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## THE NOW.

Eugene F. Ware.

The charm of love is its telling,  
The telling that goes with the giving;  
The charm of a deed is its doing,  
The charm of a life is its living;  
The soul of the thing is the thought;  
The charm of the act is the actor;  
The soul of the fact is its truth;  
And the Now is its principal factor.

The world loves the Now and the Nowist,  
And tests all assumptions with rigor;  
It looks not behind it to falling,  
But forward to ardor and vigor;  
It cares not for heroes who faltered,  
For martyrs who hushed and recanted,  
For pictures that never were painted,  
For harvests that never were planted.

The world does not care for a fragrance  
That never is lost in perfuming;  
The world does not care for the blossoms  
That wither away before blooming;  
The world does not care for the chimes  
Remaining unring by the ringer;  
The world does not care for the songs  
Unsung in the soul of the singer.

What use to mankind is a purpose  
That never shone forth in the doer?  
What use has the world for a loving  
That never had winner or wooer?  
The motives, the hopes and the schemes  
That have ended in idle conclusions,  
Are buried along with the failures  
That come in a life of illusions.

Away with the flimsy idea that life with a  
past is attended;  
There's Now-only Now, and no past—there's  
never a past; it has ended.  
Away with the obsolete story, and all of its  
yesterday sorrow;  
There's only today, almost gone, and in front  
of today stands tomorrow.

And hopes that are quenchless are sent us,  
Like loans from a generous lender,  
Enriching us all in our efforts, yet making no  
poorer the sender;  
Lightening all of our labors and thrilling us  
ever and ever  
With ecstasy of success and the raptures of  
present endeavor.

## Buddhism.

George A. Bacon.

(Continued.)

The following from the Upanishads familiarly illustrates the doctrine: As a goldsmith, taking a piece of gold, turns it into another newer and more beautiful shape, so does the soul, after having thrown off this body and dispelled all ignorance, make unto himself another newer and more beautiful shape.

While Buddha recognized the institution of Caste, which was and is a dominant factor in Brahminism, he explained social inequalities as the result of previous actions. The theory of reincarnation, the oldest phase born of Hindu belief, was to them a philosophical truth.

It seemed to rationally account for the distinctions and dissimilarities existing in human life, even as the doctrine, shorn of many of its earlier crudities, appears today to a growing class of Western minds, despite definite demonstrations to warrant it.

A modified form of transmigration or re-embodiment pervades the Old and New Testament. The prophets were to reappear and finish their work. The followers of Jesus believed that he was to return again among them. "This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." Acts 1: 11. And Jesus himself repeatedly refers to his coming again.

To the Hindu, death was regarded as the gateway to other opportunities, to better chances, to probably improved conditions; often welcomed as a friend, because forsooth "they had the most undoubting assurance that their soul, if dislodged from its present tenement, will forthwith find another, with a chance at least, of its being a better one."

Again, the Buddhist conception as to the quality of actions—expressed by the word Karma, including both merit and demerit—determine the future condition of all men.

It does not recognize any personal or Almighty Power or Goodness, as being pleased or displeased by one's actions, or as assigning any future condition by way of punishment or of reward. By works, not by prayers, do they expect to secure their eternal peace.

"Suppose," says Buddha, "that a man should come hither to the bank of the river, and having some business on the other side, should want to cross. Do you suppose that if he were to invoke the other bank of the river to come over to him on this side, the bank would come on account of his praying?"

The key of the whole scheme of Buddhist salvation, it is said, lies in what Gautama called his four sublime verities—thus interpreted by Max Muller: (1) that there is suffering; (2) that there is a cause of that suf-

fering; (3) that such cause can be removed; (4) that there is a way of deliverance, namely, the doctrine of Buddha.

Another authority puts it thus: First, that pain exists; second, that the cause of pain is desire or attachment; third, that pain can be ended; fourth, by the way of Nirvana.

Still another translates these four truths as follows: That Life is suffering, that Desire leads to rebirths, that Cessation of desire leads to deliverance from rebirths and suffering. These are essentially alike.

To reap this result, to overcome Karma, and to attain Nirvana, one must successfully walk the "Eightfold Path," which Gautama developed into a set of practical precepts involving the various duties of life and religion, as right belief, right thoughts, right speech, right purpose, right practice, right obedience, right memory and right meditation. (There is a chapter of verses on each of these topics in the Dhammapada.) These were previously unknown doctrines. He first came into possession of their clear perception through what may be called the light within.

The doctrine of Nirvana has led to much discussion as to what Gautama really meant by it—one class claiming that it clearly means annihilation, extinction, the absolute nothing; another class, equally strenuous, with whom we hold, claims that it represents the ideal state, a condition of perfect peace and bliss, corresponding to the "kingdom of heaven."

The cause of this continued speculation and controversy arises from what is the evident additions which the followers of Buddha inserted in the later or third part of the Buddhist Canon. Max Muller in his "Science of Religion," has a very instructive chapter on this subject. He discusses it with impartiality and ability.

Nirvana, he says, may mean the extinction of many things—of selfishness, desire and sin, without going so far as the extinction of subjective consciousness.

But I go even further and maintain that, if we look in the Dhammapada, at every passage where Nirvana is mentioned, there is not one which would require that its meaning should be annihilation. What does it mean, when Buddha calls reflection the path to immortality, thoughtlessness the path of death? When he says: "The wise people, meditative, steady, always possessed of strong powers, attain to Nirvana, the highest happiness." "A Bhikkhu who delights in reflection, who looks with fear on thoughtlessness, will not go to destruction—he is near to Nirvana." The author quotes a dozen passages of the Dhammapada, where Nirvana occurs in the purely ethical sense of rest, quietness, the absence of passion, a condition of peace and happiness—the antipodes of non-existence.

Buddha himself says: "I proclaim, Simha (an adherent) the annihilation of egotism, of lust, of ill-will, of delusion. I do not, however, proclaim the annihilation of forbearance, of love, of charity, and of truth." "He only who identifies himself with the truth, will attain Nirvana."

Muller's summing up of this point is so judicial, that I am prompted to give it.

"If it happens that on certain points we find in different parts of the Canon, not only doctrines differing from each other, but plainly contradictory to each other, it follows, surely, that one only of these can have been longed to Buddha personally. In such a case, therefore, I believe we have a right to choose, and I believe we shall be justified in accepting that view as the original one, the one peculiar to Buddha himself, which harmonizes least with the later system of orthodox Buddhism. . . . Either we must bring ourselves to believe that Buddha taught his disciples two diametrically opposed doctrines on Nirvana, say an exoteric and esoteric one, or we must allow that view of Nirvana to have been the original view of the founder of this marvelous religion, which we find recorded in the verses of the Dhammapada, and which corresponds best with the simple, clear, and practical character of Buddha."

Verily, real Buddhism is unquestionably what Buddha himself taught, rather than what was subsequently added by his followers and which now appears as canonical Buddhism, though we have to accept it as we find it.

## RELIGION OF BUDDHA.

Although Buddhism, as a system of religion as outlined by its founder, may fall far short of the prevailing thought as to man's relation to the Universal Cosmos as interpreted today, three thousand years later, its mighty and magnificent advance over what preceded it, entitles it to the weightiest considerations by all students of Comparative Religions.

Allowing for all that is puerile and fantastic connected with it, notwithstanding its limitations and misconceptions, the religion of Buddha as originally taught by him, while ignoring any sense of dependence on a supreme power, recognizing no such relationship as might be supposed to exist between an Almighty King and his subjects, or a personal God and his children,—Buddhism is

conceded to have wrought a more direct and potent influence for good than any other form of religion known to history. It had no supernatural revelation. It proclaimed doctrines that required no other argument than their practical application. Buddha preached, essentially, a new salvation. By methods of self-development, by suppressing desire, destroying ignorance, by right living was man to be delivered from the pangs of existence and the necessity of rebirths—the necessary means to avoid moral retribution, the only way to reach a state of perfect peace and happiness.

The rules he proposed constituted in themselves a philosophy or theology more practical than theoretical, which appealed to the reason more than to the imagination—the reverse, it may be said, of the theology of later times.

One finds no antagonism in Buddhism between religion and science. Buddha taught that the law of consequences, or cause and effect, was effective here and hereafter; that religion relates itself to moral conduct.

His "plan of salvation," based on moral truths which were applicable to all, required personal demonstration, conformably with Sir William Hamilton's metaphysical dictum that "no philosophical theory can pretend to truth except that . . . which comprehends and develops the fact of consciousness on which it is founded."

Originally, the religion of Buddha was of a noble and humane type. Primarily it sought to extinguish evil and the ignorance on which evil is based; to overcome consuming passions, to endure suffering, to have patience, love, charity and forgiveness. The idea of a merit was unknown. Nothing corresponding to the Jewish Jehovah or the God of the commercial substitution or vicarious atonement—Christians were recognized. "The very idea of a god, as creating and ruling the world, is utterly absent in the Buddhist system," says an eminent authority.

On the other hand, "Buddhism appeals to selfish motives, and insists on the solemn responsibilities of individual life in such a way as to raise the value of the human person." "Hist. of Religions."

Says the distinguished Max Muller in his "Science of Religion," p. 132: It has been the peculiar fate of the religion of Buddha, that among all the so-called false or heathenish religions, it almost alone has been praised by all and everybody for its elevated, pure and humanizing character. No religion, not even the Christian, has exercised so powerful an influence on the diminution of crime as the old, simple doctrine of the Ascetic of Kapilasthiti. Elsewhere, he says the doctrine of the "Brotherhood towards all men, in fact the idea of humanity, was first pronounced by Buddha."

It would seem at the present assumed high-water mark of civilization, that to consistently teach and exemplify the doctrine of "human brotherhood," as a basis of religion and moral practice, especially following the most extravagant, aristocratic and perniciously rigid system of Caste that ever prevailed, is worthy of immortal glory.

Than to have been the first to herald and to live this heaven-born truth, there can be no greater honor among men.

From the article, under the head of Buddhism in the Ency. Brit., we extract the following pertinent passage:

"Self-conquest and universal charity are the foundation thoughts, the web and woof of Buddhism, the melodies on the variations of which its enticing harmony is built up. Such a religion could never remain buried in the cloister, or remain the privilege of the few. From the first it became an appeal to the many, and addressed itself not to the learned or the rich, but to all mankind, to men and women, slaves and bondmen, Brahmins and Sudras, nobles and peasants alike. The abuses of caste and priestcraft could no longer grow and thrive among men who looked at every question from a rationalistic standpoint, while their hearts were aglow with real and practical philanthropy.

"In Gautama's view, men differed one from another not by the accident of birth, but by their own attainments and character; the same path to the same salvation lay equally open to all; and even in this life the poor and the despised were welcomed to the ranks of the order, where wealth was abandoned, and birth went for nothing in comparison with character and insight."

"The truth which Gautama discovered and preached to humanity," says Prof. Romesh Dutt, in his "Civilization of India," "was that the salvation of man lay—not in sacrifices and ceremonials, nor in penance—but in moral culture and a holy life, in charity, forgiveness and love; that the final goal of all living beings could be reached only by these and by no other means; and that this final bliss could be obtained by men here below, as well as by gods and angels in celestial regions. Nirvana, or perfect bliss attainable by righteousness, is placed by Gautama above all men and all gods; it is the final end which gods and men are striving through repeated rebirths to attain. . . . The special

beast and glory of Buddhism, however, is not in its doctrines and articles of faith, but in its moral precepts which place this religion on a higher level than all other religions of the ancient world. The annals of the ancient nations of the earth do not disclose anything so lofty in its teachings, so pure in spirit, so rich in its lessons of charity, forgiveness, and love, as the religion of Gautama."

## SIMILARITIES IN BUDDHISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

It is forever the greatest wonder, the most significant fact in all religious history, that the principal events related in the New Testament concerning the life and teachings of Jesus, are to be found recorded in the Buddhist Canon of the Buddha, who actually antedated the Reformer of Nazareth by more than five centuries. It is not ours to explain or reconcile this duplication, but simply as one more, to call the attention of independent thinkers and the Christian world to this anomalous fact.

Says the author of "The Gospel of Buddha": It is a remarkable fact that the two greatest religions of the world, Christianity and Buddhism, present so many striking coincidences in their philosophical basis as well as in the ethical applications of their faith, while their modes of systematizing them in dogmas are radically different; and it is difficult to understand why these agreements should have caused animosity, instead of creating sentiments of friendship and good will.

The Apostolic Vicar of Ava and Pagan, Bishop Bigandet, in his "Life of Gautama, the Buddha," p. 494, says: The Christian system and the Buddhist one, though differing from each other in their respective object and ends as much as truth and error have, it must be confessed, many striking features of an astounding resemblance.

There are many moral precepts equally commanded and enforced in common by both creeds. It will not be deemed rash to assert that most of the moral truths prescribed by the Gospel, are to be met in the Buddhist Scriptures. . . . In reading the particulars of the life of Gautama, it is impossible not to be reminded of many circumstances relating to our Savior's life such as it has been sketched out by the Evangelists.

"The Library of Universal Knowledge," Vol. 3, p. 156, says: In many respects one cannot fail to remark the striking resemblance that Buddhism presents to Christianity, and this in spite of the perverse theory on which it is founded.

So numerous and surprising are the analogies and coincidences that Mrs. Spier in her "Life in Ancient India" "could almost imagine that before God planted Christianity upon earth, he took a branch from the luxuriant tree and threw it down to India!"

If I do find, says Prof. Muller, in certain Buddhist works, doctrines identically the same as in Christianity, so far from being frightened, I feel delighted, for surely truth is not the less true because it is believed by the majority of the human race. And Dr. Paul Carus justly observes that "there are many Christians who assume that Christianity alone is in the possession of truth and that man could not, in the natural way of his moral evolution, have obtained that nobler conception of life which enjoins the practice of a universal good-will towards both friends and enemies. This narrow view of Christianity is refuted by the mere existence of Buddhism. . . . While a comparison of the many striking agreements between Christianity and Buddhism may prove fatal to a sectarian conception of Christianity, it will in the end help to mature our insight as to its true significance. It will bring out that nobler view which aspires to be the cosmic religion of universal truth." "Gospel of Buddha," p. 9-11.

Thus we find that in the Pantheon of Religious Thought no more notable exponent of its deepest expression as a revelator of the time in which he lived is to be found in the annals of religious history. In his desire for the salvation of his kin, in the depth of his convictions, the spirit of his teachings, the catholicity and comprehensiveness of his doctrines, his high morality, his loyalty to womanhood, his wisdom-like philosophy, and, in the purity of his life—where shall we find his superior?

I append a few verses, taken almost at random from the Dhammapada (Path of Virtue) which show the great moral character and lofty spirit pervading the teachings of Buddha.

Hudson Tuttle, referring to this work, justly says: "There is nothing in sacred literature exceeding the grandeur of its moral teachings and the catholicity of its views of humanity. The sublime activity it teaches, whereby the accidents of time and place are cast beneath the feet of the new triumphant spirit, is incomparable."

The truth is noble and sweet; the truth can deliver you from evil. There is no savior in the world except truth.

To abandon all wrong-doing; to lead a vir-

uous life, and to cleanse one's heart—this is the religion of all Buddhas.

Reflection is the path of immortality, thoughtlessness the path of death. Those who reflect do not die; those who are thoughtless are as if dead already.

Those whose minds are well grounded in the elements of knowledge, who have given up all attachments, and rejoice without clinging to anything, those whose frailties have been conquered and who are full of light, are free even in this world.

If, whether for his own sake, or for the sake of others, he does not wish for his own success by unfair means, then he is good, wise and virtuous.

Like a beautiful flower, full of color, but without scent, are the fine but fruitless words of him who does not act accordingly.

Let him live in charity, let him be perfect in his duties; then in the fullness of delight he will make an end of suffering.

Him indeed I call a Brahmana who does not offend by body, word or thought, and is controlled on these three points.

As ever at the risk of her own life a mother watches over her only child, so let him (the Buddhist saint) exert goodwill without measure towards all beings.

If the woman be old, regard her as your mother; if young, as your sister; if very young, as your child.

When man dies the body is dissolved into its elements, but the spirit is not entombed. People pass away, and their fate after death will be according to their deeds.

Not in the heavens, not in the midst of the sea, not if thou hidest thyself away in the clefts of the mountains, wilt thou find a place where thou canst escape the fruit of thy evil actions.

Since it is impossible to escape the result of our deeds, let us practice good works.

Greater than the immolation of bullocks is the sacrifice of self. Blood has no cleansing power, but the eradication of evil will make the heart pure. Better than worshipping gods is obedience to the laws of righteousness.

Washington, D. C., 1904.

## Under Which King, Bezonian?

U. T. Prosser.

To each of us who is worth his salt in this world there comes a time when we must answer the question put to the Bezonian captive and say under which king we will serve? The Nazirite stated the truth when he said, "No man can serve two masters!"

The choice may be between inclination and duty, silence or speech, acquiescence or protest. The choice may be hard to decide upon, and many things may weigh in the balances. If the soul sees not clearly, if the eyelids of the flesh weigh down the eyes of the spirit, if ease and comfort, rather than labor and effort are loved, then the wrong will be passed over in silence, the truth bartered for a mess of pottage, and you will serve under the king of Self, and be a slave to the end of your term and a scorn to all honest souls who dare to speak.

But should you dare to proclaim wrong is wrong, injustice is injustice, to call evil and corrupt practices by their proper names, then be prepared to suffer for your loyalty to that other king whom men call Duty.

The crucified reformers of the world have engraved their names on tables of stone, the cowards and catfies wrote theirs in the sands. Who knows the executioners of Jesus, or Stephen, the torturers of the martyrs, the wielders of axe, the freres of the pile, the manipulators of the rack on which, and by which, misery and death were dealt out to the heretics and revolutionists of the past? No one! But the names of the victims of loyalty to duty are emblazoned on the scroll of fame, lasting tributes of the virtue of duty done in spite of all hazards, even that of death. Right at all times, honest protests against wrong wherever found or practised, the service of truth in all things and above all things a clean life in thought, speech and deed.

Under which king? Why at all times Duty, in the highest and broadest sense. His the noblest court, his followers the flower of all moral chivalry, most excellent companions and worthy brother craftsmen. Then when earthly service is done and we step across the border and pass the next mystic veil we shall find true companions to greet us and say we chose wisely while on our pilgrimage below.

Speaker of Parliament.—It is not generally known that the speaker is always "Sir," even to the highest officials of the state. No one approaches him with a hat on, and if an M. P. passes him in the street the M. P. makes obeisance. His invitations to dinner are commands which involve the surrender of previous engagements and are not "accepted," but "obeyed." At his levee he stands looking very dignified in a black velvet suit, and M. P.'s former M. P.'s and peers make their bows and pass on.—London Tit-Bits.



## THINK BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.

Think beautiful thoughts and set them adrift  
On eternity's boundless sea!  
Let their burdens be pure, let their white  
sails lift,  
And bear away from you the comforting gift  
Of your heart-felt sympathy.

For a beautiful thought is a beautiful thing,  
And out on the infinite tide  
May meet, and touch, and tenderly bring  
To the sick and the weary and the sorrowing  
A solace so long denied.

And a soul that has buffeted every wave  
Adversity's sea hath known,  
So weak, so worn, so despairing, grows brave  
With that beautiful thought to succor and  
save—  
The thought it has made its own.

And the dull earth-senses shall hear its cry,  
And the dull eyes see its gleam,  
And the shipwrecked hearts, as they wander  
by,  
Shall catch at its promise and straightway try  
To wake from their dismal dream.

And radiant now as a heavenly star,  
It grows with its added good,  
Till over the waters the light gleams far  
To where the desolate places are,  
And its lessons are understood.

And glad are the eyes that beheld the ray,  
And glad are the ears that hear  
The message your sweet thought has to say  
To the sorrowing souls along the Way,  
Who needed its word of cheer.

So think good thoughts, and set them adrift  
On eternity's boundless sea;  
Let their burdens be pure, let the white sails  
lift,  
And bear away from you the comforting gift  
Of your heart-felt sympathy!

—Eva Best.

## The Passing Religion and the Coming Faith.

Dr. Alexander Wilder, M. D.

An interesting discussion took place in the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in session at Los Angeles. The proposition was to unite with the Cumberland Presbyterians who had seceded early in the last century from disrelish of the extreme Calvinism. Since the General Assembly has modified its position on this question, there remains no serious impediment to the newer body merging again into the other. Rev. Dr. Patton, of Princeton, was unwilling to consent to receiving of the wayward Cumberlanders. The General Assembly, he insisted, had not changed its ground; it was a Calvinistic body and the other were Arminians. There could be no harmony between the two.

Rev. Dr. Moffatt of the Washington and Jefferson College declared that there had been a radical change made in the doctrines of the church. It required a President of the Princeton Theological Seminary to point out the differences between the two bodies. There are eleven distinct branches of the Presbyterian church. He added: "I trust I was not to be misunderstood when I say that the time has come to confess that Calvinism is no more synonymous with Christianity than the name of John Calvin is synonymous with the name of Jesus Christ. The Geneva is not the Christ."

To this complexion the issue has come. Election, Irresistible Grace, and the red-hot doctrines are relegated to the back-ground to afford pasture for doctrinaires. Where will these differences all be a century hence?

A project is also incubating to unite with the Southern General Assembly. This will involve more than doctrine; a greater issue will be practice. Southern Presbyterians are not ready to live up to the text: "One is your Father, even God: one is your Master, even Christ, and ye are brethren." A consolidation of the two bodies will amount to the eliminating of the colored membership. No "niggers" are to be allowed in the Southern Presbyterian heaven, except they keep to the back kitchen and the Jim Crow car. God in making of one blood all that dwell on the earth, must have perpetrated a fearful blunder which they would rectify.

Another plan for church union is being proposed by the Methodist Protestants to the United Brethren and the Congregationalists. The proposers are old-time seceders from the Methodist Episcopal body, on account of the ecclesiastical domination. They hardly relished the confession of the negro sage: "When you put intelligence at the bottom and ignorance above it, intelligence will get to the top."

The United Brethren is a body of decided Methodist character, and it is hard for outsiders to see why it was not merged long ago. The Rev. Mr. Otterheim was the original leader. His followers were chiefly German, and were organized in the forefront of the last century.

The Congregationalists require no description in a New England journal. It is enough to evoke the name of John Robinson, and those of Jonathan Edwards, Samuel Hopkins, and Nathaniel Emmons. Perhaps Horace Bushnell should be added?

It is also suggested to include the "Primitive Methodists." I know little about them, or other ramifications of the Armenian stock. The cavilling which was at one time common and persistent over the theological pairs seems to have well nigh ceased.

The Rev. Dr. Hillis, who succeeded Dr. Lyman Abbott in the Plymouth Church, also makes his plan for "consolidation of churches." He is scandalized at the spectacle of country towns with a variety of rural meeting houses, largely empty on Sundays, some of them boarded up, or used for storage, and all of them poor. Perhaps there should be added to this picture an unfortunate group of clergymen, not able to make both ends meet, except they have some other means of getting a living. I remember well the old pastor of my boyhood ministering in a house of sixty old fashioned square pews, none of them filled, at a salary of \$200 a year, never all paid up. He owned a farm, however, but he had to get tired with preaching, but he had brain and mental calibre seldom excelled in pulpit, forum or bench.

Dr. Hillis would have one building in place of all these meeting houses, and centre the religious, social and literary life at that spot, the non-essentials of creed to be eliminated, and only ethics and religion taught. This is not, however, a new suggestion. The Rev. Luther Myrick of Cazenovia, N. Y., wore his life out championing such a scheme. Gerrit Smith, after him, actually established a church at Peterboro, upon that basis. "All the Christians in a place constitute the church of that place, and cannot be elected or excluded from membership," was his declaration. Another society was established on this principle at Canastota and Rev. Washington Stickney preached there. But with the Civil War a large number of reformatory enterprises were swept away, and the Union Church also disappeared.

What is to come of these new movements? There is a plain clinging toward the Roman body in them, despite protestation. Many who attend church regularly care little for preaching, but are awed by forms and

charmed by music. Such are very certain to be attracted towards Episcopal and Roman Catholic churches. We have no occasion to be surprised that the powers at the Vatican expect to absorb the American Republic, when we observe the truckling to it by our newspapers and public men.

Yet the story which is told of Thomas Lynaker is suggestive of a very weak spot in the proposition. He was a scholar of extraordinary attainments for his time, studying at Oxford, and afterward with the sons of Lorenzo de Medici at Florence, and then receiving the medical degree at Padua. Having thus been fellow-student of Leo X., and enjoying a reputation for superior scholarship, King Henry VII employed him as tutor to Prince Arthur. He was one of the first Englishmen who studied Greek in Italy, and Erasmus, Thomas Moore, and Mary Tudor, afterwards queen, were his pupils. He finally took priest's orders. When Erasmus published the Greek Testament, a copy was given to his old tutor. He read it eagerly, but as he perused the "Sermon on the Mount," he dropped the volume, declaring with an expletive: "Lord, either these are not thy words, or we are not Christians!"

True, the Protestant world is nearing the Roman Church in its neglect of the Bible. Still, as the case shows, its authority is admitted when the meaning put upon it squares with a desired purpose. But the judgment of Lynaker seems to treat the question on its intrinsic merits.

But a doctrine which Rome, during the Middle Ages, foisted upon Christendom, may be an insurmountable stumbling-block. The legend of an endless hell of unmitigated torture for a part of the human race is becoming obsolete. It was taken over into Protestantism by the early reformers, who, indeed, were not slow to copy Rome in her infamous cruelties. President Edwards, in New England, asserted that the place of punishment was always in sight of the blessed in heaven. Husbands could see their wives and wives their husbands, parents could see their children, and children their parents wailing in the everlasting fire. And as the smoke of their torment went up forever and ever, the joy of the saints became more brightened.

This has been a theme for pulpit eloquence for centuries, making life hideous, earth a hell, and Duty a devil. It has, however, about ceased to scare people. It is as senseless as a doctor's flurry over small-pox when business is dull. To preach it would soon empty a church and vacate a pulpit. No human hand has authority to hurl thunderbolts in the name of the Almighty. Indeed, our Universalist friends are likely to find their evangelical friends superseding them by adopting their doctrines. It is not a new thing for men to be persecuted, hounded, and driven to the wall for having introduced a doctrine, and then for their adversaries and persecutors to take up with the same doctrine or procedure, pretending that it was introduced by one of their own number, or had been their own all the time. Such is the history of modern medicine, and something like it exists in politics, however.

It is not easy to predict the goal toward which, as a body, Christendom is drifting. The workers for wages are already alien to the church. They build the edifices and bedizen the interiors, but they know that they are to have no place there. "The church," says Prof. Ronschenbusch, "the church has passed under the spiritual domination of the commercial and professional classes. I do not mean," he adds, "that they alone compose its membership, but they furnish its chief support, do its work, and their ethics and views of life determine the thought of the church more than we realize." He then assigns the reasons:

"It lacks an ethical imperative which can induce repentance. In private life its standard differs little from respectability. In commerce and industry, where the unsolved and painful problems lie, it has no clear message, and often claims to be under no obligation to have one. In the state churches the state has domination; with free churches the capitalist class dominates. Both influences are worldly, in favor of things as they are and against the ideals which dominate the common people. The people are becoming daily more sensitive to the class cleavage of society. The church suffers under the general resentment against the class with which it is largely identified. To this must be added the fact that the spirit of free enquiry engendered by modern science neutralizes the dogmatic authority with which the church has been accustomed to speak."

Perhaps all this is included in the declaration of the Apostle: "Old things are passed away." That there will always be religion, every thinking person is conscious. Its inspiration may be from "of old," but its genius must be in unison with things as they now are. But nevertheless, it cannot be evoked from dogmatic utterances, irrational legend, or by anything like the superimposed authority of a Boss. Its basis must be revelation and that revelation must be apperceived as vital truth. Neither a Solon nor Draco will do for us.

It is not religious faith to believe the Bible or other sacred history. "Faith," says the anonymous New Testament writer, "Faith is substance of things hoped for," the basis of things which are expected, the clenches or conviction of the things which are not seen. One such thing is the conception of a perfect life. There are two modes of divine revealing. Intuition conveyed in certain moments of supernatural perception, and wisdom gathered from experiences of life. Heeding these we shall perceive inevitably that God has not left himself without witnesses, that there is heaven open to us, and that angels are ascending and descending about us.

Newark, N. J.

## The Primer Scholar.

Mime Inniss.

It is a truism that the most ignorant are the most positive; or, as our English friends would say, the most cock-sure. The old dispute between two old ladies as to which was correct, "crazily" or "deceitly," is an anecdote in point. Without knowing it and in spite of their age, both were Primer Scholars. Nor was either deficient in reasons for her position. It is related that the advocate of "crazily" declared that, having lived in the minister's family, she "ought to know;" while the other was no less strenuous as to her own accuracy; for had she not "studied grammar?"

Dr. Funk's experience in his now celebrated "Widow's Mite" case, illustrates the same truth. For an explanation of this psychic experience, the learned doctor took the opinions of a large number of professors and savants both in this country and Europe. What was the result?

A large number explained the mystery by one word, "Fraud."

A few said it was Telepathy, or Thought Transference.

A still smaller number said "perhaps," and some few "probably;" it was spirit communication.

Let us look at the evidence; but before we do so, a brief statement of the published facts will remind those who have forgotten them and inform those who have not seen them.

Dr. Funk has in his possession a very rare old coin, said to have been the original

Widow's Mite of scriptural fame. After the purpose for which he had borrowed it had been accomplished, he intended to return it to the lender, Henry Ward Beecher, and supposed he had done so.

The whole matter had passed from his mind, when happening to be present at a seance, the medium's control informed the Doctor that he had not returned the coin, but that it will lay in a certain safe which was described. Although very certain that the statement was incorrect, the Doctor caused a search to be made and then was found the coin, which he had supposed he had sent back.

Now, to explain this, the readiness with which scientific men jump at once to the fraud theory is amazing. These men spend their working lives in weighing evidence and deducing therefrom the scientific "facts" of today. We have the right, therefore, to say to each of them, "Doctor, fraud is not to be inferred. It must be proven. What is your evidence of fraud in this case?"

We can imagine no possible reply except this: "No evidence; but I can explain it in no other way." "Well, Doctor, is there any fact from which you can fairly deduce, or infer fraud?"

The reply would probably be:

"The statement was made by a medium; and mediums are frauds."

From a layman, unskilled in sifting evidence, unaccustomed to reason logically and moved more by prejudice than reason, such a reply might be regarded as not strange.

From the learned doctors, whose lives are exemplifications of the antithesis of these qualities, the position is most remarkable.

Let us put that statement into the form of a syllogism and see where it leaves the doughty Fraud-grabbers.

First, the statement was not made by a medium; it was made through one. But waive that and express the Doctor's statement syllogistically. It would run thus:

"Some mediums make fraudulent statements. This man was a medium;

Therefore this statement was fraudulent."

This is known in text books on logic as a false syllogism and contains what is technically called an "undistributed middle." No man of education should for a moment permit himself to be guilty of that sort of reasoning. Yet, upon this basis, rests the whole cry of fraud in the Widow's Mite case.

The telepathic theory, upon the statement of the case given in the only publication seen by the writer, is equally untenable.

No sub-conscious knowledge could exist in Dr. Funk's mind of a thing of which he never had conscious knowledge. There could, therefore, be no telepathy between Dr. Funk and the medium. And there is no evidence in the case that Dr. Funk put the coin in that safe, or had known of its being placed there by another.

The only telepathic ground for the phenomenon is the old telepathic a trois. To discuss that theory and its improbabilities is not the object of this article. It has been treated in a former article. It is the last ditch of the materialist.

The only remaining ground for explanation is the spirit theory. That is the simplest and easiest and therefore the one which we should infer. When will scientific materialists learn that, in spiritual as in geometrical reasoning, a straight line is the shortest distance between two points.

When we read over the list of the LL. D.'s and Ph. D.'s who were consulted on this question and classify their replies under one or the other of the heads we have discussed, it becomes clear that the Spirit theory is the one held by those who have longest and most thoroughly studied these things, e. g.: Prof. Lodge, Prof. Crookes, Prof. Hyslop, Dr. Savage. These are true experts, the others tyros in the field. It is so easy to shout fraud and so satisfying to the shouters. Isn't it another case of "crazily" and "deceitly" between the fraudists and the telepathists? The names quoted are the Algebra class at the top of the school; while the fraud shouters are the primer class.

The good advice of a homely maxim seems to have one more application. "Don't be a primer scholar and bawl opinions at the Algebra class."

## The Earth Tripletty, or The Earth Signs of the Zodiac.

Louise Muhlhause.

The last tripletty to be considered is the earth, which includes Taurus, Virgo, Capricorn. Earth is symbolical of servitude, the mineral state, and stands for the north. Hence the last of the four tripletties.

All persons coming under the earth signs of the Zodiac will be found to manifest hard conditions of temperament, at times, especially when living in materiality; even after having advanced spiritward there are occasions when the crystallized temperament shows forth; at these times a gentle word, or reminder, from a friend or companion will at once dissolve the remnant of clay.

The sun enters Taurus about April 21; this sign extends to May 21. Under this sign will be found some of the sweetest temperaments and gentlest dispositions. Slow in action and speech, patient, plodding, quiet and retiring, slow to anger, displaying the bull nature when aroused, reserving all their force and energy for an attack. They are the most admirable companions and friends, seeming able to call forth more love from those with whom they associate than any other type of people. The Virgo type, extending from August 21 to September 21, will be found to have a quiet, retiring, reflective nature, somewhat secretive, reluctant to express their ideas, agreeing pleasantly with others, or remaining silent for the sake of pleasing, fond of literature and industrious.

In Capricorn, from the 21st of December to the 21st of January, are found the most crystallized of the earth tripletty, exceedingly industrious, orderly, honest and exact in material things, going to extremes when dominated by this sign of the Zodiac. Their love for material things is usually so intense that a great many of their trials arise from this source, making them very unhappy at times. They are inclined to self-love, sensitiveness, and care much for sympathy, consequently they feel very lonely at times, which is perfectly natural, as Capricorn stands for the lowest point in the materiality to which the soul has been involved in material form; or in the imprisoned mineral state of rest, from which it also begins to awaken and struggle for the upward journey toward spirituality. Hence we see in this sign a great deal of love upon persons of this type, and exert much patience in their behalf to break through the crystallized shell. They make admirable companions for those living on their own plane, and are very much thought of by many.

In meditating on the various signs of the Zodiac, their respective places and temperaments, we infer that the material diseases and disorders manifested by humanity in general arise from a negative or passive state, from not asserting our mastery over the lower self. The only way to steer clear of all diseases and morbid temperaments is to renounce all error, have no props to lean on, become self-reliant and seek diligently the

Master who resides within every soul and who must be recognized and allowed to control all our affairs.

Disease will then have no message for us; for where God is constantly recognized all disorders drop away, because then we do not need the various lessons, or bitter experiences which follow the non-recognition of God, and which will persist until we have finally become self-centered.

In "The Light of Egypt," Vol. II, by Thomas H. Burgoyne, we find many good points worth considering, for example: "The condition of our atmosphere and the surrounding objects—vegetation, etc.—have a peculiar condition and a magnetism wholly their own when surveyed exactly at sunrise. There is then a freshness and peculiar sense of buoyancy not noticeable at any other time. If this state could be registered by any instrument and compared with any other set periods of the day, it would offer a remarkable contrast. Two hours later there is a very different influence, and at noon there is a wonderful contrast. The same may be said of sunset, and again of midnight; and lastly note the difference two hours before dawn. This is the coolest period of the twenty-four hours. These are facts, yet our hearts are all beating to the same flow, and the Earth is no farther away from the parent Sun; yet it is the angle at which we, the inhabitants, receive this Sun's light that makes all the difference between dawn and sunset, noon and midnight. When to these facts it is further added that it is sunrise, noon, sunset and midnight, at the same instant to some of the various portions of the globe, it demonstrates most conclusively that the Earth itself is enveloped, so to say, in a complete circle of conditions very similar to the twelve signs of the celestial Zodiac.

If we apply the foregoing illustration to the twelve signs of the Zodiac, we shall see a perfect analogy. We find that the sun reaches the celestial equator, so that it is equal day and night upon the earth, that he is on a line of celestial horizon; it is cosmic sunrise. Hence Aries, the fiery Azoth, begins his active influx, and extends for thirty degrees, equal to two hours of the natural day. It is the fiery red streams of awakening life that we all manifest at sunrise; then comes a change of magnetic polarity after the first fiery flush of cosmic life; the gleeful chattering of the birds and cackling of poultry. A reaction is noted; all things before active become restful and quiet. So with vegetation and infant life, and with cosmic conditions. This corresponds to Taurus. It is the solar influx, thirty degrees removed from his point of equilibrium towards the north. As this sign represents the powers of absorption, we see that at this period vegetable and animal life is quietly absorbing, for its own use, the fiery streams of solar life.

Again we view the activity of solar influx from a different angle and change of polarity, and all things become active. It is executive force and corresponds to Gemini. It is the solar influx, sixty degrees removed from his point of equilibrium. Then another change of magnetic polarity. Rest from labor; noon, corresponds to Cancer. Analogy is perfect. It is the solar influx ninety degrees removed from his point of equilibrium towards the north, and the highest point in the arc of his apparent journey and of cosmic life. It is the equilibrium of the life forces. Again the fiery influx begins its activity, and, as the hottest part of the day is about two hours after noon, or middle of the day, so is the solar influx most potent at this point in Zodiac and corresponds to Leo. It is the influx one hundred and twenty degrees removed from this point of equilibrium and thirty degrees toward the south. So on month after month till the last month Pisces corresponds to the watery skies of February and lifeless period two hours before the dawn of a new day upon earth, a new year to man and a new cycle of starry heavens. Zodiac as applied to the constitution and the science of astrology has its foundation in the sun, centre and source of life to the planet, and the twelve signs are the twelve great spaces of our earth's annual orbit about her solar parent, each one typical of its month, and each month typical of its corresponding action upon our earthly conditions. As each sunrise is different in its aspect, so are no two signs alike of the Zodiac. The sunrise on the first of March is wholly different from the sunrise on the first of May. It is the beginning and ending of each sign, as the beginning and ending of the natural day, peculiar unto itself. When we reflect upon the inner laws of this action and the inter-action, we come nearer to the one great occult fact, The Divine Oneness of Life.

## Are We Drifting?

R. J. Schellhaus, M. D.

"It is a matter of consternation and concern to us that the moral standard of American life is deteriorating. In the hustle and bustle of every day activity, we have astonished the world; but morally, we are rapidly going astern—so rapidly that one is dumfounded at the contrast, after a visit to some countries of the old world. . . . I am an optimist, through and through, but I am not a blind optimist." So said Dr. Charles Othbert Hall, president of Union Theological Seminary, New York, in an address before the members and friends of the Religious Educational Association in Fullerton Hall, at the Art Institute.

It is slowly being perceived and reluctantly admitted that moral decadence in our country is a fact. There are several reasons for its slow recognition and reluctance of admission. What is unpleasant we avoid until it becomes alarming, and then it is generally too late to avert the threatening evil. Besides, it is unpleasant to give the needed warning. The messenger of evil is not looked upon with favor, and the epithets of "calamity howler," "malcontent," "crank," and the like, are to be dreaded. Hope is a more pleasing sensation than fear.

The real situation, morally considered, is difficult to conceive for the reason that morality is not regarded as the chief essential in the well-being of society. The world of mankind is so eagerly bent in the pursuit of material interests that all considerations of moral and spiritual affairs is overlooked. The reason is obvious. The selfish and sensuous desires are the dominating forces that determine the life of man; thus excluding the moral and spiritual forces.

Psychic force as a whole is not recognized as the cause of all human activities, the effects of which correspond in character with the producing cause. This psychic force is beginning to be recognized after ages of non-recognition. Prof. Shaler, author of "Psychic Life and Laws," says: "Now this subtle and marvelous force, finding its expression in the various outlets of man's being, we call psychic force. It is the Essence of Life, the spark of the Infinite Creation and Intelligence, and without it no human being can come into existence; without it no human being can express physical sense or intellectual power."

This psychic force is of two distinct orders: one prompts to the supply of material needs and the satisfaction of sensuous pleasures pertaining to our mortal existence; the other involves our moral and spiritual life. The first being brought into exercise for the sustenance of physical life, gains and holds con-

trol over the higher life in consequence of its more frequent and persistent exercise; these higher attributes being the distinguishing characteristics of humanity; thus holding the race on the lower, the animal plane of life. The knowledge of this fact may not be agreeable to our boastful conceptions of civilization; but nevertheless, it is true; and looked at philosophically, it explains the cause of existing conditions—conflicting interests and struggles for individual aggrandizement at the expense of others.

There are two considerations involved in this subject that require careful examination; namely: 1. The cause that gives rise to the sense of reality. 2. The slight and well-nigh imperceptible impression that a truth hitherto unknown makes upon the mind. The first explains the cause of the slow and difficult advance of truth. The sense of reality is the conception of truth; that is, what is felt to be true, is the sense of reality. This psychic force is sensation; that in which we move and have our being—the ever present, irresistible desire to live, to enjoy, to be happy, ever seeking satisfaction, giving rise to a concern for our well-being. Well-being is well-feeling, and well-feeling is enjoyment, happiness. This concern for our well-being is the guarantee of our destiny, whatever that may be; and the obstacles we overcome by our struggles are the means by which we reach a higher and still higher stage of progress, ad infinitum. The incentive is the ever pressing desire to live, to enjoy, to be happy. We are moved by an irresistible impulse—not by the will, but by desire from which all motives spring, giving use to a purpose requiring the will as instrumental in its accomplishment. The will deals with the means by which satisfaction is realized, and has nothing to do with the desire that prompts it to action. That desire is the self-existing, self-acting and self-determining force that moves to all human activities; and the will, and all knowledge are employed as means for the realization of desire; that is, well-being—enjoyment, happiness. This great fact is ignored by all ethical writers, so far as I know. The will is regarded as the initial force. The analysis of a single voluntary, rational act will determine the modus operandi of the whole matter. A is informed that his friend distant from him, is in distress. Love of the friend is the feeling that gives rise to a desire to visit him. So far, the will has had nothing to do. From this desire springs a motive, a particular purpose for accomplishment—a visit to his friend. But this requires means. Knowledge is the cognition of means in their application to the accomplishment of purposes. Here the intellect is employed in devising the means. Now, for the first time, the will is called into action. Whatever the character of the desire is that moves to action, determines the kind of knowledge and the character of the will employed in its satisfaction. Since that desire may be moral, or immoral, so is the will employed in its realization moral or immoral; therefore, there is no moral element in the will; neither is there power in knowledge, since it is employed as means, and there is no power in means. The order in the process of a voluntary, rational act is: 1. Desire (feeling). 2. Motive (purpose). 3. Means (knowledge). 4. Will (giving rise to the effort for the satisfaction of the desire). This is the analysis of every voluntary, rational act of life.

We act upon the real, or what we conceive to be the real; but that only is real when the feeling assumed by it has its rise in the real. If the feeling (which is always real) is aroused by the unreal, the sense of reality will be unreal. Since truth is in the bottom of the well and error is abroad, the feelings aroused give rise to a corresponding measure of the sense of reality. Therefore the sense of reality is no proof of its being reality; but as it is generally accepted and acted upon as such, the generality of the sense of reality is unreal in the realm of so-called ethics. The mental law in feeling gives rise to the sense of reality in what is felt; but since the most of what gives use to the sense of reality is unreal—mere speculative theory, opinion which proves nothing, belief founded on faith, and dogma accepted as unquestionable truth, however absurd—that unreal gives rise to the sense of reality which is unreal; so it is clear that the sense of reality is no proof of its being reality; though it is accepted and acted upon as such.

The other consideration—the slight impression that a hitherto unknown truth makes upon the mind is explained as follows: If that truth is not antagonized by a feeling on the subject, it may be considered but it is unpleasant, it is repelled. The reason is, if entertained, it is because there is no feeling to antagonize it; but if disagreeable, it is rejected as a bitter morsel is ejected when taken into the mouth. We entertain pleasant sensations and avoid unpleasant ones; therefore, truth, if it is pleasant to our feelings, it may be considered.

But another factor is to be noticed here; that is, the effort to grasp and conceive the truth when first presented. It often happens that the hitherto unknown truth may be difficult to conceive, or there may be neither time nor disposition to give it the needed examination. A statement given to a schoolboy, that if one line intersects another, there are produced four angles; the opposite ones are always equal, and the sum of the adjacent angles is equal to two right angles, in whatever direction the intersecting line may be drawn. Draw the figure and ask him what he sees. He will say, "I see one line crossing another." "Don't you see any angles?" "Angles? Oh, yes, I see angles." "Now demonstrate the proposition." It will be necessary to repeat it; but the boy that can do it is a rare exception when first presented to him. Even boys of larger growth often fail.

Take another proposition. To construct two right angles occupying all its area in an irregular triangle (one having all its sides irregular). State the proposition thus:  $m + n$  (the two contemplated bases of the right angle triangles) is to  $a + b$  (the other two sides of the triangle) as  $a - b$  is to the difference between the sum of the two contemplated bases: thus:  $m + n : a + b :: a - b : ?$  substituting figures for the letters—the sum of the required bases is 20; the other two sides are respectively, 16 and 12; thus  $20 : 28 :: 4 : ?$  To one not familiar with geometry, the demonstration of constructing the two right-angle triangles as here presented would, as a rule, be impossible at first, and would require many trials to grasp the theorem.

These illustrations are given to show how slow the problems of science are conceived and solved. There are hitherto unknown truths. Problems in ethics (unlike those in mathematics) are invariably met with feelings more or less repulsive, arising from previously developed mental states unconsciously acquired, as we acquire our mother tongue. These ethical problems are more difficult to grasp when first presented than physical problems, and being generally repulsive, we are not disposed to entertain them; and, at first, they make a slight impression, even when favorably entertained; but life is so occupied with worldly affairs, having their rise in the satisfaction of our selfish and sensuous desires, that little or no attention is given to them. Besides, they are so different from what we are accustomed to, that they are difficult to grasp and apprehend.

Here we have a brief outline of the causes that attend every step in the advance of truth, and the power of error (conceived to be truth) which the investigator has to encounter at every turn. With this explanation,



It is easy to see that we are drifting on an unknown sea, without chart or compass; though we think we have them both. We are unconsciously carried along in tides whose direction we know not, trusting to a compass of human continuance out of harmony with Nature's laws to which man is subject. The greatest and most important of all truths are those embodied in Spiritualism, which is assailed on all sides by the most powerful and determined enemies.

## The Reviewer.

### A Clean and Bright Story.

Richard Baxter. By General Edward F. Jones (The Days of the Frontier) for Six Years. Leont. Geo. State of New York. The Jones Scale Work Press, Binghamton, N. Y. \$1.00. For sale by the Banner of Light Publishing Company.

If the reviewer of this book was inclined to complain against the author it would be because the book was too interesting. Taking it up as just a novel, merely requiring a hasty skimming of its pages to realize its contents, the writer became so absorbed that he began a careful reading of the chapters with the result that his Day of Rest was practically consumed in following the fortunes of the hero of the work and the various dramatic personae who crowd the stage from first to last. The story is well told and tellingly presented. Richard Baxter is a fine character, and his early struggles immediately after he inherits his father's law practice show him to be made of sturdy stuff. There is a love story which is not unduly prominent and works out satisfactorily, of course, in the end. Mary Miles, who becomes the wife of Richard, is a lovable personality and the character is cleverly contrasted with that of her mother who is described as "Aunt Nancy," or "Aunt Nancy the Knitter," whose story is most interesting.

Another well-drawn personality is that of the negro with the multitudinous name, Caesar Augustus Alexander George Washington Benton, whose quaint sayings have the true negro flavor. Next to Richard Baxter (who is the pivot of the story, and whose reflections on the deeper things of life show him to be a man of sterling character and independent thought, who gives a conventional assent to religion as manifested around him, though profoundly impressed with its practical infutility), is another character of a singularly different disposition. One Si Slocum, waif, wastrel, hostler, horse-jockey, and ultimately justice of the peace, the evolution of whose character shows a steady rise from a past all ignominious, is among the ablest characterizations presented to the reader. Running through the book is the story of cruel wrong worked out through the agency of John Manning, Sam Driscoll, and his mother, and the aforesaid Si Slocum. Of course wrong is defeated and justice is done, as it always is in books, and everything comes out right in the end.

The philosophy, dialogues and love stories all most pleasingly contribute to the many enjoyable pages. The whole is told with a straightforward directness unencumbered by unnecessary detail, which is polite for useless padding, and the work shows a command of a ready style, for all who appreciate a vigorous, live, and readable volume.—U. T. P.

### Full of Good Things.

Success and How to Win It. A Lecture and a Course of Twenty-four Success Lessons. By B. F. Austin, B. A., D. D. The Austin Publishing Co., Geneva, N. Y. Twenty-five cents. For sale by the Banner of Light Publishing Company.

When traveling the dusty highway on a hot summer's day, the shade of a great tree, and a grassy knoll by the wayside, offer rest and refreshing to the weary and sore-footed pilgrim. Resting there in a cool oasis comes back into harmony with the beauties of the world. Things that a moment before jarred our wearied muscles and strained nerves resume their right relations and we feel more in harmony with our surroundings. We may not know who planted the tree, but we are grateful for its shade. So in another sense like unto a rest by the wayside under the leafy foliage of a friendly tree was the perusal of a welcome little booklet entitled, "Success and How to Win It," by B. F. Austin, B. A., D. D., which recently fell into the reviewer's hands. It suggests many things of moment to the weary wayfarer along life's highway, who as often as not find the road hard to travel because of their lack of knowledge how to utilize its grades and inequalities. How often has a life failed of its purpose for lack of some directing hand or kindly counselor to point the way, to indicate the latent possibilities within us and provide us with information which will enable us—even the dullest of us—to become comparatively brilliant and certainly more useful than we should be without such aid. Mr. Austin's book is a course of self help to all who pursue its pages. Primarily the key-note is not only cultivate your powers of thought, but concentrate your abilities on the end which you have in view and train yourself to doing all those things great and small, which will assist you to the goal in view. In the practical daily life Mr. Austin counsels wisely. He says, "Never spend a dime unnecessarily," urging the habit of saving. "Resist temptation. Master some particular branch of knowledge so as to make yourself indispensable to the world. Avoid rest by owning your own house. Procure rational amusements. Keep strictly aloof from churches which pay salaries to ministers." are rules which he quotes from the "Occult Times," and to which we give hearty assent. While the advice he offers us himself is sound and good.

One particular thing which was pleasing to the reviewer was the statement on page 20, which we quote in full. "Take with a large grain of salt the extravagant promise of sudden riches to be obtained by Success Vibrations of many mental scientists." No more utter fraud and pretense has ever cursed the causes of mental scientists and new thought than the false pretensions of these sharks who prey in the waters of advanced thinking. The book is brightly written. Every page commands attention, and while not aiming to be original, it presents many important principles which the young and the old can alike study with advantage and profit. To sum it up it may be described as a bright, helpful, inspiring, and valuable guide toward practical success for practical men and women.—U. T. P.

### In Ancient Days.

The Yoke, a Romance of the Days when the Lord Redeemed the Children of Israel from the Bondage of Egypt. By Elizabeth Miller. The Bobs-Merrill Publishing Company, Indianapolis, Ind. For sale by the Banner of Light Publishing Company.

This book shows the author has carefully worked up the materials of her subject with great care. The use she has made of her materials reflects great credit upon her ability, not only as a student, but as a story teller as well. Thebes and Memphis are brought down to the 20th century with a vividness that makes one live under the blue

skies of Egypt for the time being. Egyptian civilization is analyzed, and the pictures of its various departments appeal with strong interest to the student of ancient times and circumstances. The field our author has entered was hitherto practically virgin soil. No doubt she will have many followers, but we doubt if an equal will contest her supremacy. Her Jew and Egyptian, their customs and faiths, are contrasted in an able fashion. Of course the matter of the work is treated in what may be called a Christian point of view, but while that is plainly evidenced, there is little that the orthodox or liberal reader could take exception to. Indeed, Spiritualists might gather some pleasing suggestions from the perusal of these pages, for it is always wise to look at history from the broadest point of view, for they who know no history but their own have not begun to understand what history is, to paraphrase an old saying, which will occur to the mind of the reader. We have read the story with interest and laid it down with regret, which is possibly as high and genuine praise as a reviewer can accord to a book. We are not surprised the work is meeting with a large sale and is endorsed by a great multitude of religious teachers throughout the United States. Christians and Hebrews for once unite in praising the production which is practically the strongest tribute to the satisfactory manner in which the work has been accomplished. Indeed, some 81 Presbyterian ministers, 46 Jewish Rabbis, and 21 Catholic priests have been among the long list of those who have written the publishers in commendation of the book; but so far, one Unitarian minister appears to be the only man of that denomination who has contributed an opinion! No doubt the book will enjoy a large and long-continued circulation.—U. T. P.

### Minor Mention.

Sophie Leppel, Editor of "Health Without Drugs," and principal exponent of the Leppel system of dietetic (drugless) healing (vitalism), Teacher of and Lecturer on articles of food, sends us a series of pamphlets on various health and dietetic subjects. Miss Leppel also included a set of cards containing general health rules and directions. The various treatises are carefully written and their study would be of an advantage to many needing the information contained. There are also included in the parcel two copies of her magazine "Health Without Drugs" in the February issue of which appears a long article entitled "MacFadden's No-Breakfast Plan—Its Criminality for the Average Person Exposed," which a Dr. Dewey in this country has proclaimed as a panacea for many of the ills of life. If any of the readers of this notice have had any experiences of this particular dietetic method they would confer a favor by communicating their experiences to the reviewer.—U. T. P.

### 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 around 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.

### J. J. Morse at Worcester, Mass.

Worcester Association of Spiritualists, G. A. R. Hall, 35 Pearl St.—On Sunday, May 29th, the Editor of the "Banner of Light," Mr. J. J. Morse, closed a four weeks' engagement with our society. He delivered a course of eight excellent and logical lectures, which were well received and greatly appreciated by all. Speaking in the afternoon upon the subject, "For God or Our Fellow," he said: "Our subject might lead one to question which we considered the greater duty, our duty to God, or our fellows? It would seem as if the latter were the first consideration, and so it is, for in serving our fellows, we best serve God. No one can comprehend the greater before the lesser. No one reaches forth into the unknown until they fully understand that which is known."

"You ask, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' and we answer, 'Yes, you are.' You say you would not knowingly hurt or wrong a fellow-being. No, but you often keep silent while others hurt them, and offer no word of rebuke. What are you doing with your life? What of the example you are setting before the world?"

"Not until you help to equalize the industrial and social conditions of this life, can the dream of Brotherhood be realized."

"What of the health of your fellows? You say you have nothing to do with that. Go into any of your great cities, down into the slums of life, and note the pale faces of the men, women and children, those human beings who are compelled to work beyond their strength, who have no time for rest, or the recuperation of their worn-out bodies, that are veritable slaves, that others may live in luxury and idleness. You may tell them of the Heaven beyond the grave, but while you force them to live in a condition of hell in this life, through ignorance and fear, you are not doing your duty to your fellows. With all due respect to all the 'isms' of the world, you should make the needs of Humanity greater than your 'ism,' if not, your Spiritualism will surely sink, as orthodoxy is sinking today, for failing to make the interests of Humanity greater than their Religion. Fear and ignorance, this is the key-note of the strike today, and while we are not in sympathy with all of its workings, we most certainly endorse the higher thought it represents, that of 'equal rights to all.' And a faint glimmering of the cause of the condition in which they find themselves is beginning to penetrate the minds of the laboring classes at the present time, which, when developed in the next stage, becomes hatred, hatred of the conditions, and of the ones who are considered responsible for it, and unless those conditions are righted, they who suffer under them will yet burst all bonds, and an explosion will surely follow."

"See to it that you do not vote for men who make slaves of their fellows, but help to make conditions, so that the sky may look as blue to the over-tired eyes of those weary ones of earth as to yours, the birds sing as sweetly and the brooks ripple as joyously to their dull ears, for the opportunity to work, to rest, and time for mental and spiritual development should be demanded as the right of heritage of all."

"Until those conditions are realized, you can never be joined in one great Brotherhood. When you shall go home, and enter the 'Great Beyond,' the white-robed angels will clasp your hands in loving welcome, and imprint tender kisses upon your brow. They will not ask you how much of this world's goods you have accumulated, for that belongs to the transient, ephemeral life, but they will

ask you, 'What have you done to make this world happier for your passing through it?' And if you have spoken a kind word to some poor wretch, with love in your heart, that has given them one moment of joy and gratitude, the angels will answer, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, you have indeed best served God by first serving even the least of your fellow beings.'"

At the evening service the subject was: "The Nation's Heroes," a memorial address in three sections. He prefaced his remarks by reading a poem entitled, "Memorial Day," and said in part: "In closing my services with you, I desire to lay a parting tribute upon the altar of your memory that will, with what has already been given, keep me in your recollection. Our subject tonight we shall speak of in three sections, namely: 'The Curse,' 'The Conflict,' 'The Conquest.'"

"Every new country has the making of History within its power, and this nation has been no exception to the rule. It was not the fault of the 'Pilgrim Fathers' that the Curse of slavery existed in this fair land. They found it here, that worst of all slavery, the barter and sale of human blood."

"Is the mere difference of color designed to make the black man a slave to the white-faced brother, think you? The Anglo-Saxon race of the southern states claimed the negro was better fitted by nature to endure the climatic conditions, also the toil and hardship of his lot, but in our opinion the strong, robust constitution and powers of endurance of the white man would have stood the test quite as well."

"But within this great Republic, under the starry flag which stands for liberty and justice, the curse of slavery could not exist, and was destined to be eliminated by those just, humane souls, whose names I will not mention, for they are surely as 'household words' with you all who realized that no human slavery should exist in Columbia's fair land, 'the land of the free, and the home of the brave.'"

"Then came the Conflict. At the call for men, thousands sprang up all over the country, in answer to the call. Then the single-call, the tramp of many feet over miles of this fair land, a battle not between nation and nation, but between brothers of one nation, members of one family. Your sons left all that was near and dear to them, to give their lives, if need be, to uphold the freedom of this great Republic. The battle was fierce and long. The Conquest, a noble one. All Europe was amazed at the magnitude of your army, but you won their admiration and respect by your glorious conquest. After the conquest had been won, when, standing side by side, the conqueror and the conquered, the hand of friendship and brotherhood was extended, and these noble thoughts expressed, 'It is over. Henceforth we are brothers. No North, no South, one flag and one nation.'"

"And what part, think you, has the spirit-world in a conquest of this kind? To try and inspire your leaders with thoughts of truth, liberty, and justice, and through the inspiration of your noble Lincoln, and others who were guided and inspired by those who have passed to that life beyond, your conquest was won."

"And now, as 'Memorial Day' comes once again, place the flowers upon the graves in memory of the heroes who gave their life for this Republic. Deliver your speeches and your songs, but remember your heroes are not dead, but live in that better life beyond, and are still interested in the progress of the nation, and the perpetuation of those principles of truth, justice and liberty which stand as a living monument to their memory, and a grander and more lasting tribute than the flowers you place upon their graves."—M. Lizzie Beals, cor. sec.

### 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.

### His Soul Mate. (A True Story.)

Richard C. Smith.

Hammond and I were members of the same association of Spiritualists and I often called at his place of business. I did so one day in May, 1894, and in conversation found him a deep thinker upon many psychic subjects. He ceased his work as I entered and sat down, stared vacantly about the room and then said: "Brother Smith, I want to tell you something, for I know you will not laugh at me. About five years ago I arrived at my workshop a little late and seizing my broom began sweeping the floor. I stooped and picked up a gold ring and upon examining it discovered the name 'Jennie L. Maynard' engraved on the inside. Why wouldn't anyone suppose that this ring had been lost by some living person, I exclaimed. After inquiring of several persons by that name, I failed to find an owner, and the incident passed from my mind."

"You know," he continued, "I have been married twice, and I never got along well with either of my wives and so we separated. 'My workshop was on Main Street, one flight up. One day the door opened and in came a well dressed man, a stranger to me, and said: 'Is this Mr. Hammond?' I answered, 'Yes, is there anything I can do for you?'"

"Well, my name is Watkins, and I am a slate-writing medium. I was going through from Boston to Albany, and when the train rolled in to the Union Depot I arose, went to the door, stepped off. Some powerful influence seemed to have taken possession of me which I could not shake off, and I wandered aimlessly about your city until I asked a passerby if they knew of any Spiritualist residing near that he could refer me to. I was directed to you. Now can I stay with you a week and advertise, I think it will pay me?"

"That evening he went home with me and after supper sat in the parlor. I asked him what phase of mediumship he possessed. 'I'm a slate-writer. You select two slates from that package; we will see what the spirits can give us.'"

"I untied the package of a dozen or more slates, took the top one and another about half way down the pile, washed them at the sink with soap and water (for I felt there might be some trick about it). I wiped them dry and returned to the parlor. He then requested me to put one slate upon the other with a small piece of pencil between the slates and place them upon my head. I did so. He took hold of the opposite corner and joined the other hand with mine. Soon we heard scratching, writing, dotting the 's' and crossing the 't's, when it suddenly ceased and three loud raps were heard on the slates. 'They are all through writing,' he said. I took them apart and read the following:

"My dear Edward: 'You found my ring on the floor in your workshop which was placed there by spirit power to give you a test at some future time. To prove beyond a doubt I still live and that I hold a sincere love for you. Your married life was not harmonious and you thought it a failure.'"

"I was born in New York City, and there passed to spirit life, in the St. Luke's Hospital, of consumption. Had we met in earth

life we would have known each other, but fate said no. Since passing away from earth I was attracted to you and have gained the knowledge that we are 'Soul Mates,' and when you pass from earth life I shall be the first to take you by the hand."

"(Signed) Jennie L. Maynard."

The following notices appeared in the "Worcester daily paper."

April 24, 1904. Obituary. Edward H. Hammond, a locksmith, died at his home last night after a long illness, age 60 years, 8 months and 20 days. He was born in Vermont, coming to Worcester 35 years ago. He served in the Civil War as a member of Co. E, 16th Vermont Volunteers. He was a member of Post 10.

April 25. The funeral of Edward H. Hammond was this afternoon at 2 o'clock from the undertaking rooms of F. A. Caswell. Many relatives and friends and a delegation from the Grand Ward Post, G. A. R., was present. J. W. Colville, of Boston, officiated. The burial was at Hope Cemetery."

### For Over Sixty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

### After Death.

Alice M. Warren.

I was dead. That was what I heard my father say as he gently removed my head from his arm, and laid it back on the pillow. I lay on the bed in my pretty chamber, where, for several weeks, I had been confined with severe illness. The morning sunlight flooded the room and a slight breeze stirred the morning glory vines across the window.

Dead. How strange those words sounded. No; it could not be. Every object in the room was distinctly seen; my low rocking-chair in the corner, the roses on the stand, and, on the mantel, a picture of the one whose love was the crowning joy of my life, and the sight of which, even then, brought a strange thrill to my heart.

Suddenly, I noticed that the faces of those around me were bathed in tears. What did it mean? My mother's voice broke the silence.

"How can we spare her?" she said. "Oh, the long, long years."

The little golden-haired sister looked at me in a sad, bewildered way and then clung, weeping, to father. My brother, crossing the room, laid his hand lovingly on mine. "I am glad for her," he said, tremulously, "but how we shall miss her. Home never can be the same again."

I reached and touched him; he did not move.

"Father, mother?" I cried, "why do you weep? The pain has left me, I am feeling better. See how strong I am." I arose and threw my arms about my mother's neck, bent and kissed the sweet, wet face of our household pet. No one answered. There was no response. I glanced into my father's face who always had for me a pleasant smile; there was none now. I leaned over the roses, inhaling their fragrance.

"How beautiful!" I said. Still no reply. Then the truth burst on me: I was dead. Dead and yet alive, sensitive to every thought and feeling of those about me but they could not understand. I looked toward the bed at the still, calm face from which all trace of suffering had fled.

"Can that have been me?" I thought.

Then an arm was thrown around me and a voice said, tenderly: "You have done with the old body and are what the world calls dead, but it is a grand, beautiful life into which you are about to enter. I am sent to conduct you hither. Will you go?"

"Yes," I replied, and waving my hand toward the dear ones who took notice of me, I passed on in the warm sunshine. The robins were singing in the tall locusts, beneath whose shadow I had dwelt from childhood; and as we crossed the meadow, where flowed the tiny streamlet whose song I knew so well, I stooped, and picking a spray of golden buttercups, placed them hastily in my bosom. My guide saw the act and smiled.

"You will have them in heaven," he said.

"What?" I replied, "not real earthly flowers, not buttercups?"

"Yes," he answered, "buttercups, daisies, violets. Whatever you loved best here, will be your own in the new world."

Reaching the summit of a high hill, I turned to take one last look at the dear, old home nestled in the valley.

"Can any spot ever be dearer to me than this?" I questioned, half aloud.

"No," he answered, "it was adapted to the needs of your earthly existence but whatever made it sacred, the spiritual part, awaits you over yonder. Let us hasten."

In the glow of a summer sunset, we stopped before a vine-wreathed cottage near a lake. On all sides were broad, green meadows, low hills sweet with the breath of pine and cedar, beyond which rose high, rugged mountains bathed in a crimson light. My hand brushed carelessly against a pink rosebush, and the familiar odor recalled me to myself.

"Do you like it?" said the guide.

"Yes; it is just like the old life, only more beautiful," I replied, "but—"

"What is it?" very softly.

"If I could only have my friends with me."

"Wait," he answered, "and soon I was surrounded by the forms of those from whom I had been parted for many years."

Dear, white-haired grandmother who crossed the river when I was but a child; the fair, bright-eyed cousin I had mourned so long, friends, schoolmates and the little, baby brother whom I scarcely remembered. What happiness it gave me to meet them all again, for amid the quiet beauty that surrounded me at every step, there was an indefinite sense of loneliness.

We entered the dwelling. Again I was surprised at the similarity of the interior with what I had known or craved in earth-life. There were my favorite books, flowers, and, as I dreamed, for, on an easel, where one shaft of golden sunlight fell across it, was the picture of my loved one? The face wore a pure, exalted expression such as sometimes I had seen sweep over it in by-gone days.

"That is the soul of your picture," said my guide. I understood. This, then, was my spirit home. One night I sat in the doorway, thinking.

"Why are you sad?" said my guide. "Tears should not fall in heaven."

I told him all. Of the true heart struggling on in the earth-world who needed me with him every day. Then added: "Perhaps it is wrong, but I miss him even here."

"Would you like to go back?" he asked. "O can I?" I cried, for very joy.

"Yes; we will go together."

Again, in the purple twilight, I stood beside my loved one as of old. I laid my hand tenderly in his and pressed my lips on the tired brow. Could I make him know? Would he sense my presence? Breathlessly I waited. Slowly the teardrops fell.

"Darling," he whispered, "darling, you have come."

Once more I touched his forehead with my lips. My guide approached. "I will return," I said.

"You have found heaven," he affirmed. I bowed my head.

Pisco Cure—40 years on the market, and still the best for Coughs and Colds. 25 cents per bottle.

### Felt and Feared.

There is now in existence an organization for the defense of orthodox theology known as the American Bible League. It marks what, let us hope, will be a new era in the evolution of the popular mind from superstition to Rationalism. Until now, such an organization was not considered necessary by the orthodox advocates of the Bible. It indicates clearly that Liberalism abetted by the Higher Critics is being felt by orthodox, and not only felt, but feared. If this organization 'fries in any real earnest way to defend the old theology we may expect some interesting developments in a polemic way.—The Searchlight.

The law of Reciprocity works at all times. What we give forth in love, labor or work we get back—no more, no less. Men with great and broad minds sow great and broad thoughts and reap great blessings. Man is either of large, medium or small capacity. The eternal law of Reciprocity respects no persons. It works with exact justice to all. Why not open your mind and be of larger capacity?

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

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

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

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

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

Here is a man who sees and says things for himself. He is not retelling conventionalities. The book fairly bristles with wise sayings. I believe the thesis is sustainable and that the author has gone a long way toward fortifying it. After I look 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 Ameliorated 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 Shelley's and Browning's philosophy. "The Wisdom of Passion" fits in with their contributions. The main message of the book—that the Soul forms its own forms by its choice—I can ascribe to.—Prof. Oscar Lovell Briggs, University of Chicago.

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

### Brevities.

Books.  
Topics.  
Authors.  
Readers.

An interesting book is better than a dull companion.

It at least will stay shut up when laid down, while one's companion will not always respect our desire for quiet.

There are books and books, equally topics and topics. Some books bore one some, topics are not in our particular line. One loves fiction, another scorns poetry, some one else revels in science and philosophy.

Authors! Ah! these be brittle goods, so handle with care. Some are vain, others pragmatic, others again write much and say little. The real author is neither one nor the other, he writes with a purpose and for a purpose. He is too large for small meannesses, at times he is indeed a beacon light shedding illumination along the coast lines of thought. When touched with inspiration your author is indeed helpful to lesser souls.

Readers who read for understanding are the author's truest friends. Alas, such friends are none too numerous. It is easy to read for amusement but it is rarely profitable. To those who do so the best authors are sealed books. The appetite for the dime novel—or its dollar-and-a-half-brother—lowers the capacity to assimilate instructive literature.

The literature of Spiritualism includes several thousands of volumes, and many thousands of pamphlets. The permanent works are among some of the ablest productions of the past sixty years and many of those in the English language have been translated into French, German, Spanish, Italian and even Russian, which is plain evidence of the importance of the books so treated. One author whose works have been so used is Hudson Tuttle, who has just issued a new and revised edition of his splendid volume, "The Arcana of Spiritualism," than which, in its own inimitable line, we know no book so really useful to enquirer or Spiritualist. It is a mine of good thoughts, filled with cogent reasoning, apt illustrations and splendid scientific and philosophical concepts regarding nature, man, life, spirit, God, the spirit world, and the universe. The new edition contains a picture of Mr. Tuttle's birthplace, a quaint backwoods log cabin, incidentally

affording evidence that not all the world's philosophers are reared in fine houses, or trained in palatial colleges, for Hudson Tuttle is, without doubt, a philosopher and genius upon things spiritual. Send for a copy without delay as the demand is great, and the edition may be speedily exhausted.

After various unavoidable delays we are now able to definitely state that the course of lecture-reviews of The Great Psychological Crime which Mr. Colville has prepared for the "Banner" under the title of Mediumship Defined and Defended, will commence in the first issue of this journal for July and continue through the next ensuing five issues. It can confidently be predicted that the friends of this talented writer will thoroughly enjoy this latest product of his prolific pen. The points are well taken, the argument is ably maintained, and the conclusions arrived at follow logically from the premises laid down. Our readers will appreciate our enterprise in thus presenting them with a work that is equal if not superior to anything Mr. Colville has hitherto accomplished.

Lately quite considerable discussion has again arisen on the much mooted question of Materialization, and the opposing opinions have been an interesting study. Some years ago this topic was ably treated in a book issued by the former proprietor of the "Banner of Light," Colby and Rich, and entitled "Materialized Apparitions; If Not Beings from Another Life, What Are They?" the author of which was E. A. Brackett. This work can still be obtained at this office, the price is only one dollar, and we should advise all who wish to be posted in the evidence favorable to the claim of the reality of this particular form of spirit manifestation to read Mr. Brackett's book. We also carry another of this able writer's books, "The World We Live In," one of the most informing works that can be taken up. It is replete with knowledge which is presented in such a sympathetic manner that every lover of nature cannot fail to feel its author is a friend. You can scarcely fail to extract more than the value of the book from its perusal, as the price is only seventy-five cents.

John Harvard's memory is now to be honored with a memorial window in St. Saviour's Church, Southwark, the suburb of London where he was born. The entry of his baptism still exists in the church register with the date, Nov. 29, 1607; and, in all probability, he was born opposite Board's Head Court, which was not demolished until 1829, when clearances were made for the approach to London bridge. Under various spellings of the name, the family established itself in the borough as a prosperous middle-class clan. Some were butchers, others innkeepers. John Harvard's father purveyed meat until the plague removed him, and the son matriculated at Emmanuel College, Cambridge. Then he married Anne Sadler and came to New England, settled in Charlestown and founded the college that bears his name.

### Hell.

It is a little, and it must be confessed an ugly looking, word. It requires but few letters to spell it, actually only calling for the use of three alphabetical signs to state it, though the final consonant is repeated. Yet what sad memories are clustered round this word! What terrors it was wont to inspire when shrieked by some impassioned preacher from his pulpit, when with blazing eyes, and in frenzied tones, he pictured the condition of the damned in the hereafter. We all remember the line in one of Lizzie Doten's poems:

"And hell is crammed with infants damned without a day of grace."

and can readily realize how poor mothers who had lost young children shivered in their seats, when some brutal Village Calvin shouted out the message of infant damnation to her anguished ears.

Thank goodness this nightmare of the past has almost ceased from troubling us today, for few denominations give us brimstone theology straight at this time, for the molasses outweighs the mineral in the theology of today. Auld Nickie Ben, as Burns calls him, has retired into private life, or else sold out to some later formed Trust! Certain it is he is not in evidence so much as in former days. Hell, as a locality, has disappeared from the revised maps of the after world now in use, and "the weeping and the wailing" and the "gnashing of teeth" associated with those who suffer torment are vanished fancies that excite a smile of amused contempt, so far away from them all have we moved during the past half a century. Indeed the daring souls have long since come to the conclusion that hell is about as real as Sairey Gamp's old crony Betsy Harris! That is, so far as its physical literalness is concerned.

Then do we argue there is no hell? By no means. Fine the word away to Hades and then to Sheol, make it even the wailing place of the Jews, or the sanitary fire outside Jerusalem. Take these as symbols if you will, but remember symbols are never used except to symbolize something! What, then, did these symbols stand for?

Among savage or civilized there is ever a desire for justice. The concept may be crude, imperfectly conceived and expressed, but it is there in all men. It may not seem so at first, but vengeance is a form which the passion for justice assumes. One is injured in some form, the properly constituted authorities provide no redress, therefore the injured takes the case in hand and thrashes or even kills the injurer. The law says it is wrong, but the actor in the drama says it is justice—though we call it vengeance. But is not the vengeance of the law the justice of the law? Else why are men imprisoned and hung? Then if justice cannot be had in this world, why not suppose it shall be administered in the next? That is God's own word, so He will mete out justice there if not here not only to evil doers, but to all who have not served Him in life—so priestcraft has assured the world!

From these simple elements of rudimentary human thought came the subsequently complex conceptions of hell. Today we think differently about God, religion, right and wrong and morals, and of the other life, so our ideas of hell are altered in character and application. Universalism and Unitarianism suggested the non-reality of hell, but Spiritualism proved the truth of that suggestion and utterly demolished the religious bugbear of nearly two thousand years.

Do not jump to the conclusion that there is no hell of any kind, for that would be to entertain an error. We do not mean a place, or a definite locality, but refer to states of consciousness. Interior harmony is heavenly, therefore its opposite must be hellish. Consequently, heaven and hell may be subjective states within ourselves and not objective conditions external to us. A prison ~~may~~ be hell to the guilty, but it may also be heaven to the innocent, for

"Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage."

It is not where we are so much, if at all, as it is how we are, within ourselves.

So we come to the question of judgment as it affects the individual in regard to his action while on earth. Is there such a thing as punishment in the next world? Or is what is spoken of punishment but the inevitable reactions of the deeds done in the body? That is to say the interior recoil of the thoughts which we translated into deeds while on earth? If so, then the pain or punishment is really, in a sense, self administered, for it is certainly self caused. No matter what we may allege is the inducing cause of any act or actions the doer is the person in whom the doing centres and to whom the consequences of the doing must belong. If the doing be contrary to the laws of harmony—right living—then discord will ensue not only to others but to ourselves. Conversely, the doing of good will result in harmony to others and to ourselves. Discord is hell, harmony is heaven. The inexorable law of reaction applies to us all and we must each understand that we alone bear the brunt of the recoil of our guns. The time may be deferred for a long while, but eternity is long enough to bring every consequence home to us—to vindicate either obedience or disobedience for the results they bring to us.

The above is the message the spirits bring to us. It is useless to evade it, to trim it with specious metaphysical frills and subtleties, or to adorn it with Hindoo phrases, the plain fact is we must pay our own bills! We may learn to think right, but if we have previously thought wrongly and done wrongly the results of that wrongfulness cannot be escaped from, all sophistry notwithstanding. We may as well heed the lesson, and teach others, that hell, though it be not a specific place, is, nevertheless, a definite state or condition and if we would avoid its pain and sorrow let us strive to live the life which thinketh no evil, nor speaketh or doeth evil. Certainly many make hell daily for themselves by their mean thinking and acting about and towards their fellows. The envious and spiteful are mental criminals who live in just the hell we have in mind, and they would, if they could, drag those whom they dislike into similar conditions. Self poise, personal harmony, love towards all and service to all keep the soul sweet and serene and such heavenliness can find no room for discord, which is hell. The solemn fact of retribution and compensation—laws fixed in being—must ever be held to as part of our Spiritual philosophy, and if so held we shall be centres of a moral force in the community which will help to lead men into the doing of good because it is good to do good.

### The Rediscovered Continent.

Some years since one Ignatius Donnelly presented a curious work to the world named the alleged lost continent of Atlantis. In literary circles the work was of some passing note, but as it was outside of general interest to the multitude it has long since been relegated to the library shelf, and seems now to rank with what are described as the "curiosities" of literature.

Whether or not such a continent ever existed and was by some stupendous cataclysm submerged beneath the ocean is possibly a still unsettled question. Whether the ancient Atlantians had developed the civilization ascribed to them, or whether some of their descendants migrated to other places on the earth and became the stock from which peoples have been derived, may all be moot points, but the desire to penetrate the past of human history and civilization is a continuing passion with many, in the hope that the information obtained may prove of service alike in the building up of a sound philosophy of human evolution in the past, as well as it may assist us in steering a right course in the present age.

Granted the lost Atlantis was rediscovered, what follows? It is but the finding of a land tenanted by a population of corpses! Its cities are silent, its homes are empty. The mart and the school are deserted, neither wit, knowledge, smiles nor mirth, love nor hate, nor any of the things which mark a live world teeming with the multitudinous life of man, woman or child can be found there. Even its language is dumb, its art is lifeless, its very life frozen and still. All must depend for revivification upon the quick thought of an age separated from it by centuries, alien in character, in tastes, sympathies and aspiration—united to it but in one thing, that the great impulses that stir our lives belong to no one age. Could Atlantis be raised again and restored to its original state, minus its people, it would be a huge museum, may it be said a gigantic body from which the soul had fled.

Now as Dickens' Inimitable Bunbury says, "The moral of it lies in the application on it," so let us make the application.

Roughly speaking, it is now some one hundred odd years since Thomas Paine wrote his "Age of Reason," which work sent a shiver throughout orthodox circles all over

Christendom. Miscalled atheist and infidel, though in simple fact he was an Agnostic who had a spice of Deism in his mental makeup, Paine set men thinking deeper than they had been accustomed to on the crude theology to which they had been accustomed. With that thinking came inquiry on many points and it was discovered as a result that on the great question of immortality there was absolutely no proof of such in any shape or form! Indeed the future life was such a terrible picture whichever way it was viewed, so unhuman in all things that men felt it was not a correct presentation of the state beyond the grave. A gross literalism pervaded alike the ideas of heaven and hell, the angels of the one were sexless creatures devoid of either the graces of a purified humanity, or of the ordinary "bowels of compassion" of poor humanity, for they could watch sinners in torments and rejoice the more thereat. The condemned in hell were such travesties of humanity—so grotesque as well as repulsive—that to assign them any place in the scale of humanity was out of the question. In a sentence, post mortem life for the individual was non-human, and as a locality or state utterly non-natural. Surely as rationalism spread, as criticism, high and low followed over the questions bound up in religion, so the old ideals receded into the background, men lost faith in a future life, and the dead seemed to be more dead than ever, if the phrase may be allowed? In short, the Spirit World as the next home of human life, was a lost continent as completely as Atlantis, and the populations of the one as shadowy as the other.

To slightly change an old saw, the Spirit World is "never without its witness," so consequently the state of affairs above referred to could not continue without "the other side" attempting to re-establish in the mind of man not merely the consciousness of the world beyond but the actual knowledge thereof based upon tangible evidences of its nearness and the presence of its people. But religiousists closed and barred their gates and mounted their guns loaded with brimstone upon the walls. Scientists drew down the blinds of the windows in their studies and laboratories and gave notice to the police to warn off all intruders. And wise editors, with an eye to the cash register, said, "Do not come here, we can't afford you any space." But, even as in the case of one of old, "the common people" heard the message gladly. These were sneered at, abused, misrepresented and assailed by pulpit, press and public prejudice, and for many years. But among them were some, and not a few, daring minds who launched on this almost unknown sea, sailing it, noting its currents, taking soundings and drawing rough charts of their voyages. At last the headlines loomed up before them, cautiously they approached the silver strand, and as they neared the lace-like ripples on the margin of the shore, behold they were assured that they had rediscovered the lost continent of the Summerland!

They proclaimed their discovery and met the usual fate an incredulous world metes out to the traveler returning from afar. The church said it was impiety to sail that silent and sacred sea! The scientist said there was no such sea to sail! But we Spiritualists persisted that such a sea there is, and we had sailed it, and the people from that continent had sailed it also, and that they had landed on our shores! For years the battle raged in the rival camps of the don't knows and the do knows, until finally for shame sake the cultured classes were compelled to enquire.

So a little army of devoted lovers of truth, headed by Hare, Mapes, Epes Sargent and others in this country, and by Cromwell Fleetwood Varley, William Crookes and Alfred Russel Wallace in the old country, who pushed their enquiries to the uttermost, caused many thoughtful people to admit that the oldest continent had indeed been rediscovered. But their testimony was, not enough! So inveterate are scepticism and prejudice. Further explorations must be made and then the Society for Psychical Research was formed and for many years now it has coasted along the line of the continent and is now fairly satisfied that the Spirit World is not a mirage but a substantial fact in the universe. While still too timid to issue an authorized chart it nevertheless has approved of certain land marks and currents, so to speak, as laid down by one explorer, M. Sage, a Frenchman, whose book concerning Mrs. Piper's mediumship was recently noticed by M. Inness in these pages. It would seem that at last indisputable evidence of the presence of visitors from that continent has been obtained, and while the society as such does not endorse M. Sage's book, its president, Sir Oliver Lodge, writes a preface to it and says the Society utilized M. Sage's labors, as he "had steered his way cleverly through the intricacies of a subject (the long investigation of Mrs. Piper's mediumship) bristling with difficulty below the surface and choked with detail throughout." Says the reviewer of M. Sage's book, writing in the literary supplement of the New York Times: "As for Mrs. Piper herself, he (M. Sage) declares that her 'mediumship' is 'one of the most perfect that has ever been discovered.' Fifteen years' study of her, under all precautions, have produced a body of phenomena which the most orthodox psychologists will be unable to ignore."

What a tremendous admission that last sentence is! It virtually concedes our case and shows that the continent has been rediscovered, and that once more we are in touch with a real, humanized and rational life-world beyond the limit of the sea of death.

The credit of this rediscovery is ours, we dared the dangers of the sea of which the charts had been so altered that they were useless as guides to navigation. Now we are finding our labors have not been in vain, nor have we braved all dangers encountered unavailingly. It is not a rediscovery of a world of the dead, however interesting such would be, but of a world of the ever-living, which is of far greater value to every soul who mourns a loved one gone before, and to us all who are not only perplexed as to the answer to the riddle of life, but who are anxious to solve the mystery of death.

### New York State Association—Seventh Annual Meeting.

The seventh annual convention of the New York State Association of Spiritualists was held in Empire Hall, at Syracuse, N. Y., on June 20, 21st and 22nd, with President H. W. Richardson in the chair.

Dr. E. F. Butterfield made the address of welcome and President Richardson responded. One of the most important measures enacted by the convention was the passage of an amendment to the By-Laws giving the Board of Trustees power to expel or suspend any individual or life member where good and sufficient evidence shall have been presented to the president or secretary in writing that shall warrant such action after due trial.

Articles IX and X of the report of the committee on president's report endorsing action of National Association at its late convention, in reference to ordination, caused strong opposition to their endorsement by the convention led by Secretary Whitney, on the grounds that such enactment was liable to work injustice to those ministers who have received ordination at the hands of the State Association, and also as a protest against the arbitrary action of the National in passing legislation abridging freedom of action on the part of State Associations.

Efforts were made both to have the said articles stricken from the report, and also to have them tabled till our next annual convention. Both were unsuccessful and the report was finally adopted as a whole.

Secretary Whitney offered the following resolution, which was adopted unanimously: "Inasmuch as one of our individual members and active convention workers, who has been advertised to be at this convention, and who in other years has charmed us by her elocutionary talents, has for the past six months been lying on a sick bed and is still unable to sit up for any length of time, moved that the secretary be authorized to write to our sister, Victoria C. Moore, of Dryden, N. Y., a letter of sympathy and regrets in the name of our State Association."

The convention also instructed the secretary to send a telegraphic message of sympathy to the treasurer, Mrs. Rathbun, who is detained at the bedside of a sick relative, and to our trustee, Miss M. J. Fitzmaurice, who is sick.

A vote of thanks was extended to Mrs. Mary A. Southwick, of North Collins, for a beautiful flower piece made of wild flowers representing a huge sunflower, the emblem of our cult.

The subject of Lyceums caused quite an animated discussion, and the convention suggested that the board of trustees appoint a State Lyceum Superintendent to work in harmony with and under the direction of Lyceum Superintendent King of the National.

The following officers and trustees were unanimously elected for the ensuing year: Harvey W. Richardson, president, East Aurora; Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, vice president, Westfield; Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds, 2d vice president, Troy; Herbert L. Whitney, secretary, Brooklyn; Mrs. Harriet M. Rathbun, treasurer, Mount Vernon; trustees, Mrs. Laura A. Holt, West Potsdam, E. G. Reilly, Syracuse; Mrs. Harriet Duhl, Elmira, Leo Manger, Buffalo.

F. Cordon White, the celebrated test medium of Lily Dale, N. Y., gave spirit messages at the evening sessions and on Sunday afternoon, the most of which were recognized.

The music, under the direction of Prof. Marsh, of Syracuse, was well rendered and of a high character. The following speakers took part in the convention: Harrison D. Barrett, president of the National Spiritualist Association, Rev. B. F. Austin, Mrs. C. E. S. Twing, Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds, Mrs. Elizabeth Brewer, W. H. Bach, H. W. Richardson, J. T. Morrison, Mrs. Addie Cooper, Mrs. Gertrude Mudge, Chas. S. Hurlbert, Mrs. Mary M. Jennings, Miss Sophie Little, Miss Sarah Woodruff, Mrs. Eva M. Tamm, Mary E. Clark, Frank Walker, Mrs. Jennie Paine and Herbert L. Whitney.

A vote of thanks was extended by the convention to the local societies of Syracuse for their hearty co-operation and warm hospitality, the press of the city for their fair and extended reports of our sessions, to Messrs. Hickok & Smith, proprietors of the Empire House, and to Prof. Marsh and his sweet singers.

Cash during year from all sources.....\$1,427.22  
Cash expended ..... 902.72

Balance in hand .....\$ 524.50

Herbert L. Whitney, secretary  
115 Reid Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

### A Lyceum Parliament.

On Sunday, May 8th, the fifteenth annual conference of the British Spiritualists' Lyceum Union was held at Blackpool, a popular seaside resort on the northwest coast of England. The attendance was a record one, there being 130 representatives of Lyceums in the Union present. The reports showed a very satisfactory and flourishing condition of affairs in all departments. The financial aspects were quite satisfactory, there being a considerable balance in favor of the Union. One lady, Mrs. Selma Smedley, gave \$750 to be applied partly to the Lyceum Home, a movement to provide a Convalescent Home for sick Lyceumists, and part toward the general purposes of the Union.

For several years past a special Fund called the Permanent Secretary Fund, to provide means for paying a salaried Secretary, has been in existence, and this year the proceeds amounted nearly to \$450. This question has apparently been put upon a satisfactory basis by a resolution engaging a Secretary for a period of five years at a salary commencing at \$500 per annum. The official organ, the "Lyceum Banner," from which this account is collated, was reported in a satisfactory condition with an increasing circulation. The usual routine business was conducted, the elections resulting in Mr. William Johnson, the oldest lecturer in Great Britain, being elected as president for the ensuing year. Mr. Alfred Kitson was elected General Secretary, as previously referred to.

A letter from Andrew Jackson Davis, the Founder of the Lyceum Movement, was presented by Miss Florence Morse, and on motion the thanks of the Conference was ordered to be sent to him for the same. A letter from the Editor of the "Banner of Light" also appears in the report.

The Conference occupied three sessions, Saturday evening, Sunday morning, and Sunday afternoon, in the transaction of its business. The evening session, as were the others, was held in the Spiritualists' Church. There was a large number present, and addresses were delivered by Mrs. Law, the retiring President, Mr. William Johnson, the President elect, Ernest Keeling, Alfred Kitson, Miss Florence Morse, S. S. Chiswell, Mrs. Jessie Greenwood, and other friends. English Lyceumists are to be congratulated upon the successful position in which their work stands at the present time. The road has been long and the labor arduous, but they have achieved a gratifying success.

In addition to his duties as General Secretary, Alfred Kitson edits the "Lyceum Banner," the June issue from which we quote being a special number, consists of 24 pages, eight pages more than usual. It is a very interesting little paper and serves the Lyceum Cause admirably.



## Campmeeting Announcements.

## Chesterfield, Ind.

Chesterfield (Ind.) campmeeting opens July 14 and closes August 23. For programs and other information address Lydia Jessup, secretary, Chesterfield, Ind.

## Camp Progress, Upper Swampscott, Mass.

Camp Progress, Mowerland Park, Upper Swampscott. Meetings at 11 a. m., 2 and 4 p. m., every Sunday from June 6th to Sept. 26th. Lynn and Salem electric pass the gate. President, B. H. Blaney, 150 Elm Street, Marblehead; secretary, Mrs. H. S. Gardiner, 343 Lafayette Street, Salem.

## Delphos Camp, Kans.

This Campmeeting will begin August 5, closing August 22. Address all communications to L. N. Richardson, secretary, Delphos, Kans.

## Franklin, Neb.

This camp commences July 29 and closes August 15. For full particulars address D. L. Haines, secretary, Franklin, Neb.

## Forest Home, Mich.

This campmeeting located at Snowflake, Antrim county, Mich., will open July 30, and continue till August 22. For full programs address Mrs. Ruth Eastman, secretary, Box 69, Mancelona, Mich.

## Freeville, N. Y.

The dates for the Central New York Spiritual Association Campmeeting, at Freeville, N. Y., are from July 23 to Aug. 22, four weeks and five Sundays. Owing to the protracted and severe illness of our secretary, Miss Victoria C. Moore, I am acting secretary, to whom all letters pertaining to the camp should be addressed. W. W. Kelsey, President, Cortland, N. Y.

## Grand Lodge, Mich.

The Grand Lodge (Mich.) camp opens July 31 and closes August 28. For full program address J. W. Ewing, Grand Lodge, Mich.

## Harmony Grove, Cal.

Camp opens July 17 and closes July 31. For particulars address Frank C. Foster, secretary, Escondido Cal.

## Island Lake, Mich.

The Island Lake Camp, at Island Lake, Mich., 42 miles from Detroit, on the Flint and Pere Marquette railroad, commences July 10 and extends through the month of August. For full programs address H. R. LaGrange, secretary, 84 East Montclair street, Detroit, Mich.

## Lake Pleasant, Mass.

The Lake Pleasant Campmeeting opens Sunday, July 31, and closes Monday, August 29. For full programs address Albert P. Blinn, clerk, Lake Pleasant, Mass.

## Lake Brady, Ohio.

The Lake Brady Spiritualist Campmeeting opens July 3 and closes Sept. 4. For full programs address A. G. Peck, Akron, Ohio.

## Lake Sunapee, N. H.

Lake Sunapee Spiritualist Campmeeting will open its campmeeting for 1904 July 31, and close August 28, being four weeks and five Sundays. For programs address the secretary, Lorenzo Worthen, Hillsboro Bridge, N. H., until July 25, and after that date to Blodgett's Landing, N. H.—Lorenzo Worthen, Secretary.

## Maple Dell Park, Ohio.

The American Spiritual, Religious and Science Union will hold a camp session at Maple Dell, commencing July 24 and closing Sept. 1. Lucy King, corresponding secretary. Address with stamp, Box 45, Mantua, Ohio. The grounds will be open for family reunions, Sunday-school picnics, and Sunday meetings, etc., from June 1 to Sept 15.

## Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa.

The camp session of the M. V. S. A., Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa, will open July 31 and close Aug. 23. For programs address Mollie B. Anderson, secretary, Clarksville, Mo.

## Niantic, Conn.

The Connecticut Spiritualist Campmeeting Association will hold their camp at Niantic, Conn., commencing on June 20th and continuing until September 12th inclusive.—Secretary, George Hatch, South Windham, Conn.

## New Era, Oregon.

The First Spiritual Religious Association of Clackamas county, Oregon, will open their campmeeting at New Era, Oregon, July 2, and close July 28, including four Sundays. Camp about 18 miles south of Portland. For further information inquire of George Lazelle, Oregon City, Oregon, secretary; J. H. Lucas, of Portland, president.

## Onset Camp.

Commences July 24 and ends August 28. For full programs and particulars address the secretary of the camp, Onset, Mass.

## Ottawa, Kans.

The seventh annual encampment of the Ottawa Spiritualist Association will be held at Forest Park, Kansas, Aug. 20 to Aug. 30. Send for program. Address H. W. Henderson, president, Lawrence, Kansas, or Jacob Hey, secretary, Carbondale, Kans.

## Queen City Park Camp.

The meetings at Queen City Park will commence on Sunday, July 31st, and close on Sunday, September 4th, including six Sundays. I think I have got as good a list of speakers and test mediums as we have had for 20 years. We have engaged: Mrs. Helen Russegger, of Hartford, Conn.; Mr. B. F. Austin, of Batavia, N. Y.; Tillie U. Reynolds, of Troy, N. Y.; Mr. Tisdell, of Lynn, Mass.; Judge Dalley, of Brooklyn, N. Y. For test mediums I have Mrs. Ham, of Haverhill, and Mrs. Webster and expect several more. We expect a very successful meeting this summer.—Dr. G. A. Smith.

## Salem, Mass.

Camp Progress opened Sunday, June 6th. Camp is situated on the electric car line between Lynn and Salem. Services at 2 and 4 p. m. Refreshments obtainable on the grounds. Admission free.

## Unity Campmeeting.

The Lynn Spiritualists' Association will hold meetings every Sunday at Unity Camp, Saugus Center, Mass., commencing June 5 and ending Sept. 25. For full particulars address Mrs. A. A. Averill, 42 Smith street, Lynn, Mass.

## Waterloo Camp, Iowa.

The Central Iowa Spiritualist Association will hold its camp at Waterloo, Iowa, from August 21 to September 11, including four Sundays. For particulars address M. G. Duncan, president, Marshalltown, Iowa.

## Wenewoc, Wis.

The campmeeting of the Western Wisconsin Camp Association will open Aug. 4, 1904, and will close Aug. 22. For full particulars write Miss Gertrude Spooner, secretary, Wenewoc, Wis.

Send us any alterations or corrections for above list and same will be immediately attended to.

## Announcements.

Commercial Hall, 694 Washington Street.—Spiritualistic meetings conducted by Mrs. M. Adeline Wilkinson, pastor, every Sunday. The First Spiritualist Church of Cambridge, 527 Mass. Ave.—Services at 3 and 7.30. Mrs. Scott, Mrs. S. E. Hall and Mr. T. A. Scott will speak and give messages. Admission free.—Addie L. Cushing, sec.

First Spiritual Church of Boston, Inc., Rev. Clara E. Strong, pastor, America Hall, 724 Washington Street, up two flights. Morning circle, 11 a. m. Afternoon service at 3 p. m. Evening service at 7.30 p. m. All mediums invited. Special music every Sunday. On June 12th the Corinthian Quartet will sing.—A. M. Strong, clerk.

Malden.—We hold meetings every Sunday. At 1.30 p. m., Children's Lyceum. Circle for healing, developing and readings at 3.30 p. m., conducted by Mr. Harvey Redding. Meeting, 7.30 p. m. Sunday, June 19th, we shall have with us "Cyrus, the Persian," "Golden Hair," "Prairie Flower," "Morning Dew," "Dinah," "Mascoma," Indian control, "Big Dog," and others to give proof of spirit return. We shall have another supper Friday, June 24th, from 6 to 7.30 p. m.—C. L. Redding, cor. sec.

First Spiritual Church of Boston, Inc., Rev. Clara E. Strong, pastor, meets every Sunday at America Hall, 724 Washington Street, up two flights. Services in morning at 11, afternoon at 3 evening at 7.30. All mediums invited. Extra music and singing every service. Sunday, June 26th, will be celebrated as Children's Day. On Tuesday and Friday evenings, circles at 30 Huntington Ave., Room 420.—A. M. Strong, clerk.

Lynn Spiritualists' Association, Unity Camp, Saugus Centre, Alex. Caird, M. D., pres. Conference at 11, mediums' meeting at 2, lectures and tests at 4 and 7.

June 19th is "Haverhill Day." The Helping Hand Society of Haverhill and their friends will be visitors at the camp on that day. Mrs. Kate Ham and other good mediums will assist in the exercises. It is expected that large delegations from other towns will be present to assist the Lynn society in giving the visitors a cordial welcome. Refreshments can be procured on the grounds. The grove will be lighted in the evening.

## Dr. Green's Fraternal Annex

to the Canvass Cottage City, World's Fair Camp, three minutes walk from two entrance gates. Tents, comfortable homes with six foot walls, for four persons, \$21 a week, or 75 cents a day each, electric light, attendance, baths included.

Restaurant on grounds at very moderate charges. Large Auditorium tents for speakers, and headquarters for fraternal, spiritualistic, theological, new thought and brotherhood cults.

Correspondence solicited. Enclose 2 cents for illustrated prospectus. Address Dr. E. H. Green, 518 Commercial Bldg., St. Louis, Mo. Camp ready June 14th. Platform with best speakers July 1st.

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

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

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

## THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

What do the robins whisper about From their homes in the elms and birches? I've tried to study the riddle out But still in my mind is many a doubt, In spite of deep researches.

While over the world is silence deep, In the twilight of early dawning, They begin to chirp and twitter and peep, As if they were talking in their sleep, At three o'clock in the morning.

Perhaps the little ones stir and complain That it's time to be up and doing; And the mother-bird sings a drowsy strain To coax them back to their dreams again, Though distant cocks are crowing.

Or do they tell secrets that should not be heard By mortals listening and prying? Perhaps we might learn from some whispering word

The best way to bring up a bird Or the wonderful art of flying.

It may be they speak of an autumn day When, with many a feathered roamer, Under the clouds so cold and gray, Over the hills they take their way In search of the vanished summer.

It may be they gossip from nest to nest, Hidden and leaf-enfolded; For do we not often hear it confessed When a long-kept secret at last is guessed, That "a little bird has told it?"

Perhaps; but the question is wrapped in doubt, They give me no hint or warning. Listen, and tell me if you find out What do the robins talk about At three o'clock in the morning? —R. S. Palfrey.

There is such a thing as native genius, but even that will not go very far today in electricity without profound study and hard work.—Thomas Commerford Martin.

Queer Customs in China.—A feature in the life of the Celestial when at home, says the author of "Society in China," is the number of itinerant craftsmen who earn their livelihood on the street. Almost anything from the mending of a broken rice bowl to the most elaborate cue dressing may be obtained of one or another of these street travelers. Blacksmiths carry the implements of their trade about with them, the bellows so constructed as to serve also the purpose of a tool box and a seat when "off duty." If a man's jacket or shoes need repairing he may have a passing tailor or cobbler and possibly employ the time while waiting with the services of an itinerant barber.

## Just from the Press.

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A Manual of Spiritual Science and Philosophy.

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This is the refined product of over thirty years' inspiration, by spirit intelligence, whose thoughts expressed through their chosen instrument have been eagerly read by the liberal thinkers of this country, and been translated into the leading languages of Europe. The first edition—and a large one—was almost entirely taken before it left the blinders' hands.

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And Other

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## Our Home Circle.

EDITED BY MINNIE RESERVE SOULE.

### The Gate at the Head of the Stairs.

Some things in our house have lost their use,  
We meet them everywhere—  
And one of the saddest and sweetest to me  
Is the gate at the head of the stair.

So often I ran to close the gate  
That my baby might not fall,  
Arched along with uncertain feet,  
He followed me through the hall.

And often when returning home,  
I forgot my trouble and care,  
When I heard his laugh and saw his face  
By the gate at the head of the stair.

And, with weary, longing heart,  
I climb the tedious stair,  
The gate is open—I look in vain,  
My baby is not there.

But I love to think when life's journey ends,  
In that heavenly dwelling place,  
I shall find to welcome me at the gate  
My baby's radiant face.

—Selected.

### A Link in Our Golden Chain.

LET SLEEP RELEASE THE SPIRIT.

There are good days and bad days in the lives of most of us, and if we take note we will find that the good days are not so because of the beautiful sunshine or the sweet temper of our friends or the good things showered upon us, although any of these things may shame us out of our bad condition into a better one. Nor are the bad days bad because of the temperature or the ill fortune which befalls or the contradictory conditions that beset us, although these things may upset and disturb us to a degree.

Both kinds of days seem to begin with one consciousness as we wake and belong distinctly and definitely to our own personality, independent of the expression or action of anything or anybody.

We call our bad days, "blue," "grey," or "unsettled," as the mood suits us, and we call the good ones nothing except "good" or "brave."

We seldom try to explain them even to ourselves, but accept the feeling very much as we do sunshine and rain, night and day.

If we had the slightest idea that we could make our days just what we desired them to be, we would waste no time but would hasten to do so. There is so much that one may do to make the days beautiful that it seems as though a few simple practices might be adopted to save us the humiliations and pains that are the result of our acts and our ill feeling days.

We go to bed at night tired, perhaps overstrained and without the least hint of the long hours of silence that bridge the waking moments. We fall into a state of unconsciousness and stay there until awakened, and then jump into the world of work again.

Too many, alas, wake only to be conscious of the burden of life and the wonder as to what the day may bring forth.

There are people who question whether they shall put the feet out of the left or right side of the bed when they arise, and others who wonder if it is not best to dress the right foot first.

If the woman who begins all over again when she finds she has put her shoe on her left foot, when she should have begun with her right, or the man who suddenly wakes and lands on both feet, when he has been particular to advance one foot at a time, should have a few uncomfortable conditions arise during the day of such unfortunate action, she or he would have no doubt as to the cause of their troubles.

And the bad day might well be attributed to the ill fated arising, for one who is so wedded to an idea of personal safety through such signs would be so overcome by the seeming ill luck that the lack of poise would produce disaster without a doubt.

But all the sailors who put to sea on Friday are not drowned, and no more are all the women who dress according to signs and save saved from the petty annoyances of an ill feeling day.

The cause is deeper than our dressing and not so far away as the sunshine or our "stars."

It may please our fancy to reckon our favors as showered by fortune, whose approval we have won by special attention to days and devotions.

It may ease our consciences to swear that an ill wind blew us out of our course and caused our wreckage. We know there are propitious times for us to undertake an especial task, just as we know that the time to harvest is when the grain is ripe. We know that there are moments when our strongest efforts for success would avail nothing, just as we know that it would be useless to throw ourselves into the sea in a storm, even to save our dearest friend, if we cannot swim. These situations are external and affect us externally only.

But the "good days" and the "bad days" of our common, everyday life are affairs of internal relationship with all that is good and pure.

When we have exhausted our list of reasons for the bad day, having thought of everything from "bad news coming" to "some spirit who feels badly," we frequently wind up with the expression, "Well, I went to bed feeling badly last night." At last we have struck the keynote. We cannot get up feeling right until we go to bed right.

We have grown so accustomed to the idea that the night is the time for rest for the body, that we forget that sleep is the time for the spirit to release itself from its surroundings and add to its strength.

Our spirits are attached to our bodies by the subtle cord of life, and this being elastic allows much freedom to the spirit while the body sleeps and waits. Then may our spirits find opportunity to grow in knowledge of spiritual things by communication with other spirits.

We are so self hypnotized by the idea that our dreams are caused by our dinner, and that we really do not sleep well when we dream most, that we seldom strive to recall our visions and experiences of the sleeping state.

As usual, when we blindly follow without question, we are the losers.

Let us picture the ideal preparation for sleep and its consequent influence, and then let us cease our scoffing at dreams and dreamers and make effort to attain that slumber that brings joy and repose, refreshing and poise, and makes us stronger than our worst days, better than our best and at last so attunes us that all our days are good. The night has come.

The day has been exasperating in its demands, and, exhausted, we look with gratitude toward the resting place where we may lie down in forgetful sleep.

We are soon to close our ears to the noises of the world.

Our eyelids will cover the weary eyes.

We do not question the probability of uprising with the morning.

The responsibility is with God.

We do not say this but we feel it.

Now in the new knowledge of the possibilities of the spirit we make preparation to widen our experience.

Before we lower the light and when we are ready for the pillow, we will sit in silence and ask the nearest friend we have in spirit life to draw near and give us guidance.

In the white light of the spirit we will ask that our hidden purposes may be revealed to us, and as the benediction of peace is borne to our waiting hearts we will release ourselves from every impure or unholy desire.

What will we do then when we are wuffed to the land of our dreams?

Our spirit will hold sweet converse with those who have like purposes and desires with our own. The day to be will be the theme on which we seek instruction. The strength to be patient and kind will be the strength for which we pray. The understanding of the aspiration of those about us will be the knowledge for which we yearn.

In the night and darkness which preceded the morning of the world, there was no resting from labor done, but a preparation for the mighty work to be accomplished.

Night is the growing time for the spirit, and the world's work must cease and humanity lie down to slumber and to dreams under the softening influence of a darkened sky while the stately stars keep watch.

And will our growth be helpful and will the understanding of the tomorrow be given to us in a way that we can comprehend?

Without a doubt.

The babe does not remember the food of yesterday, nor see that he has grown, but by the loving care and gracious feeding he grows into sturdy boyhood, with limbs fit for the race of life, and brain responsive to teaching, and so our spirits may not remember the exact amount of sustenance or care bestowed upon them during the sleeping time of our bodies, but they grow in steadiness and refinement and are poised like birds on a bough which, without fear of storm cloud or winds that blow, still sing the songs of God.

### "Where's My Cap?"

He hunted through the library,  
He looked behind the door,  
He searched where baby keeps his toys  
Upon the nursery floor;  
He called the cook and Mary,  
He asked mamma to look,  
And tried to coax his sister May  
To leave her last new book.

He couldn't find it "anywhere!"  
He thought "some horrid tramp"  
Had walked in through the open gate,  
And stolen it—the scamp!  
It might be tucked away,  
Or else, perhaps, he'd torn it up  
And swallowed it for play.

And then mamma came down the stairs,  
Looked through the cupboard door;  
And there it hung upon its peg,  
Where it had hung before!  
And Tommy's cheeks turned rosy red;  
Surprise was in his face;  
He couldn't find his cap because—  
'Twas in its proper place!

—Selected.

### Words of Comfort.

To the Mother of Little Doris B.—

How our heart is touched as we read of your loss and know the pain which is yours. The dear little feet that ran at your call, the bright eyes that smiled back into your own, the hands that clung to yours and the voice that made music in your ears, all made life for you one bright, happy day, and every mother knows how glad your hours were.

The dreams you dreamed, and how they will come in spite of us, the hopes you held were all centered around the little life that was in your keeping and the completeness and fullness of your own life was to be in service for her.

And she slipped away.  
Like a strain of heavenly music that is wuffed to our ears through some open door, her dear life made melody in your heart for a time and when the door was closed and all was still, the silence must have been well nigh unbearable. In those first moments when the very air is heavy with stillness and we fear that in the sound of our beating hearts we may lose the whisper of comfort for which we yearn, we cannot even hear to hear the birds sing or the leaves rustle.

But the night of grief is swallowed up in the morning of hope.

Again we begin the day and with firmer step and braver spirit we set the house in order and make ready for the coming of our darling.

We know she will come. What one baby has done, another baby may do, and love shall so light the pathway to us that the little feet will never slip or stumble, but will enter at our door.

Oh, these mothers who stand weeping over empty cribs and unruled pillows!  
Who can give them comfort? Who can dry their eyes? God seems far away and the grave an impassable gulf to them.

"I could have borne pain and loss and misery of any kind, dear God, if only my baby could have stayed with me," they sob.

Up and down the world today the sad mothers are wandering, striving to be brave and to understand the reason of death.

Perhaps, dear friend, your little Doris will guide you to some sorrowing one whose baby is with her in that new life where she has gone and your knowledge of the love of God made manifest through ministering spirits may prove a shelter in time of storm.

Happy little Doris! To find a mamma smiling through her tears!

To find ready recognition of her every effort to draw near!

To find a mother earnest in her effort to take up her life naturally and beautifully as the dear little daughter would have her do!

Many a child will find the way to your loving arms because of Doris, much loved and loving much, now as in the earth life which was so limited in years so full in expression.

All the Home Circle mothers will hold you in their thoughts with tenderness. Those whose babies have passed into spirit life will be especially near to you and those who still cuddle and caress their little folks will give you a share of that motherhood happiness.

### Aaron Pepper's Horse.

A friend sends us the following:  
On the bank of the Mohawk River, midway between Amsterdam and Tribes Hill, New York, is the farm of Aaron Pepper. The proprietor is the possessor of several horses, and among them one that is totally blind. They frequently resort to the islands in the river for pastureage by fording the stream at a point near the dwelling, the blind mare usually following. During the occurrence of a severe frost the horses attempted to return, while Mr. Pepper, anxious as to the result, stood watching them from the north shore. Two horses and colts had entered the stream, then their blind companion followed. In a few minutes all were struggling against the rapid current, and falling to make any headway, the leaders sought the large island, while the blind beast became separated from them and drifted a considerable distance below until she gained

a foothold. Then, discovering the loss of her mates, and realizing her helpless condition, she gave a plaintive whinny. What was the result? One of the animals reentered the stream, and swimming to its unfortunate companion, touched it with the nose and directed it to the island retreat, which both reached in safety. *Our Dumb Animals.*

### The Legend of the Honey-Bee.

Isadore Church Harvey.

Many years ago, dearie, when there were lots and lots of fairies, and things were very different from what they are now, there was once a pretty field full of all kinds of flowers and insects.

You understand, of course, that there were many other fields, but it was in this particular one that something happened which caused the story of the Honey-bee to be written.

In the first place, it was a beautiful field. Here the fairies nearly always assembled for their midnight revels. It was here, too, the butterflies and bees gossiped with the flowers, bringing the news from the neighboring meadows.

It was also an aristocratic field. Only the gayest colored butterflies and the most velvety of velvet honey-bees were permitted to enter; all others were considered intruders. To be sure there were warty toads with funny, bulging eyes, and, in the autumn, crickets and katydids; for what field would be complete without these?

Let me tell you right here that the honey-bees went by an entirely different name. They were just a common insect, and they never ate honey.

The fairy queen, who was very good and kind, often came to the field to talk with the flowers and insects to find out if they were really as good as they appeared. She knew them to be hospitable and generous; but at the same time she had a feeling that they made unkind remarks about one another, and she determined to see if this was true.

Only that morning a strange bird had stopped in the field and sang so sad and weird that the flowers wept freely. The queen, who was resting in the sweetbriar near the wall, detected a note of sadness in his song, and her quick wit believed the flowers and insects to be the cause.

"I'll try them and see," she sweetly murmured. "Surely, there can be nothing false or unkind in the spirit of truth." The days passed one after another, and the flowers and insects watched in vain for their lovely queen, but she came not, neither did any of her attendants dance in the mystic circle in the center of the field.

But one day something happened. A butterfly whose gauzy wings were so strangely beautiful that the flowers bowed their heads in admiration, and the insects never once removed their eyes from him, came hovering over the field.

Hither and thither he floated, pausing for a second on a white daisy who trembled with delight, then on again he flew to the extreme edge, and alighted among the ferns.

"What beautiful wings!" whispered the daisies admiringly.

"As fragile as a dream!" echoed the butterflies.

"And, oh, so exquisitely molded," breathed the clovers.

In the middle of the field a warty toad watched the stranger, his bulging eyes never stopping to wink.

"Hush!" commanded the grasses, "he is talking."

"Yes, hush!" murmured the flowers.

"And hush," buzzed the insects.

The fairy queen in the disguise of the beautiful butterfly went from flower to flower, and from insect to insect, asking questions of all to see if they were good and true.

"Yes," confided the daisies to the butterfly, "the clovers are dear little things, but proud and arrogant."

Butterfly dropped a tear, much to the surprise of the daisies, and passed on to the clovers.

"The butterflies?" they repeated. "Oh, yes, we know them well. One has to manage them carefully; they possess such a jealous disposition. Of course, we don't wish to spread it any further. This is told in confidence, you understand."

Butterfly's wings commenced to droop, causing everyone to wonder what could be the matter.

"Oh, yes," assured the warty toad, flattered by Butterfly's attention. "I have lived here seven years; in fact, I have never lived anywhere else. You see, it is this way."

Butterfly flew to a bush, and concealing himself in the leaves, wept long and bitterly.

"Is there not one true one among them all? How disappointed I am. I thought they were as good as they pretended."

Butterfly wept till his wings shook with emotion.

"Ah," he smiled, "there is one more. I will try her, and see if she is as ready to say unkind things about her neighbors."

"How do you do?" politely remarked bee as butterfly alighted before him. "Nice field this, stranger. Won't you remain and be one of us?"

"I should hardly wish to do that till I had found out more about you people. How is it, are they all as good as they appear?"

"Fine fellows, every one," promptly replied bee. "Never saw better."

"Ah, but—are there none whom you find unpleasant?"

"I am happy to say there are none."

"The clover, for instance, is she not a little proud and arrogant?"

"No, no; you are mistaken. Clover is very modest and unassuming."

"And the butterflies, perhaps, now, they may show jealousy, or—"

"Don't, I beg of you, mention such a thing. Why, they are as good as they are beautiful. We love them, every one."

All the flowers and insects in the field gazed in astonishment, as the gay-colored butterfly changed in an instant to their own, beloved queen.

"Harken!" she cried, in a bell-like voice, which made the flowers bend their heads in shame. "Inasmuch as bee is the only one among you who gathers nothing but sweet thoughts from his friends, hereafter, his name shall be honey-bee, and his food the choicest sweets hidden in your blossoms; for so the fairy queen wills it."

With a sweep of her hand, taking in every living thing in the field, she made them farewell forever, and soared from sight, leaving the flowers and insects in tears.

Now you know, dearie, why the honey-bee gathers honey. It will ever be so; for thus the queen of the fairies has willed it.

The very essence of truth is plainness and brightness; the darkness and crookedness is our own.—Milton.

## SPIRIT

## Message Department.

MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUM.

SHIP OF

MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

Report of Seance held June 2, 1904. S. E. 57.

### 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.

Breathe over our waiting hearts the influence of peace and strength, O spirit of Infinite love. Spread over our drooping spirits the wings of Infinite love and wisdom, and so, sheltered and caressed by the evidence of all that is beautiful and good and true, may we grow strong and steady and be able to take up the duties and burdens of life with a brave spirit and a strong heart. We would not shrink or falter at any conditions which may confront us, but like immortal spirits, like those who live in the knowledge of eternal life, like those who stand arched in the spirit of truth, we would go forward to victory and joy. May our special work this afternoon be blessed with the success which we so much yearn for. May the dear ones who come here with trembling foot and shrinking manner be made strong by our assurance and our confidence; and so made strong, may they give the word that shall be so clear and coherent, so ready for recognition, that the heart to which the message goes will respond instantly and with great joy. We should live with the understanding of the oneness of spiritual life in all spheres, will make known to all those who are still wandering in the dark, the great tidings. We would give to them the knowledge that is ours, helping them to come out into the beauty and color of this beautiful understanding and expression of God in our life. Bless all those who sit in darkness, whose hearts are heavy, whose eyes are dimmed, those who listen for the step that is gone, those who watch for the form that comes not, O bless them spirits strong and tender; wrap about them the comfort and the knowledge of spirit return; make them steady and beautiful, even in their grief. Amen.

### MESSAGES.

#### Henry Garland.

The first spirit that comes to me this afternoon is a man about seventy or seventy-five years old. He is rather tall and slender. His hair is gray, he has a full gray beard and no mustache. He has a very kind face as though he would never do an unkind thing if he knew it, and if he erred at all it would be more on the side of doing too much than too little. He did not live around here because he shows me a picture as if he were pointing to it to indicate it was a far away country from which he came. He says, "I am from Butte, Montana, and my name is Henry Garland. I went to Montana many years ago when things were very much different from what they are today, and I came over to the spirit life with absolutely no knowledge of the place to which I was going. It was as new and strange a country as when I first traveled to the far West in my young manhood. The thing that most impressed me when I got to this life was the reality of the life. I knew I was going to die and I was philosophical about the matter, just as any one would be when they faced something there was no way to escape from, and when I opened my eyes and realized that it was all over and that I was really out of one world and into the next, it was so natural and real to me that I could not believe it possible. My friends gathered about me. They seemed to be conscious of my approach to their life. My wife and I passed on before me and she was there with her sister who had gone but a short time before. The rest of our friends were there, all seemingly anxious to give me some word of greeting and help on my entrance. I did not feel any shock, only great surprise, and even now when I am talking about it, it comes over me like a strange experience that I am really talking about a condition of life after death which I had not supposed was the end of that sort of an expression. I have been very much interested to see how far we spirits are able to give evidence of our identity. I have seen some who made an utter failure in their attempt to communicate, and others who seemed perfectly satisfied with what they had done. If I could say just a plain word about myself which would make my friends understand that I am still conscious of their life and thought of me and have responded to that thought, it would mean a great deal to me and I could tell some of my people over here, for you must know that all spirits do not believe in communication any more than all mortals do. There is a diversity of opinions about the wisdom or the power of such communication, and until there is a universal acceptance of the utility of spirit return there will be more or less bungling in the communication of those gone on. I want to reach my friend, Hiram Lewis. I am sure he would take an interest in this and I would like to have him make as much of a study as he can of these conditions and see if he cannot get into a responsive state that I may come to him apart from all the rest of the world. I have often been near Annie and have helped her. Poor little thing, she doesn't know how close we are to her in these times of trial, but if she could once understand, it would give her a very different purpose and understanding in life."

#### Emma Macdonald.

A spirit comes now who says her name is Emma Macdonald. "I am unhappy and I do not see how I ever can be very happy until I feel as though I belonged to the earth life more than this life where I am. My interests are here. The people I love are here, and to be ever in this other place without them troubles me. You may think it is strange when it is all so beautiful and perhaps it is, but I always cling to my friends

and if I could just take them with me I might be satisfied, but as it is, it is a matter of pain to me. I did not live on this side of the water. I came from Cambridge, England. It is strange for me to come here but I did not know just how to get back. I have been trying at the home and some one advised me to make this effort. I have a mother and father, also a brother. I am anxious to reach them. They are all wrapped up in a thought so different from this that it is almost impossible for them to understand. They would think I was mocking God to try to look into the other life. They suffer; they want me; but they try to think it is God's will. I have been so close to my mother at times that she has felt me, and she would be perfectly satisfied if she could see me herself without making any effort, so you can understand that I would leave no stone unturned to give her the evidence and make her feel more comfortable. I felt perhaps if I were able to come here I might gain more strength and be able to understand better just how people come. Lizelle, who is in the home and who has the same name that I have, is quite mediumistic, too, but she gets so nervous that it is very hard for me to stay close to her. When she gets into that nervous state I feel as if I were filled with electric needles. She gets so excited and throws off so much electricity that I have to go away and then come back and try again. My friend, Lina, is here today and wants to get to George. She says she will wait and see how I get along before she speaks."

#### Edgar Brown.

There is a spirit who says he is from Salem. "My name is Edgar Brown. I was forty-two years old when I left the body. I came over here in such a sudden way that it took me some time to wake up. By the time I got waked up I found there had been a good many changes. I think it would be a good deal better if people could sort of get ready for the trip and fix things up before they come, but, of course, a man goes on doing everything but that, he doesn't know what minute the trumpet is going to sound and as it was, I came out so very sudden, there was not even time to say good-bye. I wanted Mamma to have better things than she did have. It broke my heart sometimes when I thought of how hard she worked and how little she got, and since I have been over here and thought it all over, it just seemed as though my whole life was a failure. I worked and worked and worked trying to get the things other folks had and never got them. I used to think the Old Harry was in everything I touched and I didn't know which end to begin on when I came over here. There was nothing for me to do in the old line; I could not go to work in the old business, and so I kind of hung around to see if there was anything about the house I could do that would help up any one. I was sorry when Mamma had to move and sorry she had to go with the people that she did, but now things have changed and I have got more courage to talk. I feel as if I would like to have a chance to say all the things that are in my heart about her bravery and her effort. She is a medium and receives from the spirit, but she doesn't know that I am so anxious because it seems as though there was a reason for keeping me away, but if she will only try to let me have a chance I believe I can help her. I think I can prove to her that I am really sorry for many things I did and many more which I didn't do. If everybody knew just how unhappy they would be when they were shut up with themselves for all time, as far as they could see, with nothing to think of except the things they might have done, they wouldn't think they could afford to wait to be good until they came over here. It would be a relief if I could get to work. It would be better for me as far as my happiness is concerned if I could forget, but I cannot forget and I cannot find anything to do until I leave behind the past and begin anew and I want to do it right with her. I am glad I have had a chance to say this word and she will know and understand; that is all I care about, the rest will take care of itself."

#### Abbie Chandler.

A lady comes now who is tall and slender, with white hair and very dark eyes. She is very strong in her personality. It seems as if she could do anything that she tried and she does it all so easily, without much stir or fuss, but just going along in her own way. She says, "I know about Spiritualism. It was not a new thing to me for I for many years received spirits and talked with them, was guided by them and so helped by them. When I first came over to the spirit I think I was a little surprised that I didn't see at once all the things I had heard about. I don't know just what I thought, but as I look back on it now I think I must have thought I was going to have about a thousand eyes and see the whole world at once, but I have only seen it a little at a time just as you people see the earth world. I have come across my friends as I was able to understand and comprehend them. I have not been able to see all the things I hoped to see at once any more than you would be able to understand and comprehend all of Paris with a month of the life there. I would not come back. That is if I had my choice about it I would prefer to stay in this life. I feel as if my work was done in the earth life and that it is a better place for me here now. My name is Abbie Chandler and I am from Des Moines, Iowa. I have left a daughter and a sister, and many others whom I am anxious to speak to, but those two particularly I feel a desire to have know that I am able to speak to them and feel an interest in their life. My little boy, Willard, who came over here so long before I did, was the first person I met. He was as big and strong as his father and seemed to have no question about his loyalty and attention to his mother. I felt sometimes as if I had lost him, that the long separation would perhaps make him feel that his mother was only a stranger, but he had none of that feeling. He just slipped into my life as naturally as if he had never slipped out of it, and he is my constant companion and guide. I know you will all be glad to know that last month I took a trip to the old home and saw the things as they were being arranged and fixed for the summer. I said to myself if I were in the body now I would be doing these things for myself. As it is Uncle John is doing it for me. I don't know but I have said enough. It is just a bit to get the word to my own that they make an effort to understand and get more."

#### Distinguished Students at Yale.

William Pickens, a negro boy of Little Rock, Ark., who worked his way to Yale by shoveling dirt on a railroad and serving as helper in a Chicago machine shop, took the Ten Eyck prize in oratory at the last annual junior exhibition.

George Williamson Crawford, a negro boy of Birmingham, Ala., who has worked his way



## From Our Exchanges.

## Drink Disguised.

For the sake of saving a physician's fee they pour into their mouths and into their systems a quantity of unknown drugs which have in them percentages of alcohol, cocaine and opium that are absolutely alarming. A mother who would hold up her hands in holy horror at the thought of her child taking a glass of beer, which contains from two to five per cent. of alcohol, gives to that child with her own hands a patent medicine that contains from seventeen to forty-four per cent. of alcohol to say nothing of cocaine and opium. I have seen temperance women, who raved at the thought of whiskey, take bottle after bottle of some "bitters," which contained five times as much alcohol—and compared to which sherry, port, claret and champagne were as harmless as the pink lemonade at Sunday School picnics. I have had women rage in letters to this office because this magazine advertised a certain root-beer, with really no alcohol in it at all, while all these same women were swallowing bottle after bottle of "Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound," containing by volume 20.5 per cent. of alcohol, and allowing "Baker's Stomach Bitters," with 42.6 per cent. of alcohol, by volume, to be advertised on their barns.—Edward Bok in Ladies' Home Journal.

## An Osteopath's Advice to Osteopaths.

Let us speak out in clear, unequivocal terms in this regard and condemn not only deliberate murder, but manslaughter as well, not only abortion for considerations of convenience, but for any consideration. Let us not see how closely we can copy the old schools' code nor anything else they have. We are in a sorry plight when we cannot formulate our own rules of ordinary propriety and it is certainly most disconcerting if we have to go to allopathic and homeopathic codes for standards of osteopathic propriety. The crying need of our profession is the general adoption of the basic truths of the system in appropriate language and in the form of a "platform" or oath.

It is wrong for an osteopath to administer deadly drugs, therefore let us say so. It is wrong to employ measures that violate the structural integrity of the body; let us say so. And from a few main strictures of this kind may be evolved a code of ethics that will not only insure gentlemanly conduct but conduct such as characterizes the true physician—the osteopathic physician. Such a process based upon the truly osteopathic conception of the human body will solve all our difficulties and create a safe standard by which all innovations may be correctly and speedily judged.—Journal of Osteopathy.

## True, But Not New.

Prof. Elmer Gates has recently demonstrated that bad and unpleasant thoughts and feelings create harmful chemical products in the body, which are physically injurious; while good, pleasant, and cheerful thoughts and feelings create beneficial chemical products which are physically healthful. These products may be detected, by chemical analysis, in the perspiration and secretions of the individual. It is also a matter of common experience that thought vibrations can be projected from one mind to another, so that a similar feeling is experienced by a receptive mind which produces a changed condition and physical expression. In this way the healing power of one mind is exerted upon another, and arouses the latent forces to action. Ideal conditions are presented and received, and harmony and health are restored. Thoughts are indeed positive forces, and when consciously projected with a definite aim, they accomplish their purpose.—Practical Psychology.

## The Spirit Body.

There is within every mortal body a spirit body. This spirit body is composed of elements upon which physiological change and transformation have no effect. It is the permanent, eternal body, corresponding with the temporal, physical body and subject, more or less, to the forces of the material world so long as the physical body persists. The experience of many people, however, indicates that the spirit body may, at times, be seen at places and under conditions apart from the physical body. This is a great fact, a profound truth, because it proves the contention that in reality the spirit body is an independent structure, and that even here on earth its operations in this amazing manner demonstrate its immortality.

The gift of prophecy, the facts of hypnotism, psychometry and the like, belong to this field of the spirit's operations. In fact there is very little of importance to be attached to the physical body in the creative forces of nature. The physical body is a wondrous mechanism, but it is just that and nothing more. Composed of elements, every one of which is floating in our atmosphere or imbedded in our earth, it is the repository of the one element, which is the final analysis of all these other elements, constitutes spirit. Matter in all forms may be resolved toward this final element, spirit. Science and invention will yet discover the gap between ether—which is the hypothetical finality of matter—and spirit, and when that is done we shall no longer argue over the causative power of the Universe.—The Light of Truth.

## Pennsylvania Threatened.

The Philadelphia Medical Journal says a bill to make vaccination compulsory will be placed before the next Pennsylvania legislature, and an attempt will be made to place the enforcement under the jurisdiction of the board of health. If this learned editor will peruse the statute books of Pennsylvania, he will discover that it is one of the three states in the Union that today have compulsory vaccination laws. The people are too intelligent to permit their enforcement, and we will await with patience what suggestions the doctors now have that will enable them to carry out vaccination as they desire, as the present laws are under health board control.—Vaccination.

## Progress Through Changes.

Progressive changes go on through all eternity and mortals have no knowledge of what eternity is. Some spirit intelligences tell us that it is the past, the present, and the future, no matter what stage of intelligence or progression a spirit's identity may be in, he is capable of recalling the past, realizing the present, and is ever probing into the future of his destiny, hoping, expecting and looking for advanced growth in God's great school of life, and as life is indefinable, indescribable existence, that always has been and always will be, then all that mortal can do to insure their future happiness is to live to the highest principles of right and justice, live the intelligence within themselves.—A. J. Schellhouse in Philosophical Journal.

To know others is the only way to know ourselves. To find other men and women better and nobler than we will teach us humility; to find them poorer in worldly goods, hard-natured, more encompassed with difficulties and perplexities, will teach us pitifulness, toleration, forbearance.

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There's a day of triumph  
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Open wide the golden Portal  
One by one the old Friends  
will  
I know that they miss me at  
Home  
The soul goes marching on  
A thousand years in Spirit  
life  
Mother dear, oh! meet me  
there  
Our darling Annie  
In Heaven will know our  
love  
I'm never growing old  
Only a glimpse of the face I  
am seeking  
We are journeying home to-  
day  
Sweet voices at twilight  
Kiss me good-night  
She's waiting there for me  
Annie  
Rest is coming bye and bye  
Oh! when shall we ever get  
there  
Hopes of the long ago  
Just a little farther on  
My baby waits for me  
Was I only dreaming, dear  
Mother  
Waiting near the golden  
stair  
Beams of love light  
The Golden Gates are left  
ajar  
Love that never dies  
Looking beyond  
Will come back to me  
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Calculated for Washington and Greenwich time



## Societary News.

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

## Boston and Vicinity.

First Spiritualists' Church, M. Adeline Wilkinson, pastor, 694 Washington Street, Sunday, June 12th.—Morning conference, subject, "Can We Change our Destinies?" Speakers: Prof. Henry, Mr. Prevost, Dr. Brown, Mrs. M. Carbee, Mrs. Wilkinson. Mediums assisting during the day: Mrs. Blanchard, Mrs. May Millan, Mrs. Fox, Mrs. Myra Lewis, Nelly Grover, Mrs. Brown. Evening, Mr. H. H. Hicks, Prof. Webster, Mrs. Addie Brown, Mrs. Cunningham, Miss Millen, Mrs. Wm. S. Butler, Mrs. Knowles, Mrs. Belle Robertson, Mrs. Blanchard. Music by Mrs. Nelly Grover. Meetings held on summer Sundays, Wednesday evenings, Thursdays at 3. Indian Healing Circle Tuesdays at 3.

The 3rd Anniversary and Testimonial tendered to Mrs. Adeline Wilkinson by her many friends on Tuesday evening, May 31st, was a grand success. Mr. Foster presided. A Pianola concert by Mrs. M. Williams was greatly enjoyed by the large audience. Introductory remarks and greetings followed. The "Clover Club" then gave some choice selections. Remarks by Dr. H. Clough, who made a fine address: song, Miss Lily Brewer; recitations, Mrs. Fannie Curtis; birthday poem to Mrs. Wilkinson by Dr. Adeline Wildes; poem, Miss Lottie Thomas; song, Little Ella Brewer. A crown of flowers by the Spirit Guide of Mrs. Addie Brown was a marked event of the evening. Humorous selections by Prof. Richards, and closing address by Mrs. Wilkinson. Many musical selections by the orchestra and a collation closed the exercises. Dancing and a good time until twelve o'clock. With many wishes for many birthday parties the evening closed. Mrs. Wilkinson received many beautiful presents from her friends and she wishes to extend her thanks through the columns of the good old "Banner" to those who assisted in making this anniversary one of the best of all the birthdays in her life.—Cor.

First Spiritual Church of Boston, Inc., June 12th.—America Hall, 724 Washington Street, Rev. Clara E. Strong, pastor. The morning service the pastor was assisted by various speakers. Mr. Mason, controlled by "Sitting Bull," gave a fine exemplification of John v. 19. Mrs. Raymond was present and was used by several different controls, giving messages direct. Mr. Hershey and Mr. Brewer were heard with pleasure. Psalm xxxvii, "Fret not yourself because of evil workers." A grand talk of daily living was given by "Sitting Bull." Mrs. M. J. Butler spoke of the proofs of Spiritual life, the comfort and help the Power gives us and the ability to carry earth's condition. Miss Strong and Mrs. Davis spoke both afternoon and evening, giving forth wonderful thoughts of Spirit Power. The violin playing of Mr. Gold was thoroughly enjoyed and his playing and the singing of the Corinthian Quartet were greatly appreciated. Grand work was done by Mr. Tuttle and various others assisted and grand meetings were the order of the day.—A. M. Strong, clerk.

Waverley Mass., V. S. U. Home, Sunday, June 5th.—The official opening of the Summer Sunday Services at the Home began today under the most happy auspices. The morning began by the genial sun dispersing the threatening clouds and shining down upon us, in all his glowing warmth, betokened to us that he would send the children of earth out from the cities and towns into the fields and woods and groves. And old "Sol" proved to be a good prophet, too, for about 11 o'clock, the conductor of the Waltham Lyceum gave the signal at the outer door that they desired admittance. The doors were flung wide open to them and in marched the teachers and children with flags flying and all of them with happy, smiling faces. The full complement of exercises were gone through with, including recitations, and the Banner March around the grounds, and I will say, that the march around the grounds with the children bearing "Old Glory" aloft in their hands, made a very pleasing effect, and surprised and pleased the natives out here as being very pretty and interesting. I may also add that the officers of the V. S. U. welcomed to the grounds our Lyceum children, especially when they came as organized bodies. As the day wore on the people began to arrive at the Home in increasing numbers, and at the time to begin services there was standing room only. The meeting was presided over by President Irving F. Symonds. The meeting began by an invocation, Mrs. M. M. Soule; address by President Symonds. His theme was on "Concentrated Fraternal Helpfulness." He deplored the carping, untruthful criticisms by quondam Spiritualists that from the beginning have sought to paralyze by innuendo and calumny the efforts of well disposed Spiritualists to erect temples of worship, to provide comfortable homes for our worn out workers, to see that our indigent aged poor do not suffer for food or shelter; how well these evil disposed people in our ranks have succeeded in stopping all philanthropic work in this state may be inferred from the fact that no society, save one, is in ownership of property devoted to philanthropic purposes. "The time for a change of attitude relative to the taking care of our own has come," said the speaker, "if we do not wish to incur the scorn and ridicule of other sects that do care for their own. To cite one instance of the necessity for the co-operation of all Spiritualists in providing a place of refuge for our aged ones," the president mentioned one case where an old lady, a Spiritualist, ninety years of age, without a relative in the world, has been suffering for the mere necessities of life, sometimes without food for two days at a time, and he added, in all that is true and good and tender in your nature, saying, "Spiritualists, I ask you to arouse yourselves to a just sense of your responsibilities, shake off this lethargy that has enthralled your higher and better nature for so long a time, if to do good deeds here in the flesh is the only acceptable treasure in Heaven, then do some good act now, join some society that is working for the good of humanity, contribute something, be it much or little, money or talents. The graceful thing is to give that which we possess and have to spare." And a result of this appeal by the president for the quick relief of this old lady of 90 years, the sum of a little over eleven dollars was collected, and offers were made by generous souls for further relief by organizing entertainments, etc. I am pleased to record this incident, for it has been said that Spiritualists are indifferent to appeals of this nature, when brought to their notice. Mrs. M. M. Soule, first vice president of the Veteran Union, responded to the invitation of the president to give us expressions of helpfulness and comfort, from her own personality, and that of her spirit guides. This was responded to most graciously by herself and guides. Words of hope, comfort and strength were given to us, prompted by her own gentle spirit, and her guides brought to us solace and comfort from our loved ones in spirit life. Dr. C. E. Watkins was invited to the rostrum. He spoke very interestingly upon things pertaining to the phenomena of Spiritualism. He seemed

to think that the confirmed "Test Hunter," and his number is legion, to the progressive movement of the day, that he generally knew as little of the ethics, science or religion of Spiritualism as a Hottentot or a South Sea Islander. That he represented the embodiment of selfishness, because he took no interest in Spiritualism outside of a personal test to himself.—J. H. Lewis.

Haverhill, Mass., Spiritual Union.—The last three Sundays in May we had the services of the Rev. May S. Pepper, concerning whose work I desire to speak briefly. The persons who strive in a legitimate manner to make the most out of their opportunities in life should be "applauded" and not censured, as I have observed is done in many cases. Any person blessed with rare gifts of any character should have the opportunity to unfold them. It not only means very much to them, but to the world at large. Those that are blessed and fail, perhaps, ought not to be censured, but rather should be pitied. Those that get on in life must combine effort with native ability or meet with failure. That Mrs. Pepper should succeed in her chosen field of work then is not so strange, for she has these particular requisites that I have mentioned. With her unbounded success she is never egotistical or vain. She bears her honors modestly under all circumstances. For ten years she has been coming to our city and during that time we have seen a marvelous growth of her powers as a medium and advanced in her work. The audiences that greet her are fitting eulogies as to the quality and magnitude of her work. After these years of pleasant association as individuals and her ministrations to us as a society, as much as we regret the parting as a society, and as a people, with one accord we hope and expect her efforts in her new fields of labor will be crowned with success. So strange that Boston, the Mecca of Spiritualism, should make such a fatal mistake in allowing Mrs. Pepper to become pastor of a church in Brooklyn instead of Boston! They should have seized this golden opportunity to have added another star as a much needed complement to that of Rev. F. A. Wiggin, who has been so eminently successful. I am pleased to announce that the seasons of '03 and '04 have been successful in every particular. We have added several excellent members to the Union, removed to a new and spacious hall, paid all bills to date, and have a surplus in our treasury. We are to supplement our regular course of meetings with evening meetings through the month of June. The course will be opened by Mrs. Helyett, of Lynn, as speaker.—W. W. Sprague.

Salem, Mass.—The First Spiritualist Society, Odd Fellows' Hall, Sunday, May 22d. Today was held our 51st anniversary celebration, all day. Union circle at 11 a. m.; 2.30 p. m., Mrs. Anna Chapman and Miss Mabel Page; 7 p. m., musical and literary entertainment, well-known talent, including Misses Dolly and O'Brien from the N. E. Conservatory, Criss Clark, baritone soloist and closing address by the president, subject, "Trials and Joys of Forty Years' Experience in the Work." Special music all day. Our excellent president, Mrs. Baker, delivered a splendid address, which was listened to with great pleasure. Our winter meetings have been a great success and largely attended. The morning circle has proved of great value to the large numbers attending it, and the pleasing and sympathetic manner of Mrs. Dora D. Webster thereof has won her many friends. We are much indebted for our fine music to Mr. Holden, who has provided it for us throughout the meetings. Our summer meeting, Camp Progress, has been very opened and promises to be a success in every way. The Lynn-Salem electric cars pass the grove, and our visitors can procure refreshments all day on the grounds, to which the admission is free.—Abbie N. Burnham.

## General.

Portland, Me., June 5th.—Our speaker today was C. Fannie Allen. She allowed members of the audience to select the subjects for lectures and poems and spoke in her usual spirited and energetic manner. Her lectures both afternoon and evening were well attended and listened to attentively.—Mrs. F. E. Allen, clerk.

Washington, D. C.—The First Spiritualist Society of summer school classes will meet at Marshall Hall, a few miles down the Potomac River. The Ladies' Aid met at the apartments of Mr. and Mrs. Willis, north-west. After the minutes were read by our secretary, Mr. F. H. Wood, Mrs. M. T. Longley responded to a paper read by Mrs. M. A. Willis, "How to Bring Out the Love from Children," and we all know how able Mrs. Longley can handle any subject, giving advice to the little ones. Her little guide, "Nannie Gibson," is always welcomed by us. We were happily surprised by a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Harrison D. Barrett. Mr. Barrett responded to call for some remarks. His theme was, "On the Growth of Spiritualism." After Mr. Barrett's engagement at Baltimore, he will take his departure for St. Louis, Mo., to espouse the cause of universal Spiritualism in his able way. The meeting closed with an address by Mrs. Congdon and musical selections by Miss Farrow and Miss Bachman.—E. R. Fielding.

Washington, D. C.—The Ladies' Aid Society, auxiliary to the First Association, has continued its weekly meetings since the close of the regular Sunday services of the Association. Interest in this work is well sustained and the attendance is good. On Thursday evening, May 26th, the meeting was held at 402 A Street, S. E. After a brief business session, the company was entertained with song by Mr. and Mrs. Longley. The president, Mrs. W. M. Farrow, called attention to a message purporting to come from Spirit J. Frank Baxter, published in "Banner of Light" in which he said that he came into the presence of those with whom he had so often met while in the physical form, it was difficult for him to realize that he was not one with them, still in mortal life. By request, Mrs. Longley, from her varied experience as a medium and interpreter, gave the rationale of such seemingly real material conditions, in which the decarnate ones sometimes find themselves. Spirit "Nannie" being drawn into the current of our thoughts, told of her school life in spirit, her teachers and their methods of instruction, appealing, at times, to the more advanced ones, to prompt and aid her in giving desired information. Subjects for an impromptu poem were presented. Proceeding rapidly in hexametric verse, just as the spider weaves its web out of its own life, so she, out of her abounding life and knowledge, wove a fabric, beautiful and instructive to all. Spirit messages were given—privately—by Mrs. Henkle, Mrs. Stephens, Mrs. Price and Mrs. Noble. The exercises were closed with song and encore by Miss Bachman.—F. A. W.

Fine-spun thoughts cannot vibrate in union with coarse-grained tissue.—Anon.

As soon as we have discovered the need for our joy or sorrow we are no longer its serfs, but its lords.—Lowell.

The best men are not those who have waited for chance, but those who have taken them; besieged the chance; conquered the chance; and made chance the servant.—Chapin.

## Campmeeting News.

## Camp Progress, Mowerland Park, Upper Swampscott, Mass.

The opening Sunday, June 6th, witnessed a grand success at this favorite meeting place. The 11 a. m. meeting was attended by an unusually large audience. Visiting and local mediums gave excellent satisfaction.

The afternoon services were opened with an invocation by Mrs. H. A. Baker, followed by a duet by Mrs. Bertha H. Merrill and Mrs. Annie Hall. Prof. Arthur, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Mr. Newhall, Mr. DeBois, Mrs. Mabel Page and others spoke and gave messages at the afternoon sessions.

There were crowds present all day and notwithstanding the threatening weather of the afternoon, they remained until twilight began to settle down over the face of Nature.

The old camp exerts a strong fascination on any one who has ever visited it and all seem to be loath to leave it, even when the shades of night are hovering over it.

Among the many of our old friends we noticed Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Stiles of Boston, and we hope to see them, and many others who have visited us in the past.

We are doing all we can to make our meetings interesting and are always glad to see old or new mediums and friends. Please call at the office and make yourselves known and we will make you cordially welcome.

If you come from Boston by electric ask for transfer to Salem car and you can get through to Grove for 10 cts.—Corr.

## Unity Camp, Lynn, Mass.

Under the auspices of the Lynn Spiritualists' Association, Unity Camp, Saugus, was successfully and auspiciously opened to the public Sunday, and the several meetings were well attended.

At two o'clock a conference meeting was held, which was opened with an invocation by Mrs. Ida P. Whitlock, who afterwards extended a cordial welcome and greeting to those present, to the privileges of the camp and the beautiful grove, and to one and all who may desire to visit the camp during the summer season.

Remarks were also made by Mrs. Maud Litch, Mrs. Hare, J. S. Scarlett of Cambridgeport, and Mr. Baker.

The regular meeting of the day was held at four o'clock, when Mrs. Whitlock read a poem entitled "Progress," after which she delivered a forcible and interesting address on "Spiritualism," and gave many instances which went to show the progress and advancement which had been made since modern Spiritualism was first introduced, and she defended it from the unjust attacks which had been made upon the philosophy by people of skeptical ideas and of other beliefs.

Mrs. Whitlock followed her address by giving a number of tests.

At 6.30 o'clock a song service was held. At 7 o'clock the evening meeting was begun, which was addressed by Mrs. Whitlock, who gave a short address along spiritualistic lines.—Com.

## Lake Pleasant, Mass.

The arrival of early campers has been retarded by the stormy weather during the past week, and in consequence but few cottages have been opened since my previous letter. Harry S. Savage has leased the baggage privilege, and has taken the Evans' cottage on Montague St. Capt. Jack Glickland is painting the row boats and steamer and is hustling to have them in readiness for the Episcopal Sunday School picnic from Greenfield on Saturday, June 18th.

Dr. Burchmore has let his cottage to Mr. J. Frank Jones, who arrived with his family on Monday last. The Misses Grace and Sadie Severance have opened their cottage on the bluff and are getting the Lincoln cottage in readiness to let. Mrs. Clara J. Chamberlin has sold her cottage to Mrs. Angie Olney, who is preparing it for rental, and Mrs. Kate Eddy has sold her cottage to Mrs. Horner of Boston. Mrs. Nora J. Dowd has had her cottage on Montague Street renovated and painted. Mrs. E. M. Shirley is located on Lake Shore Street. Mr. Albert Valentine, whose ability as a landscape gardener is well known, has beautified the terraces near the railroad station. He set out over two hundred plants containing forty-two varieties.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Fales, Mr. and Mrs. Maybury, Mr. George W. Sparrow, Mrs. Willard, Mrs. Blake, Mr. Kingman, Mr. and Mrs. Brewster, Mrs. Mary Moore and Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Collins, Mrs. F. A. Bickford and Miss Sadie Bickford, Mrs. M. L. Andrews and Mrs. and Miss Tozier were among the more recent arrivals. Dr. and Mrs. M. A. Shaw of Marlboro made us a flying visit during the past week. We hope to have the doctor among us as a Lake Pleasant property owner in the near future.

The Post Office opened June 8th under the charge of Miss Alice Hosmer, as the representative of our genial postmaster, H. S. Streeter. Mr. Streeter, who is also station agent, telegraph operator, correspondent for two newspapers, auctioneer and dancing teacher, as well as manager of the Columbia Orchestra, will arrive here June 15th and take up his multitudinous duties. "Bert" Streeter may be young in years but he is old in occupations.

The writer will lecture at Portland, Me., on June 19th. From Portland he will go to his old home at Wiscasset for a ten days' vacation, but all letters of inquiry and applications for circulars will be forwarded to him from Lake Pleasant, and responded to promptly.—Albert P. Blinn, Clerk, Special Correspondent and Agent for the "Banner of Light."

## PASSED TO SPIRIT LIFE.

THOMAS J. SKIDMORE, LILY DALE, N. Y.

Passed to spirit life from his home in Lily Dale, N. Y., Thomas J. Skidmore, on May 25th. The remains were interred at Forest Hill Cemetery, Freehold, N. Y. The funeral was a splendid testimonial to the appreciation and respect in which Mr. Skidmore was held by the hosts of people who were his friends. The cortege was the largest ever proceeding from these grounds. Mr. Skidmore, as is well known, has been identified with the camp from the time it was known as Casadaba Camp down to the present time under its new name of "The City of Light Assembly." His dear wife, Marion Skidmore, who laid aside the mortal nine years ago, was one of the indefatigable friends of the work here and her name, with that of her husband who has now rejoined her, will ever remain inscribed upon the archives of this association. Mr. Skidmore has been a Spiritualist for a great number of years, an investigator. In the early days he was of a kindly disposition, tender hearted, and sympathetic, and his life was full of good deeds done in a quiet and simple manner. Under the rugged exterior there was a fine Spiritual nature. He has almost completed his 78th year of mortal pilgrimage, and for some years past had been in failing health.

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CHARLES H. CRAWFORD, CHICAGO, ILL.

Charles H. Crawford, M. D., of Chicago, author of a new book, "Natural Laws Governing the Mortal and Immortal Worlds," passed to the higher life suddenly April 25th. His book is a beautiful message that will stimulate the mind to greater spiritual activity and help those seeking for light.

## THE BOY TO HIS MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

Is it wrong to wish to see them,  
Who were dear to us on earth,  
Who are gone to heavenly mansions,  
Who surround a brighter hearth?  
Is it wrong to mourn their absence,  
From the parted household band?  
Should we check the sigh of sadness,  
Though they're in a better land?

Is it wrong to hope to meet them,  
Yet upon that blessed shore,  
And with songs of joy to greet them,  
When this toll of life is o'er?  
I've a mother up in heaven,  
And, oh! tell me, if you will,  
Will that mother know her children—  
Will she recollect them still?

Can she look down from those windows,  
To the dark and distant shore?  
Will she know when I am coming—  
Will she meet me at the door?  
Will she clasp me to her bosom,  
In her ecstasy of joy?  
Will she always be my mother—  
Shall I always be her boy?

And thou, loved one, who didst leave us  
In the morning of thy bloom,  
Dearest sister, shall I meet thee  
When I go beyond the tomb?  
Shall I see thy lovely features—  
Shall I hear thy pleasant words,  
Sounding o'er my spirit's heartstrings,  
Like the melody of birds?

And I think me of another,  
Of a darling little one,  
Who went up amongst the angels,  
Ere his life had scarce begun?  
Oh! I long once more to see him,  
And to hold him in my arms,  
As I did when he was with us,  
With his thousand budding charms.

—Anon.

Until men are ready to be just when justice is opposed to their own interests, until they are honest when honesty does not seem to be politic, they are not really just, not really honest. This alone is perfect evidence of sincerity in those who advocate a cause or contend for a truth. Then, amid outward destruction and trial, there is inward peace.

## "THE GENTLEMAN FROM EVERYWHERE"

By JAMES HENRY FOSS

The following headings of the thirty-two chapters of this book show that it treats of very interesting themes:

Launching of My Lifeboat; My First Voyage: Near to Nature's End; My Boyhood; My School Days; Care of a Domestic Pedagogue: Dreams of My Youth; A Disenchanted College Professor: In Shadow Land; Sunlight and Sunshine in Past and Present; Adventures in Mexico; In Arcadia; From Philistine to Benedict and a Honeycomb; The Angels of Life and Death; Tribulations of a Wife; A Woman's Story; Hand in Hand with That Edifying Christian Science; In the Land of Flowers; Sunbeam, the Feminine; A Founder of Towns and Clubs; A Million Dollar Business With a Dollar Capital; A Fendallion "Twixt Smiles and Tears; Monarch of All He Surveyed; Then Deposed; Forebodings of Immortality; A Practical Society; and Colonies; Hand in Hand with That Edifying Christian Science; Campaigning in Wonderland; Among the Clouds; Disenchanted—Home Again; The Florida Cracker; Looking Forward.

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Gives continuous Tables of Houses for latitudes 22° to 66°, both north and south, and four other tables needed in making true figures, with ample instructions, and exposure of errors in the ordinary tables and methods; also an account of Standard Time in this country, and how to use it, with other scientific points much neglected.  
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## The Sixteen Principal Stars, Etc.

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Contains also the first correct ephemeris of Uranus and Neptune, for 1854-1914, and one of Neptune from 1798 to 1854, the only ephemeris of the planet for that period. This latter separate is 15 cents.  
Paper. Price, 70 cents.

## The Boston Ephemeris, 1898-1901.

A superior one in all respects, with much valuable matter in the text. That for 1902, the last, has only the planets' places, its main feature being a notably unique discourse on Astrology, etc., showing its history, exposing the folly and fraud now in working nativities, and specifying many of the notorious ones and their crooked ways. 'Tis the first sound, impartial, inside view of the subject, is full of interest and value to the few real students who can apply the rational and exact method of learning the true science in it, and how the art might be honestly practiced.  
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