

# BANNER LIGHT.

AN EXPONENT OF THE  
PHILOSOPHY OF THE FUTURE

VOL. 95.

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

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1904.

[\$2.00 Per Annum,  
Postage Free.]

NO. 18

## THE INSPIRATION OF THE TRUTH.

William Brewster.

What a noble thought has come to light,  
And it shines as gold in desert sand;  
Or it gleams as stars with lustre bright;  
And it waves o'er us a fairy wand,—  
'Tis the thought of man from wrong made free.

Free from bonds of time and care and sense;  
'Tis the breaking wave of love's great sea,  
That engirds our shores with might immense!

What a splendid thought invades the heart,  
And it makes it pure and keeps it blest,  
And it bids the clouds of fear depart,  
And inspires the soul with God's own rest.

'Tis the truth that Wisdom holds the world,  
As it rolls and rolls in ceaseless round,  
That Love's banner bright is far unfurled,  
And the good of Good in all is found!

What a lovely thought has won our will,  
How it makes us brave from day to day;  
How under its hope we faith fulfill,  
And pursue with joy the better way,—  
'Tis the truth that man has God's own might,  
When he works for God with manhood bold,  
When he loves the light and claims the right,  
And thro' him the truth of God is told!

What a lofty thought that Death is dead,  
That as souls we walk along Life's road,  
That we follow where the angels tread,  
In a pathway beautiful and broad;  
Or from room to room in bliss we go,  
And we find its furnishings are fair,  
With the pleasures pure we here did know,  
And the things of peace immortals share!

What a cheering thought that helping man,  
There is help for self and help for God,  
And the working out of heaven-born plan,  
And the birth of flowers in barren sod;  
That this earth shall gain its grand desire,  
And that men shall live in sacred peace,  
For the brother spirit shall be as fire  
Burning greed, till hate and war shall cease!

What a world of truth, divine and sweet,  
(While the summers come and summers fade),  
We are meeting now in field and street,  
Or in its image too our life is made;

We cannot be sad, we cannot go wrong—  
With a star like this full in our sight,  
And the journey ever finds us strong,  
As we keep in view this golden light!

## The Spiritual Rostrum.

### What Has Jesus Brought to the World?

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.

A Discourse given before the Church of the Soul,  
Chicago, Ill.

#### INVOCATION.

Eternal Life and Light, Infinite God, the  
Light of eternity; beyond all weakness of  
human beings, of time and sense the  
Strength of all life; beyond all shadows, be-  
yond the darkness the Love that triumphs  
over all: unto Thee we turn in praise. Great  
songs of praise go out to Thee from human  
hearts that are drunken with the senses and  
with external life and its success, for this  
they praise Thee, as when warriors praise  
Thee for success in battles, as when one  
praises Thee that he has triumphed over his  
kind. But we praise Thee because of the  
blessedness of the life of the soul, whether  
there be joy or sorrow, strife or peace;  
whether there be in human life love or hat-  
red, we know that love abideth and that  
will triumph. We sing songs of praise be-  
cause of the beauty and splendor that are  
here, because of the shadowy places and  
darkness that are here, for we know these  
but express the human state and that the  
shadow is often brighter than the outward  
splendor. We praise Thee that through  
these paths of time and sense and change  
man has a guiding light and there is a path-  
way that he ultimately walks with Thee;  
that he ultimately understands. As we  
know that around and around the mountain  
side one may tread but at last will reach  
the height, so we know that through Thy  
perfect love and the wonder that it accom-  
plishes all devious ways and paths of time  
and sense lead unto the height of that love.  
Therefore, do we praise Thee for as much  
in human life of that great lesson as has  
been learned, for as much as has been at-  
tained in the pathway of human experience,  
and for such as upon the heights see the  
lights and beckon unto those in the valley.  
May every life learn that even at this hour,  
whatever be the shadow, or seeming joy of  
earth, there is not one shadow upon the light  
of Thy perfect love. Amen.

#### DISCOURSE.

"I come not to bring peace, but the sword."  
—Jesus.

Whatever be the meaning of the Christ-  
maside that the Christian world celebrates,  
it certainly does not mean peace, for the  
armament of nations, the battleships, forti-  
fications and the destructive agencies and  
forces ready to be employed by one nation  
against another mean other than peace.

When the angels announced at the birth  
of Jesus the advent of "Peace on earth and  
love to man," it was the message of the Mes-  
sianic life that was to appear. But the Mes-  
senger well knew that peace was not ready  
to dawn upon the earth.

Whatever other worlds are for, whatever  
be the great dominant influence on other  
planets, it is probable that this earth in the  
past and up to the present time has been the  
world of sorrow, and that such lives as so-  
journ for many embodiments do not sojourn  
here for joy. Every cup of seeming happi-  
ness has bitterness lurking in it somewhere,  
and all who seem to attain to human joy at-  
tain to a joy that perishes. Of course we  
know that souls attain greater joy, we  
know that lives ultimately all find that joy.  
We know that the past Dispensation of  
many lesser Messiahs culminating with  
Jesus of Nazareth, was a Dispensation of  
sorrow. All of the civilizations in the Orient  
have risen and gone down in the shadow of  
great crime and wrong. All peoples have  
been uplifted by the strength of the sword  
and have passed out by the strength of the  
sword. The great civilizations with arts  
and science that should portend the dawn of  
peace have perished because of the cupidity  
and corruption of the race and those in  
power. There is no history that you can  
even disentomb from ancient Egypt or other  
remote nations that is not written in blood.

Therefore, when the Christ-child came in  
the lowly manger; when the Christ-child had  
to be hidden away in Egypt because of the  
cruelty of kings, it did not mean that then  
and there the outpouring of peace was upon  
the earth. It did not mean that then and  
there the overbrooding spirit of the Dove  
had come to abide. Because the very first  
act toward him was an attempt at violence;  
and the very thought of his birth made  
Herod destroy thousands of innocent lives;  
an example for Caesar and other rulers, for  
what Herod does in one age all future  
Herods must do.

When Buddha Gautama left the pleasure  
house, with its gardens of beauty and all  
blandishments for the senses, builded by his  
father the king, and departed on his journey  
to learn the meaning of sorrow he illustrated  
what one of the lesser Messiahs of that Dis-  
pensation of sorrow must illustrate, he found  
the divine solution in the great plan, that in  
the lines of life for all souls few were ready  
comparatively to leave the dispensation of  
sorrow. Only such as might be the "first  
fruits" in the kingdom or harvest.

When the Christ life at the age of twelve,  
in the form of Jesus of Nazareth, disputed  
with the "Doctors" in the Temple, telling  
them the inner meaning of the ancient Scrip-  
tures there was no love to that child in their  
hearts; and when later on, at the very height  
of his work and when the crown of his mis-  
sion was upon him to preach the truth, to  
declare the "peace," to proclaim upon Olivet  
the Beatitudes, to uplift the lowly and  
strengthen the weak, visit the humble, and  
forgive the sinning, there was antagonism  
among the Jews and Romans against him.  
This teaching was not compatible with the  
worldliness and power of that period. It  
was not compatible that he should eat with  
"publicans and sinners" when those Pharisees  
only ate and talked with those who kept  
the form of the commandments and the ex-  
ternal ceremonies prescribed in the decal-  
ogue. It was not in keeping with the spirit  
of the age when he gave the commandment:  
"A new commandment I give unto you, that  
ye love one another." Of what avail would  
be all the striving and warfare, and the  
dominating power of kings and priests in the  
Temple if that spirit prevailed?

The Christ spirit is the spirit of "sedition,"  
so-called, in every age. The spirit of the  
reformer is not the spirit of bloodshed, but  
it is the one that is condemned as being the  
cause of bloodshed. It was not the insurrec-  
tion nor Toussaint L'Ouverture that slaugh-  
tered the slave-holders of Santo Domingo; it  
was slavery. It was not the Abolition move-  
ment that brought on the war of the Rebel-  
lion. If there had been no slaves there would  
have been no abolition movement. When  
William Lloyd Garrison was dragged through  
the streets of Boston for speaking words of  
freedom for the black men, he committed no  
act of violence; and when to protect and as-  
sist a few women who were organizing an  
anti-slavery society the minions of mammon,  
those who followed the guidance of "might  
makes right," being prejudiced by the voice  
from the pulpit, aided in dragging this man  
through the streets in an attempt to hang  
him; these were those who brought about  
the rebellion. William Lloyd Garrison was  
a non-resistant as far as the sword was con-  
cerned, but he "spoke daggers" however, for  
truth is a "two-edged sword" and always  
pierces error.

When Italy, awakening from her long night  
of papal bondage through Mazzini's kindling  
of the wonderful fires of the Reformation  
that freed beloved Italy unto all generations  
of time, she awoke Ugo Bassi unto the  
knowledge of the justice of his cause. Ugo

Bassi was one of the mildest of men, he  
preached such love as brought tears from  
the eyes of those who listened to him, and  
the multitudes of people who were accus-  
tomed to receive his ministrations at the al-  
tar were wild in his praise: he spoke words  
of such Christ-comfort that the sick, the  
sorrowing and depressed were straightway  
healed by the balm of the Christ-spirit.  
Whenever he opened his lips he spoke to the  
lowly such words as made them feel that  
they were one with the Master on Olivet and  
on the Mount of Transfiguration. His words  
bore healing even as his touch thrilled and  
permeated them with the great light of the  
Master's spirit. Upon such lives, in and out  
of the church, the Christ-spirit seems to de-  
scend. And they bear forward the real Dis-  
pensation unto the end. He spoke to the  
multitude of the love of God and the love of  
Christ. When at last Pope Pius the IX  
withdrew from public gaze and made himself  
a prisoner in the Vatican, he joined Garibaldi,  
encouraging the soldiers in their work  
and preaching the gospel of freedom and  
truth to the people, who bore testimony, it  
is true that he did not carry a sword. But  
he could no more have remained at the Vati-  
can than you could remain, if a slave-holder  
were outside destroying the lives of his  
slaves, and sit here supinely.

The Christ-spirit takes peaceable posses-  
sion of exalted lives, but they are not so  
supine that they sink meekly down when the  
time comes for action and say, "that there  
is nothing to be done." If God puts a sword  
in the hand of a George Washington or a  
Garibaldi it is because the sword has been  
used freely against his people.

We do not say that every one can fight in  
this spirit; we do not say that war is the  
supreme palliative for wrong. But there al-  
ways comes a time in the history of nations  
when there is a George Washington reared  
up; when there is a Garibaldi reared up;  
when there is a General Grant reared up.  
Albeit, in other Dispensations there will  
come a time when there will be no more  
slavery, when bondage will not be upon the  
people.

When Jesus said, "I come not to bring  
peace but the sword," he saw in perspective  
that which the future would bring: All these  
lines of bloodshed, martyrs chained in dun-  
geon cells, burned at the stake and thrown  
into the dens of wild beasts and devoured;  
the great spiritual waves sweeping over their  
souls while the flames consumed their bodies  
so they did not know it. Gethsemane was  
the physical man of sorrow who was one  
with human pain. Olivet was the typical  
Jesus of love and benefaction, both are es-  
sentially the possession of the Christian era.

What Ugo Bassi did, all mild, enlightened  
men would do. He saw the spirit of the  
people rising from the shadow of a great po-  
litical and theological wrong. He was a  
priest, not so much of the church as of  
Christ.

This Christ-spirit is redeeming! Aside from  
all these centuries of bloodshed, and torture,  
and slavery, there are these Christ-natures  
that are steeped through and through with  
the spirit of the Master, that know what  
that spirit means, that understand what it  
does for humanity. But the inevitable and  
most beautiful lesson is: not only to encour-  
age that which is really meant to enfran-  
chise the people, not only to give to the voice  
in the senate or congress hall, in whatever  
place or time the man feels this presence and  
power to speak the truth for humanity, but  
to speak it as did Saxonarola in the midst  
of his enemies in the church; as did Ugo  
Bassi; while all the priests and Cardinals  
followed the pope he was one with Italy, not  
only in action, but in spirit; when the right  
time comes to say the right word regardless  
of what it shall do. It is not our province  
to decide the effect of the word. It is our  
province to speak it; to speak it at the time  
and place when the voice of truth requires  
it. If slavery is wrong to say so, though  
every slave-holder cries "kill him," as they  
did of William Lloyd Garrison. Albeit, the  
time came when King Victor Emmanuel had  
the crown of Italy placed upon his head by  
the choice of the people. The time came  
when William Lloyd Garrison marched  
through the streets of Richmond, Virginia,  
and the slaves were free. All men who  
speak the truth do not live to see the fru-  
ition of that for which they spoke: usually  
the flame, the guillotine, the axe or gallows  
receives them. But these men did.

Chiefly, however, the legacy the Jesus and  
his Dispensation left to the world is the  
legacy of suffering. Now by this we do not  
mean the mockish sentiment of monks and  
nuns; we do not mean that which should  
prompt any one who has a cup of joy to fill  
it with bitterness to emulate the Christ; we  
do not mean that the wine cup which is given  
to you as the sweet wine cup of youth and  
love that you shall, therefore, proceed to  
poison it in Christ's name.

There could be no more lovely comparison  
than the comparison which Jesus made of  
the vine: "I am the true vine, my Father  
is the husbandman." You do not know much

about the vine in this country, but in those  
countries they did. Now the tree puts its  
roots into the ground, stretches up its trunk  
and its branches are wide-spreading, and it  
bears its fruitage very rarely hampered by  
man. All things in nature seem to have  
measurably a choice of growth except the  
vine. Where there are vineyards and the  
vine puts forth its fruit it has a strong  
trunk, but its many branches are cut and  
pruned, and pruned to what end?  
To the bearing of fruit, that the great pulses  
of its life may not flow all into the trunk,  
the branches and leaves—as you have seen  
the wild grape vine if it has been unseen of  
man—it may not have in springtime had its  
way, yet at autumn when it yields the full  
life-tide of its blood into the purple grapes  
which men not only gather, but trample in  
the wine press; it gives its life away. Then  
the vine is cut down and all through the  
lonely winter, amid the storms it does nothing;  
yet the life is there and again in the  
springtime it comes forth, and these wonder-  
ful tendrils seek to go out in the freedom  
which nature seems to give; but always the  
husbandman is there, and always the cut-  
ting and pruning is there. "I am the true  
vine," this life blood that flows in and  
through my life, this great light of the soul  
is not to go wandering waywardly and un-  
trammelled through the wilderness of earth.  
God is the "husbandman" and the pruning  
has been in sorrow, in the various vicissi-  
tudes of life. You can have a will that is  
not His will, but after a while the vicissi-  
tudes show what it is unto the vintage of  
the soul, unto the great truth, unto the light.

The meaning of sorrow is so little under-  
stood; people so always try to escape it that  
it is no wonder there has to be an especial  
plan set apart for its illustration, and es-  
pecial Messiahs to teach its lesson. The  
"man of sorrows, acquainted with grief" is  
the man "that hath not where to lay his  
head." These are the lessons that this  
planet brings. Kings and emperors, those  
who dwell in opulence and power, all these  
are not illustrated. The lesson is: the king  
is dethroned, his courtiers are false, poison  
is in the cup of pleasure and the enemy is  
at the gate. But out here on the planes  
when the snow is drifting all around and  
there is no human sound or succor, there may  
be the Christ-presence and the Christ-spirit.  
Or down there in the slums that you profess  
to despise, yet have created, this Christ-spirit  
may cry out and teach you a lesson of hu-  
manity. For the poor are ever kinder to  
each other than are the rich, except in some  
great spasm of benevolence, or when per-  
haps Mammon has been unusually gracious.  
Spasmodic benevolence and kindness may be  
born of thankfulness. But the cold and hun-  
gry at Christmas time were scarcely provided  
for in all the Christmas revelry. And when  
to raise a few thousands of dollars hundreds  
of thousands must be spent for the usual  
"Charity Balls," it is not the "Charity that  
suffereth long and is kind, that vaunteth not  
itself, that is not puffed up (with pride), that  
does not behave itself unseemly." For who  
of all the followers of the meek and lowly  
Jesus would array themselves in such splen-  
dor for Charity's sake?

Al! the Magdalens are out in the cold,  
the pitiless storms beat against them; when  
the brief day of their beauty and revelry is over,  
who are there of all those who dance at  
gilded halls that have a word for them?  
When Sir Edwin Arnold, after writing the  
"Light of Asia," revealing what Buddha  
saw, wrote of "The Light of the World," of  
the "Man of Sorrow," and made the key  
note of the Master of Christendom the voice  
of charity and loving kindness and forgive-  
ness (the voice of the Magdalen) he touched  
the chord which Christendom has failed to  
hear. You may go to a hospital that is suf-  
ficiently unsectarian and read the real mean-  
ing of the Master's work. You may visit  
the sick, the unfortunate and the fatherless  
and teach something of its love. But take  
care that you do not do too much in the way  
of loving kindness and charity, for all this is  
done by "charity associations" and "bu-  
reaus" and no end of official red-tape. Christ  
has little room there. Jesus himself would  
be turned away by the authorities and prob-  
ably arrested by the police as encouraging  
pauperism.

You are in the great throes that lie be-  
tween that Dispensation and the next. You  
have not reached the full judgment yet, the  
"final judgment." It sounds harsh when ap-  
plied to souls; it sounds good when applied  
to kingdoms, kings, rulers and Mammon.  
We guarantee that the hypocrites will find  
in Michael Angelo's picture, "The Last Judg-  
ment," made under the command of the  
pope, the portraits of Mammon and  
Phariseism. They said he was painting the  
pictures of the priests and cardinals who  
criticised his work. We have not the least  
doubt of it. The judgment which overtakes  
the people is not only that which Mammon  
calls upon itself, that which the world has  
called upon itself, but the judgment that is  
here and now as a part of the necessity of  
this great lesson.

There are people who are sick, there are  
people who are sorrowing and suffering. Now  
the sorrows of the mind are largely selfish,  
and the suffering of the body is because you  
do not know how to care for the body. With  
the suffering of the body people are most al-  
ways selfish. But sometimes sweetness,  
gratitude and patience accompanying the  
suffering, and even with paroxysms of pain  
there is sometimes great cheerfulness and  
comfort to others. We will call your atten-  
tion to a case we have mentioned before. A  
lady whose joints gradually became ossified,  
so that at last the only portion of her body  
that she could move was her head, and at  
times she suffered the most excruciating  
pain. Between all these stages of suffering  
there was time to be patient and thankful to  
the dear companion who attended her and  
gave sweet messages of love to her friends  
and encouragement to such as had petty  
troubles; the quarrelling with their servants,  
and such things as people call trials. Now  
in the midst of this great self-seeking you  
have this affliction at your door; when you  
find, perhaps, that the body which has been  
accustomed to do your bidding fails, then it  
is time to learn the lesson: this great lesson,  
that even in the midst of actual suffering  
you can find comfort, and the solution of the  
problem of suffering.

It is fictitious trouble that mostly afflicts  
the race; the trouble that never comes, that  
you have looked for all last year and did not  
find, and you are going to look all the next  
year for it. But when it really comes, when  
the cold is at your door, when the darkness  
seems to brood above you, when your friends  
are all gone and you can no longer pay your  
way, then you may know that behind this  
shadow and this sorrow the real light of  
God's presence and the spirit of Christ is  
felt and known.

You cannot heal the sick until the mission  
of sorrow is ended, until no one complains  
falsely, until no one feels afflicted superfi-  
cially, until no one says, "how cruel," and  
moans and complains over trivial things. The  
great burdens of the world will not be lifted  
until the Christ-spirit shall be in your midst.

Patience, forbearance, loving-kindness and  
charity, these are all born of real suffering.  
When a man or woman is thus royally  
crowned we know it by the light of the eye,  
by the face, by the spirit that is manifest  
toward others; they march with a Garibaldi,  
not with a Napoleon; they march with the  
reformer, William Lloyd Garrison, and not  
with the soldier sent to arrest him; they  
would march with the (so-called) anarchists  
of Chicago, wrongfully put to death, and not  
with the state government that destroyed  
them. The spirit of truth, like that of old,  
is the spirit that is born to recognize the  
truth in the midst of suffering and persecu-  
tion. It is nothing to stand by a person that  
every one stands by.

Al! it is a great thing to stand by one  
even if wrong. Who else will? Christ will.  
He will extend pity when there is no one  
else in the world to pity. If one is in the  
right and persecuted, of course you must  
stand by one. So though all reform-bearers  
and writings did not lead to the full enfran-  
chisement of Italy and free America there  
still comes a time when their great heritage  
of right, their great heritage of peace, their  
great heritage of strength, their great heri-  
tage of truth is attested.

Jesus of Nazareth has left the heritage of  
martyrs and saints put to death in his name;  
put to death by people claiming to work in  
his name. The heritage of goodly lives that  
have sown the states of righteousness in the  
midst of flame and fire and persecution; the  
heritage of all who dared to talk or preach  
against unhallowed warfare; the heritage of  
all who dared to take up the sword in de-  
fense of lawful and hallowed warfare; the  
heritage of that which brings fire and stress,  
and that which conquers the fire and stress;  
the heritage of that which brings humanity  
at last, unto the peace that is born, neither  
of aggressive triumph, nor the following of  
the victor with praises to God for success  
in aggressive battle, but that victory which  
comes through patience, suffering, fortitude,  
charity, loving-kindness and the daring to es-  
pouse a righteous cause, though all other  
men are against you.

No failure can come to the righteous man.  
—A. Z.

To succeed one must work.—Bishop Samuel  
Fallows.

I have no genius; it is only patient, concen-  
trated toil that gives me success.—Sir Isaac  
Newton.

To learn anything, and be successful in it,  
we must do that thing; to learn shipbuilding,  
the best way is to help build ships.—Lewis  
Nixon, shipbuilder.

I am successful in Psychical research be-  
cause my whole soul, heart and mind is in it,  
ever relying on the great God to lead me.—  
The Blissful Prophet.



A WONDER BOOK.

M. J. Weatherbee Rice.

I know a book—'tis writ in verse  
In living light its signs rehearse.  
Old as the parchment rolls of Tyre,  
Old as the firmamental fire.  
Of the great sun of Heaven's first day  
When God's glad message went its way.

I know a book whose uncut leaves  
Great bundles stand of golden sheaves,  
Whose every page some story tells  
Through every springtime leaf, that swells—  
A living word to living men—  
God in His world is now as then.

I know a book whose hymnal sweet  
Is choired where myriad songbirds meet,  
Within her myriad arches there  
Is a Holy of Holies and a prayer,  
While a cloud host of angels wait  
On him who worships at her gate.

Come read the book when ocean's power  
Asserts itself and the still hour  
Of morning breaks and life is love  
And earth is tuned to the sky above,  
In the roar and silence you shall meet  
Whose name is God the Paraclete.

The times and seasons all declare  
The winter's rime and petals fair  
Of summer in her virgin folds  
Life in her myriad beauty molds—  
God in His world still walks with men  
On hill-tops quite beyond our ken.

Oh book of books, for him who reads  
A mighty, mystic Power lends  
Where Life in its fullness is complete,  
And Love is the blessed Paraclete.

The Fanaticism of Religious Psychology.

Salvatore.

Aside from the great beneficence of its healing aspects, the dazzling spiritual splendor of Mary Baker Eddy's teaching lies in its magnificent attempt to divest the popular theological psychology of its unfortunate anthropomorphic psychology.

If, in this, she has not been true to the science of modern evolution in its relation to the psychology of man and the lower animals, she has simply followed the common error of Luther and other religious reformers.

Among the "Christian Scientists"—terribly narrow though many of them are—are the best people of the generation; some of the noblest souls on the face of the earth.

Let me get down to what I mean by the fanaticism of religious psychology; for I have no faith in the intelligence of ideals; only as they become ideas.

The first, i. e., the ideal, is vague, and aims at absolute perfection.

The second, i. e., the idea, can be comprehended, and ideas are, therefore, spiritually useful.

By fanaticism I mean the refusal to accept the uniform testimony of the evidences of the five senses, and emotions as having any basis whereby man can arrive at a divine or human knowledge in any way true and helpful to him during life or after death.

By religious psychology I mean those forms of psychological teaching which are opposed in method to the principles of university psychology, i. e., to the experimental methods of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Chicago, Paris, Berlin, New York.

The opposition between the religious and the university methods of teaching psychology is pivoted upon two simple points, i. e., knowledge, as derived through the senses; and knowledge as derived by conception.

The religious psychologist teaches (in substance) that all the knowledge derived through the senses is a knowledge of "mortal" mind; an illusion, a ghastly, terrible chimera; a source of sin, suffering, woe, and universal misery.

Therefore, that we should pay no attention to the knowledge of the senses; as it is anti-spiritual, and opposed to the divine.

The word "idea" or "conception" is supposed, according to the religious psychologist, to have a psychological significance wholly apart from any thought derived from the five senses.

Ideas or conceptions come (according to the religious psychologist) by telepathy, by the assistance of angels, or are always the expressions of spirits that have passed out; or they come directly from God.

Anyway, ideas and conceptions are not considered (by the mass of psychologists) ever to be the product of the experiences of seeing or hearing; that is, of the senses.

As opposed to this idea, the mass of the university psychologists teach that all our ideas and conceptions are self-evolutions, having their origin in data derived through one of the Senses.

Hence, that there can be nothing in the intellect (in the way of conceptions and ideas), that did not first of all find its way into the mind through seeing, hearing, touch; or some form of Sense.

The word sensation being the word used to explain all that knowledge, by means of which (through our Senses) we become acquainted with the outside world.

The religious psychologist uniformly denies the intellectual and moral worth of all this knowledge gained through the Senses, i. e., knowledge by sensation.

On the other hand the word "conception" or "idea," as used by the university psychologist, always implies the power of identifying a mental image previously acquired by one of the Senses.

Thus, if I open Mrs. Eddy's "Science and Health," and on page 218 read the words, "Treat a belief in sickness as you would sin, with instant dismissal," the eyesight, or seeing of my "mortal mind" gives me a mental image of these twelve words in the sentence of "Science and Health."

Now, the university psychologist teaches that if I possess no "mortal mind" power by which I can remember or recollect these twelve words, so as to be able to identify them, that I cannot have a "conception" of them. Not possessing a conception of these twelve words—meaning by conception a memorized idea—and having therefore no basis of memory, I cannot grow in divine knowledge.

Because, not having the power of memory, I cannot accumulate conceptions, and, hence, cannot progress.

A divine mind in man, without a divine memory, is to me an unimaginable thing.

But my divine mind (if I am a "Christian Scientist") is based on both a power of divine memory of "Science and Health," and a power to spiritually perceive the spiritual conceptions of "Science and Health."

It is, therefore, a question (first of all) with the university psychologist, how is divine and human knowledge to man made possible?

Is it made possible through his senses, emotions and conceptions all operating together?

I say, yes.

I believe that the world's knowledge of "Christian Science," and my own recent knowledge of it, was due to the operation of

my seeing my copy of "Science of Health" by my "mortal mind"; for the copy of which "Science and Health" I was glad to pay five "mortal" dollars; which I also saw and felt; i. e., saw the dollars and felt the dollars.

Hence, if I have any divine conceptions born of "Christian Science," they exist because, first of all, the Senses of my "mortal mind" called my attention to the book.

The university psychologist will always insist, therefore, that "conceptions" are the evolutions of previous states of emotion and of the senses; and that, without the previous operation of the senses and emotions of the "mortal mind," man would be ignorant of all knowledge, divine and human.

And, I shall again insist, that if the concepts in "Science and Health" are divine concepts, and that if the memorizing of these divine concepts constitute the materials of a divine memory, that such a divine memory was previously conditioned upon my coming in contact with a book about divine things.

But that such a book was a thing first seen by a "mortal sense" of my "mortal mind."

Therefore, if it would be thought possible that even myself (the writer) could arrive at a growth in the knowledge of divine things, he would have to insist that such a growth (on the emotional side) would be seen by a development of divine love; and on the intellectual side, by a development of divine conceptions.

His development of divine conceptions would however only be possible on the admission of the previous fact, of his memory of the visual, aural, and tactual images of the concepts of "Science and Health."

Without this power to identify (by memory) these mental images of his "mortal mind" his divine growth would be impossible.

The term "concept" is, however, slowly drifting to mean any mental image that can be telepathed to another. This meaning of the term is opposed to the meaning of conception as implied by the university psychologists; who are, in the main, led by Aristotle.

The religious psychologists by Plato. The word "conception" by limiting it wholly to the telepathic meaning of the "New Thought" and "Christian Scientist" wholly loses its old philosophical, common-sense meaning as related to a condition of growth or evolution in knowledge, considered as a thing of mental progress and spiritual growth.

The fanaticism of religious psychology is seen, however, in the unfortunate belief that ordinary educational processes through the eye and ear are unnecessary.

I have within a month heard a most charming person say, or rather imply, that education could be developed in a child in an absent room on purely telepathic principles.

The five senses are, therefore, wholly unnecessary to knowledge on this principle.

Simply educate the child on the same telepathic principle that you give it absent treatment.

Now, no one believes more fully than myself in telepathic treatments; in the power of the soul to create forms; in Mental, Christian healing concepts; but I do not believe in encouraging the fanaticism of religious psychology.

Unity of religious belief can only be made possible by a unity of psychological teaching.

I say again that the dazzling spiritual splendor of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy's teaching lies in its magnificent attempt to divest theological psychology of all anthropomorphic psychological elements.

But, in doing this she has not been just to the evolutionary conditions impressed upon the mind of man.

The mind of man is an ascent, an evolution, a growth, a development, a progressive life of spiritual unfoldment.

These progressive psychological stages mean developments in senses, emotions, and concepts, and memories.

But all seeming fanaticisms are relative. The experience of the race ultimately makes them serviceable as mental landmarks. Our religions always make us discontented with the relative. The relative with man, however, is the only road to the absolute.

And the senses of the "mortal mind" are among our fixed conditions of spiritual knowledge.

With the university psychologist the first question is this. How can man get any knowledge at all, divine or human? What are the psychological conditions necessary to the experiences of life? Are these psychological conditions my senses, emotions, concepts? Do I get a divine knowledge of things wholly independent of my senses, emotions, and concepts? The religious psychologist says, "Yes." The university psychologist says, "No."

Of course, the average person—not philosophically inclined—never attempts the probing of the deep underlying problem of all problems, i. e., how is the experience and knowledge of the spiritual and human things of life made possible to me? What are the primary psychological conditions of all the knowledge and experience I have gained since birth?

Was my mind or soul at birth like a piece of white paper with nothing written on it? The university professor of psychology is sometimes of the opinion that an investigation of this deeper question seems almost as important as a new thought's attempt to cure a slight attack of headache? Let us cure our headaches on the one hand, and become philosophical enough to honor the deeper minds of the world on the other.

Ask ourselves first, how is knowledge at all possible? To find out the ideas common to two persons (who seem to be at irreconcilable loggerheads) is a step towards finding out whether a relative understanding can ever be arrived at.

First, then, it is my moral, spiritual, and Christian duty to find out exactly what—precisely what—are the ideas of the persons who differ from me? It is my spiritual duty to do this; because, it is my spiritual duty to labor towards an ideal of universal peace in religious matters; and, because there can be no peace without the previous understanding of ideas of harmony.

As an illustration. A very kindly Christian Scientist the other day informed me of the following fact, i. e., that speaking from "mortal mind" standpoint, that it (the "mortal mind") is regarded by her as having both a conscious and an unconscious element.

And further, that the "unconscious" part of the "mortal mind" is the part which has in it the so-called forces, which, as conserved sins, produce the discords of life. The battle of the healer is with this unconscious element of "mortal mind"; in which the sin-force lies concealed, ready at any time to make itself manifest in the consciousness and body of the person, in the form of disease.

Here we have three underlying ideas to explain. First, that the "mortal mind" does possess an "unconscious" element. Second, that the errors, false perceptions, and sin-force of the "mortal mind" are capable of conservation. Third, that these conserved sin forces are capable of creating present and future discordant forms.

Now, for reconciliatory university ideas.

Prof. William James's work on the "Varieties of Religious Experience," and in his teachings concerning the "Subliminal Self," shows that Harvard University has accepted the idea of the existence of an "unconscious" element of the "mortal mind."

SECOND RECONCILIATION.

Concerning the second idea, i. e., of the experimental keeping, preserving, banking, or conservation of the mental images of sins; and of the indestructibility of these mental images of sin and error, save through the introduction by a healer—by telepathy or other means—of ideas of truth and love; we have a spiritual application into strictly psychological realms of the idea of the conservation of mental energy.

The greatest university exponent of the principle of the conservation of mental energy is Prof. Th. Ribot, editor of the Revue Philosophique de France, the most famous of the French psychologists, and, of the College of France.

Prof. Th. Ribot teaches that, except through the principle of the transformation of consciousness, there is no such thing as the indestructibility of our perceptions and ideas. That annihilation is as inadmissible in the world of ideas as in the world of physics.

Hence the inference that until our mental images of error and sin are transformed, their effects on the body will be of a discordant sort. Not that Th. Ribot makes the inference, but the practical healer does. The general underlying psychological principle of both parties is, however, this, viz.: that consciousness is subject to the law of the transformation of mental force, i. e., from bad to good, from sensations to concepts; and the reverse.

Here then is a basis, on which a little conciliatory, reconciliatory, and harmonizing psychological teaching can constructively be attempted, to the end that a little more religious peace may prevail. We must seek out these points of psychological agreement in each other's systems; or continue our ghastly religious throat cuttings and quarrels.

There is no alternative.

The word "right" with man may have an altogether different meaning with God! We shape God's ideas of right, morality and ethics after an entirely ridiculous anthropomorphic pattern!

The soul proves, by the real pictures it constructs for the eye during sleep that it can create, and recreate, into new aesthetic forms, the mental images of its past experiences.

What a terrific awakening it would be for the soul, to find out, that, after all, its ideals (of Ethics, Spirituality and Spiritual Morals) had, in the broader design of all things, a subordinate position to that of an overpowering unknown ideal of eternal beauty, of the spiritually sublime, of the aesthetic!

And that, toward this end, even the things we called crimes and sins have had their awful places. I have an uncontrollable passion for ruins. For the poetic effect on me of decayed castles. To see all my past misfortunes in this aesthetic sense would in part take away the sting of death.

There is a feature connected with the reincarnationism of theosophy which needs the touch of the poet. It is the belief that men and women exist on earth who possess the power of knowing the experiences they went through when on earth before.

To elevate this concept up to the strictly aesthetic plane, and to be able actually and objectively to see one's previous lives and their moral ruins in the same poetic sense that one regards the decayed old castles and ruins of the old world would give to the aesthetic power a new field of activity.

In a strange and terrible sense, the ruins of some far-off crimes appeal to us with all the strength of a great work of art. If death was after all regarded as a means whereby genuine spiritual poems were finished, pleasing horrors of spiritual tragedy were completed in spiritual colors for coming hours of the self to contemplate then the moral (would in some sense or the other) be considered the relative factor in the evolution of a scheme of absolute spiritual beauty.

It is, on this hypothesis, possible to think of one's moral horrors as one thinks of the crumbling arches of what was once a great cathedral. The war crimes of nations appeal to us with the awful strange delight of the epic!

God's designs

MUST BE GREATER

than the spiritual ideals of man's changing religious ethics and morals!

And what if after all that design shall imply a design of spiritual art, so sublime, so overpowering in its beauty and spiritual significance, that the loftiest dreams of the moral and ethical reaches of Christianity shall sound like the jargon of savages, the moral babbling of babes?

That it—in some unknown way—also embraces in its sublime purpose all our sins, crimes and vices; swallowing them all up as the oceans draw down the rocks of the continents to form new ones! But for a world concept of religion to be based on a principle of spiritual aesthetics, of art, of the sublime, the principles of local customs, morals, ethics, and religion would then possess a transitional evolutionary relative value. Spiritual beauty, not relative morality, would be the absolute.

Strange, But True.

Caroline M. Parker

Henry Hayburn was eating at a restaurant on Market Street, in San Francisco, when a hand was laid on his arm. He looked up and saw a pair of dark eyes gazing pleasantly at him. He was puzzled for an instant, then came a smile of recognition, and he put out his hand uttering the single word,

"Charlie."

"Knew you at once," was the rejoinder. "How long have you been here?"

"In California? About a year."

"Have you dined?"

"Come then. What a treat to see you," as he led the way to the street. "Come up to my room. You're not engaged this evening?"

"No. If I were, I'd break the engagement. I'd rather have a talk with you than with any one in this State."

A true Californian is never much surprised at anything and least of all at meeting a dear friend whom he had supposed was thousands of miles away. Why should he be? How little he thought in his school-boy days, when he thumbed the map of North America, and gazed at the lean peninsula marked out as California, that he would ever live in that far-off land. It seems yet a miracle to him when he recalls those days of long ago, and being so miraculous, he is prepared to meet any old friend, or even a host of friends, with perfect equanimity.

Henry Hayburn and Charles Everdeen had been neighbors and chums all through their boyhood, had graduated from the same school, and entered business life at the same time in Boston. Henry had left home for California on his nineteenth birthday, while Charles had plodded on, first in the counting-room, and then as partner of his employer, making occasional trips to other states till his thirtieth year, when he, too, turned towards the setting sun. After a separation of nearly twenty years, they had much to talk over.

If we look in upon them an hour after they had left the restaurant, we shall find them in a comfortable room in the second story of a lodging-house.

"So you have been mining in Shasta County?" Charles is saying. I have seen nothing of the mines yet, but mean to take a look at some of them before I go home.

Shasta County! There's where Daniel Rodman hailed from. Did you ever know him?"

"Daniel Rodman? I should think I did. He was my partner for five years. Where in the world did you ever see him?"

"I met him in this city four years ago."

"Here? I didn't know you were ever in California."

"Only on a flying visit. I was here scarcely a month, but I met your partner. What sort of a man is he?"

"The best man God ever made—God bless him!" he added solemnly.

"I thought so. I never saw a man who impressed me as he did. It was just after I came here, on Thanksgiving day. I had been away from home for some time, had been knocking around in Chicago and St. Louis and Salt Lake, and I was walking along slowly thinking of home, and how mother and father would miss me when they sat down to dinner (I had never been away before on Thanksgiving day), and I came to Starr King's church on Geary Street. I stopped to look at the marble stone bearing his name, and my thoughts went back to that pretty little church in Charlestown where he began preaching. You remember it—so quiet and peaceful. I used often to cross the bridge on pleasant Sunday mornings to hear him. I remember now one saying of his in one of those sermons. He had been speaking of the need of charity, and he said that though Fenelon, Channing and others whom he named, were in different parts of the circumference of Christianity, the same radius measured their distance from Christ."

"I stood a few minutes gazing at his tombstone and recalling those boyish days when he was my idol, and then some impulse sent me into the church. I didn't pay much attention to the opening services. My mind was far away—in fact, I was wretchedly homesick that day. The text was announced, and the sermon began, and I was still in reverie, when I caught sight of a face that riveted my attention. It was a man's. He sat just in a line between me and the preacher. I could see more than one-half his face. I needn't describe him, for it was your friend, Rodman. I found out his name afterwards. His face is not a peculiar one, but the look on it that day was what attracted me. I missed him like friends, you know, and I was feeling so alone, so wretchedly homesick, and Rodman's face—well, I think I never saw so sad a countenance. Such a grand sadness too! I don't know as I can make you understand me. He looked like a strong, noble man suddenly smitten with some calamity, that had shaken him terribly, yet he could bear it and more too if it was laid upon him."

"He was listening to the sermon as if it was a message to him alone. I couldn't have told a word of what had been said, but this man's interest was contagious. I wondered what it was that so fascinated him. I listened, too, without losing sight of his face. The preacher was talking of the providence and wonderful care of God. 'Call upon Him in the day of trouble and He will deliver thee,' he quoted. 'Like as a father pitieth his children,' he said that very tenderly, 'so God cares for you, for me, for all needy souls. He is not far off, throned in the heavens, but He is here. You have seen a young mother watching the first steps of her infant. He tumbles along, with feet wide apart and arms outstretched, fearing to fall, and she keeps behind him guarding him so tenderly from harm. She knows that he must learn to walk, even though he vexes himself with frequent falls and bruises. He would never grow strong and self-reliant were she always to carry him. So she guides his first steps, and helps him over the dangerous places, and when he has become a little stronger, she leaves him to depend on himself. But she carries him in her thoughts, and is always at hand to soothe and comfort him when he is hurt. So God cares for us. We are never out of his thoughts. He knows we will stumble and fall, that rains will pelt us, that we will go through deep waters, but He is always waiting with outstretched arms, and He will never let a soul suffer more than it is able to bear. Are you in trouble? Rejoice that He deems you worthy to bear the cross, for so only can you grow strong!'"

"You ought to have seen your friend as he said those words. He appeared to forget that any one was near him. The shadow on his face never lifted, sorrow had evidently become a permanent guest, but he seemed to be bracing himself to endure."

"Poetical stuff, Charlie."

"Yes. All these years of business ought to have knocked the poetry out of my nature, but there was something in your friend's face that touched my sentimental vein, and I never think of him without feeling it quiver. When he arose for the benediction he was still intent. He acted as if he were hungry and feared to lose a crumb. I lost sight of him when I turned to leave the church, but the remembrance of his sad face, the feeling that he must have some terrible heartache made me ashamed of my homesickness."

"The next afternoon I was going to the post office when a scene near it attracted my attention. A little misshapen news-boy, pale and sickly, had dropped his papers. A rival stood on the corner jeering at him. Probably he had knocked them out of the child's hands. It hurt the cripple to stoop, one could see that as he leaned over and tried to pick them up. I was going to his relief when your friend came up and lifted the scattered papers and put them in his hands. The man took one and gave the cripple a big silver dollar, and as I passed I heard him say, 'Tell me where you live, and what time I will find you at home. Maybe I can help you.' And he took out a memorandum book and wrote in it."

"I went into the post office and inquired for letters, and then passed around to the money-order desk, and there, the last of a line of some six or eight persons, was this man again. I never saw a person who attracted me so, and I wanted to know his name. I listened as he gave it to the clerk—'Daniel Rodman, Roaring River, Shasta County.'"

"I started for home a few days after and I never saw him again, but I've always remembered the name and the face that has haunted me. I've seen it in dreams, and when I have lain awake nights, and always the same sad, yet strong look on it. Tell me about him. He is no common man."

"That's so, and it was down here on no common errand. He came here to have a tumor cut out of his breast."

"A tumor! He looked the picture of health."

"Yes, I know. I'll begin at the beginning, and tell you all about him. I first met him—let me see, it was in '63. I had been mining some years, and had panned out nothing. I had been bothered, and cheated, and betrayed, and like Paul, 'suffered from the hands of my own brethren,' till I had lost all faith in mankind, and womankind too. Chance, or maybe Providence, sent me to Roaring River. I prospected a little, and then fell in with Rodman, and became his partner and sharer in his cabin and domestic joys. I liked him from the first, but had determined to put no faith in man again, so I was simply civil to him, no cordiality in my manner. He seemed not to see it, and paid no attention to my flings at men and women, never argued, and yet I knew he did not agree with me. His genuineness forced me to become his friend, and to make him an exception to mankind in

general, and then I gradually learned that he and I were not the only honest men in the world.

"We bached together. Our message wasn't always according to Hoyle, or what stands for Hoyle is cooking, but we had good appetites and didn't mind trifles. We fixed up our cabin real cozy, and when it rained so hard we couldn't work, we took solid comfort together. I never would have believed I could have enjoyed a man's society so much. Women were scarce. I didn't care. I was too much in love with Rodman to miss them."

"After awhile, a family came out from Michigan, a man by the name of Hardy, with his wife and mother and daughter. The daughter was sixteen years old, and as pretty as a pink and seemingly as innocent. The mother and father were common people—nothing peculiar about them except, perhaps, that they were very strict with Amy. She had to work very hard, and was snubbed, and nagged, and badgered, till it was a wonder she didn't take the bloom all out of her. We learned all this after awhile."

"You can't conceive the commotion a strange woman makes in a small mining camp. There were some fifteen or twenty women in a circle of five miles, to perhaps two hundred men. Whenever a new woman came to town, anywhere from fourteen to sixty-five, it caused an intense excitement. All the men were on the qui vive to get a sight of her, and when Sunday came the school-house where the preacher held forth (any wandering shepherd on the lookout for lost sheep), was crammed. And then such a sharp watch was kept for a chance circus or a minstrel troupe. If one happened to exhibit anywhere within ten miles, the women was beset with invitations for a week beforehand. She could take her pick of all the unmarried men in town. Why, I remember one woman who came there on the sabbath side of fifty, a widow, lean, scrawny, shrill-voiced. She was married in a year and she had refused five good offers. So you can judge of the stir Amy created."

"I didn't fall in love with her, and yet I liked to gaze at her. She was like a rose blossoming in the wilderness. She seemed to fill the air with sweet perfume. Don't laugh, you have never lived where women are scarce. I liked Amy, but my sisters had rid me of the idea that women were divine. They are nice girls, but they are human, and then, too, I had been badly jilted. I'll tell you about that some time if you care to hear it. I don't mean to lose sight of you. Maybe I was so much in love with Rodman that I had no thoughts to spare for the girl. But he grew wild over her. I think one reason was that she was so big as life. He never could bear to see anything abused or in trouble. I've known him to get out of a warm bed many a night to let in a stray cat out of the rain. All the dogs in town knew and loved him, and children were sure of candy if they happened in at the store when he was there. I have no doubt he hunted up your little news-boy and found a good home for him."

"Amy was shy at first. She was only a little girl till she came to California—had never received attentions from men. And the old folks, they seemed to begrudge her a bit of sunshine. But I am making my story too long."

"They soon found it was for their interest to let up a little on Amy, and permit her to go to balls and shows occasionally, and Rodman made the most of his opportunities, and he got around the old folks till they consented to an engagement. But Amy was too young to marry, they said. She must wait till she was eighteen. Rodman was satisfied. He could be near his divinity and he was a devoted lover. He gave her no end of presents."

"Things went on swimmingly for a time, and then I noticed a change in Rodman. He'd have spells of thinking, and he'd sit in the doorway in the evening, and look at the distant mountains, and never speak a word, but get up with a deep sigh and go to bed. I knew something ailed him. His love affairs seemed all right and he was making money. I didn't like to ask what was the matter and so I waited, thinking he would speak if I could help him. He took a day off and went into Shasta, and returned more thoughtful than ever. Not sad, but preoccupied."

"At last one evening he said, 'Harry, I am going down to the Bay next month. I haven't felt well lately and I went into Shasta to see the doctors. I've had a continual pain here, laying his hand near his heart. There is a lump that is growing larger. They tell me it is a tumor and I'd better go to Frisco and see a doctor.'"

"You could have knocked me down with a feather. A tumor near the heart! It looked ugly to me. I had to cross the room and look out the door a minute before I could command my voice enough to speak. Then I said coolly, 'When are you going?'"

"After the next clean-up. The doctors seem to think it about an even chance. I may get well and I may die. I must make my will before I go. Don't say anything about it to the boys."

"Say anything about it! His will! Good God! I felt as if I should choke. He came to the door—it was a bright moonlight night—and saw that I was affected. He put his hand on my shoulder and said, 'We've had good times here, Harry. You'll miss me some if I don't get well! That finished me. I cried like a baby. Then I felt better and determined to brace myself up for his sake.'"

"I never spoke of it and I know he didn't, but somehow the news spread. I suppose some of those Shasta doctors started it. The boys were all kind—they always are at such times—and Amy? Well, I thought she'd have a good chance to show her love for him. But I'll bless if she didn't break it off engagement. She said her father and mother would not permit her to marry him even if he returned a well man, for he might have another tumor. Rodman thought it was the old folks' doings, but she seemed to me utterly heartless. Rodman was very quiet."

"The boys thought he took it very coolly. They didn't know how he walked the floor evenings, and tossed in bed night after night. He wouldn't hear a word said against the girl. 'Don't' was all he said the first time I broke out against her, and when I tried to free my mind a few nights after, he said, 'It is all right. I used to wonder at my good luck. I never could see why she should fancy me. I would have been good to her. Don't blame her, Harry!' And so I shut up."

"He made his will. Left the cabin and contents and his share of the mine to me, a handsome annuity to his mother in Philadelphia (she was all the near relative he had), and the rest of his money to Amy, when she became of age. He had fixed so that her parents could not touch it, nor her husband, if she married. Some thousands of dollars, all earned honestly, enough to make her comfortable for life. No one knew the contents of the will but the lawyer who drew it up, and one of the boys and myself who were witnesses, and all were pledged to secrecy."

"Then he came down here. I know about that Thanksgiving sermon. He remembered nearly all of it. He was to have the operation performed on the following Tuesday. It wasn't the thought of his danger that caused his sadness. He wasn't afraid of pain or death, but Amy's conduct had almost killed him. He said he should never forget that sermon. Nothing had ever helped him so much."

(To be continued.)



## Letters from Our Readers.

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

### That Book Again.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
Kindly allow a lay Spiritualist the privilege of expressing a few thoughts through your columns which have arisen by the reading of the "Blue Book" controversy, and the listening to some remarks upon the same.

There seems to be two extreme opinions entertained. One that those who claim to know of and to have seen such a book should be forthcoming with it and the names of persons whom they may know have used it or are using it. The other opinion is that these same persons should never have mentioned it, either in public or private, both opinions being pretty well reasoned upon.

The first mentioned says that Spiritualists should make haste to root out the fraud in their ranks because of the injury it is to the Cause. The latter says that a cause that is not able to stand of itself ought to be injured. In other words, a righteous cause it is impossible to injure.

It seems to me that both opinions are worthy of consideration, and by the consideration of the two extremes we may possibly be able to find the more desirable and beautiful golden mean which, in all questions, most surely exists. A true saying is that where much smoke is there must be some fire, and we who are not called to present the beautiful truth of Spiritualism to a curiosity seeking and I fear a most unappreciative public are, nevertheless, called upon often by those outside our ranks to account for all the shortcomings of those whom we choose to represent a Cause which is sacred to us. We cannot, therefore, ignore these charges entirely. Many times we are saddened and perplexed as to what to say when charges are brought in quarters where we least expect against those who have placed the utmost confidence. As lay Spiritualists we should be willing to acknowledge our complicity in the development of the conditions we are now obliged to confront among our best workers. If we have made of ourselves hero worshipers and have made for ourselves idols and have fallen down and worshiped them instead of making the eternal everlasting Truth our God we must expect our idols to be shattered by time. It is only history repeating itself. We are, therefore, called upon to exercise the utmost charity toward those who may or may not have been falsely accused and try to learn the lesson which comes for us. Although it is very true that a true and righteous cause cannot be injured, yet just as the food which ministers to our physical need is more acceptable when brought on the beautiful, delicate platter, so is the food we crave for our spiritual need more acceptable when it comes to us through the grand, whole-souled, honest medium. Let us then see to it that we do nothing to mar the condition necessary for the highest and best expression of beautiful science, philosophy and religion. As Spiritualists we have not looked upon the shortcomings of those presenting Christianity to the world with charity. We have said in sarcasm, "Behold how these brethren agree!" We are now confronted with the same human kind for brethren.

In view of the lamentable state of affairs which at present seems to reign among our public workers there comes the question of the wisdom of public test giving being abolished. Most surely can better conditions be given for our test mediums in the harmonious home circle.

Pittsfield, Mass. Mrs. J. M. Kingman.

[Note.—The letters so far received do not clear the air, and as it has not yet been positively shown there is such a book as the one in question, nor who is using or has used it, there is little use prolonging a fruitless discussion. Until facts, duly attested, are forthcoming, the correspondence is now closed.—Ed. B. L.]

### Rev. F. A. Wiggin's Mediumship.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
I have had such a remarkable experience tonight that I hasten to write it out as a matter of record while it is still fresh in my mind.

Having heard that the Rev. F. A. Wiggin, pastor of the Spiritual Temple, would close his lectures and appear in Potter Hall tonight—until September—I attended.

It having been stated that Mr. Wiggin is controlled by the spirit of the late John McCullough, the tragedian, whom I knew, I obtained a piece of blue paper of a deep and uncommon shade of color, not easily matched or duplicated, and with purple ink wrote these words upon it: "John McCullough, do you remember this? Does no one speak? I am defendant here."

After Mr. Wiggin had given quite a number of remarkable messages to the writers of letters placed on the table he stepped for a moment and after shuddering, said:

"Friends, I wish to say that I, the spirit of John McCullough, the actor, control this medium and that some person in this audience has written some words I often spoke upon the stage in earth life upon a piece of paper asking me if I remember them. I know the person who asks the question well and he has appeared upon the stage with me. The words he asks about I spoke for years before Appius Claudius, in the Forum Scene of the 4th Act of *Virginia*, after my return from battle, and they are: 'Does no one speak? I am defendant here.' The paper containing them is now upon that table and I have not touched it." I replied that this was all correct. He then addressed me and said: "And you have been in that same play?" To which I replied: "Yes, but not with you, John, with another," and he answered, or rather affirmed my statement by saying: "Yes, I know that." All of which is the truth. I having appeared with him in "Coriolanus," "Jack Cade," and "The Gladiator," but never in "Virginia," appearing afterward as "Appius Claudius," when another man did Virginia when John had passed away.

The scene then proceeded, letters being answered for a score or more of persons, Mr. Wiggin being blindfolded all the while as from the first with a black silk handkerchief.

When I heard him remark that the scene would soon close I said: "John, may I ask you a question?" He replying in the affirmative, I asked "If he had met Edwin Forrest in the spirit world?" The answer was, "Often." I then asked, "If Forrest was now happy?" He replied that "No man knew Forrest better than he did in earth life and that he knew that Forrest's surrounding conditions made him—while on the earth plane—unhappy, but that now he was with people who understood him and that he was contented."

He concluded his conversation with me by remarking that "There were but few tragedians on the stage owing to the strange ideas of the managers, who were wrong about it all, and that he would talk with me again."

I shall close this account by remarking that instead of putting the piece of blue paper upon which I had written the words,

already mentioned, into the large basket at the door on entering the hall I kept it concealed in my inside coat pocket until the small box for collecting coins was passed in front of me. I placed the paper in the box and it was carried directly to the platform, consequently never being out of my sight. I do not know Mr. Wiggin at all and did not know either personally or by sight even one of the 1,000 intelligent ladies and gentlemen composing the audience, all of whom can corroborate this statement of facts.

As I have never appeared upon the stage of any theatre in Boston, I am sure no person in that audience knew or recognized me—except the ghost or spirit of John McCullough.

I have heard that Mr. Wiggin was once a Baptist minister, before he became a "medium," and hope that other clergymen may profit by his example so that their congregations may receive the proofs of immortality. Since living in that haunted house in Amherst, Nova Scotia, in 1879, I have not been present at a seance as convincing as this one held in Potter Hall tonight.

Respectfully,  
Walter Hubbell.  
1033 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

### Another Reply to Ezra M. Lutton.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
In the "Banner" of May 14th I note some queries from E. M. Lutton, and although I do not profess to be a remarkably "well informed reader," I have a few thoughts I would like to express if the Editor will permit. The exchange of thought is good for us all, and even though we may not agree with another, his ideas may suggest something we have not previously perceived.

To me intelligence is the same everywhere, differing only in degree, the tree having only enough to form a tree, the animal only enough to produce the animal form and its manifestations, and the same throughout all the varied forms of life.

The word spirit is quite often confounded with the life principle or what some term the soul. To me it is simply a finer form of matter, the life principle being as distinct from it as it is from the coarser forms of ours.

The re-embodiment of that life principle with added powers and knowledge at each embodiment, leading at last up to a refined spiritual existence in nature's order of unfoldment, is the simple, and as I understand it, later explanation of so-called reincarnation, though I much prefer the term re-embodiment as expressing my idea better.

No doubt re-embodiment in all its advancing forms is unconscious until in the human, consciousness unfolds like a beautiful lily, leaf by leaf, and we become conscious, first mainly of our surroundings, then of ourselves just as we are, and then become capable of guiding our own unfoldment, to be laws unto ourselves, instead of being carried by every passing influence.

Seems to me we must have the inner vision opened to see nature's efforts in the whole, irrespective of any selfish wants of ours, before the truth as it really is can be discerned. To me everything has the embryo of the spiritual, but even in we humans often largely undeveloped. Though the dog may possess a spiritual nature it is simply the ignorance of a dog; only a dog intelligence, and who would forever keep any manifestation of life in ignorance of nature's grand and beautiful laws in their higher uses. The word intelligence as used with us is simply the power to consciously use material, and the greater the power to penetrate the finer realms the greater the real intelligence. Marconi sees the finer elements where most minds are blind. So the clairvoyants, the poets, the musicians, etc., partially at least see life in its finer workings, and have ever been calling to the coarser to come up higher.

To refine and grow the spiritual is what we are embodied for and passing from the coarser does not make that immediate growth any larger. And until we reach the conscious power of an independent life in the finer realms we shall need a re-embodiment. I am well aware that very few will agree with me here, but what reason can we really give that leaving the coarser form gives us more power or a clearer vision?

That all past life in its varied animal or human manifestations has a conscious spiritual existence is too much for my feeble mind to grasp with consistency. Let us hear more on these questions. I for one would be glad to be shown any errors in my reasoning. I am simply a learner, and know these are deep subjects, but all the better chance for enlightenment.

Lucy W. Houghton.  
Madison, Me.

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### An Interesting Experience—and True.

Myra E. McLean.

In the early winter of '76 or '77, while stopping with Dr. Shepherd, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and taking magnetic treatment from a noted psychic, whose name I do not now remember, this singular experience came to me.

One bright, sunny morning, when all nature seemed in harmony, it being my day for treatment, I took a seat in a horse car fairly well filled with passengers. Very soon I became aware of the presence of a spirit who was making a strong effort to communicate through me with a gentleman who sat nearly opposite me, a tall, pale man of haughty bearing, elegantly dressed, who was apparently entirely unconscious of the spirit's presence, though he seemed nervous and ill at ease. He presently drew from his pocket some papers, which seemed to be legal documents, and began to examine them closely.

The spirit, a slight, beautiful creature, but with features stamped with anguish and long suffering, went up to him and tried in every way to make him conscious of her presence, throwing her arms around his neck. She seemed pleading as for her life with him to grant her some request.

As I watched them, lost to all else in astonishment at the scene, a hand touched my arm and a low voice asked, "What do you see?"

The questioner, I soon learned, was the noted medium, Mr. E. V. Wilson, whom I had never met before. "Something very strange over there," I replied, indicating the seat a little way from us. "So also do I. Let us compare notes," said Mr. Wilson. While we talked, the man opposite made a quick motion as if to push some one away, folded up his papers hastily and put them in his pocket.

The spirit in despair of making the man conscious of her presence, turned to us begging that we tell him of her and her desire to make herself known to him.

Mr. Wilson went to the man and told him what we were seeing and what he was hearing, and asked him to give some recognition to the one who seemed in so great distress, particularly in regard to the papers he had with him. The stranger became very angry, denying all knowledge of any such person, or of the facts the spirit had given, and, rising suddenly, he signaled the car to stop, and left. Bidding me good morning, Mr. Wilson also left the car, first asking my address.

Two days later I received a line from Mr. Wilson requesting permission to call on me at Dr. Shepherd's. He came, and with him the gentleman in question who, after twenty-four hours of mental torture, had hunted up Mr. Wilson and acknowledged to him that the lady was one who should have been his wife. She had died soon after giving birth to his child, which child he was that day giving away to one who, during her life had been an enemy to the little one's mother, and the papers that had so distressed the spirit mother had been those of adoption for the child.

Through me the spirit was able to make herself fully known to the father and obtained a promise from him not to put the child away, and to acknowledge it as his, lawfully his, which promise he faithfully kept.

Several years later, being then a member of the Shaker fraternity at Canaan, N. Y., I there met Wm. Eddy, who passed a week there with that and other families at Mount Lebanon, of the same order, giving splendid materializations under positive test conditions.

Among the many manifesting to me was Mr. E. V. Wilson, who had then passed over. He materialized perfect in form and in good light. He spoke fully five minutes, gave his name, and as he was departing said to me, "Do you remember the pathetic incident in the street car in Brooklyn, and the strange remark at Dr. Shepherd's two days later?"

This experience always seemed to me as one of great solace as demonstrating spirit return. It occurred years ago when the senses used as infallible guides in the every day acts of life were accepted as of value and to be trusted when dealing with things out of the ordinary events of life, and which were not then so flippantly as now explained away as "a mental hallucination" or to be credited as the "unconscious productions" of the "sub-conscious self."

Ayer, Mass.

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### The Philosophy of Health and the Relation of Spirit to It.

A. J. Davis.

The relations which subsist between mind and matter, or between the body and spirit, are exceedingly intimate, varied, and extensive; they lead the inquiring intellect into innumerable regions yet unexplored—into the richest mines of physiological, philosophical, and psychological knowledge. It is a new branch of interesting medical or physiological instruction, to begin with the spirit and consider its many, and hitherto, hidden and mysterious influences upon the organism over which it so majestically presides. But, new as this method appears, it must be evident to the mind of the intelligent reader, that, to understand what constitutes health and disease, we must familiarize ourselves with the various substances, elements, and relations, that are, in any way, engaged in moving the mind and the physical organization, and by which they exist together on the earth as one individuality. In the preceding pages we have considered what mind or spirit is—how it acts upon the organism—and how it preserves its power, and perpetuates itself in the order of nature. Now, I will proceed to consider the various modes by which nature acts upon the body through the medium of the spirit; for I have demonstrated that there cannot be action without spirit in any department of nature or of the human body. But throughout this examination the reader must remember that we are discoursing upon the philosophy of health; the philosophy of disease can only be comprehended by first comprehending what constitutes the condition of health, which is the opposite of disease.

Nature is a Revelation of divine harmony—a harmony which flows from out of the principles and constitution of the Great Positive Mind. And man, in every particular, is not only a part of this sublime revelation—a glorious chapter in the everlasting volume of universal Truth—but he is an epitome of the Whole—he is a microcosm! Hence man must be an exact embodiment of the stupendous universe—he must be its exact correspondence—he must be a living representative of nature's every structure, every possession, every process, every principle, and every impulse; and hence, too, man must reveal, in his own empire of animation and government, everything which nature has done, can do, or will do, for him or any other member of its vast and mighty Whole. What the spirit does for, or in, the body, that will nature do for, or in, them both; or, just as the vital principle acts upon the organism so will all nature act upon the vital principle; because reciprocity or compensation is a law of the universe.

First, Nature acts upon the spirit anatomically. The philosophical observer cannot but acknowledge the irresistible influence which mind exerts upon matter. All nature addresses the spiritual perceptions, or principles of anatomy, with structures or forms of every variety and magnitude; and, by creating or developing new sensations and ideas in the mind, she changes the relations of atoms and forces and unfolds new phenomena in the physical system. The harmony or health of both body and mind require that nature's forms or structures should be harmoniously arranged for, and presented to, them. Why do physicians recommend journeying and change of scenery to nervous, dyspeptic, and hypochondriacal patients? simply because without understanding the philosophy of it, experience has taught them that individuals thus afflicted generally receive much permanent benefit by pursuing such a course. Do we not experience different emotions or sentiments when we gaze upon different forms or structures? When we behold the decayed remains of man's organization, how different are the sensations awakened in the soul from those which we experience when contemplating the human form, with its admirable proportions, while moved by the living principle! The form or anatomy of the flesh inspires the soul with feelings of disgust; but the noble structure of the horse inspires us with admiration; and just that change which is wrought by these sensations upon the mind, is correspondingly wrought upon the body—influence is irresistible, and the result is inevitable.

Owing to the great dissimilarity of constitutions, and to the different degrees of physical and spiritual refinement to which individuals have attained, the same objects do not cause every person to experience the same corporeal sensations or moral emotions. But it is absolutely certain that structure does produce more or less action upon all minds. Some nervous individuals will vomit violently on beholding blood; others will faint at the sight of a wound. The structure of the house we live in acts upon the mind, and consequently upon the body, favorably or unfavorably, as it agrees with our internal structure and spiritual susceptibility. There is really more truth in this statement than people generally imagine. Does not the magnificent and grand cathedral inspire us with sublime emotions than the low-roofed cottage of the peasant? Do we not walk with a staller tread, and feel ourselves more noble when gazing upon the lofty and stupendous mountain, decorated with the majestic oak and waving pine? and do we not weary and bend to pursue the lonely and unbecoming pathway of the desert? A beautiful structure will transport some spirits with inexpressible delight; and it is exceedingly painful for such to gaze upon deformity. It is impossible to trace all the distinct effects which result from the structure or form of different objects, and from the manner in which those objects are presented to the spiritual perceptions. The beauty of the human form, are the modes and means by which Nature acts upon Man.

Second, Nature acts upon the spirit physiologically. It should be remembered that each new mode of action embraces the modes which precede it; hence the physiological principle of action has for its parent and foundation the anatomical—and so with the other modes which we are about to consider. The lower always contains the higher undeveloped; and the higher, when unfolded, represents every particular of its parents or progenitors—this is true in all parts of nature.

All the functions of nature act physiologically upon the body through the medium of the brain; and these functions are generally united in forces and motions. But more particularly does the motion in minerals, the life in vegetables, the sensation in animals, act functionally upon each of these respective kingdoms, and thence upon the human organization; and in consequence of the relationship and indispensableness of these kingdoms to man, he is dependent upon and perpetually affected by them. The constitution of the human muscle is such as to demand the combined action of vegetable and animal matter; and while the spirit is attracting these dissimilar substances to the body, it is also attracting and appropriating the internal moving principles of those substances to its own peculiar constitution. The spirit draws the universal principles of the Divine Vitality from fruit, from vegetables, from the various forms of nourishment which we eat, and from the fragrance with which flowers perfume the atmosphere. It is perfectly astounding to behold with what inexpressible precision the spirit of man distributes, to the various fluids and solids of its internal and external organization, the numerous elements and substances by which it is surrounded and momentarily sustained.

Physicians cannot ascertain by chemical analysis, by anatomical dissection, what the peculiar elements are that impregnate the blood of the human system with such unexampled vitality; nor can they unequivocally discover what it is that constitutes, what they technically term, the nervous fluid. The Arabian, the Egyptian, the Grecian, and the Roman physiologists and philosophers were more ignorant than modern physicians are, concerning these points; and even yet, it will be acknowledged, there is but little satisfactory information possessed by the medical schools, especially upon the subject of mind, its nature, and how it actuates the body.

Now, I know, by interior observation, that the muscles, the nerves, the arteries, etc., are not merely instrumentalities, but they are especial vessels and receptacles, designed for the circulation and reception of particular currents of vitality. The veins and arteries are attached to the heart, and it is through them that the blood is electrically forced, and magnetically drawn, through the system; so the muscles and nerves are attached to the brain, and it is through them that the spiritual life is circulated from centre to circumference—from the general into all the particular parts and particles of the body.

It must not be forgotten that the spirit is the elaborating principle; it is the principle which builds the various vessels, which distributes them in their harmonious order, and which supplies them with their appropriate atoms, motions and forces. Just that Wisdom of arrangement which we see in the visible parts of man's organism is first existing in the invisible spirit; and, in accordance with this primary harmony, the vitality of vegetables and animals, which we consume, is extracted—refined—organized—and distributed throughout the receiving vessels. Hence, from vegetable and animal matter, the spirit, as the honey-bee extracts sweets from the flower, draws both physical and spiritual nourishment. From vegetable compounds, which contain the elements and principal ingredients of mineral bodies, the spirit extracts substances which are intrinsically adapted to build cartilaginous, membranous, and vascular systems. From animal compounds, which contain the chief ingredients of both the mineral and vegetable forms of matter, the spirit extracts substances which are already prepared, according to the law of material refinement, to assimilate with, and form, or build up, the osseous, muscular, and analogous structures with which the human system abounds.

Nor does the process of abstraction stop here. The spirit draws from the vegetable a principle of Life. The blood receives this life, and has undergone due preparation and refinement, and thus the blood is particularly impregnated with a living organized element. So also, the spirit draws from animal substances a principle of Sensation; this principle, when properly prepared and sublimated, is made to flow into the nerves. Thus, by continual draughts upon the subordinate kingdoms of the earth, the spirit is not only enabled to organize and support its physical constitution, but it is, through the continued assistance and instrumentality of nature, also able to establish its own personal, and immortal existence. From the perfect analogy between the physical and the spiritual constitution of man we are led to perceive that, the vascular system is adapted to the circulation of the blood; that the blood is adapted to the reception of Life; that the nerves are vessels for the circulation of Sensation; that the muscles are vessels for the circulation of the principle of Motion; and that the brain is adapted for the reception of Intelligence. Hence we cannot resist the following correspondence:—

(Principles). 1. Motion. 2. Life. 3. Sensation. 4. Intelligence. (Vessels in Nature), Mineral, Vegetable, Animal, Man; (Vessels in Man), Muscles, Blood, Nerves, Brain.

By the above correspondence, it is evident that the constitution of spiritual or vital principles in nature is precisely analogous to the distribution and circulation in man; and hence, we can see how nature in performing her innumerable functions, acts physiologically upon the human spirit—Great Harmony.

### THE TREE OF LIFE—A VISION.

Two angels guard the Tree of Life  
The one whose face doth shine  
With radiance most beautiful,  
Enchanting and divine

Steps forth to meet me as my eyes  
Are fixed upon the tree,  
And I approach with stumbling steps  
And thus he speaks to me.

"My brother come, this flaming sword  
I bear within my hand,  
Thou need'st not fear, 'twill thee protect  
As thou journeyest through the land.

"For many perils thee beset,  
And thou art prone to fall;  
But I this flaming sword will wave  
Around thee at thy call.

"And then the foe that thee attack,  
Will from my presence flee;  
I will not fail to be thy guard  
When thou dost call on me."

"Sweet angel," him I thus addressed,  
"This mystery unfold;  
One flaming sword doth guard the tree  
We ever have been told.

"And yet within thy hand I see  
A sword of burning flame  
And in the hand of him beyond  
I do behold the same."

"One sword doth guard the tree of life,"  
Was the reply he made;  
"For that within my hand and his,  
Is the same burning blade.

"But that he holds within his grasp,  
Is the real fiery blade;  
While this I bear, and I myself,  
Are of it and him the shade."

"But you are bright with loving smile,  
And he is dark and stern;  
You beckon me to still approach,  
He backward bids me turn.

"And you, I know you well, are Life,  
By you I draw my breath;  
And he who warns me from the tree,  
I know him now, 'tis Death."

The Angel whispered in my ear  
A single word, "twas "Come;"  
Then I beheld wondrous sight,  
The two indeed were one.

That which I thought to be true life  
Behind me stretched, a shade;  
As he whom I had misnamed Death,  
Waved over me his blade.

Then with his arm outstretched, he held  
Fruit from the precious tree,  
As thus he spake with loving smile,  
"At last thou knowest me.

"It needed but the gentle wave  
Of this, my fiery blade,  
To clear thy eyes, which erring saw  
Life in Life's fleeting shade."

E. J. Bowtell.  
New London, Conn.

## The Wisdom of Passion.

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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 teems with wise sayings, and shrewd observations on the motives of men. I expect to go over it again in order to mark and margin the epigrams, the gemlike sentences, the gems of poetic beauty. I shall do everything in my power to bring its profound truths to the attention of others.—Prof. Edward A. Ross, University of Nebraska.

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

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

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

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

### Brevities.

Smiles and tears, joy and sorrow, how close each is to the other.

The sun shining above, the waters rippling below, hearts full of joy, and voices thrilling with merriment.

Life on either side of the crowded steamer, teeming wharves, busy streets, craft of all sorts bearing men and merchandise, and the life of summertime warming the veins and quickening the pulses of over a thousand happy pleasure seekers.

Barely an hour passes when all is changed. Sharp-tongued flames, hideous clouds of suffocating smoke, a frenzied multitude of young and old, collapsing rails and decks, a blackened half-consumed hull hastily run ashore on to the beach, and at least a thousand bruised, burned and drowned bodies tell the tale of the latest terrible tragedy which transformed that bright June day into one of darkness for scores of homes in the down town portion of the Empire city.

Is it again to be the usual story? Life cheaper than precautions to preserve it? Inefficiency, incompetence, a boat ill-found with all safety appliances, perfunctorily certified as sound and wellfound by careless port officials. Lack of discipline among the crew, a cowardly flying away from the act on the part of the man who is said to have caused the conflagration—accidentally, no doubt. This mad "taking chances" which sooner or later creeps into everything is the curse of the times. It can only be checked by holding to stern accountability all who are implicated in such disasters as this latest horror on the East River on the edge of the Long Island Sound.

Over one thousand little ones sent prematurely into spirit life. What does it mean? That they are wronged out of their earthly experiences and sent all unprepared into the other world? But what are the vaunted "experiences" of this life that their loss is so regrettable? To buy, sell, build, plan, achieve as the world understands such things, what does it all amount to? To gain knowledge, what amount of our knowledge gained on earth will be valuable to us a million years hence on the loftier zones of the Summerland? These young lives have but been transplanted, by the rude hand of catastrophe it is true, to a richer soil, where under far more favoring conditions than this world has yet presented they can bud and blossom

as never could have been the case on earth. While sad to think of, the method of their translation, let us as Spiritualists not close our eyes against the fact that nature—God, if you please—provides ample compensations for all our seeming ills, our mistake is in limiting that operation of divine wisdom to this life and overlooking that this is not the only plane of the divine operations.

The world loves a funmaker, to slightly paraphrase an old saying, and men are better for mirth, for,

"A little nonsense now and then  
Is relished by the wisest men."

as an old saying admonishes. All those whose wit and humor have moved men to keen enjoyment make us their debtors, and when the waters of sorrow embitter the founts of humor the least we can do is to send a word of sympathy in the hour of need. So to the prince of humorists, "Mark Twain," Samuel T. Clemens, let our sweet sympathy go on in his hour of need, in these days of sadness when the near loss of his loving companion presses so close upon him. The picture of the man who has made smiles for us all kneeling there in the silence by the casket containing the form of the departed is sad in many ways. Most sad because it argues that the clay is still clung to as the one thing he knew. If he has not our light would that he had, for then, while honoring the late dwelling place of his beloved, he would realize that she in shining array still lives—and may be as close to him as ever. For many a happy hour, and for the sorrow of the moment, and the love we all feel for the noble husband and true souled man, we unite in a tribute of loving sympathy and trust that the shadow may be dispersed by the sunshine of the knowledge that she who made the world sunny for our friend will still continue by her ministry in the spirit to make glad and golden the remaining years of his mortal life.

The latest Australian mail brought to table the three Australasian papers devoted to our Cause, which in their order of seniority are The Harbinger of Light, edited by W. H. Terry, and The Messenger, edited by M. A. Redfern, both of which are issued in Melbourne, Australia; and The Message of Life, edited by W. C. Nation, and published at Levin, New Zealand. Each is full of most interesting material literary, news, poetry, and selected as well as original articles. Our far-away co-believers are to be congratulated upon being so ably ministered to by our excellently conducted contemporaries to whom we extend our congratulations and good wishes upon the work they are accomplishing for our glorious Cause.

A neatly printed little booklet bearing the somewhat striking title of "God Never Spoke, a Protest against the Belief that the Bible is God's Word," by Julius M. Parker, of the National Military Home, Ohio, has reached us. It is written in an earnest strain and covers the ground which liberal thinkers are well familiar with, therefore its real utility will be found in its service to those who wish to look at the conventional ideas of God and the Bible from an unconventional point of view. The author can be addressed as above to Drawer F., and he will send a copy of his work in return for twenty-five cents.

The esteemed The Listener, writing recently in The Boston Evening Transcript, refers to an editorial which appeared in the "Banner" of May 21st, having for its title, "The Combatants Spiritually Diagnosed" and which was based upon extracts from the writings of Andrew Jackson Davis. The subject was the estimates of the characteristics of Russia and Japan as detailed at a Spirit congress which Mr. Davis observed some thirty-six years ago. The writer in the Transcript remarks that

"The prophetic power of Andrew Jackson Davis was never more signally demonstrated than in the circumstance that he saw Japan as a recognized member of the brotherhood of nations so long ago as 1868. Certainly nobody else on earth would have done so then; and this is the exordium (which is quoted in full) of the Japanese members of the congress to their fellow-citizens."

In conclusion The Listener pays this journal a sincere compliment as to its stability at least, by saying

"No wonder that the Banner of Light, still doing business in Boston, unswamped by the newer forms of mysticism which have swept over this devoted city of lams and religions, chortles in its joy over these fulfilled prophecies of 'our noble seer.'"

### Fire!

Once again the whole world is horrified by the tragic holocaust on the Harlem river, right under the walls of New York City, and on the shores of Randall's Island near the Sound. It is agonizing to think of those six hundred little folks who an hour before were blithe with the happiness of a day's excursion involved in the horrors of a panic that seized them when the flames burst forth from the ill-starred steamer General Slocum. The imagination reels under the sad and awful calamity so sudden, so fierce, so overwhelming. The mercy of it is that for the children the pain would be brief for nature is beneficent and makes death easy for her children when the actual separation is inevitable. The scores of little forms mute and cold tell a pathetic story which concerns the living. The parents, kindred and friends, who can tell their anguish, grief and sorrow! Truly one could say, God give them strength, and it is not weakness to shed the sympathetic tear on their behalf, even though they are strangers, for "one touch of Nature makes the whole world kin," for truly the touch of sorrow will make the world's heart kin with these bereaved ones in the grief that will be theirs these many days.

Let our readers everywhere send out loving thoughts, and strong thoughts, of helpfulness to the survivors. All of us, no matter what we think of the philosophy of such incidents, let us unite in this silent service of help to the stricken and may be we shall

help to lighten the burden of the sad hearts in the stricken homes and bring a rift of light into the gloom of many a saddened heart. Dear little children they have gone into the Summerland, and so far it will be well with them. But their heartaches will be none the less than those of their homes on earth. Loving angels will care for them, and under the clear skies of the Summerland these lately departed cadets of life will learn that death, even under such circumstances, is not the dire calamity poor uneducated humanity once believed it to be. In most respectful and loving sympathy the "Banner of Light" sends its message of love and cheer to the earthly friends so suddenly bereft of the treasures of their homes and hearts, and prays that unseen ministers may sustain them in their trial.

Yet again the practical note must be sounded. It is this, so long as these timber tinkerboxes called excursion steamers are allowed to ply their trade, so long must the voyagers realize they carry their lives in their hands. So long as undisciplined crews are permitted to man these matchbox boats and so long as their fire fighting equipment is as rotten as on this ill-fated vessel, so long will there be not only a moral, but a criminal responsibility on owners and officers, and upon the authorities issuing the licenses which permit such craft to ply for hire. After the horror of the lesson will, no doubt, come the spasm of virtue which will lead to reforms, at least let us so hope.

### A Serious Question.

At times it is positively necessary to point out abuses and denounce in no uncertain tones evil either in high or low places. When such denunciations are based upon undeniable proofs which can be fully substantiated in a court of law if needful, innuendo is changed for accuracy and the acceptance of personal responsibility displaces the necessity for anonymity. The plea that to expose wrongdoers helps to protect society is sound when the expose has no element of uncertainty about it, and definite statements of fact and circumstance are associated therewith.

For a number of years past now those who should know of what they state have lost few opportunities to tell the cause, and the world outside, that Spiritualism was honey-combed with fraud. The allegations have been that there was not a genuine materializing medium in the United States, that a considerable proportion of the "message" mediums gave imitation "tests," and that the cause was suffering deadly injury from the foregoing and other questionable practices of mediums, and through it all ran the assertion that a famous cerulean hued book was in circulation and used by some of "our best mediums."

Now it is a serious question as to whether such loose and oft repeated charges serve any real good purpose, or achieve any satisfactory result? To say, "I know the book is used," or that "materialization is a fraud," or that "mediums are notoriously immoral," and when asked to furnish the proof of such assertions to say it is not my place to offer the proof, shows a lamentable lack of appreciation of the responsibilities of life. If you are not willing to stand by your words when attacking the honesty of a man or a movement remain silent until you are. It is cowardly and mendacious in the extreme to anonymously assail the reputation of any one. In the case in point, as so far, no one has been named as a culprit every message medium in this country has been placed under suspicion. Not only so, but the genuineness of message mediums in the past is raised and the entire list of mediums past and present is involved in the careless calumnies that are being so recklessly hurled about at this time. Let us know who the culprits are, bring a blue book to the light of day, send one to this office and we will reproduce extracts from its pages. We neither deny nor affirm such a book exists, we only ask, like Hudson Tuttle, to see it.

Turn your attention to Hudson Tuttle's article in this issue and note therein what he says about English mediums, basing his remarks upon quotations from a letter lately appearing in our esteemed contemporary the Two Worlds, of Manchester, England, in which the writer pokes fun at some remarks he professes to quote from some trance addresses he has heard. Mr. Tuttle is perfectly justified in drawing the conclusions he does concerning the lack of intelligence among English Spiritualists who employ such speakers, if the samples of the utterances he refers to came from the lips of any sort of speaker employed by a regular Spiritualist society and addressed to a regular public service of that body. But this case supplies just the illustration to drive home the point of the previous remarks. The exposure (no doubt made in perfect bona fides) of the evil can readily be warped by the enemies of our Cause away from an honest attempt to cleanse the Cause from any presumed evils to a condemnation of the Spiritualists at large who apparently tolerate the sort of thing in question. But illiteracy is not a crime, nor the illiterate necessarily criminal, and at times the uneducated man or woman possesses a sensitiveness easily responsive to the spirit forces, and when the message comes unquestionably and genuinely from the other side we may deplore the poorness of the channel, but we are content to have the service, hoping to find a better means later on. But assumed "tests" are fraud pure and simple, they have no excuse, there can be no palliation. But let us know definitely and let the charge be tagged so that the cheat may be openly branded and the people warned.

Still it is a serious question after all as to what is best to be done. Let us remember that the enemies of Spiritualism failing to break down our facts, our arguments or our philosophy changed their tactics and commenced to assail not mediumship, but mediums! It was a subtle device and for a time appears to have escaped notice! Let us un-

dermine the character of the mediums and we shall disgust the public with them. We shall win back our church members and our Sunday school attendants. We shall call into exercise the social tabu, the cruelest of all inhibitions, and then, having done these things Spiritualism will surely die! Are we trying to play the game of our enemies? Surely we are not likely to be guilty of such surpassing folly. Spiritualism without mediumship is only one whit worse than Spiritualism without the spirits. Let us clearly draw the line here, true mediumship is not in any way comparable to the tricks of the fakirs who pose as mediums, and any man or woman who substitutes imposition for genuine mediumship ceases to be a medium and at once becomes a fakir.

Once again let it be said the "Banner of Light" stands for honesty in all things, genuineness in mediumship, at all times. That it is unalterably opposed to fraud in every instance and will not knowingly on its own responsibility, or through its correspondents, permit fraud to be exploited in its pages. Yet, nevertheless, it claims that all men have the right to know their accusers and the nature of the offence with which they are charged. Therefore, until we have evidence submitted to us which can be attested, on oath if required, it remains a serious question whether we cannot all busy ourselves in not assisting our friends, the enemy.

### What Have We to Offer?

After the struggles of fifty-six years the day of our recognition is surely drawing nigh. The signs thereof are multiplying on all sides, and the skies of secular and religious thought are thick with flaming portents of our coming triumph. Even the more conservative daily press is increasingly respectful, as witness the quite sympathetic attitude towards the two latest works on our subject, i. e., those of Dr. Isaac K. Funk and M. Sage, which have each received courteous treatment literally from the Lakes to the Gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Our facts and our philosophy have become the key notes of the essayist, novelist and dramatists, as one or the other would best serve their purposes; even ministers are not averse to utilizing the teachings of the spirits regarding life and duty here and hereafter. While it is not quite true yet, that "it is all over except the shouting," yet we are coming within measurable distance of the day of jubilation when we shall celebrate the victory which truth inevitably wins over error, and we shall see the triumph of the people of the Summerland in their efforts to overturn a materialistic theology, and a science of simple negation as to things spiritual, as well as their absolute and unquestioned demonstration of the continuity of self-conscious personal life after "death."

The wind having at last veered to a favoring quarter are we prepared to take advantage of the breeze and sail out with all our canvas spread, the flag at the main and the course duly laid? In other words, what have we to offer the world which appears to be willing to come our way.

Passing all minor differences aside—for absolute uniformity of opinion is neither desirable nor possible—there nevertheless remain certain basic positions upon which unity can alone be predicated. And the first point to which attention is directed is that primarily we offer to the world the only present day facts upon which the reality of a future life rests for positive demonstration. Spiritualists were first in the field, psychical researchers, theosophists and occultists were successors, not forerunners, and the base of all they have done is what we initiated. Spiritualists disclosed mediumship to the world as a natural function rendering possible an orderly relationship between men and spirits. We as a body have affirmed that mediumship is simply a natural possibility, not a "gift" any more than song or oratory, and has nothing superstitiously supernatural about it. Nor rightly used is there the least danger in its cultivation or exercise. Facts are the real foundation of any form of science, therefore our facts offer the true basis of the science of immortality and so aids the world to fulfill the old injunction which bids "add to your faith knowledge," in this case regarding the transcendental question of all our lives.

What deductions can be drawn from our facts? Fundamentally the deductions deducible are twofold, that is, they relate to the present and the future of our living. Generally the last named occupies the largest share of the attention of ourselves and the public. Let us then notice them first. The communications from the Summerland prove to be human still in character, qualities and interests. They talk, act, advise, teach and establish themselves to our understandings as intelligent—some more so than others—human beings would, and as we should expect them to do if we understand that dying makes no change in the mental, moral and personal character of the individual transferred to the next plane of being. The spirits tell us that we meet our loved again, that ultimately our unsatisfied longings are ministered to and we find the realizations we failed to attain to while on earth. Of the world of the Summerland they say the reality transcends tongue to tell, nature on earth at her best and loveliest is but a faint prophecy of the glory of the land of the Bright Beyond. Our opportunities for unfoldment are illimitable in that other life, all that we desire becomes ours as we prepare ourselves by effort to realize it, and the so called trials of earth—the disappointments, failures, limitations and evils as we describe many things which are eventually our best friends—slak into utter insignificance in view of the larger and higher living over there. This needs must be the case, for earthly life is so small a fragment of our ever expanding now that to turn backwards and measure by that eighth of an inch which we call life the uncountable leagues which we may call eternity is absurd. We offer the world, as a strict deduction from our facts, a life hereafter wherein all the children of the supreme power have

ample room and range for the sure and certain development of the divine within. Not at first do all attain the truer spirit development. Some of us there are who must remove the dust and dirt accumulated while here, and so at last rise to higher living, but let us say with Tennyson,

"I do believe with him who slings  
To one great harp of divers tones  
That men may rise to higher things  
On their dead selves as stepping-stones."

As to the material aspect of the deductions in question, the matter is voluminous indeed. For if on the other shore life is upon a higher plane of consciousness, action and morality, and the happiness of that life can only be attained by such higher living, and those who live there once lived here, and are only unfolding the potencies in them while here, it follows that if this world is to be made better we must try to unfold our higher selves—in thought and deed—while here, if we are to uplift the world on one hand and on the other hand to prepare ourselves for a better state in the hereafter. We offer the world the hard, but wholesome food of personal virtue, honesty, temperance, justice in all things and to all our fellows. The entire forsaking of lying, slandering, unclean thinking as well as doing, the culture of mind, body and spirit, so that life may be lived intelligently in the full consciousness of the responsibility each bears to each. These are still dreams to the multitude, but they are dreams which will surely come true. The sooner we learn to be doers rather than dreamers ourselves, for we offer the world the tremendous thought that the Kingdom of Heaven must begin on earth if men are to ever find solace for sorrow and surcease from misery on the mortal plane.

We offer the world the sublime ideal of the Great Positive Mind. "Our Father God and Mother Nature" (to quote again the great seer) whose attributes are Love—Truth—Wisdom, and whose laws and principles work out the great objects of our existence. Not a personal god to be placated or offended, to reward or punish, but an infinite power pervading all things, but whom the wisest spirits decline to personalize, or describe, or claim to have seen or known. Little minds devote their time to defining deity, it amuses them and does not disturb God! We offer the world a religion without dogma, without a priesthood set apart by "calls" from God, without a special revelation for us to quarrel over, a religion that is composed of the good in the inspirations received in India, Persia, Babylonia, Egypt, Greece, Italy and to and by all peoples, races, tongues and tribes.

### "Try the Spirits" by an Examining Board.

Hudson Tuttle, Editor-at-Large, N. S. A.

Our English friends appear to have trouble with mediums who are "called by the spirits" to speak, and the said spirits do not by their inspiration lift them out of ignorance. The product and the pretension make a laughable and pitiable combination. There have been noticeable exhibitions of imperfectly developed mediumship on the platform in this country, and "test mediums" of whom Spiritualists were not proud, but there has never been anything comparable to the utterances of advertised English speakers, as reported by a writer in "Two Worlds," Manchester, England. Either there is a higher grade of influences in this country, or the "mediums" are better informed.

One speaker is reported as commencing his lecture: "'O, Thou Infernal God! and, in the address that follows, proceeds: 'Brethren, we must inspire after God... on this Monday plane... we are all part and parcel of the great God Himself.' Another exclaims that he is 'always willing to give all the inflammation he can.' One declares that 'the sun shines brighter than the moon, because it has a larger and more polished surface' whilst it is gravely announced that the speaker (control) is Socrates or William Howitt Gladstone!"

The writer, Mr. E. S. G. Mayo, of Cardiff, would bring about a reform and advocates the examination of speakers and mediums by a committee or Examining Board. The authority of such board must come from the Spiritual Union, as in this country it would from the National Spiritual Association. He says, referring to the above quotation:

"This is the evil—what is the remedy? If a standard is maintained, and certificates are granted to persons who are held to be qualified for platform work, a great change will occur. In the first place, our workers will endeavor to improve their mental condition; the certificate would be an incentive to study. Apart from this, outsiders will recognize the fact that we have a dignity to maintain. At present we are the only religious body having no standard of platform capacity—whilst the very scum of the theological world has its examination of candidates for the ministry."

We think mediums or speakers who manifested such a degree of incompetency would in this country find difficulty in making engagements, for the verdict of the people is as decisive as that of an examining board. It is true the Cause might be saved from reproach, and Spiritualists from humiliation, but would they accept the decision without making the "test"?

And this reminds me of a trance speaker, years ago. He had widely advertised a lecture, and although it was a stormy night, I attended, from a wish to know if he made good his claims. Three boys in front, and two men in the rear of the hall formed the audience. He had "lectured" there before and the people had withheld their certificate! This I did not know, and inferred the cause of the vacant seats to be the storm.

The "greatest trance medium on earth," after a series of contortions, arose and in majestic oratorical voice, began: "Ladies and gentlemen, I perceive that there is a slim audience out tonight, but that will make no difference to us who control. We shall speak just as learnedly, just as metaphysically, just as scientifically, just as grammatically, as though you were a conglomerated mass." Then he poured out words for an hour. "Who controlled you in this evening's effort?" I innocently asked after the conclusion. "Tom Paine, the great infidel," the "medium" answered proudly.

Was he honest or a deceiver? He was a good-hearted, honest fellow, who gave remarkable tests at times, but the dupe of his vanity, stimulated by spirits having no more ability than himself.

In a large city the spiritual society engaged a trance speaker and the first evening he came before a crowded house, gained by fulsome advertising. He stood up with closed eyes and gave an address that would have pleased by its gentle inanity if the speaker had addressed his audience. Unfor-



fortunately he had a habit of swinging round, and in making one of these gestures, almost at the beginning, he brought his back to the audience and face to the wall, and not knowing his mistake, he went on to the finish. The audience gave way to suppressed laughter after leaving the hall, and said that spirits ought to know where the audience was seated, and hence the speaker was a fraud. Fraud he might have been, but not in the sense they wished to be understood. If he had not been honest, he would have opened his eyes sufficiently to have seen, and the blunder would not have been made. Well, that "first night" canceled the month's engagement. The daily press had columns of fun and caricature, and the ministrations of the succeeding able speakers scarcely retrieved the ground lost.

Can this state of affairs be changed for the better? Assuredly, and by the action of Spiritualists themselves. As long as they accept whatever is offered and make no high demand, they must expect to receive the poor with the good.

The Board of the British Union may decide to examine lecturers and grant licenses to the worthy, but we sincerely believe they will find it an impractical task, especially with mediums. Even if ability is decided favorably, morality and social character are not so readily determined. The authority of such an examining board must be assumed. Unlike that of a council or conference of ministers who firmly rest their right to ordain or excommunicate on the Bible and traditions of the church, the spiritual examiners would have nothing more than their appointment by a society just starting into existence, out of which are a large number of Spiritualists. Nor would such a board have any means to enforce its decisions. All it possibly could do would be to recommend or discredit. The result will be an appeal to the spiritual public, or the matter will stand just as it does at present.

#### W. J. Colville's New Book.

In the next issue of the "Banner of Light," will be commenced the new book by W. J. Colville, entitled "Mediumship Defined and Defended; or 'The Great Psychological Crime' Analyzed and Criticized."

The work is in six chapters and it is intended to present our readers with one chapter each week until the series is completed. The work is written in the usual clear and terse style of this popular writer and he presents his argument cogently and logically. It is one of the best productions from his prolific pen and will do much to place the book he deals with in a proper light before the friends and opponents of Spiritualism.

You will do the "Banner" a timely service by introducing this matter to your friends and acquaintances and so secure us further subscribers, and if you are an officer of a Sunday service, or a campmeeting, by referring to this work from the rostrum you will further aid the paper which is always willing to assist the work of your organizations. We look to our friends to avail themselves of the opportunity presented them to disseminate useful information and assist in swelling the subscription list of the "Banner" to still larger proportions.

#### J. J. Morse at the S. S. S. of the V. S. U.

On Sunday afternoon next, June 26th, J. J. Morse, editor of "The Banner of Light," will be the speaker at the summer Sunday services of the Veterans' Spiritual Union Home at Waverley, Mass. As this will be Mr. Morse's only possible visit this season no doubt a goodly company will be present to listen to him and the other mediums who will attend and through whom the spirits will deliver their message to you all.

#### A. J. Davis—Special Intimation.

Dr. A. J. and Della E. Davis will take a much needed vacation in Essex County during July and August. On Sept. 1st Dr. Davis will return to the office, 63 Warren Avenue, and be ready to receive patients for treatment. Correspondents will please not expect to hear from him until after his vacation.

#### John Slater.

During the present month John Slater, the well-known test medium, has been holding Sunday evening meetings in Berkeley Hall, Berkeley Street, Boston, to audiences which have filled the hall on each occasion. His "tests" are as remarkable as hitherto, and continue to puzzle the sceptic and interest the believer. He will hold his final meeting for the present on Sunday night next, and thereafter goes for a seven weeks' stay at the Lake Pleasant Campmeeting. He promises to return to Boston in the early fall and hold public Sunday meetings during the entire ensuing season of 1904-1905.

#### Summer Tour of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.

Mr. and Mrs. Richmond left their home in Rogers Park, Chicago, for St. Louis on the 17th inst.

Mrs. Richmond will speak at the Pine Street Temple (Rev. T. Grimshaw) the two last Sundays in June.

She is engaged to speak for the Unity League (convention of the Parliament of Religions, Mrs. Judge Herbert, of Evanston, chairman of committee) which holds its sessions in the Fair grounds, at one of the Congress halls, June 28, 29 and 30. She will be with the League at the "Inside Inn" on those three days. Mrs. Richmond expects to speak for Prof. Peck's congregation the first two Sundays in July.

Mr. and Mrs. Richmond on their way east will stop at Cleveland, Ohio, and at Corry, Pa., arriving at Onset, Mass., for the last Sunday in July and the first week in August (Mrs. Richmond's dates). She speaks at Lynn, Mass., on Aug. 7th, at Natick, Conn., Aug. 14th, stopping at other places on the return trip to Chicago, where she resumes the regular services of the Church of the Soul about the middle of September.

#### Miss Margaret Gaule in Pittsburg, Pa.

Quite a stir was caused last evening at the First Spiritualist church, on Boquet street, while Miss Margaret Gaule, who is the medium and lecturer for the month, was giving a number of "tests." While she was in the middle of the center aisle, Miss Gaule suddenly stopped and retreating to the railing near the pulpit said:

"I am now impressed by seeing a man draw near who holds a Bible in his hands. It is open at the gospel of St. John. He is a Lutheran minister and is looking for some one."

Miss Gaule then went to the right aisle of the church and stepping up to a woman said:

"Madam, this minister comes to you."

The woman at first disclaimed any knowledge of any deceased minister.

"Well," said Miss Gaule, "you do know him and he says that four members of his church are here. He gives me the initial F. and then I get D. and then R."

The woman still shook her head, as if sure that she did not know the spirit visitor.

"The minister tells me that he does not like to give his name, but will do so if necessary, in order to let you know who he is," continued the medium.

Still the woman persisted in her negative replies. Miss Gaule then said: "He was a Lutheran minister and his name is Ruoff."

This reference to the late Rev. Frederick Ruoff, pastor of the German Lutheran church, at Sixth avenue and Smithfield street, caused quite a stir and it was some time before the medium could resume her "tests."

Miss Gaule then referred to some other spirit visitors and later went to the woman to whom "Rev. Ruoff" had come. She asked the woman concerning a piece of jewelry, stating that the minister wanted to know about it. To this the woman replied that the jewelry was in her possession. She then appeared to give credence to the message that was given to her by Miss Gaule.

The services were well attended and a number of satisfactory readings were given. —The Pittsburg (Pa.) Leader.

#### 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, theosophical, new thought and brotherhood cults.

Correspondence solicited. Inclose 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.

#### Political Prophecies.

B. A. George.

"Of predictions there is no end," especially just before a presidential election. Some are probable, others improbable. Some that look impossible prove true. Often those that appear most likely to occur, fail to realize. When political doctors thus disagree, who shall decide?

A whispered word comes from over the border, pregnant with political significance and full of unexpected results if such is the outcome. It is to the effect that the forthcoming National Convention will have no two names before it more potent to conjure with than those of Cannon and Fairbanks.

This claims to come from one who, through his selected human telescope, at every election since Lincoln's second term, has stated with positive accuracy long before the event took place, the name of the nominee of the successful aspirant for the highest office in the land.

Scanning the political horizon from the most favorable hill-tops of the present, nothing to us, in the range of probability, would be more unlikely to occur, than the above indications. However, there is an old saw—true as if it were in the Scriptures—that runs in this direction: What politicians often propose, circumstances as often transpire and dispose.

Between now and Convention time, there is ample opportunity for any amount of the upsetting of political calculations even by the supposed wisest of political wiseacres. Totally unexpected events have occurred at the last moment, entirely changing all pre-arranged plans.

One remembers how the effect of Bryan's cross and crown of gold speech stamped the convention and caused his nomination. Also how Garfield, attending the convention in the interest of John Sherman and to put him in nomination, became himself the nominee and President of the Republic. And later still, who has forgotten how after the most strenuous and repeated assertions of Mr. Roosevelt—doubtless with the utmost sincerity—that he would not allow his name to be used in connection with the Vice-Presidency, the convention at Philadelphia in 1900 nominated him by acclamation on the first ballot, giving him 929 out of the 930 votes cast, he, alone, as a delegate, withholding his vote.

What is it that often makes large bodies of men act like sheep?

Whether this forecasting proves true, as have other like predictions from and through the same sources, it matters not, so far as the previous prophecies are concerned. But the outcome will be watched with no little interest by those knowing the inside history of these things, which is the object of making this record at the present time.

Washington, D. C., April, 1904.

[Note.—The above communication was received on May 20th, but the pressure upon our space has been so great that room has not hitherto been available.—Ed. B. L.]

#### Announcements.

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

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.

Lynn Spiritualists' Association, Unity Camp, Saugus Centre, Alex. Caird, M. D., pres. Services every Sunday at 11, 2, 4 and 7. June 26 Mrs. S. C. Cunningham and other good speakers and mediums. Good music. Lunch can be procured in the grove. July 2d and 10th, Rev. May S. Pepper.

Malden Progressive Spiritual Society.—We hold meetings in our hall every Sunday at 1.30. Children's Lyceum. Come and bring the children. 3.30 p. m. circle for healing, developing and readings. The best of talent always present. We shall hold these meetings all summer. Do not forget the monthly supper, Friday, June 24, 6 to 7.30 p. m.—C. L. Redding, cor. sec.

First Spiritual Church of Boston, Inc., Rev. Clara E. Strong, Pastor, holds services every Sunday at America Hall. Circle at 11 a. m. Services at 3 and 7.30 p. m. All mediums invited. Special music and services each Sunday. Sunday, June 26th, will be observed as Children's Day. Home circles at 30 Huntington Ave., Room 420, every Tuesday and Friday evening.—A. M. S., clerk.

Kind words and smiles, and genial greetings and good wishes, are seeds that thrive and bear fruit, after their own kind. Cheerfulness is like the widow's measure of meal—the more spent the more remains, and both the receiver and giver are enriched.

#### MATERIALIZED APPARITIONS;

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## Our Home Circle.

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## Morn on the Mountains.

(Written for the "Banner.")

While a cool balmy wind came down from the mountains  
On a beautiful morn,  
A herald of gladness—a song for the sower  
Mid the wheat and the corn;  
The sun spread afar his infinite splendors  
In electrical seas  
Where infinitude lends the grandeur of silence  
Such mornings as these.

The anthem that blesses the mountain's green temple

While the world is asleep,  
Awakes the wild harp in the silver-clad spruces  
As a hymn from the deep.  
The world is my own from the creative forces,  
Each hilltop and glen,—  
Divine is the gift since that day's early dawning  
On the children of men.

A ray from the Infinite morning  
Crept into my tent on the hills,  
And a warbling of birds without warning  
Rose up from the bank by the dill;  
Then all the sweet harmonies listened,  
While a Presence swept by with the song,  
The wild rose in reedy glades glistened,—  
Queen of Sheba she stood 'mid the throng.

The joy that stole over the mountain  
Was something so nearly divine  
The sister of Truth at the fountain  
Held a hope that was healing as wine.  
Only sweet winds blew from the larches  
And spruces in green armor dressed,  
While true lovers found the lone marches  
In that harbor of silence and rest.

—Mary Baird Finch.  
Pueblo, Colo., June 4th, 1904.

## A Link in Our Golden Chain.

## COMFORT THE SORROWING.

"Mr. Clemens kneels continually by the coffin. He speaks to no one." These were the words burned into our hearts as we read of the passing into spirit-life of the wife of "Mark Twain."

Instantly his pain and sorrow became our own. Into that desolate chamber, beside the still form we knelt with him. The unspeakable anguish of silence complete and awful swept through us.

A thousand maddening scenes tortured us. The joy of love, the beauty of devotion. The happy eyes after separation. The whispered word at parting. The sobs of overwhelming emotion at success. The brave hopes in failure. The daily dependencies creeping on as weakness became pronounced. The willing changes for yearned for strength.

The hope of yesterday.  
Oh God, oh God, the heart is bursting and the darkness of grief hides and shields him as kneeling there he waits and watches alone. In such an hour philosophy fails us.

All our fine-spun theories snap and break under the tension of such grief. Into the "Valley of Shadow" we are hurled and the hills are so far away!

What shall we say to a soul standing there in sorrow?

Not a word escapes us.  
Deep as the sea is our sympathy and as high as heaven are our hopes but voiceless are the emotions so mighty and so vast. At the moment when it seems as if we, too, would forget the shining skies, we know and understand.

'Tis the hour when soul speaks to soul. Across the billows we send this, our message.

She is not dead. This we know. Nor is she far from you; who kneeling there with lips as silent as her own seem turned to stone.

She waits.  
Not in some far off country where the breezes blow from off the hills of paradise. She waits, beside you, with love-light in her wondrous eyes.

No strange, unearthly beauty enhances her pale face but sweet and real and tender and winsome in her grace. 'Tis not a dream but a truth revealed by death, that the love of this sweet woman was not snuffed out with her breath. "Over there" in fields more fair, will she wait content for you. Her body died, 'tis true, but her free spirit is bathed with your tears, is stung with your anguish.

With you she will rise from that darkened chamber. With you she will walk out into the great world she loved. With you she will build again the fair "castles in the air" and even in the hours of work and weariness you may feel assured of her presence.

Death has not made an impassable gulf between you two but has swept you out into the ocean of "Infinite Love" where your white souls may sit serene upon the wave and together speak the word or sing the song which is your part of the world's harmony.

## "My Will Shall Be Thy Will."

There is one important fact to be remembered by the members of that rapidly increasing school of thought which make Will the creator and conqueror of all things and that is that Will is the rightful inheritance of every individual soul.

Unless our desires be tempered with a will for the best for everyone we have a most dangerous foe to combat in the universe.

Selfishness must be entirely eradicated before we may dare to will for anything.

It is possible for a man to sit in his chamber and will another into his presence and compel by his force of attention that he would not otherwise get, but he becomes immediately a highwayman and a robber. By his thought-strength he has overpowered his fellow traveler and stolen something from him.

This is as literal as if he had met him alone in the dark and by brute strength had forced him to give up his purse.

Let us not dare to demand anything except strength to bear the truth.

We are all conscious of a power within us that urges us on to the unfoldment of our better selves.

Through this unfoldment we know that whatever we need will be ours so we may safely rest in the power of good and say always "My will shall be Thy will."

## How Many Toes Has a Cat?

This was one of the questions asked of a certain class during examination week; and simple as the question appears to be, none could answer it. In the emergency, the principal was applied to for a solution; and he, also, with a good-natured smile, gave it up; when one of the teachers, determined not to be beaten by so simple a question, hit on the idea of sending out a delegation of boys to scour the neighborhood for a cat. When this idea was announced, the whole class wanted to join in the hunt. Several boys went out at once and returned successful. A returning band was at once appointed and the toes counted.

when, to the relief of all, it was learned that a cat possesses eighteen toes, ten on the front feet and eight on the hind feet—Our Dumb Animals.

## The Story of the White Kitten.

A. S. Falkner.

The tabby kitten lay on the rug beside her mamma, and tried to look as if she liked being washed. She was a good little cat and always did what her mamma told her, as, of course, all nice people who have mamma's do. Just now she wanted to go and play at ball with her brother, the white kitten, but her mamma said:

"No, my dear, you must first come here and let me lick you over, and then, when you are quite clean, you are going out to tea with our young mistress."

The old cat had called the white kitten, too, but he had pretended not to hear, and went on playing with his ball, tossing it up in the air, patting it with his paw, and turning head over heels after it.

It made the children laugh to see him.

"I like the white kitten best," said Bobby, "he is so funny."

"Yes," said Daisy, "but the tabby kitten is a dear, good little thing. It is always purring, and it never scratches us like the white one does."

But still she laughed too at the funny things the white kitten did with the ball, and when he heard her he said to himself:

"Ah, I am a clever fellow! I amuse the children, and so they love me better than my sister, who is always so quiet and good."

Presently he was tired of the ball, and began to look about him for something new. The sun was shining brightly outside, and the window was open, so he jumped up on the window-sill and crept outside.

"Come back!" cried his mamma, who had been watching to see what he was about, and the little tabby kitten called out, too, "Come back!"

But the white kitten only laughed.

"Why should I not go out for a walk?" he asked. "It is a fine day, and I can see other cats walking about and sitting in the sunshine. I shall do that, too."

"Outside there are cruel boys," said the old cat. "They will tie things to your tail and throw stones at you. You are too young to go into the street alone, my son."

But, of course, the white kitten thought he knew better than his mamma, and, with a little shake of his tail, he jumped down into the street, and sat there looking about him.

Over the way there lived a big, yellow cat with a fine bushy tail. He lay by the doorstep half asleep in the sunshine, and waved his great tail slowly up and down. The white kitten saw him at once, and thought it would be fun to play with that tall just like he played with his mamma's. So he started off across the road.

But just then two boys came along.

"Look there, Bill," said one, "there's a little white kitten; let's chase it!"

The poor little kitten heard them coming and did not know what to do. He was too frightened to remember which of the houses in the street was the one he lived in, and so he ran away as fast as he could go, with the boys after him.

As you know, a kitten has four legs, and a boy has only two; besides, these boys were on their way to school, and they were afraid that if they were late the master would be angry, so they soon gave up the chase, and left the white kitten in peace. But now he was a long way from home, and he did not know at all which way to go to get back again. There were dogs in the street, too, as well as boys, and some of them barked at him and looked so big and cruel that the poor little thing thought he would die of fear.

He walked on and on for some time, and then, as he could not find the house where he lived with his mamma and sister, and Daisy and Bobby and nurse, he sat down on a doorstep and began to cry.

"Malow-malow-malow!" he said, "Why are you crying? What is the matter with you?"

It was the big yellow cat with the bushy tail, and the white kitten felt happier at once, because he knew the big cat would help him to find his home.

"I have lost my way," he said, "and I don't know where home is. Do please help me."

"Why, you little silly," said the yellow cat, laughing, "you are sitting on your own doorstep! I saw you come out a little while ago, and then you ran away. Where did you go?"

It was really true. The white kitten had found his way home again, and this was his doorstep, though he had been too frightened to know it.

"Some boys chased me," he said, feeling rather ashamed. "The street is very dangerous."

"You're too young to be out alone," said the yellow cat. "Stay at home till you are older. Goodbye."

When the white kitten got back to the rug, his mamma still lay there before the fire, licking her paws and purring, but the tabby kitten had gone out to tea with Daisy and Bobby. The little girl next door had a birthday party, and she had asked both the kittens, but now the white one had come home too late, and had missed his nice tea.

"Where have you been, you naughty child?" asked the old cat.

"I have been out in the street, miles and miles away," said the white kitten.

When the tabby kitten came home she said that the party had been lovely, and "I had real cream for tea."

But the white kitten went to bed hungry.

## Understanding.

If I knew you and you knew me,  
If both of us could clearly see,  
And with an inner sight divine  
The meaning of your heart and mine,  
I'm sure that we would differ less,  
And clasp our hands in friendliness;  
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree  
If I knew you and you knew me.

—Anon.

## The Little Blind Girl.

This pathetic little story of a Drumschty blind girl is graphically told by Ian MacLaren in an American magazine:

"If I didn't see," she spoke as if it were a matter of doubt, and she was making a concession for argument's sake—"there's nobody in the glen can hear like me."

There's no footstep of a Drumschty man comes to the door but I ken his name and there's no voice out on the road that I canna tell. The birds sing sweeter to me than to anybody else and I can hear them cheeping to one another in the bushes before they go to sleep. And the flowers smell sweeter to me—the roses and the carnations and the cake and milk tastes the richer because I didn't see them. Na, na, ye're no to think that I've been ill-treated by my God, for if he didn't give me as thing he gave me money things instead.

"And, mind ye, it's no as if I'd seen once and lost my sight; that might ha' been a trial and my faith might ha' failed. I've lost nothing; my life has been all getting."—Selected.

Walter—I'm sorry, sir, but we're all out of fish and chops, but I can give you beefsteak. Customer (absently)—That's tough.—Kansas City World.

**The Graveyard Rabbit.**  
When the shades of night are falling,  
And the whisp'ring-will is calling,  
To his mate within the dark and silent wood,  
You may see a rabbit fling  
From grave to grave, or sitting  
Looking at the moon in quiet, thoughtful mood.

Perhaps he then is thinking,  
As he sits there, fearful, shrinking,  
Of the place where juicy peas do most abound;  
But he does not, as when younger,  
Brave the guard—despite his hunger—  
Dreadful dragons they, that boy and keen-nosed hound.

Now, with timid ears upstarting,  
Hark the foot then lightly darting  
Through the leaves with noiseless, ghostly tread.  
'Tis but the pine trees' sighing,  
Or the light wind gently ruffling  
The brown mantle o'er the silent sleepers spread;

Or a twig heretofore of footing  
On the dead bough, where the hooting  
Of the owl above him fills his breast with dread.  
At the grass, that upward stealing,  
Thrusts its green spears through the roof above the dead.

Should you wish to catch this rabbit,  
Note with care his wary habit;  
Lay him low with stroke upon his glossy side.  
Twelve the hour—no moon to ding you  
One bright ray—the act will bring you  
Rarest luck (the left hind foot) 'tis gravely said.

But because of fancied magic,  
Would you do a thing so tragic?  
Take the life as sweet to Bunny as to you?  
He has "taken sanctuary."  
He asks but grass and berry,  
And a home among the graves begemmed with dew.

—Hester E. Shipley.

Of course there's much room at the top  
Where the lucky are lazily sunning,  
But what can we do when the sign  
States briefly  
"ELEVATOR NOT RUNNING?"

—Indianapolis News.

She—Oh! just look at the lovely apples those boys are getting. Do you suppose they grow wild? He—No; but I fancy the owner does.—Sel.

"I heard today that your son was an undertaker. I thought you told me he was a physician." "Not at all. I said he followed the medical profession."—Sel.

**General Grant.**  
"General Grant was," says General Horace Porter in McClure's Magazine, "without exception the most absolutely truthful man I ever encountered in public life. He was not only truthful himself but he had a horror of untruth in others." An anecdote illustrates this trait.

One day while sitting in his bedroom in the White House, where he had retired to write a message to Congress, a card was brought in by a servant.

An officer on duty at the time, seeing that the President did not want to be disturbed, remarked to the servant, "Say the President is not in."

General Grant overheard the remark, turned around suddenly in his chair and cried out to the servant:

"Tell him no such thing! I don't lie myself, and don't want anyone to lie for me!"

"What a pity that we do not have in public life more men like General Grant in this respect!"

**An Intelligent Horse.**  
We have before us an interesting account of an intelligent horse, kind, good-natured and very fond of fun.

One day four boys undertook to ride on his bare back. He walked off, apparently almost asleep, until he reached a stream of water, into which he walked and laid down, emptying all the four boys into the water, and then turning, galloped home.

It reminds us of a little account that Father Haskins, founder of the House of Angel Guardian, Boston, once told us; how, stopping at a little inn near Rome, a woman came by, driving a donkey loaded with panniers of eggs. The woman had been accustomed to allow the donkey to feed there, but, being late this day, attempted to drive him on without stopping. The result being that he laid down, rolled over first on one side, then on the other, and smashed all the eggs in both panniers; which made it unnecessary for the woman to go to Rome.—Our Dumb Animals.

**A Life Lesson.**  
There! little girl, don't cry!  
They have broken your doll, I know,  
And your teaset blue,  
And your playhouse, too,  
Are the things of long ago.  
But childish troubles will soon pass by,  
There! little girl, don't cry!

There! little girl, don't cry!  
They have broken your slate, I know!  
And the glad, wild ways  
Of your schoolgirl days  
Are the things of long ago.  
But life and love will soon come by,  
There! little girl, don't cry!

There! little girl, don't cry!  
They have broken your heart, I know!  
And the rainbow gleams  
Of your youthful dreams  
Are the things of long ago.  
But heaven holds all for which you sigh,  
There! little girl, don't cry!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

**Motherhood is Honored.**  
All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother.—Lincoln.

Let France have good mothers, and she will be good.—Napoleon.

I would desire for a friend the son who never resisted the tears of his mother.—Lactetle.

Unhappy is the man for whom his own mother has not made all other mothers venerable.—Richter.

If you would reform the world from its errors and vices, begin by enlisting the mothers.—C. Simmons.

Three little rules we all should keep  
To make life happy and bright—  
Smile in the morning; smile at noon;  
And keep on smiling at night!

—Our Dumb Animals.

I advise parents to have all their boys and girls taught Shorthand and Typewriting. A Shorthand writer who can typewrite his notes would be safer from poverty than a great Greek scholar.—Charles Reade, in "The Coming Man."

SPIRIT  
Message Department.

MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUM.

SUITE OF

MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

Report of Seances held June 10, 1904, S. E. ST.

## 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.

Again we come into this little circle of influence, chastened, respondent and reaching for a better understanding of the opportunity of the spirit to communicate with the spirit, understanding that while still in the body the spirit is free to express, to reach out to other spirits who are seeking to understand or to express, we would be this day the bridge over which they may travel and find expressed love and tenderness. Bless us in our effort, O Spirit of infinite love. Pour into our hearts something of that love which is expressed to us in every conceivable way and in every conceivable place. May we be so filled with godliness, with the spirit of love, that we may be strong to express just those things to these waiting hearts this hour. We would not feel that any soul can be shut out from this circle of expression, but that all are welcome to come whether of high or low degree, whether of small or great knowledge, whether of low or high aspiration. We would have them so purified as they come here today that they may be free to speak as if never any thought but good had been born to them. And so, resting in this assurance that all may come, may we also be assured that all messages will find response somewhere and in some heart at some time. When the shadow falls the deepest star in this hour of darkness. Over some home where the darkness has settled, may the light shine, and where the lips are dumb with grief and the heart aches with pain, may the word carry tenderness and love and joy until the world is made better for this hour with the spirit. Amen.

## MESSAGES.

## Thomas Bowen.

The first spirit that comes to me this afternoon is a man about sixty-five or sixty-eight years old. He is tall, broad-shouldered and very fine looking. He has blue gray eyes and gray hair that is rather thin on the top and at the back of his head. He is very firm and quiet in his manner, but seems to be just as sure of his position in the spirit and his power to communicate as if he had done it a hundred times. When I say that he looks at me and says, "How do you know but what I have?" and from his manner it seems to me that this is not his first expression from his spirit life. His name is Thomas Bowen. "I never knew about this communicating until I came over here, but since coming here I have made investigation and have been able to send messages and to help my friends. I want to send a message to Arthur who lives in Lawrence, Mass., and I want him to understand that I am trying to manipulate some of his conditions until I can make them more as they should be for his use. He gets very despondent and discouraged and is afraid sometimes that everything is going to pieces, but tell him for me that it isn't true; on the contrary, the brightness is about him and he will find the last conditions of his life are better than these he has just passed through. Angie sends love and the hope that she may soon be received, for she is growing strong and feels that she ought to be made a part of the family circle."

## Louisa Stone.

There is a beautiful old lady comes now. She has white hair that curls around her face, two curls on each side, and I think a little black comb holds them in place. She has rather a wrinkled face, but very kind and sincere in its expression. Her name is Louisa Stone and she lived in Los Angeles, Cal. She says, "I am not unfamiliar with this product of spiritual life. For many years I understood that it was possible for those in the beyond to talk with those in the present, and yet I did not affiliate with the cult. It has been with something like trepidation that I began to make investigations for myself as to just what the ordinary Spiritualist did believe and was striving to accomplish. I feel an intense interest in all that will make men better, and not for worlds would I listen to the coming together of spirit and mortal unless I was sure it would make both better. I want to reach Josephine. She is in need of my presence and comfort. She gets very much depressed and feels that the world is not ready for her message, and I have come to encourage and tell her that I am not alone; that there are many who have scaled the rocky heights and who sit at the top of the mountain today who have gone through greater tribulation than she, and yet they retain the sweetness and the spirituality almost unspeakable. Josephine dear, do you not know that there is no condition in your life that would not be of interest to me and that I, wherever I might be, if there were any way possible for me to reach you, would rush to express to you my love and my interest? Your father is with me and he says you must go forward with your work; it is not time for you to lay by the cross today. Be a brave girl and know that we suffer with you, are happy with you, and love you today as much as we ever could had we remained by your side."

## William J. Travers.

A spirit comes who is very eager to give his message. He is a man about five feet and ten inches tall. He has a full, round face and bald head; what hair he has is white. He has a little white beard that is very closely cropped and very kindly blue eyes. He must have been very fair as a young man and he really looks as smooth and fair as a child today. He says, "I lived out my three score years and ten and really should have nothing to find fault with that

I came over when I did, but I don't know that a man could ever live long enough to want to leave the world if the world was still good to him. I had many friends and acquaintances who seemed to think it was a pretty good thing to be able to come to my home. My name is William J. Travers and I lived in Bloomington, Ill. A good many of my relatives are here with me, but I wanted to satisfy myself that I could reach my friends and that I could express clearly the thoughts that are mine. I had a friend named Daniel Gregg. He was younger than I and he is still in the body. He is so lamed up with rheumatism that his body isn't much good to him, and I thought I would come and tell him that for my part I had rather be where I am than where he is and that he isn't to be afraid of death. There is nothing to hurt him. He will only shuffle off to find there was another skin underneath growing all the time, much more elastic and pliable than the one he has got now. Tell him, too, that I have seen his wife and she is as sweet and beautiful as when he put her away on that day when it seemed that life held nothing more for him. I could tell you, Dan, about a good many of our friends who are over here who look about the same and look at things about the same as they did before they took their departure. They fret over the little things and fume over the small conditions until they make everybody uncomfortable about them. I am very much obliged for this opportunity and that is about all I can do in the way of recompense."

## Clara Humphrey.

A lady comes about thirty-three or four. Her hair is just as brown and curly as it can be. She is slender and about the medium height. She has got a very quiet way, but seems always to be bright; not stupidly quiet but gracefully so. She says her name is Clara Humphrey and she lived in Watertown. "This is the very first time I ever tried to talk from my life over here and I do not feel the least bit nervous, but I do feel a little anxious to say the things that will be the most convincing to my friends. If I should tell them that I am happy I know they would be happy too. I want to tell them what makes me so. Some time before I came over here I was not able to do anything I wanted to because of ill health. I never thought I should die. It didn't seem as if that was the thing that hung over me, but I felt more like a chronic invalid. By and by something of a different nature set up a claim on my body and I came here. Now the very fact that I am free from those conditions makes me better able to get about and do some of the things I used to want to do very much. I was always very fond of music and of riding and I could not do either. Now I can have all the music I want and make it and I can go anywhere I want and not feel the weariness of the body. I have my aunt who was such a good friend to me through the first year of my sickness, but who passed away and made such a shock in my life. I have her as my close companion. She tries to understand everything that I like and to bring it to me as much as she can. We often discussed going into the school room with Nellie to see if she might not get some help from us, and two weeks ago one afternoon when she had a terrible headache, I was so close to her that she felt me and thought I must be there. I wish she could release herself from her care enough to pay some attention to us, for I believe the whole trouble with her is that she is super-sensitive and takes on the condition of people around her and needs to be invigorated from the spirit in order to throw off those conditions. I see some changes of moment for her and I hope she will be able to see that they are best for her and make them without comment."

## Arthur Goldsmith.

The next spirit that comes to me is a man about eighteen. He is very fair, has blue eyes and one of those soft, baby skin tones that are quite unusual in a boy as old as he. He is very gentlemanly and seems to be a young man who would take great care of himself and be almost girlish in his affection for his family and those who are close to him. While he has that appearance I still find a great deal of strength. He is very fond of music. He seems to understand it pretty well and it amounts to almost a passion with him. He writes on my hand the name Arthur Goldsmith, Akron, Ohio, then he smiles as though he has accomplished the thing he set out to do. He says, "Tell my mother, Lucy, that she is not alone; that I will never go away. I never have been and never will go so far away from her that I cannot come at her desire. Tell her it is true that she hears me speak, and when she goes to my room and feels as if she might see me any moment, it is true I am trying to give myself the power to make myself visible to her. In my room she will find a centering of forces and if she will stay there I will be better able to get to her than anywhere else in the house. I wanted so much to see Ella before I came over, but she will understand that I have no feeling of disappointment now. I wouldn't want her to carry the thought that I died disappointed. I understand it all now and am only glad that I can see her and can be as near to my people as I want. Grandfather Clark is as jolly a companion as I could wish. He is always tramping off to some interesting unusual, and frequently comes home with such a story of the wonderful things he has seen that we all laugh and ask him if he isn't drawing on his imagination. You know that was like him. I shall come often this summer to see you and hope we will grow closer together instead of being more widely separated. You know I love you and you know it was a pain to separate, but we had nothing to do with it. All we can do is to be glad it isn't as bad as we thought."

## Alice Weeks.

A spirit comes now who says her name is Alice Weeks and she is from Portsmouth, N. H. She says, "Oh, I am so glad to come. I want to get to my mother. She doesn't think it is possible for spirits to talk. She is confined to the house so much that it would be the greatest comfort in the world for her to know I am there. I have been over here some time and have on several occasions tried to send a word to her, but have always just fallen short of getting the right strength to my effort so that she could understand. It won't be long before she comes to me, but I wish before that happens she could understand more about this life. She has lately been interested in something different from her old-time thought. She will understand when I tell her that I know what her friend brought her along the line of Christian Science. I think it will help her, but I wish she could get a bit farther than that and know something of the spirit. I do not believe anything could have been done to have kept me here. Papa said my time had run out; that I had no more strength for earth life. He is as anxious as I am to tell my mother just how we are getting along. We have seen Frank and have also seen with Warren for a little while. We wish he could understand that his noise and his over-excitement tires mother, because he doesn't mean to do it, and if he only understood he could calm down a little. Don't try to sew too much but keep your strength for some of the other things that you like to do better. With much love and such a desire to be recognized, I say good-bye."



## From Our Exchanges.

## The Subtle Energy of the Unseen.

Humanity lingers beneath the leaden shadow of materialism. Philosophy, science, religion, theology, therapeutics, creeds and ethics are subtly pervaded by its depressing atmosphere. Its great current of self-seeking, literalism and conventionalism sweeps the multitude along with an overwhelming momentum. Pseudo-science avers that man is only a fortuitous concourse of atoms held together by an attenuated property called mind, and thus fastens and relates him to what may be blown away with a breath. In vain he looks for something solid and reliable. In all literature, fiction and human converse in all forms are weighted with pessimism and self-seeking. Artistic skill, the imagination, and even poetic creation are mostly at the service of cold, mechanical philosophy. Even the living, pulsating and expressive face of nature includes only the formal play of chemical and automatic forces. Men say, "we do not want abstractions; give us terra firma," but perhaps half a continent may make reply by quaking under their feet. But for the subtle energy of the unseen, the earth itself would dissolve into chaos and negation.—Henry Wood in Practical Ideals.

## How the Protection Failed in Berlin

At the General Hospital of Friedrichshagen there was admitted an unrecognized case of smallpox. It is called in the text of the smallest unvaccinated child of three years; but Dr. Bruce Low conscientiously appends a note that the mother said the child was unsuccessfully vaccinated on two occasions. So this twice vaccinated, or unvaccinated child, however you regard her, had the smallpox, and died. Her infant sister (three months) died also from smallpox, at first supposed to be chickenpox. From these cases spring three other fatal cases, convalescents in scarlatina, measles, and whooping cough. It is very remarkable that although they were respectively 9, 2 and 3 1/2 years of age, they were in this strictly vaccinated and re-vaccinated Germany, and in an hospital, too (1) all unvaccinated. Let us credit it, as Dr. Bruce Low has done, and follow up the outbreak. A diphtheria convalescent (aged 31) caught the smallpox. The excuse here is that her revaccination was fifteen years before. But that was precisely according to the German law, which, we are told, suffices to keep off smallpox, isolation having nothing to do with it! Then one of the nursing staff, aged 22, was ill. Her revaccination is said (after the event) to have proved unsuccessful. So, indeed, it had! A ward-maid, aged 30, also got the disease. She, we are told, had never been revaccinated at all. Yet the German law may be depended upon! A male servant, aged 21, was also attacked, vaccinated in infancy, but "unsuccessfully revaccinated in boyhood." A medical student, 24 years of age, is the next-mentioned victim, vaccinated in infancy, and revaccinated ("unsuccessfully" again, of course) in boyhood.—The Vaccination Inquirer.

## Sir Edwin Arnold.

The late Sir Edwin Arnold combined in an extraordinary degree two characteristics that are usually considered to be mutually exclusive. He was an Oriental dreamer, a poet whose thoughts were tinged with lofty mysticism, a man of rich and vivid imagination who could enter the holiest of holies of the human heart and sound the depths of the emotional nature of the cosmic man to such an extent that when he sang his songs that embodied the dreams and the hopes of the Orient he appealed as much to the Occidental as to the Eastern mind. And yet he was one of the most practical and successful of modern journalists.

All great burning, ethical, religious and political problems appealed to his acute journalistic instincts, ever alert to catch the meaning and trend of the thought-movements and currents of the time; while scientific discoveries, inventive triumphs and progress in art and literature aroused his enthusiasm to such a degree that those wholly engrossed in the external life of the age found in him a companion as well informed and as deeply sympathetic with the great throbbing world of western civilization as the most utilitarian of Londoners. It was the possession of that rare quality of his nature which combined the utilitarian and the idealistic—that power to live and to enjoy two worlds at a time, that enabled him to become one of the most successful of metropolitan journalists of his day, while he retained the power to hold enthralled hundreds of thousands by the witchery of a dreamer's art and the wealth of a poet's imagination.—The Arena.

## Simple Methods Best.

All that one can do, therefore, is to gain an insight into the methods and theories of others, in order that from these one may work out one's own process, adopting for one's own use only such particles as are found to be most suitable for bringing out the individuality. This I regard as an important point, for some people, when they take up Psycho-Therapeutics, seem to lose the faculty of discrimination and "swallow" everything they see and hear concerning it as though it were true and genuine. To my mind, the great thing is to be able to study the works and instruction of others, not so much with a view to slavishly copying them in every detail as in order to know what to discard as unsuitable to one's own particular needs.

Now, during the past few weeks three educational lectures have been given in this room by Mrs. Stannard. On the first occasion she gave what I think is most interesting to know—a history of the movement from the earliest times. The two subsequent lectures must also have been found useful, inasmuch as they gave an insight into the many and elaborate processes and theories in vogue chiefly on the Continent. Tonight, therefore, I can well cast aside all mention of ancient history and foreign schools—and I am rather glad of this, for, personally, I should no more think of following closely in practice some of our Continental and American experts than I should of trying to find needles in a haystack. For, however clever these experts may be, and however elaborate their manipulation and theories, they do not suit all of us over here, who are less excitable and more steady-going Britishers. I believe myself in simplicity, and the fact of your being simple and unpretentious in your methods does not in any way reduce, but rather increases, the number of your cures; for simplicity of the right kind invariably inspires confidence, and once the confidence of the patient has been won half the battle is over in many cases.—Arthur Hallam in Psycho-Therapeutic Journal.

## Be Yourself.

It is self control in the little things of life that will give you poise and calmness under great difficulties. It is the daily, hourly, habit of peace and mental poise which gives man the power to meet all things with a brave and unmoved front. If you allow yourself to lose your self control over little things, if you are fault-finding, impatient, envious, easily disturbed, then you are weakening your mental and spiritual powers so that in time of need they will not successfully meet the strain. You will "go to pieces" when

you should be calm and unmoved. Your mind and body will not respond to your demands if they have been accustomed to "jump the track" upon slight provocation. Sound, steady nerves and a "heart for any fate" are the product of unselfishness and self control. If you are continually thinking about yourself and studying your own sensations you exhaust your power and become unpoised. You shut off your connection with the Source of Being because you become blinded to it by studying your own sensations. To be self-controlled you must forget yourself largely, i. e., your physical self.—A. F. M. in The Sunflower.

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Rejoicing under the Daisies  
The Grand Jubilee  
Dear heart come home  
Come in some beautiful  
Dream  
Where the roses never fade  
In Heaven we'll know our  
Own  
My Mother's tender eyes  
I sing my sweetest song  
All hail the dawning light  
The home that's waiting for  
If you love me, tell me so  
Beautiful home of the An-  
gels  
Home of my childhood days  
If you should die to-night  
Only a sweet and faded  
Flower  
The songs I sang for you  
These angels voice a little part  
Just a little part on  
My baby waits for me  
Was I only dreaming, dear  
Waiting near the golden  
stair  
The golden gates are left  
ajar  
Love that never dies  
Looking beyond  
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## Societary News.

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

## Boston and Vicinity.

First Spiritualist Church, 694 Washington Street, Mrs. M. Adeline Wilkinson, pastor. Sunday, June 19, at the conference, subject, "Proofs of Re-embodiment," the following speakers took part: Dr. Brown, Mr. Prevost, Prof. Doering, Mrs. Wilkinson. Afternoon mediums, Madam Mosier of Providence, Mr. Hicks, Mrs. Blanchard, Mrs. Fox, Dr. Brown, Mr. Jackson, Mrs. Annie Alexander. Evening, remarks, Dr. Marston, Mrs. Addie Brown, Mrs. May Milten, Mrs. Blanchard, Mrs. Fox in spirit messages.—Reporter.

First Spiritual Church of Boston, Inc., Sunday, June 19th.—The lesson for the morning was Ps. 111. Mr. Mason, Mrs. Strong, Mrs. Davis, Mr. Brewer and Miss Strong spoke upon this theme, and the faith of David was brought before us. Mrs. Brown and Mr. Newhall also assisted with the communications from the loved ones. The parable of Christ driving the evil spirits out and into the swine, as found in Matt. viii, formed the theme of the afternoon. Mrs. Chapman was heard for the first time from the public platform and was very much enjoyed. Miss Strong and Mrs. Davis gave spirit messages of love and comfort. Mr. Mason spoke upon the subject both afternoon and evening. In the evening the subject was taken from the fourth chapter of Ephesians. "One God, one hope, one baptism." The need of unity in our church work was brought out and also as the pastor expressed herself, "We need to be thankful for what we have. Our very life is given us by our Father and no matter how much of a self-made man we may be we owe it all to this one God, one Father of us all."—A. M. S., clerk.

Malden Progressive Spiritual Society, Sunday, June 19th.—Today we opened our Lyceum. The day being one of the finest of the season, the hall was packed. Our president, Mr. Redding, was ably assisted in the opening exercises by Mr. Berry and Mrs. Weston of the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Boston, who brought with them a number of the pupils and teachers to assist us in this new venture, all entering into the spirit of the work assisted us most nobly in our efforts, which were crowned with success. Bro. Redding gave a nice address on our work as a society, and the tireless, unceasing efforts of the Lyceum committee, whose efforts have so grandly blossomed into success. Today we have our hopes and dreams of the past grandly realized in a thoroughly organized Lyceum fully equipped with books, flags and banners and all the necessities required to carry on the work. Eight groups, with as many teachers, took part in the work. Mrs. Weston and Mrs. Sherriff led the march. Mr. Berry directing, Mrs. Alice Whall presiding at the piano. Mr. Alonzo Danforth, of Reading, poem, preceding it by a short talk on Lyceum work. Song, Mr. J. R. Milton (sweetly rendered). Song, Miss Viola Marshall. Recitation, Miss Myrtle Spaulding (of Boston). Scotch poem (very finely given), Mrs. Alice Whall. "Prairie Flowers," vision (grand). Mr. Murphy, short address on the work of the Lyceum. Not knowing the names of all the visitors present, cannot make personal mention of each, but will say to any and all who were present—pupils or teachers—we thank you all very much and hope you will come again. Our meetings under Mr. Redding's presidency have made grand strides of success. He and his dear wife have been untiring in their efforts to push forward the grand truths of this gospel of spirit return and continuity of life. Our meetings are increasing in interest and members. New names are continually being added to our roll, all very active workers. Last Sunday closed our winter session, but we hope to be able to run meetings right through the summer months. We thank the "Banner of Light," and the secular papers for their cordiality shown us in so kindly printing our reports and for all favors of the past. And we heartily thank all speakers and mediums who have in any way aided and assisted us and we hope you will continue to visit us often as you can through the summer. Rest assured you will meet a hearty welcome. May God and the angels bless you every one, is the earnest prayer of this society.—Rebecca P. Morton, secy.

Malden, Mass., Progressive Spiritual Society, Sunday, June 19th.—We had good meetings both afternoon and evening. Children's Lyceum at 1:30 p. m. met for the second time. There were quite a number present and we were more than pleased with our success. Mr. Alonzo Danforth was with us and very kindly instructed in the work. At our circle at 3:30 p. m. we had with us, Mrs. Abbie Burnham, who made pleasing remarks, also Mrs. Borden, of Winchester, who gave a number of nice messages. Mrs. Morton gave evidence of spirit return. Mr. Borden, reading, entitled, "Don't Wait Until Too Late—Show Your Kindness Now." At 7:30 p. m., evening session opened with song service and scripture reading by our president, Harvey Redding. "Cyrus, the Persian," rendered a selection entitled "The hills of Judea." Invocation, Mrs. Abbie Burnham, who also gave an address on "The Understanding of Religion." Mrs. Morton gave very fine readings to many in the audience. Indian Control, "Big Dog," gave full names and other tests of the return of spirit friends. Monthly supper, Friday, June 24, from 6 to 7:30 p. m. Mr. J. J. Morse, the editor of the "Banner," will be with us on this occasion. The Banner of Light on sale at all of our meetings.—C. L. Redding, con. secy.

Waverley, Mass., June 19th.—The potentialities in Spiritualism in making for righteousness and righteous living, are bounteous and magnificent. Blessed is he who has been endowed with psychic gifts, for he becomes the message bearer between the two worlds, and is the true physician to heal the stricken heart. Through our spiritual natures God has raised the human race up from savagery and barbarism, to a grander idea of destiny, and a broader and more enlightened spiritual conception of its relation to God. O the wondrous gift of psychic power whereby we can commune with all that is true, and good, and holy in spirit, and how grateful I am that our heavenly Father has implanted in our being the power to realize our relation to spirit, and this kinship of spirit, enshrined in our material bodies, enables us to commune with our loved, in the spirit realms. This spiritual endowment bestowed upon us by our heavenly Father, has lifted the human race above all animal life, it has wrought the grandest marvels in the progressive development of the human mind, it has engrafted in the soul of man a love for the beautiful and the good. It gives us a more exalted ideal of the Deity, who has so wisely and so well made all things on earth and in heaven, conserve to the happiness of his children. How can one help loving our heavenly Father, when we realize through our spiritual knowledge how possible it is for all of us to become conscious exalted beings in spirit; when I ponder on these things, it makes me feel like that good saint on earth, the Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, when he spoke in Tremont Temple the other day and said, "I love God with all my soul,

and with all my strength, I love him so that I feel like cuddling up to him, like cuddling up to him." What a sweet, confiding spirit is this that enshrines the soul of the Rev. Dr. Hale, the crowning glory of a spiritualized human life. The above were some of the thoughts expressed by the different speakers and mediums present today, the meeting was very largely attended, but circles had to be formed on the lawn, in order that all might enjoy the services. The speakers and mediums who contributed to make this meeting of great interest and harmony were Mrs. Hemis, presiding officer, Mrs. S. E. Hall, Mrs. Banks Scott, Mrs. Adams, Mrs. George, Mrs. Raymond, Mr. Brewer and Dr. Greenwood. There were several new mediums present in the circle, whose psychic powers give great promise to demonstrate our beautiful truth.—J. H. Lewis.

## General.

Hartford, Conn., June 12th.—The Sunday evening meetings of Dr. Mary A. Haven have much that is soul enlightening and satisfying. This evening the exercises were special, commemorating the fifth anniversary of the founding of the First Spiritual Church of Christ in this city by the good medium who for five years has devoted herself untiringly to expounding and manifesting the truths of Spiritualism to the exceeding joy of those who walk in the light. The church was beautifully decorated and from first to last the exercises were in keeping with the surroundings. Dr. Haven presided, and the satisfaction and happiness expressed in her countenance were in themselves an inspiration. Mrs. C. C. Hernanson, of Norwich, delivered the principal address, and Mr. C. E. Branian, of Hartford (who has been with the church since its formation) spoke on Soul Aspiration, while congregational singing and solos rendered by Miss Gertrude Laidlaw and a poem by Mrs. D. E. Chapman held those gathered together in harmonious relation to each other. At the conclusion of the exercise a further collection was taken for the Mediums' Fund, which brought the total amount to \$5. This church is surely advancing, and we hope one year from now to send you a more flattering account of its Sixth Anniversary.—Cor.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Mrs. R. S. Lillie, of San Francisco, Cal., who is on her way East to attend some of the campmeetings during the summer, is at the present time visiting relatives in St. Paul, Minn. She lectured for the St. Paul Spiritual Alliance the last two Sundays in May. The last Sunday in May being the closing Sunday for the year, she took for her subject "A Review of the Work," and the lecture was fine. As she did not like to be idle on Sunday evenings, she made arrangements to hold meetings every Sunday evening during the month of June.—C. P. Follett, secy.

Santa Cruz, Cal.—The Unity Spiritual Society holds meetings twice each Sunday, and social on nights during the week. Chas. J. Anderson is serving us for June, and may stay longer with due encouragement. His lectures and good readings are giving universal satisfaction as manifested by the continued large audiences at each meeting. He was expected to be at some of the eastern camp meetings later on. Mrs. Katie Heusmann is with us, creating a revival of interest in Spiritualism. Santa Cruz is the Newport seaside resort of the Pacific coast and on the main line, easy to reach by any line from Los Angeles or San Francisco. We will be glad to have any co-workers from the east coming to this most favored spot on this continent to make Santa Cruz beach and Big Redwood Tree Grove a visit and sojourn among us and get acquainted and see the fine cliff and mountain drives and see the big trees close by. Mrs. Hooker McEvoy, of Kansas, writes that she is headed for Santa Cruz by the sea and the Santa Cruz Redwood forests for a rest.—F. H. Parker.

## Lyceum Notes.

## Opening of the Malden, (Mass.), Lyceum.—The President's Address.

The Malden Spiritual Society commenced a Children's Progressive Lyceum on Sunday, June 5th, the opening address being delivered by the president, Mr. Harvey Redding, who spoke as follows:

"Friends and Co-workers—I feel that we have today, by the direct aid of Spirit world, entered a new avenue of usefulness. That these ceremonies mark a new phase in our progress, as a spiritual organization. Our advanced position has been reached only by the tireless labor and the inflexible purpose of our Lyceum committee, supported by the sincere co-operation of a host of kind and earnest friends, who have responded so cheerfully to our call for assistance so in behalf of the Malden Progressive Spiritual Society, we beg to tender our sincere thanks, and I feel that this Sunday, the fifth day of June, 1904, is destined to remain ever memorable in our lives.

"The Spirit spoke the word and the Lyceum became a reality. Rich in all its completeness, perfect in all its appointments. Ready hands were extended to us, nimble fingers fashioned the flags and banners, eager footsteps were bent to procure staffs, books and music. Today our waving emblems of progress proclaim our success, and an earnest host of co-laborers and children from other cities are here to assist us by their experience and knowledge. While Lyceum work is new to many of us, we must try as progress to meet discouragements cheerfully and surmount obstacles courageously, for I believe the Lyceum represents the very best rock, on which we can lay the foundation for the stately superstructure of our future spiritual temple, and I also believe this sentiment furnishes the true answer to one of the questions in the lesson we are considering today, namely, 'What is the object of the Lyceum?'

"Now I will only dwell for a moment upon the lesson, for the subjects embraced by it are inexhaustible. I can extract a whole sermon from each line and between the lines we can read the inspired effort of the writer, who has said that the Lyceum will also awaken an interest in the science of life. To fully comprehend the scope of this expression, to awaken, we must turn back the tide of years to our first sensations at the very threshold of life, when we first awoke to the knowledge that were a conscious being, and the awakening of new sensations in our various experiences, accompanies us through the whole journey of life and remains our inseparable companion through the vast and incomprehensible measure of eternity. And so in the youthful mind we awaken an interest in the Lyceum and arouse the dormant spiritual sensations and excite an increased spiritual activity, opening the avenues of spiritual research and investigation on every hand, extending onward and upward to infinitude, until the mind totters in contemplation of its origin.

"But the science of life, while awakening an interest in spiritual affairs, teaches us to understand and apply many of the practical conditions to be met in the affairs of our mundane existence, all necessary for our fu-

ture progress. It teaches us to apply and utilize the forces and powers of the universe. Electricity, for example, as demonstrated by the electric car, the electric telegraph, the electric light, the telephone, the phonograph, the brother of the telephone, without trying to pose as a Galvian, a Faraday, or a Franklin. To love the glories of the heavens, to recognize the different planets and stars, to locate the constellations, without wishing to be a Kepler or a Herschel.

"It teaches us to love the laws governing harmony and music, to have our lives and sympathies pulsating in unison with the great, throbbing heart of nature, to be useful, sincere and noble, without aspiring to become a Beethoven, a Mozart or a Wagner. To pursue profound and philosophic lives and establish high ideals, by being imbued with a grand communion and fellowship by the past philosophers and draw inspiration from their recorded utterances. To inspire our lips with loving and kindly expressions, carrying comfort to the afflicted, joy to the sorrowing, consolation to those who weep, for the hungry, peace to the weary, the heartbroken, and a home to the friendless wayfarer and homeless wanderer. Then with all these conditions implanted in our minds, let us go on with the good Lyceum work, knowing that through these active experiences, we can scale the heights of progress in our own sphere of activity, build characters that shall redound to our benefit throughout the vast halls of spiritual progress and find a perpetual and loving companionship and affinity with the wise, the illustrious, the good, now and forever."

## Campmeeting News.

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

Three interesting meetings were held at the grove Sunday. Those who took part in the morning conference were: Mr. and Mrs. James Smith, of Cliffdale; William Taft, Salem; James Newhall, East Boston. An inspirational poem was read by Prof. Holden, of Salem, and fine music through the services. The 2 o'clock meeting opened with song service, after which an invocation was given by Mrs. H. A. Baker, of Danvers, followed by readings by W. H. Rollins, Salem. Musical selections, Mrs. Bertha E. Merrill, Lynn. Readings by Mrs. M. E. Graves, Pelham, N. H., and Mrs. D. Matson, Lynn. The 4 o'clock meeting opened with a duet (Songs of Other Days) by Mrs. Merrill and Mrs. Hall. Address by Prof. H. L. Clough, of Boston. Singing by Mowland Park quartet (Beautiful City of Life). Remarks and readings by Mrs. Lizzie D. Butler, of Lynn. Instrumental music by Mrs. Merrill. Meeting closed with a song by Mr. T. Quade, of Lynn. There will be quite a large gathering at the grove. Speakers and mediums are invited to the grove. The association would be pleased to welcome you all.—Mrs. H. S. Gardiner, sec.

## Lake Pleasant, Mass.

This is the year, par excellence, for building and renovations at this camp. On every side is heard the tap of the hammer, the scrape of the saw, and is seen the brightening effect of the paint brush; while the woman "behind the hoe" in the flower garden, is very much in evidence.

Mrs. Joseph Bowman arrived this week and is having her cottage on the bluff newly painted. The cottages of Mrs. E. M. Shirley, Miss Sarah Greeley and Mrs. M. E. Culver are receiving the same attention. The railroad station, telegraph office and express office opened June 15th.

An interesting meeting was held in Association Hall, Sunday afternoon, June 12th, Mrs. A. S. Kimball, of Waltham, acting as chairman, and Mrs. Millie Guilford as organist. Mrs. George Cleveland and Mrs. Guilford opened the meeting with a duet, and Mrs. A. B. Barnes followed with a brief talk of the early days of Lake Pleasant, when the Association Hall was the only meeting place on stormy days and no commodious Temple had been erected. The other speakers and mediums who took part were Mrs. E. M. Shirley, Dr. C. L. Willis, Mrs. Nora Dowd, Mrs. Guilford, Mrs. E. L. Randall, Mrs. Fremont, Dr. Wm. Critchley, Mrs. M. A. Clapp and Mrs. A. A. Jackson.

Several of the ladies of the camp have formed a sewing circle for the purpose of raising money to paint the new bridge. Our first vice-president, Alice S. Waterhouse, Mrs. A. Fales, Mrs. George Cleveland and several others are actively interested in the project, and Mr. Cleveland is arranging a Fourth of July celebration, the proceeds to be devoted to the same purpose.

The arrivals of the week were Mrs. A. S. Waterhouse, Mr. and Mrs. A. Fales, Mrs. and Mrs. J. S. Hart, Mrs. M. A. Pope, Mrs. Joseph Bowman, Miss Phebe Hull, Mrs. M. E. Rutter and son, Mrs. M. E. Culver and Master Austin Damon, Mr. F. A. Baker, Joseph E. Ripley and family, Mrs. F. L. Sargent, Herbert S. Streeter, Mrs. B. L. Brown, Mrs. E. M. Wilcox, Mr. A. L. Kelsey and family, Abner S. Wheeler and wife and Mr. Fred Cole and family.

The dancing parties in the Temple under the management of H. S. Streeter are very popular.—Albert P. Blinn, special correspondent of the "Banner of Light."

## Parkland Heights, Penn.

Parkland Heights Spiritualists' Home and Campmeeting Association will open its camp in the beautiful grove near Pioneer Cottage on the first Sunday in July, by holding services both morning and afternoon. These meetings will be continued until the first of September.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Kates have accepted an invitation to be with us on the opening day. They are too well known as true, earnest workers in the cause of Spiritualism to need any further endorsement to ensure them a most hearty welcome to our grounds. Other good speakers will be present and we hope to make the day an interesting and instructive one to all who attend. There is a large hotel on the grounds, beside several private homes where guests may be accommodated.

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Dr. F. W. F. Institute of Health, at Main St., Seattle, Wash.

Parkland is on the New York branch of the Philadelphia & Reading R. R., with several trains stopping daily. For further information address Elizabeth M. Fish, secretary, Floral Heights, Parkland, Eden P. O., Pa.

## Movements of Platform Workers.

Oscar A. Edgerly will be at Conneaut, Ohio, on Sunday next, and after that his home address will be 42 Smith street, Lynn, Mass.

Dr. Geo. W. Carey will accept calls for Spiritual and Ethical lectures after Sept. 1st. Address him care of the "Banner of Light," Boston, Mass.

W. J. Colville conducted services in the Unitarian Church, Reading, England, on Sunday, the 5th inst., and lectured in the adjacent hall at 3 p. m. He has nearly completed his very successful London season and is about to fill some important Provincial engagements. All letters, etc., for him can be safely addressed till further notice, care of "Two Worlds," 18 Corporation Street, Manchester, England.

G. W. Kates and wife are engaged to serve the Lynn, Mass., society during the months of September, October and November. They will accept week-night engagements to visit nearby localities, and solicit early application in order to secure their services. Address them: Thornton, Delaware Co., Pa.

## The Minnesota State Association.

The missionaries of the Minnesota State Spiritualist Association, Mrs. Joseph P. Whitwell and Mrs. John Sauer were called upon to perform a very pleasant and agreeable service, the occasion being the dedication of a Temple to the Minnetonka Spiritual Association at Long Lake, Minn. The services were very impressive, but on account of rainy weather the attendance was not as large as was expected but what was lacking in numbers was made up in enthusiasm. This society deserves great credit, for they have been doing a grand and noble work, and we should be, and are, proud of them.

C. P. Follett, Sec.

Minneapolis, Minn., June 9th, 1904.

## PASSED TO SPIRIT LIFE.

## ROYAL MARSH, ROCKINGHAM, VT.

Royal Marsh was born Sept. 12, 1822, in Rockingham, Windham Co., Vt., and died Sunday morning, May 29, 1904, after an illness of less than two weeks. If his father had been living, he would have been 103 years old the day his son, Royal, died.

The deceased was a man of rare good qualities, staunch and true to his friends and as for his enemies, he had none. He had a kind, pleasant word for everyone, a magnetic touch and had laid a healing hand on every one who asked it. He has gone miles in storms of snow and rain to help the suffering without one cent of remuneration, but when his time of pain and suffering came all stood by, willing but unable to assuage his agony. Two years ago he suffered a shock of paralysis, from which his right arm was nearly helpless. The immediate cause of his death was uremic poisoning.

He was the eldest of a family of nine children and is survived by his sister—Mrs. Mary Felt, and Rufus, Nelson and Dexter Marsh of Marshall, Crittenden Marsh of Kinross, Pa., and H. H. Marsh of Belfast. His brother, George, died in Marshall and Otis in Portland.

The deceased was married 47 years ago last New Year's to Margaret VanFleet. Of this union two daughters were born, Mrs. Herbert Gleason and Miss Jane Marsh, who with Mrs. Gleason's children, Glenn, Maurice, Maye and Bernice, are left to mourn the loss of a kind husband and indulgent father and grandfather. He will be greatly missed by the whole community and the friends have our entire sympathy.

His nephew, Rev. Roberts, preached the sermon from the text, "If a man die shall he live again?" Job 14:14, and he was borne to his last resting place in Bellville cemetery by his brothers.

## Campmeeting Announcements.

## Ashley, O.

Camp opens August 7th, closes August 28th.—W. F. Randolph, Sec.

## Chesterfield, Ind.

Chesterfield (Ind.) campmeeting opens July 14 and closes August 28. For programs and other information address Lydia Jessup, secretary, Chesterfield, Ind.

## Camp Progress, Upper Swampscott, Mass.

Camp Progress, Mowland Park, Upper Swampscott, Mass., at 11 a. m., 2 and 4 p. m., every Sunday from June 5th to Sept. 25th. Lynn and Salem electric pass the gate. President, B. H. Blaney, 150 Elm Street, Marblehead; secretary, Mrs. H. S. Gardner, 243 Lafayette Street, Salem.

## Delphos Camp, Kans.

This Campmeeting will begin August 5, closing August 22. Address all communications to I. 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 63, Manelous, 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., 43 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. La-Grange, secretary, 84 East Montcalm street, Detroit, Mich.

## Lake Pleasant, Mass.

The Lake Pleasant Campmeeting opens Sunday, July 1, 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 26, 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.

## Parkland, Pa.

Parkland Heights Spiritualists' Home and Campmeeting will open on Sunday, July 3d, and continue until further notice. Parkland is on the New York branch of the Philadelphia & Reading railroad.—Elizabeth M. Fish, Secretary, Parkland, Eden P. O., Pa.

## 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.; F. L. U. Reynolds, of Troy, N. Y.; Mr. Tisdell, of Lynn, Mass.; Judge Dailey, 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 5th. 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.

## Verona Park, Me.

Campmeeting opens on Sunday, August 7th, continuing over four Sundays, closing on August 28th.—F. W. Smith, sec., Rockland, Me.

## 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.

## Wonevoo, 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, Wonevoo, Wis.

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