the "control" was verified by subsequent investigation.

Accepting the account of this affair to have occurred as related, every candid and experienced mind, it seems to us, must reasonably conclude that it was a genuine spirit communication, however much it might interfere with preconceived opinions.

The whole matter was originally submitted to more than forty of the noted scientists of the world, for an expression as to their solution of the affair, some ten of whom refer it to sub-conscious faculties; several are non-committal; eight or nine to spirits, and twelve to fraud.

We venture to assert that those of the latter, if individually they had had the same or a similar experience, that their verdict would have been very different. Professional fear of Mrs. Grundy is still a potent bugaboo.

The case carries conviction with it. Only those who are either ignorant of psychic power, or blinded by prejudice and unwilling to face the logic of things, or those who have decided that material causes must explain all phenomena will see in this revelation, deception and fraud.

Justly does Dr. Funk declare: "No explanation explains that does not cover in a reasonable way all of the facts involved."

It is quite needless to say that the account makes a chapter by itself, covering many pages, each step being impregnable fortified.

One critic says: "Affidavits enough . . . are offered to prove every link in the chain. The result is that even a court of law would accept the narrative as abundantly sustained by trustworthy testimony."

The episode which gives rise to the title of the book is but a small portion contained within its 638 pages.

Besides "The Widow's Mite," the book is a valuable record of spiritual facts rarely brought together in such a relational manner; cases of clairvoyance, clairaudience, telepathy, prophecy, finding lost articles, apparitions, and materializations; personal interviews with true and bogus mediums; secondary personalities; experiments of distinguished scientists; the Psychological Research Society; testimony of unimpeachable witnesses to inexplicable phenomena, etc., etc., all of which is given with much freedom of comment and criticism, characteristic of an intelligent and independent investigator.

The publication of such books, by such minds, will cause many to turn their attention to the subject who are now, for various reasons, disposed to ignore it.

Mrs. Piper and the Society for Psychical Research.

Mime Inness.

This book, translated and slightly abridged from the French of M. Sage by Noralie Robertson, with a preface by Sir Oliver Lodge, is a successful attempt to give in a popular form an abridgment of the work of the British Society for Psychical Research for the last sixteen years in investigating the "trance of Mrs. Piper." The translator has even abridged the abridgment; and yet the result is a logically arranged history of a movement most unique and very valuable. Sir Oliver Lodge, the President of the Society, has written a preface for the book, which states his own position with great care. A brief statement of the objects and purposes of the Society precedes the first chapter.

Both writer and translator are to be congratulated on the success of their attempt. The book is worthy of the subject. The first chapter tells of Mrs. Piper and her early mediumship and disposes of the old-fashioned notion that all mediums are mere victims of neurosis.

The narrative then takes up the acquaintance with Mrs. Piper, of Dr. Hodgson, Prof. James and others; tells of her trip to Europe, the sittings there with Sir Oliver Lodge and other British Scientists; goes at length into the history of the various "controls." "Dr. Phinuit," "George Pelham" and latter "Imperator," "Reactor" and the other control of the late Wm. Stainton Moses. Mr. Moses though a great medium proved to be a most unsatisfactory communicator. His chief usefulness, since his departure, consists in the transformation of Mrs. Piper of his hand of controls.

All Mrs. Piper's trance work, has succeeded in making it more convincing and satisfactory than ever before. Under his guidance Prof. Hyslop, of Columbia University, became convinced of the truth of the Spiritualistic theory and his work has been set forth in considerable detail. The later chapters are given up to a discussion of the only two possible theories as to the true cause of the phenomena and the claims of telepathy and Spiritualism are set forth, not in full but fairly and without bias. The author concludes, as have Dr. Hodgson, Sir Oliver Lodge and Prof. Hyslop, that telepathy falls and that the theory of Spiritualism alone explains every possible doubt, and therefore must be accepted.

The newest things in the book, newest to those most familiar with the subject, is the chapter upon the actions and statements which Mrs. Piper makes when recovering from the trance. It seems utterly impossible to explain these on the telepathic theory.

To the Spiritualistic believer, the conditional method of stating a belief in the Spiritualistic hypothesis, with which almost all scientists accompany their acknowledgment of its truth, is at once flattering and annoying; flattering because it indicates the strength of the opposition against which Spiritualism has forced itself to the front as the true cause of the phenomena; annoying, in that it is a constant reminder that everywhere opposition exists.

Did it ever occur to these scientific people to attach this condition whenever they refer to their belief in gravitation, or evolution, or radio-activity? And yet no scientist would adhere to any of these well established laws one moment after better explanation of the phenomena appeared. Then why so swift with this "if" whenever Spiritualism is admitted. Is it not a little unfair, even though this "if" is as much a compliment to Spiritualism's strength as it is a slur at the great body of its adherents?

Did these scientific friends (for they are true friends, having vindicated Spiritualism in the only quarter where it remained to vindicate it) did these scientific friends ever think of what would become of those truths of Christianity: revelation, the miracles, the resurrection and other basic (it is claimed) principles of Christian theology, if there should be required of them or any one of them, the same tests which Spiritualism is asked to withstand and which it does withstand beyond all cavil, as this little volume itself attests?

M. Sage, with a strange weakness for one who has all through the book shown such patience and such strength, calls one doubt as to the truth of the Spiritualistic hypothesis, a most difficult one. It troubles him (and he cannot get over it) because some spirits, in their account of the life in the Beyond, have said that they live in houses just as they did here, that they attend to their sev-

eral occupations, just as they did here, and worst of all "a deceased child is beginning to learn to read." This to him is an "enormous difficulty" and he makes no attempt to solve it.

After the calm wisdom M. Sage has shown in dealing with the thousand and one foolish objections of unthinking skeptics, with which every Spiritualist is so familiar, it seems strange indeed to find the learned man staggering under the weight of an objection so puerile as this.

Has he not been taught by "Imperator" when he took charge of Mrs. Piper's sittings, that the spirits know best how to open the secrets of their realm? And can he not therefore afford to wait? He says his "credulity cries out in remonstrance." Why? Has he not learned, he certainly has if he has read all the Proceedings of the Society—that each of us in that land does what is best for him, what he elects, what will best advance him, what will help him (to use M. Sage's own words on page 38) "to be carried away in the vortex of a higher and greater activity?"

Let M. Sage contain himself. If he does not wish in the future life to "breathe," to "visit patients" if he be a doctor, to "daub canvases" if he be a painter, to "live in a house," "listen to lectures," or "learn to read," he may be most certain that he need not do any of these things. If he prefers "to be carried away in the vortex of a higher and greater activity," he most certainly will be, over there.

But why does his credulity cry out? The old reason of the unthinking, ignorant reasoner applies. "Because it does not seem natural to me." M. Sage is too much of a scientist to have deliberately put himself into the unenviable position where his classification with the unthinking and the ignorant is inevitable and imperative.

M. Sage will himself undoubtedly acknowledge the fairness of the old question when it is hurled at him, "Who are you who can decide the ways of the Most High? Who gave you the right to determine what is natural and what is not? The question is not what you think is true, but what is true. Then, in the name of science, why are you, her pupil, belittling her instructions by mistaking for the truth itself the mere evidence of its existence?"

To doubt the truth of the only explanation which satisfies him that there is a Heaven (so called), because the accounts he gets of that Heaven do not suit him, is, as already stated, a strange mental attitude for M. Sage. It is, however, explained to some extent by the tone of his comment upon this life. Throughout the book we come upon such expressions as this "vale of tears," this "world of woe," "such puny creatures as ourselves," "humanity is but poor stuff." Is not M. Sage one of those unhappy mortals whose very critical ability and keenness of intellect make him a pessimist? Seeing things with the veil removed, in such a mind, always breeds discontent; perhaps because of the very fact that there is no farther opportunity for the exercise of that acuteness of reasoning and keenness of insight, in which alone such minds find comfort.

The difficulty which besets M. Sage here is the same difficulty which he so derides in others on pages of this very book, and rightly too. The unthinking critic says: "I don't believe this. It isn't natural," forgetting that he is not natural and knows so little about what is natural. To M. Sage it seems an argument against Spiritualism because the condition of things beyond does not seem to be natural or reasonable. We must learn the lesson from the beyond. We must not say the communicator is telling untruths because what he does tell does not agree with our preconceived ideas. A description to our Pilgrim fathers of a man sitting in Plymouth and actually talking with a man in Boston, or New York, or Chicago; or a man on shore communicating with the Mayflower when she was halfway back to England, would have resulted in the prayers of the congregation for an idiot, or the whipping post for a most unholly liar. And yet the telephone and Marconigram are facts.

Let M. Sage wait. The opportunities of the life to come are not half revealed to us yet; and when in the long hereafter we hark back to earth, let us hope that the joys of heaven may not be decreased by hearing some learned savant scoffing at the impossibility of Heaven because of the improbabilities of its life.

This little book resembles the summing up of the evidence by the Judge, the charge to the jury, which is the jury before whom Spiritualism is being tried.

The Society has found after 16 years of the most searching cross-examination to which any cause was ever subjected, two possible explanations for the phenomena of Spiritualism, phenomena which have been established by evidence far stronger than is required to convict a criminal of a capital offence, viz.: 1. Telepathy and 2. Spiritualism.

That Telepathy is a mere hypothesis is admitted by its most zealous advocate, the late Thompson J. Hudson. Let us for the sake of the argument, agree that Spiritualism also is but an hypothesis.

Which hypothesis shall we choose? It needs but little logical acumen to comprehend the fact that that hypothesis, and that alone, can be chosen, which shall explain all the phenomena.

Does telepathy explain all? No, not even if we endow the medium with omniscience.

Does Spiritualism explain all? Everything, and in the way most natural and convincing.

M. Sage, on page 155, puts the real telepathic position in a nutshell.

"To begin with, what is the origin of this telepathic hypothesis? Is it justified by the facts of experimental or spontaneous observation among psychologists? Certainly not; if we only reckoned the experiments and observations of official psychology, the hypothesis of telepathy, as we understand it, would be almost unfounded. This hypothesis is in reality founded on our ignorance; we may admit it temporarily, because we are ignorant of the latent powers of the human mind, and because we have every reason to think these latent powers great and numerous. I think that the first wide use of it was made in the famous book by Gurney, Myers and Podmore, 'Phantasms of the Living.' The telepathic hypothesis might very well be admitted as an explanation of the facts recorded in that book, although the Spiritualistic hypothesis would explain them as well, or even better. But when we are considering other facts, such as those of Mrs. Piper's trance, for example, the telepathic hypothesis, in order to explain them, must be stretched beyond permitted limits!"

Telepathy, T. J. Hudson's analysis shows us, is the communion of two subjective minds, of the subconsciousness of two people. This subjective mind possesses absolutely perfect memory. Whatever is once passed through that memory is there fixed forever. It is recalled to consciousness and the marvels of telepathy result; this is the claim.

But "Mrs. Piper's trance" makes mistakes, like all the rest of humanity. Can mistakes be predicated of this marvelous telepathy which enables the medium (according to its advocates) to go out among the billions of minds now inhabiting this planet and from the one mind which retains it, even though that mind is unconscious of such retention, select the one, often trivial, fact which the

utter asks for, and that, too, in less than a second of time by the clock.

"Now the communications (I quote from the work under review) in the phenomena we are studying, have an extremely vague notion of time, because, they say, time is not a concept of the world in which they live. How is it that telepathy, which can do so much, owns itself incapable, or nearly so, of determining the moment when an action has been performed? What prevents it from reading the idea of time, as well as any other idea, in the minds of the persons present, since the notion of time is as clear and precise in them at least as any other notion."

"In order to explain," as M. Sage so forcibly argues on page 168, "the phenomena we are studying by the telepathic hypothesis, we must suppose that telepathy has infinite power with which no obstacle can interfere. Then why does it make mistakes? And why does it make just the mistakes that an imperfect finite spirit would make? Must we suppose that Dame Telepathy is a mere incarnation of the demon of fraud and deceit?"

Very reasonably and very kindly M. Sage comprehends the difficulties in the Spiritualistic hypothesis which give pause to many men.

The theory of "vibrations," the need of doing things, if we could get good results, in the way the spirits desire, not insisting on our own rude and uncouth methods; the limitations of spirit minds, which though freed from the incumbrance of the flesh, are yet not perfect intelligences, but are still subject to many of the limitations to their powers which possessed them on earth; that the blacksmith does not immediately become a demi-god when death gives new birth; that "Orthodoxy does not matter" in the world beyond; that there is an "influence" that each possesses which the spirits see and feel, although most of us do not; that mediocre mediums may produce masterpieces; that spirits give all the little personal touches and dramatic coloring of the personality whose spirit they claim to be; are all stated or treated in this little volume most understandingly and most sympathetically.

The expressions of Mrs. Piper as she returns to consciousness present a most striking argument for the Spiritualistic hypothesis; and upon the Telepathic theory they are meaningless bosh. This is a state of facts regular, so far as the writer knows, to Mrs. Piper's trance. Alone it is a most convincing argument and would justify the book.

But after all, let it be said to an intending investigator, read all you please, the most convincing piece of evidence is found only in personal contact with a good medium. Submit yourself with an open mind, allow the spirit to give the tests in its own way and its own time, unhampered by cross-examination or attempted misleading, and there is a compelling force in the power of spirit over spirit which brings conviction to the reason and comfort to the soul, surpassing all understanding. No honest investigator, following a series of sittings with a good medium, ever came away unconvinced that however imperfect and however difficult the bridge between this world and the next, the bridge exists, and its passage is sure.

This little compendium brings to the everyday reader whose time is too much occupied with the things of this world to give much of it to the next, a realization of the great work done and doing by the Society for Psychical Research. The world is better, safer, saner, wiser and therefore happier, for the work and it owes a debt of gratitude to M. Sage for the form and force of the presentation of it.

A Chance to Make Money.

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

Letters from Our Readers.

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

A Letter from Chicago.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It is all very well to say that the philosophy of Spiritualism should win converts and that the phenomena should take a subordinate place, but the truth of the matter is that comparatively few appreciate the philosophy, while the great world of skeptics must have the phenomena to convince them of the truth. For this purpose we must have the mediums, and among whom I consider the best in Chicago as "test" mediums are Mrs. Hamilton Gill and her brother, Mr. C. J. Harnes. Strangers bereaved of their friends never go to these mediums without receiving the consoling proof that their loved ones still live. A friend of mine who is a devoted member of the orthodox church lost one who was almost his bride. He was in hopeless despair until a friend brought him to Mrs. Gill, who did not even know his name. When the dear one came to him, and gave the most satisfactory proofs of her identity, this man's gloom was changed to greatest joy and he now goes on his way rejoicing. This is only one case among hundreds. Proofs in such cases are better than philosophy.

These two mediums hold circles twice a week and many deeply interesting incidents occur thereat. A stranger, for instance, recently attended and the spirit friends at once told him he had a queer star on his breast and that he was a detective. The man turned back his coat lapel and there was the badge and he was a detective. He had never attended a Spiritualist meeting before. Mr. Barnes is a fine psychometrist. He and his sister will attend campmeetings this season and can be addressed at 522 West Monroe Street, Chicago. Fraternally yours,

Chicago, Ill.

"Never Scattered Hatred Among Men"

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Such was the beneficent dictum of a ruler of Egypt many hundred years before Jesus blessed the peacemakers. Jefferson, the first Republican President of this Nation, declared his policy would be in accord with Quakerism. The great soldier Grant declared: "Let us have peace." The present executive of this Republic is not in accord with the great statesmen of the world as in one of his addresses he said "A soldier should desire to fight." The great Judean prophet, Isaiah,

announced: "The Creator of the speech of the lips commands peace, etc." It seems that prophets and statesmen are advocates of peace and assent to the dictum of Gen. Sherman that "war is hell." Every humanitarian will hope for the movement to do away with war.

Several years ago Emil Lavalaye, the eminent Frenchman, urged the formation of a League between Great Britain and the United States to preserve the peace of the world. A Quaker has asked Senator Dick, of Ohio, to confer with Secretary Hay to initiate efforts and secure the co-operation of Great Britain to accomplish the cessation of the war in the East and substitute arbitration for slaughter, and to enforce and maintain the peace of the world. "When nations learn war no more" then will begin a potent movement to usher in "The Golden Age." No more the human slaughter, wars forever cease!

Allah's greatest nations command eternal peace.

Wauseon, O.

Take Piso's Cure for Consumption for Coughs, Colds and Consumption. Sold everywhere.

Was He Enlightened?

Writing from Benares, India, Mr. Curtis says:

"That city is as sacred to the Buddhists as it is to the Brahmins, for it was here that Gautama, afterwards called Buddha (a title which means 'The Enlightened'), lived in the sixth century before Christ, and from here he sent out his missionaries to convert the world. Gautama was a prince of the Sakya tribe, and of the Rajput caste. He was born 650 B. C. and lived in great wealth and luxury. Driving in his pleasure grounds one day he met a man crippled with age; then a second man smitten with an incurable disease; then a corpse, and finally a fakir or ascetic, walking in a calm, dignified, serene manner. These spectacles set him thinking, and after long reflection he decided to surrender his wealth, to relinquish his happiness, and devote himself to the reformation of his people. He left his home, his wife, a child that had just been born to him, cut off his long hair, shaved his head, clothed himself with rags, and taking nothing with him but a brass bowl from which he could eat his food, and a cup from which he could drink, he became a pilgrim, an inquirer after Truth and Light. Having discovered that he could drink from the hollow of his hand, he gave away his cup and kept nothing but his bowl. He was the reason why every pilgrim and every fakir, every monk and priest in India carries a brass bowl, for although Buddhism is practically extinct in this country, the teachings and the example of Gautama had a perpetual influence over the Hindus.

"After what is called the great renunciation, Gautama spent six years mortifying the body and gradually reduced his food to one grain of rice a day. But this brought him neither light nor peace of mind. He thereupon abandoned further penance and devoted six years to meditation, sitting under the now famous bo-tree, near the modern town of Gaya. In the year 583 B. C. he obtained Complete Enlightenment, and devoted the rest of his life to the instruction of his disciples. He taught that all suffering is caused by indulging the desires; that the only hope of relief lies in the suppression of desire, and impressed his principles upon more millions of believers than those of any other religion."

THE GREAT GREAT.

Quicken us we pray thee
With thy love divine,
So that through us thy
Gracious attributes may shine,
And thereby daily manifest through us
That which is sublime.

—Arthur Lindley.

Brandon, Manitoba, Can.

Wonders of Ellora.

Clarke Irvine.

Why do we never hear anything of the wonders of Ellora? Every decade we have a revival over the wonders of the Pyramids, or Catacombs and long buried tombs of Egypt, or Babylon, etc., but of all the millions of readers familiar with such works not one in a thousand seems to know anything of Ellora.

A hundred years or more ago a full description of those rock-cut temples of India was given in one of the volumes of "Asiatic Researches," Vol. 6, I think, with illustrations, and also a book was published entitled "Seeley's Wonders of Ellora," by Capt. Seeley, of the British East India Service, a fine work indeed. In it he also quotes the opinions of several eminent travelers on the subject of these temples. Suffice it to say that all were struck with astonishment at these, as they called them, superhuman works. Imagine upon a vast high tableland a range of solid granite rock from two to three hundred feet high, two or three miles wide, and perhaps a hundred miles in length. Workmen have attacked this mass with the chisel and hewn out an area of over a hundred feet all around and to a height of say sixty feet, leaving one vast block one hundred and forty-five feet long and a hundred wide. The front of this block is carved out as a colonnade running the whole front, with beautiful columns and stairways at either end leading to upper stories. Then a great doorway is cut in the centre and the whole block is carved into a most glorious temple with its halls, archways, side rooms, stairways, altars, columns, monuments of gods, men and animals. Every square foot of every bit of the material is carved out in the most perfect manner. The whole work is perfect. There are miles of such work and several vast temples thus cut out of that solid rock.

In one temple a bit of rock was left some 25 feet square, out of which a tiny temple was carved, itself a wonder no language can justly depict. As St. Peter's and the Cathedral at Milan and several other great works are not yet completed, and the workmen are still busy over them, how many centuries must have been required to finish these? At one end of each temple there is a stairway cut from the ground floor some 25 steps down to water tanks, some convulsion having cracked the rock over one of these stairs, some 60 feet above, so that the water during rainy seasons falls upon the stairs. Now this waterfall has worn some twenty steps away. How long would it require to do this? The writers admit these works to be as perfect as on the day of their finish; and add that, unless destroyed by volcanic action, will stand perfect for tens of thousands of years.

It is clear then that missionaries are no friends to these wonders, seeing that they must have been built ere Adam was born? However, as to that, it is certain that one only of these rock temples took more time, skill, cost, than all the Pyramids of Egypt.

Oregon, Mo.

Thomas Paine.

Concerning the discussion regarding the admission of the portrait of Thomas Paine to the St. Louis Exhibition, H. G. A. writes a lengthy letter to the Denver (Colo.) Republican, from which the following selections have been made. Liberal minded men, and progressive Spiritualists will, no doubt, in the main, quite agree with the sentiments expressed. Says the writer, after paying a tribute to the Editor of our contemporary for his stand regarding Paine:

"That Paine not only inspired the Declaration of Independence, but actually framed it, I can well believe; that, as secretary of the foreign affairs committee and close friend of Jefferson, Paine collaborated with Jefferson and others in framing the Constitution, if not suggesting it entirely, also seems probable; and, finally (which affects the subject of your editorial), it is equally difficult to think otherwise than that Paine not only was the first to think of and suggest the Louisiana purchase, but persisted in advocating it, using his incisive logic on the politicians and people alike, against all manner of opposition and against Jefferson's own undoubted unwillingness to espouse it. Paine's letters to public men, his pamphlets on the subject, his frequent publications in the Pennsylvania Magazine, of which he was editor, all indicate Paine's potentiality, if not absolute initiative, in this matter also. It is well known that Jefferson afterwards believed himself to be signing his political death-warrant when he affixed the presidential approval to the pact that gave this vast region to the United States.

"It is not ordinary common sense, Paine's own standard of measurement of men and matters, to suppose for a moment that Jefferson—all honor to him—labored to press the project against public and private clamor; for his entire attitude unmistakably and naturally indicated his serious doubts as to the wisdom, or necessity of acquiring the territory. Somebody of course pressed it—perhaps more than one—but certainly it was not Jefferson. My own opinion is that Thomas Paine was the leading spirit and factor in this project from the first. It is, as I have said, difficult to think otherwise, as to all I have mentioned, and much more than I have mentioned, after a general search and study of the actual records of that period, afforded by public and private documents, letters and publications.

"In conclusion, I am not advocating that Paine's portrait—say the mark—be included with others in an exposition gallery. Such men do not live and act for a paltry reward, or for a passing acclaim. Paine, if his spirit lives, is probably not worrying over the studied neglect of the American people, nor the faint praise he receives from a chance individual from time to time, which is almost as puerile. I am suggesting that it is time for us, as a people, to acknowledge a great and lasting obligation, and properly appreciate it.

"The ringing sentences of the Declaration of Independence could only have been written by two men—Franklin and Paine. If Franklin had no part in them they must have been the work of Thomas Paine. I believe there is an organization, or society, in the United States, composed of men and women who need no introduction, who recognize Paine's genuine greatness, but who are only an appreciative few, devoted to the perpetuation of the memory of this remarkably able, clear-sighted and fearless man—whom we have dubbed, slightly, 'Tom Paine,' to our everlasting discredit."

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The Arena for June.

Among the principal contents for the June "Arena" are the following: "Direct Legislation in Illinois: A Story of Triumph for Popular Government," by Daniel F. Cruise, of Chicago; "A Political Forecast," by Elwood Pomeroy, A. M., President of the National Direct-Legislation League; "The Latest Decision at the Hague," by Professor Edwin Maxey, LL. D., of the University of West Virginia; "The Merger Tangle," by Professor Frank Parsons; "A Hebrew Prophet of Social Righteousness," by Rev. Alfred W. Wishart, the author of "Monks and Monasteries"; "The Enjoyment of Nature," by Dr. Charles C. Abbott, author of "In Nature's Realm"; "To Me, the Sound of Weeping," a suggestive allegory, by Adeline Champney; "Ole Swing-a-low," a Southern story, by Will Allen Dromgoole; "Autocratic and Bureaucratic Usurpation of Legislative Functions by Executive Officials," by the editor. The usual complement of short Editorials, Book Reviews and Books of the Day, make up a strong, varied and interesting table of contents. The book study, entitled "Beacon Lights of Sanity in a War-Crazed World, or, Bloch, Sumner and Channing on Militarism," will be appreciated by friends of peace. The "Arena" is showing great improvement under its new management, and the publisher announces that with the July number, which opens the thirty-second volume, the magazine will appear in an entirely new dress, with many marked improvements.

Mrs. Amanda Cate.

We have received a letter from W. G. Langhrie, President of the Foxboro Massachusetts Spiritual Society, who writes in warm commendation of the mediumistic services of Mrs. A. C. Cate, of Haverhill, Mass., whose guides impressed her to write to our correspondent suggesting that he should commence a course of meetings in his town, Foxboro, Mass., last October. She has been lecturing in that city very successfully, her deliverances while in trance being profound and beneficial. Our correspondent cordially recommends Mrs. Cate to the notice of societies desiring a good medium and speaker, as her lectures and messages he says "will give satisfaction."

A Fine Kidney Remedy.

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

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

The battle royal in the human soul is the craving for spiritual against material gratification—mental against physical enjoyment.—Anon.

IMPORTANT.

Spiritualism at St. Louis During The Fair.

I would crave space in your valuable paper to notify the Spiritualistic public that the First Spiritual Association of St. Louis propose to keep their Temple, 3015 Pine Street, open from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. every day during the Fair. We are sitting up a Reading room for the benefit of visitors and the Spiritual papers will be kept on file.

We shall also have a list of desirable Rooming and Boarding Houses, and shall be pleased to assist friends in finding a location. Meetings will be held every Sunday morning and evening, also two or three evenings each week. These meetings will be held under the joint auspices of the National Spiritualist Association and its auxiliary, The First Spiritual Association. Prominent speakers and mediums will be in attendance. Friends visiting St. Louis are invited to make our Temple their headquarters.

Speakers and mediums intending to visit St. Louis this summer are invited to correspond with Thomas Grimshaw, 5335 Theodosia Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

Aided by Flowers.

About thirty years ago my son George separated from earth to spirit land. We were anxious to hear from him, so I called upon Henry Gordon, the noted test medium, for that purpose. He immediately took a seat at his table on which were some flowers and without speaking a word commenced writing. When finished he tossed it over to me without speaking or knowing what he had written. It read as follows: "In the atmosphere of these beautiful flowers I am enabled to come to you from the peaceful spheres above to this discordant earth. Your Father." My question was not answered, and I was disappointed, yet pleased. My father, Capt. John Clark, was lost at sea, his vessel and all on board, over thirty years before, and had never been heard from before this unexpected writing.—B. Franklin Clark, M. D.

Belvedere, N. J.

Washington, D. C.—A Good Idea.

The First Spiritualist Society holds Sunday morning meetings at 11 o'clock at Mrs. Farrows', 216 Eye Street, N. W. This society, and other societies, will meet together during the summer months. Places outside the city will be selected for Sunday services, and all who wish will take their lunch. This is a suggestion for all other Spiritualist societies. All members cannot go to camps, people of spiritual societies scatter so during the summer months. Every orthodox church, no matter how small, is open during the summer to its members.

The Educational Spiritual Society will discontinue its meetings.

Mrs. M. J. Stephens, Mrs. Am. Zaller, Mrs. Warneke, Mrs. E. R. Williams, Mrs. J. Keeler, and Mrs. Manks will hold meetings at their homes as usual.

Mr. Earle Leslie Keeler, son of P. E. O. L. Keeler, graduated with honors at the Friends' school in this city lately.—E. R. Fielding, cor.

Mr. and Mrs. Sprague at Peru, Ind.

As we learned from Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Sprague that they were on their way home for a much needed rest, and would go through our city on the Wabash, we took the opportunity and flagged them for a three night's meeting. The advertisement of these two able orators and mediums always draws out a class of the best people, and they showed their appreciation by their good attendance; though it rained nearly all of the three days, the hall was well filled, the discourses delivered by Mr. Sprague were interesting and instructive, the naming of the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Scherer, (the first of the kind ever witnessed in this city) was highly appreciated and praised by many.

As I sat in the front part of the hall and looked into the earnest faces and eager eyes of the audience I could not help but think how little the people of this city knew about the philosophy or phenomena of Spiritualism eight months ago, only since last October when our society was organized with only thirteen (good luck) members, we have now thirty-two, eight of whom were added through the earnest efforts of those tireless workers, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Sprague. They also organized the Indiana State Association of Spiritualists at Anderson last February. It is needless to say that the work required to affect such an organization is more fully appreciated by those in the traces.

I wish to say to the many Spiritualists of Indiana, that if there are any Spiritualists where they have not a society and wish to organize, we will be glad to assist you. The state officers desire societies in every city and town in the state. It is expedient that you associate yourselves together, for in union there is strength. Any information desired in this direction can be obtained from the secretary, Mr. Carrie H. Mong, Muncie, Ind., 415 S. Franklin St., or E. A. Schram, pres., Peru, Ind.—E. A. Schram.

Spiritualism and Buddhism.

It is needless to say that the kindly humane spirit of Buddhism is diametrically opposed to the cruel horrors of vivisection as practiced by Christian medical professors and students, with the knowledge and consent of Christian presidents of universities.

A candid humane mind must admit that, in some respects at least, Buddhism is far, very far, in advance of the Christianity of the world today.

It were well for the world if the gentle, kindly humane spirit of Buddhism were infused into the Christianity of the world, thus doing away with the horrors, the cruelties, the dehumanizing acts and influences that blot the pages of human history.

The influence of Spiritualism, the kind that spiritualizes, is cognate with this element of Buddhism, rather than with the bloody and aggressive element that disfigures the visage of Christianity as seen in the course of its history.—The Progressive Thinker.

A man cannot have an idea of perfection in another which he was never sensible of in himself.—Steele.

The Rev. John H. Applebee of West Roxbury dealt with temperance. "There has been more harm done," said he, "by intemperate temperance than by anything else. The total drink bill of the United States is about \$20,000,000,000. In England, from 1832 to 1896, the deaths directly traceable to intemperance were 10,220. I believe in remedies, but not in asking children to take the pledge, nor yet in preaching to them. I believe in good examples. The great lesson of temperance is being taught, not by tracts or sermons, but by the railroads and great industrial corporations insisting on temperance in their servants."

LYON & HEALY TO BUILD BIG ORGAN.

Awarded Contract for New Thomas Concert Hall Instrument.

The contract for building the \$20,000 pipe organ, to be placed in the new Thomas concert hall, has been awarded to the firm of Lyon & Healy, in this city, Chicago. This organ, when completed, will represent the highest standard of the organ builder's art, and is especially designed for orchestral work, having many new features which are found in none of the large organs in present use.

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It is to be furnished with an electro-pneumatic action, with a movable key-desk, which is so connected with the organ that it may be played from any part of the orchestra or stage. The position which the organ will occupy in the new concert hall is to be directly behind and about ten feet above the orchestra, and is so arranged as to allow a most perfect blending of tones with orchestral or other music.

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By the terms of the contract the organ must be finished and set up, ready for use, by the 1st of November of this year. Eight weeks of labor, by the most skilled workmen, will be required to set the organ in position and regulate the tone and sound of the thousands of pipes, which are a part of this wonderful instrument.

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The extraordinary merits of "The Wisdom of Passion" are not only in its insight and content in the way of fact and reference with which the book is crammed, but in the fact that it is written by Prof. William James, Harvard University.

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

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

Salvarona gives most satisfactory reasons for his conclusions that most of us new thinkers are able to give.—Elizabeth Towne, the Passions.

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.

Touches the eternal creative power of the Soul.—Public Opinion, N. Y.

Many passages show a marvellous insight. An intuition that is really wonderful. It comes with wise sayings, and shrewd observations on the motive of men. I expect to go over it again in order to mark and margin the epigrams, the great 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 rattling conventionalities. The book fairly bristles with wise sayings. I believe the theme is sustainable and that the author has gone a long way toward fortifying it. After I took up the book, I did not quit, except for meals and sleep till I had read it carefully from cover to cover.—Albion W. Small, Head of Dept. of Sociology and Director of a Millard 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 Shaw's and Emerson's philosophy. "The Wisdom of Passion" fits in with their contributions. The main thesis of the book—that the Soul forms its own terms by its choice—I can subscribe to.—Prof. Oscar Lovell Triggs, University of Nebraska.

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Banner of Light

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1904.

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

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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 Wash-
ington, 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."

Special Notice.

In consequence of Decoration Day being a public holiday the "Banner" forms were necessarily prepared a day in advance, consequently, we are obliged to carry over until next week a number of the reports of meetings which have come to hand. Our friends will please accept this explanation for the non-appearance of their favors this week.

Brevities.

Crime.
Criminals.
Criminology.
Is crime the evidence of degeneration?
If so, is it physical, mental, or spiritual degeneration?
If physical (physiological) degeneration, then its possibilities must be sought in depraved physiological bodily states.
If mental, then we must seek the causes of mental defections which lead to crime in the individual.
If spiritual degeneracy is the root of the matter how far and with what ultimate results will, or may, that degeneracy proceed?

What is meant by crime? Legally defined offences against the code? If so, then offences that come right up to but not into the code are not crimes, though the wish or intent was there. Of course "criminal intent" can be argued, but it is not always provable. Many things in a man's conduct may actually be crimes, but if he steers clear of legal entanglement what can be done about it?

How shall we treat the criminal? As a social leper, a moral outcast, a spiritual wreck? Such is to confess the problem is too much for us. Surely ostracism, the penitentiary and the "chair" are not the end of our dealings with the criminal question? To say that the criminal is but a previous criminal reincarnated lacks proof. To urge that we must all share every experience of life is to say we must in turn become criminal, therefore a criminal should not be punitively dealt with, as it is needful he be such for the experience he will gain!

Is the criminal an immortal spirit? Is he in that as are all of us, part of the divine life? Is that innate divinity really in him, if so are the manifestations of that indwelling divinity dependent upon the body, brain and nerves

of our physical life? Also, the mental equipment we start with, and the psychical environment pertaining to our inner organization? If so then environment plays an important part in shaping the mode in which our innermost is able to outwardly manifest itself on this plane of operations. Healthy bodies—normal functioning of brain and nerves and all the physiology—will enable a normal manifestation to occur. The will may, if one knows how to use it, overcome many disadvantages, but the criminal disciplines his will along other lines and often successfully. In the broadest sense crime,—which word for this purpose is used as including all forms of mental, moral and spiritual aberrations—is the outward evidences of inward discords in body, nerves, mind and psychic states.

Apropos, read what the Rev. Robert Walker, of the Church of the Ascension, Cambridge, Mass., and Probation Officer of the Superior Court of this state, in a recent address in Trinity Chapel, Boston, says: "There are men in prison who ought to be incarcerated for the rest of their lives. You ask why? Because they make crime a business. They ought, at least, to be confined until they change their mind about the right way of living. There are other men in prison—and I speak from experience with them—who ought never to have been sent there. They are persons of weak minds, weak wills, who have had no advantages in life; never had a home, never a friend. . . . I claim that prisons, as a whole, are the very places where criminals are made. There are men who, if they had not been sent to prison, would be as good and respectable as any one here today."

Another speaker at the same meeting, the Rev. Dr. Floyd Thomkins, of Philadelphia, said: "The prisoner should be made to use his time profitably. . . . the state should give education, both intellectual and moral. . . . the prisoner should never be allowed to lose his self respect. . . . all should seek to inculcate the idea 'Still a man, and capable of becoming a good man.' " Help, guidance and assistance were insisted upon. Indeed, the tone of the speakers was quite spiritualistic. But the vital point escaped notice, as it always does on such occasions. It is not so much what to do with a man who is a criminal as it is to find the root of the causes which create criminals. Perhaps we may be nearing the time when crime will be understood as the consequence of inducing conditions alike within and external to the individual, which result in misdirected energies, and then we shall realize that crime is a condition to be remedied, and not a fixed necessity under which we must suffer. The criminal may yet be known as a patient to be studied and cured, and not a wild beast to be exterminated.

Our campmeeting conferences could usefully spend time in discussing the above matters, and perhaps Spiritualists may yet unite with others in not only helping the criminal to a lovelier life, but in aiding the world to understand some of the causes leading to men being criminal, and so help to remove the evil we suffer under. Evil spirits may be a factor, but they cannot succeed unless there is a known or latent point of contact between themselves and their victim.

Boston and New England Spiritualists are again reminded that the summer Sunday services at the Waverley Home will be in operation on Sunday next, June 5th, and every succeeding Sunday until further notice. Read the letter from Mr. Lewis, printed elsewhere in this issue, and you will admit that it will be as pleasant a way to spend Sunday afternoon as you can devise. Remember the three S. S.'s, the "Summer Sunday Services," and attend some of them certainly, if unable to be present at all.

Our talented contributor, Mime Inness, presents a lucid review of the new book of M. Sage about the mediumship of Mrs. Piper. The article will well repay careful perusal and we feel satisfied that all who read it will wish our office to send them a copy of the book. Another contributor, who writes over the letters "U. T. P.," in our review columns, will presently say something about another new book, "Richard Baxter," of which he so far speaks approvingly. The work is a novel of absorbing interest, written by General Edward F. Jones, of Binghamton, N. Y. The general is known far and wide throughout the United States from the catch line of the advertisement of his great scale business, "Jones Pays the Freight," which thousands of people have seen in innumerable newspapers and magazines. By the way, "U. T. P." is frequently warmly commended for his straightforward and discriminating book notices he furnishes the "Banner" from time to time.

Mr. Geo. A. Porter, test medium, who has for a considerable period had an office in the "Banner of Light" building for his professional work, sailed for Europe on the Leyland liner "Winifredan" on the first inst. for a vacation. He will visit England, France, Germany, Switzerland and other places and will probably do some mediumistic work while on his way. We wish his bon voyage, and a safe return after an enjoyable season away from his native land.

Three Great Bodies.

During the past week the American Unitarian Association has been holding its Anniversary Week in the City of Boston. During the same period the general meeting of the Universalists was held in the same city. The topics discussed at each of these Conventions have been interesting of course, particularly to those belonging to the respective bodies.

It seems to be a question as to whether Universalism is beginning to lose its influ-

ence. The Rev. F. W. Hamilton of Roxbury remarked: "It is good for us to be reminded of the things which were done by our fathers in the faith. It was not so much to convince men that there was no hell, as to convince them that God loved his children and was indeed worthy of their love in return. But we are not accomplishing all that we ought to accomplish. We are not making Universalist Christians as such a rate as fifty years ago. Somehow we seem to be losing momentum. Other bodies are taking up their ideals and doing more with them. It may be that they have opportunities that do not come to us. The question is what are we going to build on the foundation—which has been so well laid?"

While Rev. J. F. Albion of Portland, Me., remarked that, "Today, the Universalists as a church were not sufficiently in earnest. They did too many things to the neglect of the pulpit. He asserted that Ballou and some of the early fathers of the church were not educated men in the literal sense but they were on fire for the truth and for humanity. 'Read Books' said he, 'but most of all read men's hearts.' If we need anything in the Universalist church today it is faith, faith in our doctrines, faith in our God, faith in our fellowmen, and faith in ourselves."

All this is not peculiar to our brothers of the Universalist Faith, for nearly all the sectarian divisions of the Christian church are beginning to realize a diminution of their active influence as theological powers. The fact is, the world has advanced beyond Universalism. Men are outgrowing the theology that was liberal 50 years ago. Today they are looking for a broader faith than that which so startled the founders of the free churches of past generations.

Our Unitarian brethren are also broadening out as was mentioned in a short note printed in the "Banner of Light" last week, and are endorsing the more intelligent and rational interpretation of the universe and man's life and duty. This is as it should be, for a Unitarian must necessarily accept the unity of purpose in nature and in man. But broad as the Unitarian sentiment may be one action which was taken is susceptible of sundry interpretations. Strict purists may consider the course taken by our brethren was the proper one, while others, who sometimes mistake freedom for over-tolerance, may regret a decision that was reached, the point at issue being an alteration in the title of the Year Book over which there seemed to have been some doubt, as a result of an annual meeting held in Tremont Temple. By the vote taken at the meeting under notice, the association decided to continue the title as "Year Book of Unitarian Churches" in spite of the desire to change it to "Year Book of Unitarian and Affiliated Churches." Dr. Minot J. Savage pleaded for the opening of the door so that all liberal churches that desired could be affiliated with the Unitarian. But if the Unitarian body is to be composed not only of Unitarians strictly, but of churches that are liberal, but who do not wish to be described as Unitarian, it would apparently impart an incorrect conception of the strength of the body. Is this another indication that even Unitarianism is declining? Was the desire for the wider title in any sense an indication that Unitarianism was diminishing in numbers, and therefore the wider affiliations would have apparently swelled the numerical strength of the body? It cannot be denied that what is commonly called religion, that is to say, denominational presentations of religion, are inevitably and not slowly losing their grip upon the average man and woman. The elements which are apparently designed to survive are the moralistic and spiritual principles and truths. All else that is creedal and doctrinal and dogmatic, are inevitably designed to pass away.

These two Christian denominations, standing as they do in their several directions in the fore-front of religious development will have to realize the foregoing facts and adapt themselves to meet the inevitable consequences flowing therefrom. How will they do it? They cannot appeal from Caesar to Caesar, for their Caesar is discredited to a large extent. What can they do? To continue as social reformatory agencies and teachers of morality will not continue to them their positions as religious bodies. Before one can say what they will do in the future a passing examination as to the reasons of their present condition may be briefly indulged in.

The whole question to our mind lies in this. The fundamental doctrine of all religions is that man is a spiritual being, and he survives death—and that after death comes some sort of judgment. In former days the multitude accepted these assertions without question. The priest and the minister were authorities called of God to their high offices, and spoke with authority. Education, increased knowledge of nature, the progress of science, the results of the higher criticism and the thousand and one influences beside have so affected the minds of the present generation that they are boldly questioning, not the moral and spiritual truths associated with religion, but the assertions of religious teachings regarding man's nature and futurity.

Neither Universalism nor Unitarianism affords the slightest evidence that man has a soul, or that he has a life after death. Arguments may be logical, the synthesis may be exact, but unless the predicate is correct all that follows will be a failure. Are our brethren of these two great armies of progressive religions thought willing to look the facts we have stated fairly in the face, and if so, what will be their opinion regarding them?

This brings us to the third great body that has to do with the very questions we have raised. This third great body is the Spiritualists, to whom creeds and doctrines and dogmas are not matters of special moment, but to whom the facts, affecting man as a spirit here and hereafter, and the personal knowledge of facts and verification and verifiability of the facts are of supreme consideration. They are the possessors of overwhelming evidences, and demonstrations that

man is more than an animal, that he as an intelligent, self-conscious personal entity continues to live beyond the grave, and that there is a condition of existence for him which we call the Spirit World. We have, therefore, in our possession, the vital elements which Universalists and Unitarians lack. We may lack, to some considerable extent, the missionary zeal, the propaganda spirit, the organized facilities and social prestige, and the financial means which these other two bodies are at present the possessors of, but we take it that our possessions in the directions previously indicated are worth more to us than all the external evidences of rank or fortune, position or power. To what extent it is possible to merge Universalism and Unitarianism may be to raise a very wide question indeed, and if such a consummation was accomplished, to what extent it would be possible to merge that result with the facts we possess and the philosophy we are endeavoring to found upon them, would be a still more difficult question to deal with. But we venture to prophesy that some such end is within the possibility, not in our day or generation perhaps, but in the not very distant future.

If the three bodies could merge their faith, their philosophy, their facts, and their work, united, they would stand equal to every emergency in which man calls for light and guidance, not only through his difficulties in life here below, but upon those great questions and issues which are bound up with his life hereafter.

Nevertheless, we are glad that our Universalist and Unitarian friends are active and alive, striving to come to the front in social work, as in the case of the Parker Memorial here in Boston, and similar efforts elsewhere throughout the country. Though we may not see eye to eye on some things, yet at least we can say with them, we look forward to the higher and better in man's nature, believe in the sweeter and truer in God's being, and are sure in His own time, and in accordance with His own methods, we shall all find that peace and unity and happiness which we desire, (and for which we are to the best of our ability, striving while here), in that great life beyond where we shall know no sect, but only one family, and that the great brotherhood of man.

If True—Why?

Every now and then some one rises to explain that the world in general is on the down grade, and that the United States is particularly active in tobogganing to a region where toboggans are useless articles. The latest Cassandra to appear and utter such lamentation is no less a person than Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall, president of the Union Theological Seminary, of New York, who in a brief address, in Chicago, is reported as speaking in the following strain before members and friends of the Religious Educational Association in Fullerton Hall, at the Art Institute. Dr. Hall is president of the association, which had 2,000 members in various parts of the country, of whom 300 are in Chicago.

"A deep examination of the social side of our American life," he said, "reveals a situation that causes anything but satisfaction. It is a matter of consternation and deep concern to us that the moral standard of American life is deteriorating. Morally, we are rapidly going astern—so rapidly that one is dumfounded at the contrast after a visit to some of the countries of the old world. I feel and I know from observation that religion has little, if any, part in our American civilization today."

There are, it will be noted, two distinct charges involved in the foregoing utterances, first that morality is declining, second that religion is diminishing. As reformers and progressive thinkers Spiritualists are interested in this topic. We are concerned as citizens in the matter, while the allegations touch us all personally, for a nation that discards morality is surely taking a most doubtful course.

The world is often assured that religion is the foundation on which morals must rest. Let us then consider the charges in the inverse order to that in which they are stated. Is the American nation becoming less religious? Much will depend upon what is called religious. If it is a sign of religiousness to contribute to church and missionary and bible funds, to raise the stipend of the ordinary working pastor—not the star preachers—if it is religious to go to church and prayer meeting, if it is religious to accord an exaggerated respect to a man who wears a particular costume, why there are not wanting evidences that the American nation is becoming less religious every year, for it is not a fact that churches lament the difficulty in raising funds to meet expenses, is it not lamented that so little money is forthcoming for bible and foreign missionary societies, and is it not plainly noticeable that a preacher is more considered as a man than as one of the specially set apart class of men? These are commonplaces of daily fact, and their causes are numerous, among them being that the assumptions and presumptions of clericalism have destroyed the deference once paid to ministers, for the free citizens of this republic are now respecting only those who command the respect of their fellows by their qualities rather than their assumptions. But the foregoing matters are not religion, though many people suppose if they are not so entirely that at least they are essentials.

The best definition of religion is contained in the New Testament where it is said, that "pure religion and undefiled is to visit the widow and the fatherless" and to keep one's self "unspotted from the world," while the injunctions to love one's neighbor as one's self, and other matters which will occur to the mind of the reader, are also included. But such definitions do not suit the ecclesiastical mind, nor fall into line with creeds and dogmas, so that they are too often discreetly ignored. The Sermon on the Mount contains

just about as much religion and morality as the best of us can express in our daily practice. But there is something more in this matter. Religion professedly is to train man in this life for his future career. It asserts he lives after death and promises him the rewards of faith if he keeps the faith, and assures him of the penalty of unbelief if he scorns the faith. The ultimate logic of the situation is, therefore, that in the other world will be found the test of the religious teachings learned in this, and the results of the morality learned on earth.

Here comes the weak link in the chain. The Higher Criticism, the march of science, the theory of evolution, the spread of independence in thought, have all undermined clerical authority and teaching until as a last resort the preacher has had to discard some of his ancient landmarks and thereby confess, to such extent, the fallibility of his creed. The astute worldling has at once detected this and has jumped to the conclusion, falacious in uno falsus in omnes, and morality, based on religious authority as a sanction, suffers in consequence. Still further. By the incessant onslaught against Spiritualism the churches dealt themselves a backhanded blow of a most serious nature. The critical commenced to ask, if these Spiritualists are wrong in saying they receive visitors from the other world, for such is impossible, what about the narratives of such things in the Bible? When questioned thereon the ministers deprecated such profanity (?) and sent the enquirers away with a flip in their ears. This but deepened the scepticism that had commenced, and finding the church had neither proof nor means of finding proof of the claims for a hereafter the hard-headed average man of business says, "why bother at all? I do not believe there is anything after we die, so here's to making the best of life while it lasts!" Here the cause is laid bare, the utter inability of the churches to support their own teachings with fact and evidence.

Religion today is ethical rather than spiritual. It is becoming secular, and aiming at improvement in the conditions of this world life. The wisest men in the service of the ministry realize the safest way to avoid wrecking the church is to say as little as may be about creeds and dogmas, or the nature of man and his conditions after death. If then the American nation is becoming non-religious and non-moral, from an orthodox view point, it is the fault of the churches and none else. The endless wrangles over creeds, the barbarous doctrines and irrational dogmas have disgusted and driven away the truly religious worshippers from the temple. The lack of evidence, to say nothing of the want of sound argument, in favor of a future life has left men helpless and they have abandoned much they might have better retained.

Yet, after all, are these charges true? We do not believe so. The great heart of the American people we believe, is still sound, honor is still respected, morals have not quite disappeared, and honesty still prevails in business, and other relations of life. Times are changing, churchgoing is dying, the people have been preached out of their churches. But teach man that life is not ended at the grave, that there is another world in which he will have to balance his books if he does not do so in this. Give him the firm assurance of demonstrated fact on the above issues and he will reconsider the concepts of the ages, and find that life without morals and spirituality is a dreary struggle. But Spiritualism is to our thinking the one cause today that has in it the vital spark which will enkindle the divine in man and so help to make heaven on earth and build up the true morals and real religion of the future.

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 on Sunday next, June 4th. Vice Presidents Minnie M. Soule, Ida P. A. Whitlock, Mrs. H. M. Cory, have assumed responsibility for the services, and it is expected at least one of them will be present. Other talent will be announced in next week's "Banner."

Mr. and Mrs. Kates at Norwich Conn.

We have much enjoyed six weeks of labor at this place for the Norwich Spiritualist Union, an earnest body of workers in our cause, who own and occupy a beautiful building they call "The Academy." It is a comfortable and well furnished little church building, and has given the Spiritualists here a local standing which they will have everywhere when they have zeal and generosity enough to build their own meeting place. Then the public speaker or medium will have better conditions for their labors, and the Cause will prosper. All that we as Spiritualists need is self-respect and to give a generous support to our Cause. We do not think that too much lecturing or too much phenomena will then disturb us, for we shall then enjoy each of these upon a plane of development and with a proper utilization, until we shall have only "tried and true" exponents.

The press of Norwich has generously reported and noticed our meetings. Mr. W. F. Bogue is the capable president of the Union. We had rooms in his pleasant home, where we were given good comfort and care.

We surely expect to always hear good reports from Norwich and can recommend our workers to visit there if they can.

Fraternally,
G. W. Kates and wife.

Robert Luce, chairman of the committee on election laws, of this state, told the woman suffragists at the meeting of the Equal Suffrage League of Boston that as an employer of woman labor for fifteen years he had not seen that they (women), while honest, had contributed one single helpful idea to his business, and added "Their one aim seemed to be marriage." Needless to say he is an anti-Equal Suffragist.

Announcements.

Lynn Spiritualists Association, Unity Camp Saugus Centre, Alex. Caird, M. D., president. Opening Sunday, June 6th. Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock and other good speakers. Services at 2, 4, and 7. Good music. Refreshments can be procured at the restaurant in the grove. The grounds will be thoroughly lighted in the evening by electricity. Admission to all meetings free. Test seance Wednesday afternoon.—A. A.

Waltham S. P. Union Church installed officers for the coming year as follows: Past president, Mrs. Frances Phelps conducted the installation. Pres. Geo. L. Clark; 1st vice-president, Mrs. Abbie Winalow, 2nd vice-president, Mrs. Hattie E. Jackson, treasurer, Martin Brown; financial secretary, John Podmore; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Elizabeth A. Brown; board of directors, Harvey Swan, Mrs. Isabel Vinal. Meetings will be held in Armory hall, Spruce street, for the coming year. Please address all correspondence to Mrs. Elizabeth A. Brown, cor. sec., 68 Cushing Street, Waltham.

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

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

The First Spiritual Church of Cambridge, 537 Mass. Ave.—Services at 3 and 7.30 Mrs. Scott, Mrs. S. B. Hall and Mr. T. A. Scott will speak and give messages. Admission free.—Addie I. Cushing, sec.

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.

Movements of Platform Workers.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes' address on and after June 1st will be care Charles W. Byrnes, 32 West St., Boston, Mass.

Dr. Geo. C. Fuller will lecture at Greenwich Village, Mass., June 6th, at Fall River, Mass., the 12th and Providence, R. I., the 19th and 26th. Address Onset, Mass.

From the Waverley Home. The S. S.

After a long and cold winter all nature is springing into life and vigor. The trees are putting on new and beautiful foliage, the flowers are bursting forth in all their radiant beauty. The song birds have come back to cheer us with their melody, and man has set apart this day of the week from toll and sweat to praise God in conscious recognition of the blessings he receives.

What a glorious inspiration it is that man in some mysterious way gives voice and song in praise from the heart when he witnesses the wondrous beauty of nature. This sense of the beautiful in nature divests him of much of his selfishness, his heart is softened, he becomes generous and devotional, he seeks God, the author and giver of all he sees and comprehends. He grows considerate towards his fellows, and for the time being his selfish material nature gives place to his spiritual unfoldment. His soul bursts forth in song and speech inspired by the beautiful scenery around him.

Nature, then, in all her glory is a most potent factor in bringing to the front our higher spiritual nature, it makes one feel at peace with himself and at amity with all his fellows. And so, today, two weeks ahead of the official time of opening the "Summer Sunday Services" at the Home, some thirty Spiritualists all smiling and happy appeared at the Home and said they could not wait until June, they wanted to begin the meetings now. They added "we have brought our mediums with us." Well, of course, we will have a meeting, said I, and now I will tell what occurred.

Dr. Brown, of Boston, presided, Mrs. Guilford, of Waltham presided at the piano and sang several beautiful solos. Miss Fannie Wheatley gave an address, and Mrs. Wood Mr. Gibbon and Mrs. Guilford gave delineations. Remarks were made by Dr. Brown, Mr. Lewis and Mr. Hawkes, and with these good workers the season's work was inaugurated under happy auspices. And now we invite all good people everywhere to come out each pleasant Sunday afternoon to give the body a tonic by inhaling the pure fresh air among the pines, and to give a baptism of inspiration to your soul nature.—J. H. Lewis, Waverley, Mass., May 22nd, 1904.

Boston Spiritual Temple.

The annual meeting of this Society for the election of officers and for other business that should come before them convened in Sewall hall, New Century building, on the evening of Thursday, May 19, 1904.

Meeting called to order at 8 p. m. by President Allen who called Dr. G. Lester Lane to take the chair and conduct the meeting.

Records of last annual meeting were read and accepted.

Report of Finance secretary, Miss Minnie Towle was read and accepted, also Report of Treasurer Warren B. Ellis and both were complimented by the members for the very efficient manner in which their work was performed.

At a previous meeting of Directors of this Society, our present speaker, the Rev. F. A. Wignin, was called to remain another year with us in the same capacity that he has had with us for the last five years, and this letter of acceptance was read by the secretary.

Potter hall as lecture hall and Sewall hall for seances on Tuesday evenings have been rented for the coming Temple year. The following were elected: President, E. L. Allen; vice-president, G. Lester Lane; 2nd vice-president, Mrs. H. S. Rowe; treasurer, Warren B. Ellis; financial secretary, Miss Nellie Baxter; corresponding secretary, Miss Grace Tarbell. For other officers we have a Board of Directors, a finance committee, also a Board of Trustees.

It was voted to withdraw from the N. S. A.

A score of years roll their memories of this Society to this hour, and the great Spiritual movement of the last half century still lives and gains, its errors will die but the truth will endure and win great victories. We would dedicate our Purpose to that eternal Life and Soul that is over all, through all and in all. Dedicate it to the preaching of the word, not the word alone of Moses and Jesus, but the combined wisdom of our ascended ones. Larger than all creeds is the Love of Humanity both here and across the great divide.—Alonso Danforth.

Love and trust the great God. He never forgets His world!

"Two things," said Immanuel Kant, "are sublime—the human conscience and the stars."

Mediumship: Its Effects.

Walter P. Williams

In response to a request for information as to the effects of mediumship, published in four Spiritualist papers, data have been furnished the writer relative to 47 cases.

The different phases of mediumship covered by these data are represented as follows: Clairvoyance, 23; clairaudience, 19; inspirational speaking, 19; trance, 18; raps, 7; psychometry, 5; personation, 3; painting and drawing, 3; table tipping, 3; singing, 2; visions, 2; fire test, 1; materialization, 1; invention, 1.

Of the cases here referred to, the data as five are incomplete. Only two out of the whole number state that mediumship was injurious. One correspondent, however, cited four instances in which the results were declared to have been disastrous, as follows: two became insane, and two committed suicide. Unfortunately, no means of verifying these statements was given, so that they cannot be considered.

In one case (that of a private medium for trance, clairvoyance, clairaudience, raps, automatic writing and inspirational speaking) it is averred that the exercise of mediumship has had no effect whatever upon the medium, except a brief period of weariness immediately following. In four cases, some benefit is claimed. Thirty-nine cases report decided benefit. It should, perhaps, be stated that the writer has accepted the testimony of mediums themselves, where susceptible of verification.

If it could be demonstrated that the evolution and exercise of an individual's psychic powers destroy his integrity, endanger his sanity, weaken his will, memory, or judgment, reduce his vitality, render self-control more difficult, impair individuality, or otherwise injure or weaken him, his testimony might be properly considered incompetent. That proposition, however, has not been established, but is directly controverted by the results of both observation and experience as herein hinted.

No one should be better able to estimate the effects of an experience (especially if subjective) than the individual who was subjected to it. Who could know a medium's condition, physical, mental, moral, and spiritual, prior to his mediumistic experiences better than himself? Then, unless his judgment is biased, his mental vision clouded, or his moral nature perverted, he can accurately determine the effects and certainly is fully qualified to testify in his own behalf.

If he has been harmed, or, if he has known others to have been injured by mediumship, it would seem that the highest and most sacred moral and benevolent considerations would lead him to so state. Under such circumstances, silence could offer no reward, other than the avoidance of a publicity that might be painful.

On the other hand, the allegation of imaginary benefits could win no reward, so that to impute to the medium a desire to misrepresent in that way is gratuitous, unwarranted, unjust, and prejudicial.

Brief notes concerning a few of the cases follow, the subject being indicated by a number.

No. 2 has "heard voices" since he was five (is now 69) and declares they have never deceived or misled him. Has been a public speaker for thirty-six years, and credits spirit control, or mediumship, with all that is good in his life.

No. 5 was cured by mediumship of using profanity, slang and tobacco. Is a public medium.

No. 9 has been an active medium for fifty years, and says that for the past 45 years he has not experienced a day's illness. He also says that of the numerous mediums with whom he has been personally acquainted he never knew one who had been injured by it.

No. 13 has been a public trance medium 46 years, with the most pronounced benefit. The information in this case is supplied by a relative, who is not a medium.

No. 19 has been a trance medium for more than thirty years, with good results.

No. 28, clairvoyant, trance, etc., for 25 years. Health excellent, but the exercise of mediumship and financial failure seem to have gone together in this case. The data, however, fail to show anything beyond a coincidence in this.

No. 29, thirty years a trance and inspirational speaker. Good health, and no bad effects.

No. 30, a medium for various phases during 46 years, has suffered in health at times by contact with "vicious spirits." Her memory has been slightly impaired, and formerly was subject to periods of mental depression.

No. 32, after a mediumistic experience of ten years, is greatly improved in health, and otherwise benefited.

No. 34, for twenty years a medium, has good health and declares his mediumship of direct benefit, semi-trance, clairvoyant, inspirational speaking, personation.

No. 40 claims to have been a medium since 1828, during which long period of time he has exemplified many different forms of the phenomena including materialization, with good effects.

No. 44, for more than twenty years an inspirational speaker and magnetic healer, with unvarying good effect.

No. 45, an inspirational speaker, test medium, psychometrist and healer for more than thirty-five years. Results beneficial.

No. 47 is a remarkable case. Before he became aware of mediumship the doctors pronounced him a victim of consumption and doomed to an early grave. A "developing circle" cured that ailment entirely, and he has ever since been strong and well, and has been a trance medium forty-seven years. His mediumship is highly prized and considered of the greatest good.

My thanks are cordially extended to those who kindly took the pains to write, and I hope in the future to accumulate data covering at least one thousand cases.

334 Eleventh St., N. E., Washington, D. C.

The June Review of Reviews.

All the more important articles in the Review of Reviews for June are the contributions of experts. An admirable summary of "What Stanley Lived to See Accomplished in History" is furnished by Mr. Cyrus C. Adams, the geographical writer on the staff of the New York Times. President Charles F. Thwing writes suggestively on "Sending a Son to College"; Lieut. Joseph A. Baer, U. S. A., gives his observations, as a cavalry officer, of those unique troopers, the Cossacks; Mr. Arthur Warren describes "The Turbine: A New Era of Steam"; and Mr. J. A. Kingman writes on "The Automobile in Business"; Librarian Elmdorf, of Buffalo, defines "The Work of a Modern Public Library"; Professor E. R. A. Seligman contributes a paper on the special franchise tax in New York and Professor Carl C. Plehn writes on the taxation of bank franchises in California. Each of these articles is the work of a man who has expert knowledge of the topic on which he writes.

There are two things which will make us happy in this world if we attend to them. The first is never to vex ourselves about what we cannot help, and the second is, never to vex ourselves about what we can help.

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THE DAVENPORT (IOWA) DEMOCRAT says: "Psychic Light" is a well printed book of 620 pages. It certainly contains some startling facts, and the author vouches for them as real rather than imaginary. The facts can be verified by persons whose names and addresses are given.

There are eight half-tone photographs; three of the medium at different ages; one of Madame Blavatsky, the founder of the New York Theosophical Society; and of others who figure in the facts related. The book cannot fail to interest Spiritualists, investigators, scientists, thinkers, in fact all who want to know. It contains references from orthodox biblical authority. It deals with the scientific classifications of psychic philosophy in a practical and common-sense way.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER says: It is a worthy addition to our literature. The book is full of meat, the meat of psychic experience. It is written in simplicity of diction, and in earnestness of purpose such as invite confidence and respect from the first sentence to the last. It means much in coming from one who in her long course of psychical ministry has been above reproach.

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MRS. IDA M. PYE, Inspirational Speaker and Trance Test Psychic, having a few open dates for the coming Fall and winter, 1904 and 1905, would like to correspond with any society requiring her services. Address all communications to home address, 15 IRVING ST., MELROSE, MASS. Terms reasonable. 50B15

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and better eye sight. I can help you. I will sit your eyes by clairvoyance and spirit assistance, at your own home, with my improved MELROSE PEBBLE LENS, to see how you are affected, and also the necessities and limitations of that state. Sharp lines are drawn between what is spiritual and what is not. Every phase of Mediumship—Clairvoyance, Mind Reading, Hypnotism, Automatic Writing, Inspirational Speaking, Healing, etc., and the Physical Manifestations is lucidly explained and practical instructions are given for the development and culture of each.
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Inner Life;

Our Home Circle.

EDITED BY MINNIE RESERVE SOULE.

BY THE WAY.

Sometimes when hope and courage fall,
When soul oppressed and brain o'erwrought,
In the dizzy maze of thought,
A little corner of the veil,
By some invisible hand uncaught,
Shows us how tolling height o'er height,
The perilous path, through storm and night
Climbs surely upward to the light.

We bend our weary necks again
Beneath the yoke and struggle on;
Behind our utmost horizon
Beyond the dreary wind and rain,
We trust the lilies of the dawn
Whiten diviner fields of air;
And so with patient steps we fare,
Seeking our far-off rest somewhere.

And striving onward, by and by
There dawns within the laboring breast
A quiet faith, a holy zest,
As if some angel, drawing nigh
Laid on us healing hands and blest
Our burdens; and, still far withdrawn
From some unclouded horizon
The awful outposts of the Dawn
Beckon our faltering footsteps on.
—E. A. B. W.

A Link in Our Golden Chain.

KEEP THE HEART YOUNG.

In the house of a friend is a picture of himself taken when the first flush of manhood gave color to his life. Today the man is worn and old, with gray in his hair, and furrows in his brow. Strange contrast to that pictured face.

The youth radiant and strong; the man worn and feeble.

The youth fearless and active; the man subdued and still.

The youth fair and smooth and beautiful; the man seamed and scarred.

Oh, strong and eager youth, happy in a path made sunny with hope, what dreamed you of scars and seams on that fair morning when your mirrored soul made imprint for your friends? Life beckoned with a luminous finger that day.

The slopes to which she pointed were crowned with banks of snowy cloud which any breeze might blow away and leave revealed the blue of the eternal heaven. And Love and Hope were wings to bear you straight into the impenetrable. The rocks and ravines were unnoticed by your eager eye that saw nothing but the goal.

'Tis sad to see him sitting there beneath that picture of strength and beauty.

So we thought at first, but in a moment the truth flashed back its signal and we looked again at the dear old friend with joy and gladness for every mark of time.

The fires of battle may have burned away the softness of youth, tears of sorrow may have dimmed the eyes, determination and effort may have traced lines on the face, but they are eloquent passages from his book of life.

The emphasized sentiments of his soul. These signs of age are the proofs of his campaign.

Who could feel sorrow for the soldier's bullet-burned uniform?

Who could be troubled over the sailor's sun-browned cheek?

Are we not all proud of the travel-stained shoes and rock-torn garments of our friends who climb the mountains?

Sometimes we feel a sense of regret over the loss of youth and the beauty and strength which belong to it.

We grieve over the signs of old age and the evidences of the wear and tear of life.

It is so natural to want to retain all that is attractive and beautiful and we have admired the graceful and the smooth so long that it shocks us to find that life and service have molded us into wrinkled and withered old men and women.

Al, but we must not lose sight of the business and purpose of life and we must learn to look for the lines which the beautiful spirit in action is sure to leave on those we love. The dear old mother's hand and knotted, shiny hands are more beautiful than any tapering fingers which "my lady" may display.

They tell the story of loving service.

The spirit of love may prompt us to toil and spin until our curves are angles, but every angle will be beautiful and softened by the radiance of that love expression.

The youth in the picture was only beautiful in promise.

To have remained with unruffled brow and dimpled cheek while the years rolled on would have left a foolishly smooth looking man without purpose or strength.

The eyes unwashed by tears would have lacked that softened and sympathetic expression which bespeaks a knowledge of the pain of the world. So then our old, wrinkled friend is as strong today as he strains his eyes to find the path that leads to that broader life beyond the clouds, as when in youth he eagerly scanned the heights, cloud-topped, and fearlessly began the ascent.

As youthful as he waits the summons to the activities of the next expression of life as when, with buoyant heart he turned his steps to the future.

As beautiful with his seams and scars of battle as when sun-kissed and radiant he stood Godlike in his promise. The same strong, hopeful, beautiful spirit animates and illumines his uniform of life now as then and gives us promise of faithful service in the life to be.

Remember the Birthday.

We wonder how many of the Home Circle readers make special days of the birthdays of their dear ones?

Here are some suggestions which may help some of us. Remember always, dear mothers, that anything that keeps the family together in bonds of loving interest is well worth any effort it may cost. Let us today carry out some of our brave plans that we have for "by and by" when we have time.

Birthdays are milestones on the "journey of life which should never pass unnoticed. It takes very little to make a child happy, and the memory of those pleasant occasions remain with us forever. Poverty is no excuse for ignoring these days. The writer remembers well an illustration of this point, which is well worth relating.

A large family who were never anything but poor, and yet who got the most out of life, had the most delightful birthday celebrations. In order to do it the most rigid economy was practiced in other ways. The gifts were always trifling, but each member of the family remembered the occasion. There was always a pretty frosted birthday cake and an extra good supper. Usually one or two friends were invited in to help celebrate. The good mother, whose thoughtfulness was manifest through each day's service was a burden bearer, who seldom saw or knew a moment's rest, and yet she would never have thought of letting a birthday pass unnoticed. I feel sure that her loved ones have memories of those "good old days,"

which are worth far more to them than worldly wealth.

Surprises add much to the enjoyment of little folks, so if the plans can be kept quiet it will add interest to the festivities. Only good will and thoughtfulness are necessary to make a happy birthday.

A bunch of flowers, a pretty blossoming plant or fern, a basket or box of confectionery, either home made or otherwise, a book or year's subscription to a good magazine, or some little gift which has been especially desired, will afford a great deal of pleasure. Above all do not forget a little card or note of greeting which, after all is the best part of the gift.—New York Observer.

Guides, Not Masters.

The "lamentable sight" of a medium giving up her organism for the use of another becomes lamentable no longer when we understand that it is given up to be cleaned and polished and brightened by a master hand, who brushes away the cobwebs of material conditions and opens the windows that the full sunshine of spiritual truth may shine in.

Guides who carry the lamp of spiritual wisdom, illuminating the Mammoth Caves of Creed and Dogma, revealing even the hidden, crust covered beauties of these, and eventually leading the soul out, into the highway of understanding and the whiteness and perfectness of the pure light of God are not to be feared.

They make not of themselves, masters, urging and forcing the slave to an unwilling performance of a duty but are content to be leaders, tracing and retracing every step of the way with confidence and care until every belated traveler stands side by side with them.

The truly lamentable sight is the seeker after personal messages for personal satisfaction, who fails to be pleased unless his friends can personally conduct, control and hold the medium as long as he chooses to have them.

A medium, who under pressure from any cause, feels called upon to give up his organism for the use of every spirit who may happen to come along with a sifter is truly in a deplorable condition, being at the mercy of the all too frequently, selfish seeker after tests.

"Individuality retained" sounds well to the uninitiated, but do let us be sure we know what we are talking about and not see in every talking spirit, one and the same thing, simply the giving up of an organism.

Individuality sustained, ordained and crowned by the assistance and use of the body by spirits who are amply able and unselfishly willing to do so is far different from letting out the body by the hour for the use of the spirits whose friends can afford to pay the rent.

SONG OF THE BROOK BOYS.

Adown the mountain, o'er the fall,
Through wood and mead and mill,
Slow by the noisome city wall
We followed, tolling still.

In ocean's bosom, rest at last
We found, then drawn in mist,
To pure air our souls we passed.
With God we kept our tryst.

Thus did our parents. Now once more
Their work begins anew;
And we, their children, to the shore
Run, glad that work to do.

Lazlebrook Stories.

Mime Inness.

VII.

Now that the Brook boys had grown to be old men and had been in the ocean so many, many years, they had become widely separated, just as men do. Some had gone far, far away, carried by the tides and the winds, while others had stayed about the coast where they first came into the sea from the river. Still others had been carried away by the tide and, as men who go away when they are young like to come back to the old home once more, so some of the Brook boys had come back when the wind and the tides favored their return.

But they had all grown old. When men get old, they drop off their worn-out bodies and leaving them behind on the earth their souls seek the life beyond this one, there to rest and refresh themselves and to start again on the way to the more perfect man toward which we are all striving.

So with these old men who were still Brook boys, although old Brook boys. One by one they dropped the dross and dirt which still clung to them in some sort and as this material part of them dropped down it formed part of the ooze which is found at the bottom of the ocean. The soul of the Brook boys, however, was different. That went up into the air, drawn by the beneficent power of the great, warm sun who still loved the Brook boys and cared for them and helped them in every way it could.

When the Brook boys, old men as they were, grew too tired of the life they were living in the ocean's waves, the kind sun took their souls, which men call vapor and drew it up out of the sea into the higher air, where it floated and came to rest. Any afternoon when the summer sun has warmed the sea and the land, before it sinks below the rim of the ocean we can see the vapor rising and then people say, "See, the sun is drawing water."

One by one the Brook boys vanished from the sea. One by one their souls, drawn up and sustained by the loving sun's warm rays, joined the others above the clouds. By and by the Brook boys whose story we have told, all came together once more floating at peace in what to them was the Brook-boys' Heaven.

And they rested and slept. They basked in the sun's kind warmth just as they had when they were young in Beaver Pond and in the Lake.

But their work was not yet done. There was still good for them to do.

When in their new state, they had rested and grown strong, then the winds, the currents of the air, some warm and some cold, began to waft them gently about and to form them into companies. When it had collected enough of them, it dropped them down nearer the earth and clothed them with clouds and said:

"Now that the earth has sent you up to rest and grow strong, you must in return send back to the earth your children. Young Brook boys like yourselves must put on bodies and help once more the old earth who is the mother of you all and who cared for you and sustained you until you came here on high."

The Brook boys did not want to part with their children. They were never willing to exert themselves. They had always required force to compel them to do any new thing. They were floating about clothed in long, streaming, garments of beautiful clouds and when they were asked to send their children down to earth—they gathered in great bunches of cloud as if they would defy the very winds of Heaven.

But no sooner were they all piled together in cloud-mountains, than the winds sent the thunder to frighten them with his voice and to strike them with the lashes of his lightning until they should obey his will. They

were older now than when, sporting in the lake, they had scurried away in terror at the thunder's voice. They had seen too many storms to yield easily; and they fought. The thunder tried his softest tones at first and the clouds rolled about in glee.

"Oh, who's afraid of that?" they said.

Then the thunder growled more loudly and shook his lightning at them; but that did not terrify them one bit. They grew bigger and showed him their blackest look and tried to frighten him. All this time they were running through the air toward the old hills where they had been, when they were Brook boys, and the thunder chased them hard and close.

So the battle raged. The cloud army piled itself up bigger and bigger, the thunder growled more and more loudly and threw his lightning all about the cloud. But neither would yield. And now the cloud of Brook boys had got back to the old mountain, where the Lazlebrook still ran.

"Here we are, boys—at home again," they shouted. "Now let us settle this thing out. We will settle down a bit and rest our backs against the crazy top of the hill and defy the winds, the thunder and the lightning. We are at home again. We can fight!"

No sooner had the winds heard this, than they blew an awful blast. It drove the big cloud against the rocky crag with such force that it tore a great hole in the cloud and thus scattered the Brook boys. Then the thunder roared so hard that it shook the earth and jarred the cloud army so that it almost fell to pieces from fright. Before the army of Brook boys could get their breath, the thunder hurled so many hot, burning shafts of lightning through it from end to end, that the whole cloud fell to pieces. The Brook boys had to drop the children; they were really shaken from their arms and they fell down like rain drops upon the rocks on the mountain's crown. And the men who lived in the valley said:

"See what a hard shower there is up on the mountain! They didn't know it was a new army of Brook boys just come to earth. But it was. When they lit on the rocks they ran, like little chickens, into every nook and cranny of the rocks to get away from the awful voice of the thunder."

Soon the little chaps found so many more who, just like themselves, had been shaken out of the cloud, that they joined hands and began to run together and these little bands of Baby Brook boys formed little rills which ran down the mountain side. Some ran splash into Lazlebrook. Some hid in the ground in springs and came peeping out after they had had quiet little naps in their underground holes; but sooner or later, they all got into Lazlebrook to live over again the same life which their fathers and mothers had lived before them.

A Court Oufit.

Hippity-hop over the hills,
Hippity-hop to the dandelion mills.
Get me a necklace of gold and green
To wear when I pay my court to the queen.

Trittity-trot over the moor,
Trittity-trot to the tulip store.
Get me a train of white and red
And a yellow crown to wear on my head.

Trippity-trip and do not stop,
Trippity-trip to the violet shop.
Make me some sapphire finger rings
And fill my belt with the lovely things.

Hurry away to the lily loom,
Bring me a cup in perfect bloom;
Bring it of silver, lined with gold,
And as full of honey as it will hold.

Stop on the way at the pansy place,
Make me a fan to cool my face—
A fan of purple as soft as silk,
Edged with laces as white as milk.

Flittity-fly, as a bird flies over,
Bring me a sash of sweet red clover.
Won't I be a sight to be seen,
When I go to pay my court to the queen!

"Cockle Shells and Silver Bells," by Mary F. Butts.

"Yes, I consider my life a failure." "O, Henry, how sad! Why should you say that?" "I spend all my time making money enough to buy food and clothes, and the food disagrees with me and my clothes don't fit."—Life.

About the Horse.

Here is a remarkable essay on the horse, said to be from the pen of an Indian student:

"The horse is a very noble quadruped, but when he is angry he will not do so. He is ridden on the spinal cord by the bridle and the driver places his foot on the stirrups and divides his lower limbs across the saddle and drives his animal to the meadow. He has four legs; two are on the front side and two are afterward. These are the weapons on which he runs. He also defends himself by extending these in the rear in a parallel direction toward his foe, but this he does only when he is in an aggravating mood. There is no animal like the horse. No sooner they see their guardian or master than they always cry for food, but it is always at the morning time."—The Wood Worker.

During leap year a great many girls are afflicted with palpitation of the heart.—The Wood Worker.

The chronic bachelor finally turned to the quiet man, who had taken no part in the discussion. "Would you, sir," he said, "marry the best woman in the world?" "I did," was the reply.—Judge.

Thank You.

We thank our dear friend, Mrs. Stevens, of Lockport, for her kindly greetings and wish for all good things to come to her.

Such a spirit as hers, so brave in adversity, so true in prosperity, is sure to reach the inner temple of the spirit and dwell in sweet communion with the loved and dear. The little Monson people must be very busy, for we get no word from them and we want so much to know about the life at the "Green Hill" farm.

A box of beautiful lilies arrived this morning from Augusta, Maine. The house is fragrant with their sweet breathings and we thank our friend so much for the loving attention.

Debt causes much failure; make it a rule to spend no dollar until you have earned it.—Bishop Fitzgerald.

"Health is essential to success," says Charles R. Flint; the very first word in the Mystic Success Club is to teach the member the ancient, simple Mystic Rule of perfect and permanent health, strength and vigor.—The Mystics.

Speech, whether by written or spoken word, is too crude and slow to keep pace with the needs of the now swiftly ascending mind. The mind is feeling about already for more perfect forms of human intercourse than telegraphed or telephoned words. However little we know of it—telepathy, theoretically, is the next stage in the evolution of language.—Prof. Henry Drummond.

Message Department.

Report of Seances held May 23, 1904. S. E. 71.

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.

To thee, O Spirit of Infinite love and tenderness, we would lift our hearts in aspiration. To thee, O Spirit of life and light, we would turn for knowledge and strength. And we ask that as we aspire and turn to thee we may see and understand just what is best for us to do in the daily life that confronts us. Not for some time far off in the eternity would we sigh; not for some day of rest when the weary burden laid down, we shall no more suffer; but we ask for strength that today with all the shadow and with all the burden and all the loss, we may still walk erect and firm and with our hand in the hand of strong ones go forward bravely and surely. We would not separate our interests from the interests of the great world. We would not feel that our particular work is more necessary, more beautiful than anything else that is being done for the upliftment of mankind. But we would do what is ours to do, just the best and the truest that it is possible for us to do. And so we ask that the expressing of those who are strong may rest upon us, that they may show us the way to wipe the tears from the eyes of those who sorrow, that they may make us brave to speak the right word that we may be able to touch the lips of those who are silent that they may speak to those who listen for the loving word and the expression from the spirit. And through all these things we would trace the love of God. His hand is guiding us; his strength is round about us; in Him we rest our cause and wait for the harvest that is bound to come from effort rightly applied. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Lucian Farrar.

A spirit comes now who says his name is Lucian Farrar. "I am from the Granite State, Concord, N. H." He is stout and fair, and seems to be one of those happy, agreeable kind of men who never had a disagreement with anybody, yet always seemed to keep his individuality. I think he was a church member and he always did his part in everything that was being done for the good of the people about him. He says, "It is a funny thing that I didn't know anything about this. I suppose I had heard the word, but I never had an idea that it was anything to be taken seriously. I thought it was just a question of a few spirits that might at times make themselves visible, but when it came to having it as a part of your everyday life, to talk with your friends who were dead, I wouldn't have taken it seriously for a minute. I have concluded, however, since I have talked with so many of my friends over here and have seen them so urgent and eager to reach their friends, that there is nothing more important than to try and help them. I used to think that to be good, believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and go to church was salvation, and I hear a lot of people now talking about the spiritual life and spiritual purpose, but I don't know of anything that is more spiritual than to help your friends find the people they are interested in. So, after all, I have come to be a convert to this work. I wish I could do something. I would like to have Myra understand that I am often in the home and trying to see if there is anything I can do. I am not often trying to communicate with her because it doesn't seem much use, but I frequently try to see if there is not something I can do to help her. I send her my love and I also wish that she would see if she cannot awaken some interest in George and Lella."

Gladys Munroe.

A girl comes about fourteen years old. She wears a broad straw hat and a light dress, and she has a very pretty little way of walking about as though she felt perfectly at ease in the spirit life. Her name is Gladys Munroe. She seems to have passed to the spirit in the summer time, when these clothes were worn. I should think she was a school girl. She does not look very delicate, but more as if there had been a sudden illness and then a quick taking away to the other life. She says, "I lived in Bloomingdale, Ill. I do so want to reach my father, whose name is Charles and my mother's name is Blanche. They are pretty lonely since I came, and have never grown away from that feeling, but if they knew that I could see them and that they could talk with me I think they would feel very much better. It was a long time that my mother could not bear to look at my things or see my little, but now she is getting so she wants to talk and wants to see the things, and I think it is because I have been able to get so near to her. She wouldn't have so many headaches if she would let me speak to her, and there is some one near her to whom she could go. Tell her, if you please, that I know what it was she felt so badly over and that it is all right. Aunt Gracie says to tell her that she will take care of me as well as if I were her own child. I wish I could give her a kiss, but I will send her some and she will know that I think of her every day."

Roy Grover.

A spirit of a young man comes about twenty-two. He is very slender and delicate, has brown eyes, brown hair and his name is Roy Grover. He says, "I am from Milwaukee. It has been a long time since anybody from Milwaukee came. I have got my father beside me and his name was David. We are both anxious to come to mother. She has not everything that is needed to make her happy and I had hoped if I could stay that I might be able to take care of her better. She had to work hard for me, and

that is what makes it seem so bad now to think that all her life when she was young and could work she put in the effort to get things for me and then I had to die and leave her. My little brother is here, too. He died when I was a little fellow, and he is just as helpful to me as he can be. He promises me that the time will come when our mother will seek us and then we will be able to tell her all that we have been anxious so long to say. I see some material changes that are coming to her, not a moving away from the city, but some direct changes that make her life a little brighter and easier. They come through her uncle, who is planning them now; so do not be discouraged, mother, but wait a little while and you will find that I am right. Much that comes to you of comfort comes through those who are trying to help you from where I am. Do not fret any more about what you would like to do for us. We are satisfied just to be near you and want to help you. I shall come again. This is not the only place or time in which I can speak."

Emma Clark.

A spirit comes now who seems to be so eager. She says her name is Clark, and then she laughs a little and says, "Emma Clark." She is about the medium height, round and plump, has dark blue eyes, dark hair and brows. She is very quick and active, and seems to take it all as a matter of course that she can come here and speak what she wants to and go along again. "This place is entirely unfamiliar to me. If anyone had told me that I could talk with spirits I do not suppose I should have had any other opinion of them except that they were insane and they surely ought to be shut up. I had a home in Fremont, North Carolina. I want to send an invitation to Jessie to meet me in the spirit. Do not go away to any other home, but sit by yourself and let me come close to you and I will be able to give you a message. I do not know that I will be able to convert you; I do not know that I want to! But I will be able to communicate and I will bring some others with me who will help us both. Your life will be brighter and better when you let some of your power be used. As long as you keep it to yourself as you do now it won't grow, but give it out and you will find it growing to greater proportions than you have any idea of. I have not anything else as important as this to say to you, so I just urge you to do that and then I can tell you more."

Fred Kendall.

A spirit of a boy comes who seems to be about seventeen. He is medium height, has blue eyes, brown hair and a smooth face. He is very boyish in his manner and seems more or less disturbed, not over his own condition, but over his friends who are in the body. He lived quite a way from here in the country, because I can see the houses in clusters some distance apart. He says his name is Fred Kendall and that he lived near Canon City, Colo. "I have not been over here very long and I am still in a maze as to just how best to communicate with those I have left. It is so strange to come over and hear the spirits talk about communicating with their people and I have no idea how to do it, and I have come here as much for instructions and experience as for anything else. I do very much want to send a word to my father, whose name is George. I want him to know that I am often with mother and that I am sorry she has taken my death so hard. It seems as though it would kill her sometimes, but tell her it is not that I am far away, but I am close by her and can see her and can help her. She wanted everything put away that reminded her of me. I would rather she would have things out where they can be seen and where she will feel that I am still a part of the home life. Tell mother, too, that she will be better by and by and I do not see any one else coming over here at present. Things will look lighter and there will be a much brighter condition after they once get over the shock of my sudden coming away from them."

Lizzie Eldridge.

A spirit comes now of a woman about thirty-five. She is a little above the medium height, has dark eyes and hair, and a very pretty manner. She is dressed in black. I should think she wore that more than anything else. Her name is Lizzie Eldridge. She says, "I am not so far away as our friend who just spoke, for I used to live in Jamaica Plain. I knew more or less about this subject of Spiritualism. I have for some time thought I would send a message to Joe through the 'Banner.' He sees it and I thought if he knew that I could come it might help him and he would feel the confidence that he used to have, but which he has lost through some of his experiences. It is no use to toss away a cup because some one has soiled it. You had better wash it out and begin again and see if there is not pure water in the spring that will quench your thirst after all. I am very happy over here. The life is so much freer than it was in the body because I have none of the ill health and the lack of strength that I had. That gives me the liberty to work and do what so long was denied me. I thank you."

In Praise of the Athanasian Creed.

Modern Theosophy is certainly apt and agile in its ability to assimilate the truths, and, for the matter of that, the errors of other sophias. Its late efforts in this direction, and in relation to Christianity, specially interest us. Mrs. Besant's and Mr. Menzies' contributions are well known; so are Mr. Leadbeater's. In an important paper, just concluded in "The Theosophist," the last-mentioned opens his net wide, almost to breaking point; and we must say that some of his captures of Christ's sayings are very courageous. Thus, he says of the question, "Good master, what must I do to win eternal life?" that this "of course" means, "What must I do to win 'liberation from the necessity of repeated birth and death?'" But "of course" this is as arbitrary as anything could well be. There is not a bit of evidence that the young man knew anything about reincarnation. His question seems a very simple one, and the answer was not occult.

But Mr. Leadbeater is not to be denied, and outdoes himself by praising the Athanasian Creed, as "perhaps the strongest and grandest statement as to the nature and the power of God that has ever been put into words." Even "the so-called damnable clauses fall into their places and are at once seen to be free from all possible objection." This is decidedly interesting. The Dean of Westminster has gone over to the rebels, and uses in the Abbey an Athanasian Creed without a curse. Strange indeed it will be if the last-off curves of the Abbey are taken in at Albemarle-street! But then Mr. Leadbeater gives us to understand that the curses will be transformed, and be seen as radiant "blessings in disguise."—Light, London, Eng.

It is the duty of men to earn a living and to amass great wealth, if they are willing to use it in enlarging and expanding business, and helping along great educational and philanthropic works which will help men to help themselves.—John D. Rockefeller.

Society News.

Boston and Vicinity.

Appleton Hall, 9 Appleton street, Friday, May 27th.—The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society, Mrs. Mattie E. A. Allbe, president, held its annual Memorial services in the afternoon and evening, these being the closing meetings of this society for the season. It will re-open its meetings on the first Friday of October. Mrs. Alice S. Waterhouse, the first speaker of the afternoon, gave an interesting talk upon pneumatography, followed by the well-known medium John Slater, of San Francisco, whose address upon the subject of Immortality, closing with an inspirational poem, was replete with profound thoughts and uplifting sentiment. Mrs. H. B. Fay, formerly known as one of Boston's best materializing mediums, and Mrs. Lizzie Shuckley, gave several messages from spirit friends. Miss Etta Willis recited "Where are the Wicked Buried?" very acceptably. Mrs. Hattie C. Mason spoke briefly of our arisen workers and Mrs. N. J. Willis spoke in her usual earnest and impressive manner of the lesson taught by the religion of Spiritualism and the new understanding we have of Memorial day in consequence. The afternoon session closed with a song by Mrs. Hattie C. Mason. Supper was served at 6.30, and promptly at 7.30. Mrs. Allbe called the meeting to order. Mrs. Mason favored us with a solo. Miss Etta Willis read an original poem entitled, "Memorial Day," written by herself. Mrs. Willis' poems always manifest an inspiration of a high order, and though her work is not in just the same line as that of her talented mother yet it shows undisputedly that she too is touched by the hands of the angels. Mrs. Mamie Helyett, of Lynn, gave several communications. Mr. Albert P. Blinn was called upon and responded briefly. Mr. John Slater, demonstrated that his reputation as one of the noted psychics of America was well merited. He gave many messages that were precise and definite. Mr. J. J. Morse, editor of the "Banner of Light," said that the day and occasion was in a way a sad one as he had, like the Apostles of 2,000 years ago, just partaken of the "Last Supper" that he would have with the Ladies' Aid. Before it would convene again he would be some thousands of miles away, at his home in London, Eng. He gave a splendid address to a deeply attentive audience.

After a duet by Mrs. M. F. Lovering and Mrs. H. C. Mason, Mrs. N. J. Willis spoke upon the "Signification of Spiritualism." Mr. J. B. Hatch spoke briefly. Mrs. A. S. Waterhouse spoke of her recollections of the early days of the society. Mrs. S. C. Cunningham paid a tribute to the old workers. Mrs. H. C. Mason said a few words. Dr. C. C. L. Willis made appropriate remarks. Mr. C. C. Shaw spoke briefly, and Mrs. Helyett closed the meeting. Much credit is due Mrs. M. F. Lovering who has acted as pianist during the whole season, and the members attested their appreciation by a unanimous vote of thanks.—Esther H. Blinn.

General.

Malden, Mass. Progressive Spiritual Society, Sunday, May 22nd.—Our meetings for the day good as usual. At the class at 3 p. m. for healing development and readings we had with us a good number of workers. Mr. Higgins spoke on "The reflection of spirit working through us." Mr. John Goddard also made remarks on "Success, the light of all light." Alice M. Whall, "Be careful how you wound the spirit," which were well given. "Golden Hair" performed her work excellently. "Twilight" gave fine messages, also "Tiger Lily" and Mrs. M. C. Borden, of Winchester. Evening session opened with service of song. Scripture reading and remarks by our president, Harvey Redding. "Cyrus" gave invocation and poem entitled, "Star of Bethlehem." Mrs. Abbie Burnham, who has been ill for many weeks, was with us once more, and made very interesting remarks in her usual pleasing manner, subject, "Shall we know each other there?" Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Smith of Cliftondale were present and entertained the audience with remarks and remarkable communications. Mr. Jas. Milton rendered a vocal selection "Face to Face" with much feeling. Alice M. Whall and "Prairie Flower" demonstrated and Indian control, "Big Dog," gave full names and impersonations. We open our "Lyceum" Sunday, June 5th. The "Banner of Light" on sale at all of our meetings.—C. L. Redding, cor. sec.

Norwich, Conn., Sunday, May 22nd.—G. W. Kates and wife gave interesting addresses at the Spiritual Academy, on Park street, Sunday morning and evening.

Mr. Kates spoke on the following: "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." St. John 13: 17. He told of Jesus washing the feet of the disciples, and said it was to show humility. The injunction was to warn all against being superior to each other. The new commandment, "Love one another," is the true test of Christian fellowship. As we have the power of the spirit, we should do their word. That word is unto all people for their help in every direction.

Mrs. Kates gave a good address at the evening service. She followed with messages, as usual, and was very accurate.

The quartet sang "Memory's Golden Shore." Mrs. Kates singing the solo. Mr. Chas. Dowsett presided at the organ.

The Lyceum was well attended. Lola Edgerton sang and Emma Maples recited a poem. Geo. W. Kates spoke very interestingly upon the subject under discussion. The children are looking forward to their annual picnic.—M. E. T.

Portland, May 23rd.—Mrs. Annie L. Jones, of Lowell, closed a very successful week's engagement yesterday, speaking last evening to a crowded house. We are always glad to have Mrs. Jones visit us. She presents spiritual truths in such a way as to reach the hearts and the understanding of those who are seeking light on this subject which is so dear to us all. "Is Spiritualism a Help to Humanity?" was the subject for the afternoon and "Spiritual Progress or Is the World Becoming Better or Worse?" was the evening subject. Mrs. Jones gave two week night meetings. Our meetings are well attended and every thing points to an awakened interest in Spiritualism here.—Mrs. F. E. Allen, clerk.

Lyceum Notes.

Boston.

A Lyceum Visitation.—On Sunday, May 22, the members of the Boston Spiritual Lyceum and their friends joined with the Brockton Spiritual Lyceum held at the latter place. The members and friends of the Boston Lyceum met at Milton Lower Mills at 12.30 p. m. and seated themselves in an electric car

bound for the city of shoes. The Guardian of the Boston Lyceum several days before, received a very cordial invitation from the Brockton Lyceum to join with them on the 22d and after a ride of 11/4 hours through a pretty section of the country, we duly arrived. We were very cordially received by the Brockton Lyceum, their members singing a song written for the occasion, "Welcome Friends," as we entered the hall under the escort of the conductor and guardian. Then commenced a Lyceum Session which was extremely interesting and profitable. The opening march was to the writer a new and very pretty affair. Many fine selections were rendered by members of the Brockton Lyceum one of which pleased the writer very much indeed, an original essay by one of the young ladies. While the Lyceum was not a very large one it was a finely trained one, and the writer wishes there were more like it. Members of the Boston Lyceum were called upon to take part, those responding to the call were as follows: Remarks by J. B. Hatch, conductor of the B. S. L., paying a fine tribute to the Brockton Lyceum; remarks and poem by the writer, recitation by Mr. William Sheldon, remarks by Dr. Stiles. There were more of us in the party, but as the hour was late that was all that responded. At the close of the session we were invited to the banquet hall, where we found a collation awaiting us, and at about 5.30 after bidding them all a "God bless you" and an invitation to call upon us at some future time we started for home, all uniting with one accord that the time and money spent that day were well spent. May the Brockton Lyceum long live and prosper be the sincere prayer of the writer.—Elmer B. Packard, sec. of Boston Spiritual Lyceum.

Lyceum Lesson, Memorial Day.

Alonso Danforth.

The Thirtieth day of May, the Nation's festival of Remembrance, when a liberty loving people enjoying the blessings of peace and prosperity, cease from their labors and with grateful hearts give loving tribute to the memory of brave men who, having finished their course with honor and crossed the starlit line, now rest peacefully under the shade of the trees on eternal camping grounds. Sweet be their spiritual life, unfading their glory.

Cover the wounds with springtime's richest offering.

Raise above them the flag they loved; let silvered age standing by their graves feel that with the dust of such men in our soil and their spiritual presences with us, the Republic will stand with its glory undimmed and its power unbroken.

Let trusting childhood wave garlands for them and by their memories receive inspiration that will keep them earnest in loyalty, pure in citizenship and faithful to duty.

Why is Memorial Day fitly named? Because it commemorates all that was grand and ennobling in the great civil war, a conflict which restored the Union, redeemed a race and established this republic upon an enduring basis for all time to come.

Who treated the day? The Grand Army of the Republic made sacred by its ceremonies and legalized by statutory law, and is now in the truest sense a day of memory.

Why does it come nearer to the hearts of the people of this generation? By its nearness to the causes which created it and the presence of so many veterans of the great conflict.

What is the first and greatest lesson taught by the observance of the day?

Loyalty—and the creed of patriotism, is one and indivisible, and no conflict of opinion or clash of argument can lessen the one universal sentiment of respect for those who have given their lives for a great cause.

How can we unite on this day? In perpetuating a custom that will keep in lasting remembrance the principles that not only animated the fathers but were transmitted to the sons and defended with such unflinching firmness by their children.

Who are the entitled nobility of the republic? The veterans who stood between the national government and armed rebellion.

How can we view the action of the arisen heroes? That the nation is awake, that her pulse still beats, her streets are full of light, life and joy.

What was the spirit of sacrifice during the war? In causing men to exchange homes of comfort and plenty, for the soldier's shelter tent and so successfully withstand the dangers and sufferings of hospitals, battlefield and prison pen.

How does it teach respect for the arisen and remaining veterans?

By making the graves of the arisen ones more sublime, for returning peace and prosperity have shown the priceless value of their sufferings.

How are we fulfilling sacred obligations to comrades gone before?

By turning aside from our accustomed pursuits to do honor to those who have given the strongest proof of patriotic devotion.

What does Memorial Day signify to us? A glorious life; it takes us back to the days of civil strife, when heroes fought and died, where a nation's cause was fought and won.

Who are the orators of today? Veterans of the Grand Army, as your medals and empty sleeves and the silent graves thrill all hearts into patriotism by your visible appearance.

What was the brightest glory of the war? The reconquest of the North in the day of the victory. No conqueror ever turned from the enemy's capital, without entering it in proud array when he had captured it. Grant turned away from Richmond—he wasted, shattered, and humbled it but he would not degrade or insult it by a triumphal entry.

Campmeeting News.

Camp Progress, Swampscott, Mass.

Camp Progress Association, Upper Swampscott, Mass.—This Association held a meeting a few days ago and made nearly all arrangements for the summer's work.

The officers for the year are: President, Mr. Benjamin H. Blaney; vice-president, Mr. E. H. Holden; secretary, Mrs. H. S. Gardiner; treasurer, Mrs. E. B. Merrill. Musical director, Mr. Holden. The several committees necessary to carry on the work were appointed.

The Association is looking forward to a successful season. Last year we were quite successful and as the meetings were in charge of a committee from the 1st Society of Salem and from the Home Mission Society of Lynn quite a neat little sum was realized for both societies.

This season the Camp Progress Spiritual Association will resume the charge of the meetings. We are still very much alive, and intend to have better services than ever. We shall be glad to have any medium or speaker visit us at any time. Our services

are held Sundays at 11 a. m., a conference, at which all mediums are welcome to the platform. At 3 and 4 p. m., speaking and communications from mediums present. We provide catering as we have in the past, having on sale fish and clam chowders, ice cream cake, tea, coffee and cold drinks.

Our Camp having occupied the present location for nine years is too well known to need any description. The Lynn and Salem electric pass the entrance, and the Boston and Maine Swampscott station is within ten minutes' walk.—Cor.

Jealousy.

Arthur F. Milton.

Envy or jealousy is a surreptitious acknowledgment of somebody else's superiority; for it is not known that anyone was ever jealous of a person who knows nothing, has nothing, or represents nothing.

One who is being envied, therefore, must be worthy of something, has a superior light, or is above his unfortunate fellow-mortals in some way.

But what of the jealous one? Well, he needs sympathy, for he is still in his spiritual swaddling clothes and if his jealousy has degenerated to prejudice or hatred, it indicates that he is still closely allied to the animal plane of existence; for hatred is an animal emotion and the very antithesis of that love, which all spiritual philosophies teach as being the acme of soul-progress.

Without an untainted love-vibration there can be no perfect accord with spiritual nature, and consequently no perfect response to the cosmic aspiration for truth. It must partake of the prejudice underlying the desire; or any other feeling existing in conjunction with the love-vibration, such as the tendency to deceive, betray, deny or belittle another.

Pure sunlight cannot penetrate a misty atmosphere, and jealousy is the mist, which shuts out the spiritual sunlight from the human soul, making it unmindful of its duties, forgetful and dreamy, akin to life on the lower plane of existence, with more or less accordant vibration with that condition of existence, and results compatible with it, the worst feature being that it prevents the progress of those not so constituted and others who are ready to follow them.

A Reasonable View of the Case.

George B. Ferris.

Spiritualists, as a rule, fail to comprehend the importance of the work being accomplished by the spiritualistic press.

The many ideas presented, both true and false, the thorough discussions that have taken place regarding their merits, and which have resulted in the elimination of error and the determination of the true philosophy of Spiritualism, have done more to place the Cause on a firm and impregnable basis than all the lectures ever given, or books ever written, upon this subject. Through the columns of the various papers hundreds of Spiritualists, who otherwise would have kept silence, have been induced to give their best ideas, many of which have been of great service in the work of spiritual reformation. But for the opportunity thus afforded the average Spiritualist to express his ideas, it is safe to affirm that many of the accepted truths of Spiritualism at the present time would never have become known.

When this fact is considered one is overcome with wonder that the various papers have such a limited circulation. Lida Briggs Brown, in a recent article in the "Banner of Light," advances the opinion that the principal cause of this neglect of the periodical literature of Spiritualism is its unpopularity; or, in other words, because Spiritualists, as a class, do not have the moral courage to fearlessly proclaim their knowledge and stand prepared to endure the ostracism which they seem to think would result. If this is the case, it speaks but ill for the character of the many converts to our Cause.

Are Spiritualists, as a class, so lacking in the courage of their convictions, so anxious to court the friendship and esteem of their orthodox friends, that they dare not proclaim their convictions to the extent of taking a Spiritualist paper into their homes?

If true, what a sad commentary on the intelligence of the average Spiritualist! How lacking they must be in all the essential qualities that make for the advancement of the world! It seems that every Spiritualist, conscious of the support and encouragement of invisible friends, should be willing to endure the loss of every earthly friend, if need be, in order to proclaim and live the truth. That there are some who are too cowardly to openly proclaim what they know, I do not doubt; but that they are numerous enough to greatly restrict the circulation of our papers, I am not prepared to admit at the present time.

There is more than one cause underlying this condition of affairs; indeed, there are several, but we have space here for the consideration of only the most important.

I am inclined to believe that lack of interest in the philosophy is one cause. Many devote so much of their time to the consideration of the phenomena that they are unable to grasp the philosophy sufficiently to subscribe for a Spiritualist paper. It is human nature to go to extremes; thus many fail to appreciate the phenomena; while others fall to appreciate the phenomena; and since the Spiritualist papers are devoted principally to the philosophy, those who do not care for the philosophy would not appreciate the literature of Spiritualism.

Then many liberal publications have accepted many of the truths of Spiritualism, and are using them to foster their various isms, creeds and fads. Such publications have also attracted the attention and support of many well-meaning Spiritualists who have become interested because of the spiritual truths advocated. Such papers are not considered in the estimates that are given of the number of Spiritualist papers subscribed for, yet many of these papers accept the truth of spirit return, and are largely supported by Spiritualists who prefer to receive their Spiritualism in the dribslets that are allowed to pass the editorial censorship of papers whose only cause for existence is the promulgation of some particular hobby, while all teachings not agreeable to their pet ideas are barred out. It would be interesting to know why Spiritualists do not go to the fountain-head for their knowledge, and patronize publications that are hospitable to every department of spiritual investigation?

But, before we upbraid Spiritualists for not supporting their papers, let us first consider whether or not the other religious denominations are doing any better. Considering the numerous followers of the Methodist, the Baptist, the Catholic, or any other church, do their publications receive any better support than our own periodicals? I have not investigated the subject sufficiently to render an answer, but unless it can be conclusively shown that Spiritualists, in proportion to their numbers, are not supporting their publications as well as other religions, I see no occasion to deprecate the present condition of affairs.

DYSPEPSIA CURED

Have Suffered from Dyspepsia, Stomach, Liver, or Bowel Trouble of any kind, read this liberal offer. IT WILL BE WORTH HUNDREDS TO YOU.

Do you suffer from dyspepsia, indigestion, or stomach, liver, or bowel trouble of any kind? If you do, why not let us ease you? We do not mean to help you by doing you with a strong, stimulating dose of Bismuth Compound, or patent "Dyspepsia Pills." Such things will stimulate and soothe temporarily, but in the end will only irritate and further weaken the already diseased and weakened mechanism. We will completely and permanently cure you. We will go to the very foundation of your trouble, will remove the cause, strengthen and tone up the affected mechanism, perfect the digestion, regulate and strengthen the bowels, and make you as strong and hearty as you ever were. We could give you testimonials by the thousand of those who have cured of stomach troubles in all forms and stages, but they would not tell you what the treatment will do for YOU. The only absolute proof is in the treatment itself, and knowing the wonderful results that will follow, and believing that we have a treatment that will positively cure any case, no matter how complicated or long standing, or how many have failed in the past, that we will send a few weeks' treatment to any one desiring to test it. They are cured by this test treatment alone. Why not make a trial of it yourself and learn what it will do for you? Address: Dr. Peabody Institute of Health, at Ham St., Battle Creek, Mich.

It is well to remember that while there is a vast amount of room for improvement in present conditions, on the other hand, matters might be a great deal worse. If this condition of affairs is not confined to our ranks nor to any particular religion, but is universal in its extension, it proves conclusively that it is due to the average mental condition of the human race, and nothing short of evolution, and the persistent labor of every true and unselfish advocate of the Cause, will produce any change for the better.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

PASSED TO SPIRIT LIFE.

MISS MARY E. READ, FALL RIVER, MASS.

Miss Mary E. Read, aged 21 years, 10 months, from the home of her mother, 661 Maple st., Fall River, Mass., May 4th. Miss Read when very young had the pneumonia which was followed by consumption and was kept all these years in this life only by the love and care of her devoted mother. Through all her years of suffering, she was always patient and hopeful, and by a sweet and loving life held all as friends who came within the sphere of her life. She leaves a mother and two brothers but the mother, at least, is comforted as far as that can be done by the knowledge of spirit communion. The funeral services held at her late home were attended by a large number of friends. The local tributes were very beautiful. The writer officiated and closed with a brief service at the grave—Geo. A. Fuller.

MRS. MARTHA FELTON, MARLBORO, MASS.

Mrs. Martha Felton passed to Spirit Life from her late home, 37 Lincoln Street, Marlboro, Mass., in her ninety-third year, on Thursday, May 5, 1904. She had been in feeble health for a number of years. Mrs. Felton was the daughter of Dr. John and Martha Baker, was one of nine children, and was born in Old Boylston, Mass. A brother and sister survive her. She came to Marlboro in early life, living there until her departure. She was married to Aaron Felton in 1828. She had ten children, all of whom have lived to manhood and womanhood, and nine of them are still alive, four sons and five daughters, a very devoted family. Mrs. Felton was formerly a Unitarian and a member of the Unitarian Society, but of late years she was a firm Spiritualist. The writer has been many times entertained by our arisen friend, enjoying many pleasant hours in her society, and I think she anticipated a pleasant reunion with her companion and children. She was a kind neighbor, and always gave a welcome greeting to her friends. The funeral services were held on Monday May 9th, on which occasion the house was crowded with loving friends. The casket was covered with beautiful flowers, tributes from her children and friends. The Rev. Mr. Haywood, a Unitarian pastor, assisted the writer, and the Schubert Ladies' Quartet rendered some fine selections. We could only voice words such as bring the truth of Spiritualism home to those upon the mortal side, who felt that their dear friend had gone only a little way from them, feeling that she was still living, and would watch over those here, her children and her grandchildren. We could only feel that she was ready for the summons, and that soon we shall meet our friend. May Spiritualism bring comfort to all with the evidence that a mother's love is still a blessing.—Mrs. Sarah A. Burns.

William F. Pye.

Eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Pye, of Melrose, passed to the higher life, Wednesday, the 18th of May. He was a young man 25 years of age and of excellent character. Psychic medium of fine ability, his knowledge of the higher life was comprehensive both through his own intuitive knowledge and by the teaching of his parents, his mother being well known as a medium and teacher of Spirit Philosophy.

Rev. Geo. W. Blaknell of the First Universalist Church, Cambridge, at his funeral on last Friday gave a very fine address full of the principles of true Spiritualism, followed by L. L. Whitlock in his scientific spirit philosophy. The following beautiful vocal selections were sung under inspiration by Mrs. Daniel Hall, of Brighton: "Only a Curtain Between Us," "Abide with Me," and "Good-Night." The floral emblems were very beautiful. Interment was at Wyoming cemetery.

REBURGAM.

In Memory of M. J. S., a Loved One Gone Before.

Thy grief, O heart, is sore for him that's dead;
Tears, gentlest offering, flood thy sorrowing eyes;
Darkness hangs o'er thee, e'en where sunshine lies;
Vacant and cold the place where joy hath led;
Gone! the hollow clays all sound denies;
But O, the silence says, "A soul hath fled
From moving myths the Truth to realize."
Away! ye saddening thoughts, no pall shall spread
To hide the light! now doth new morn begin
For him—the dawn of hope beyond earth's blight;
Those harmonies life lent him from within,
Now sound more perfectly, and charm the sight
From weeping; blessed thought! He that did win
Our love shall come again in Heaven's light.
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