

MEDIUMSHIP DEFINED AND DEFENDED.

A Refutation of the Great Psychological Crime.

By W. J. COLVILLE.

(Continued from last week.)

LECTURE V.

MEDIUMSHIP, MORALITY AND MARTYRDOM.

Not only does the author of "The Great Psychological Crime" bring most awful charges of immorality against those who practice mediumship, he also insists that all mediums are martyrs. Here again is a palpable evidence of dubious statement and another display of manifest disposition to becloud a discussion by an inexact use of language. To brand a system as immoral is to condemn it, while to pronounce a whole class of people immoral is a shameless and libelous proceeding, but the term martyr is more often one of honor than reproach. Martyrs have frequently been canonized as saints and the phrase in the Te Deum Laudamus, "The noble army of martyrs praise Thee," removes the term entirely out of the regions of stigma and disgrace, by uplifting the martyrs into fellowship with prophets, apostles, and other extremely noble orders of humanity. Outside also of church history and religious poetry the title of martyr is frequently applied to men and women who have defended a noble cause at risk of their earthly all, and by so doing have won for themselves unending praise and gratitude. The word martyr does not necessarily mean anything other than a witness, consequently a faithful witness and a faithful martyr are interchangeable expressions. Martyrs have been divided by ecclesiastical authors into three distinct classes:

First, martyrs in will only; Second, martyrs in deed only; Third, martyrs in both will and deed. The first and third of these varieties of martyrs have been universally extolled while the second class is composed of dubious elements. "Mediumship is a martyrdom" is a compact phrase, but it is a very ambiguous assertion, seeing that a large percentage of acknowledged mediums are very ordinary people and lay no claim to martyrdom and give no evidence that they are enduring it. In perfect accordance with a thoroughly pessimistic theory of the moral rottenness of the universe, we find these words (page 233) "Perhaps among all the varied classes and conditions of society no individual man or woman upon the physical plane of life is more cruelly imposed upon than is the honest and conscientious medium. Indeed, the pitiless deceptions and relentless brutalities practiced upon these honest, simple-minded, and credulous souls by unscrupulous, selfish, and vicious spiritual controls, in order to insure their willing and continued submission to the mediumistic process, should command the genuine sympathy and unfeigned pity of every honest lover of fair play. It should also stimulate an indignant protest in the mind of every one who has even the most limited appreciation of what we know as common decency and honor." Did we accept such a shocking condemnation of the moral order of the universe as the above paragraphs distinctly teach, we would at once confess our faith in a Supreme Devil and no longer attribute everything to "God or Nature" as neither the former nor the latter word can suggest anything so utterly diabolical. In refuting so heinous a charge against universal order, we need not be Spiritualists nor advocates of mediumship, because such an infamous doctrine is quite as offensive to the intelligent non-Spiritualist as to the most enthusiastic upholder of Spiritualism. This is Devilism, the direct antithesis of Theism. We can reasonably believe that if people constantly encourage impure thoughts they thereby attract to themselves what Swedenborg has called "an influx from the hells" but that remarkable seer, who has written far more than we can believe about "evil spirits," distinctly teaches throughout the entire series of his voluminous theological writings that an innocent sphere is always a protection, and that we are related to the world of spirits through our dominant affections, which is a thoroughly rational doctrine. The shocking immorality of teaching that honest, simple-minded persons are dupes of devils, should at last open the eyes of gullible believers in such monstrous fabrications of disordered imagination, to the terrible tendency of their hideous creed. Belief in one or many devils has been the bane and bug-bear of every system which has endorsed it, for, in a last analysis, it is always found that beliefs in devils are scape-goats in some cases, and sources of wicked distrust in the essential goodness of the universe in others. Morality in such teaching!!! Boah! And yet in the chapter containing the horrible sentences we have quoted we find the author advocating quite a sensible view of life beyond the grave in language acceptable to all reasonable Spiritualists and to a great many people also who are not classed with Spiritualists. Nothing can be fairer or saner than to say "The mere putting off or dispensing with the physical body at physical death does not in the least alter the essential nature or character of the individual himself. He is exactly the same, minus the encumbrance of the physical body. He is neither wiser nor more honest. He enters that life precisely as he leaves this. He carries with him into that life all the predominating habits, appetites, passions, desires, propensities, and ambitions, which have governed him in this."

Now to the reasoning mind, unclouded by prejudice, accepting the foregoing description of what Figuler, the celebrated French author, would call the "Tomorrow of Death," nothing can be more ridiculous than to infer that the majority of unseen human entities are so desperately wicked as to cruelly deceive, even had they the ability to do so, honest, simple-minded mediums. If the moral status of the average man or woman in the earliest post-mortem state is neither higher nor lower than just before it, the

author who identifies all mediumship with a most distressing and unnecessary phase of martyrdom must be thoroughly vaccinated with the hateful belief that the majority of his fellow-beings are no better than thugs and blacklegs of the worst description. Here we have another proof of what we are constantly contending for—the supreme necessity of a righteous conception of human life. We are told by this strangely mixed-up author that there are thirteen distinct spheres or conditions of life connected with this planet through which individuals must pass in their evolutionary flight, and that these spheres have definite locality. These spheres are described in a manner very familiar to many students of Spiritualistic literature as one within the other, the lowest being in the very atmosphere of the earth and the higher circles much further away from our physical conditions. "Natural Science" names the first seven of these "Terrestrial spheres" and the higher six "Celestial spheres." Granting that the author really knows that there are these thirteen spheres, each superior to the other in beauty and spiritual development, he is not thereby justified in declaring that those who inhabit the first sphere are such monsters of iniquity as his doctrine of the utterly needless martyrdom of mediums positively declares they must be. The lowest circle may be very far from being intellectually and morally exalted as compared with the higher spheres, yet it may contain a vast number of kindly spirits who would scorn to betray and deceive the innocent even as they, while on earth, would have scorned to commit such cruelty. Very much is said about the American Indian, who is by no means the wretch or rascal he has been painted. Fenimore Cooper's tales and many of the disgraceful exploits of the "Cowboys" of a past generation have done very much to prejudice the unthinking masses against the original dwellers on the prairies. The Indian fought for his home and family and fought desperately when he was ruthlessly attacked, but where is the typical white man of today who would not consider it his duty to resent aggression to the utmost of his power, if violence were used against him and his belongings, precisely as his own ancestors in many instances used force most brutally against the Indian? Granted that many simple-minded mediums have Indian guides, such influences are not evil and in many instances they prove useful and benevolent. The Indian "medicine man" in the "happy hunting ground" is not a devil to be dreaded, though he is not a sage whose every counsel is a gem of wisdom. Take "Indian controls" at their surface value and there is no cause whatever for imagining that they are wicked even in cases where their moral and mental development is not particularly high.

Instead of blindly accepting a mass of distaste on the authority of a very pretentious author and a very dubious institution which prates of complete mastery of "Natural Science" it would be far more rational to make a tour of investigation and judge at first hand of the mediums who are supposed to be guided by Indian influences, and if the experience of others is at all like our own it will soon be discovered that there is indeed a very close similarity between the sensitive and the attendant spirits whoever they may be, and that is because the very law works which the author with whom we are compelled in so many ways to completely disagree, states to be a law of nature. Indian influences are sometimes healers and we have known several cases where the remedies prescribed by entranced sensitives were practically identical with those which Indian medicine men have long been accustomed to employ. Probably no one of much refinement of taste enjoys what some mediums call an Indian "pow-wow" where they whoop and yell and indulge in ear-piercing war-cries; but very much may be disorderly and vulgar which has no malicious origin or tendency, and it is for this reason that we take such decided exception to all unrighteous and unreasonable condemnation of mediums or of unseen influences, who, however unrefined they may appear, are certainly not vindictive. It is a very superficial dodge of many who throw dust in the eyes of unreflecting readers to say that they are not condemning the medium, but the unseen obsessing spirit. Very well. We will accept the explanation, but we are by no means satisfied with nor convinced by it; for remembering that the author who brings the charges declares that the wicked deceivers in the spirit-world are only human beings in the earth-bound sphere, it is no less creditable to a sound philosophy of human life to attribute such devilish propensities and conduct to human beings out of the flesh, than to those who are yet in it. There is not a loop-hole of escape from the conclusion that a thoroughly degrading view of human nature is the bottom plank of all this diatribe, therefore, it again becomes our imperative duty to protest, on logical and ethical grounds, against all the nightmare fantasies evolved by the disorderly thinking of whoever sees in evil more power than he beholds in good. Useless is it for persons who hold far milder views to bring forth theories of sub-conscious activity, unconscious cerebration, or even trickery on the part of genuine or alleged mediums, for no such theory will be accepted by any one who sets out to prove that all phenomena called mediumistic are due to infernal devices on the part of unseen enemies of incarnate humanity.

Here and there in the book, as in the chapters entitled "Mediumship and Emotionalism" and "Mediums and Their Motives" we find many reasonable utterances sandwiched between the very worst teachings in the volume. Much that is said about religious revivalism is undoubtedly true and much that is said about the motives of mediums is also entirely fair; it is only with the attribution of distinctly diabolical motives to the psychic influences to which mediumistic persons are subject that we take decided issue. The utterly unbalanced character of the charges brought against mediumship itself rather than against individual mediums is encountered very clearly on pages 273 and 274, where, after a discussion of "healing mediumship" the author flies off upon

the following tangent: "In the final analysis of mediumship and the mediumistic process we cannot stop with the motives and intentions of the medium any more than we can with those of the anarchist who assassinates the president of a great nation under the mistaken conviction that he is thereby rendering a great and valuable service to society. The final tribunal to which all these questions must be submitted for ethical judgment must take into account not only the motives and intentions of the individual, but his rights, duties, and obligations as well, both to himself and to society of which he is an integral part." Words such as the foregoing, sensible as they are, lose all their point and application when two such widely different results are compared as healing an invalid and assassinating a president. Healing and murder are surely not to be placed in a parallel column or in the same category. Judging these two trees by the respective fruits they have actually borne, who can hesitate to desire to cultivate the one and to extirpate the other. On page 274 the author has shifted his base entirely and is now calling attention to the glaring sensational advertisements which often appear in newspapers, but which ninety-nine out of every hundred Spiritualists entirely disclaim. Many advertising fakirs impose upon the credulous in various ways, but there is no proof that people who advertise that they are "seventh daughters of seventh daughters" or that they can perform every imaginable wonder in exchange for a fee ranging from 25 cents to \$5.00, are either Spiritualists or mediums. Some may be both, some may be neither, but Spiritualists as a body do not anywhere acknowledge them. Edgar Saltus, who is always interesting and witty, no matter on what topic he may choose to write, once gave a charmingly naive account of his experiences with clairvoyants, fortune-tellers, palmists, astrologers, etc., in New York. In the poorest part of the city, in very humble surroundings, he got his fortune told for 25 cents; in 14th Street, he paid \$1.00; in 30th Street \$2.00, and in the most fashionable neighborhood bordering on Central Park he paid \$5.00, and substantially he says the same tale was told him everywhere. Now being a level-headed man this popular scribe undertook to analyze the cause for so many people parting with money readily in hope of hearing something of their future, and the decision at which he arrived was that at least 90 per cent. of average people want encouragement, and it brightens their lives to be told by a crystal gazer, a card-shuffler, a cup-reader, or anybody else, that brighter prospects are in store. Now this decision of a popular novelist meets the case fairly well in a vast majority of cases, and this leads us into the very heart of the question of SUGGESTION.

A reasonable defence of honest mediumship cannot call for blind acceptance of the supposition that every so-called mediumistic phenomenon proceeds directly from the spirit-world, or is precisely whatever may be claimed for it. A great many people who are truly sincere and fearless investigators of psychic phenomena freely state that they are thoroughly convinced that our sub-consciousness has very much to do with alleged mediumship, and they are also sure that self-suggestion, consequent upon some fixed mental habit of the mediums or the sitters, often colors communications. The view taken by Saltus appeals to us all very strongly. He does not profess to settle the question concerning the source whence fortune-telling proceeds, but he does say that numerous persons in all walks of life are very ready to pay money to hear something encouraging. Auto-suggestion and auto-suggestion can never be entirely separated. The auto-suggestive process blends so closely with the alto-suggestive that the two are often quickly resolved into one. The average impressionable person who is in quest of encouragement rather than merely seeking to satisfy curiosity, is told that his health and business will soon improve, and that a bright future awaits him. "Castles in the air" are quickly built by persons of romantic temperament, and not by any means so quickly demolished. If prospects are outlined in roseate tints by the crystal-gazer or some other rather mysterious or romantic individual, the average sitter allows himself to be agreeably impressed with the favorable outlook and he does actually, by his own subsequent mental attitude, do much to make the glowing prophecy come true. Many prophetic statements are provisional and conditional. Quite often advice is mingled with prediction and when this is the case much good is often done, quite regardless of the exact source from which the prognostication may have emanated. Did an opponent of vulgarizing sacred things protest against the indecorum which often offensively asserts itself in connection with mediumship of an inferior type, and much that goes with it, we could readily emphasize with an aesthetic protest; but even though it be freely admitted that coarseness of behavior and doubtful messages are frequently encountered, we can readily and reasonably attribute all this to the average calibre of the various parties connected with the transactions. To predict disaster or in any way to cast gloom over the lives of others is surely culpable, and this tendency does unfortunately exist, especially among people whose own thoughts are gloomy and who have habituated themselves to pessimistic thinking. But here again common honesty compels the declaration that this tendency to maximize the dark and minimize the bright aspect of existence is no fault peculiar to mediums, or to fortune-tellers. They are simply, to an extent, sharers in a very general pessimism, which is a pernicious influence in society wherever it obtains a foothold. Suggestion undoubtedly plays a very large part in the production of much that is genuine from one standpoint, though unreliable from another.

In the general field of psychic experiences by suggestion we mean, inclusively, very much that is certainly an influential factor in cases where the word is seldom if ever technically applied. Very frequently people have made up their minds that something must and shall occur, and so strong is this determination on their part that they stubbornly refuse

to consider even the possibility that events may proceed otherwise. A highly sensitive woman who "sits" for the public is very apt indeed to be so greatly influenced by this dominant belief and expectation of a sitter, that she yields to it unconsciously of the source whence it emanates. Something comes to her, she says, but she cannot clearly define where it comes from, and the sitter is delighted to receive an echo of his own thoughts, and often accepts the echo as a direct and most important revelation. We have known many people declare that mediums have given them unbounded satisfaction when they have simply been told exactly what they wished to hear, while in other cases when genuine information, as the sequel proved, was actually conveyed to them, they expressed extreme dissatisfaction and declared they received nothing of the slightest value through the medium. There is an important aspect of all this which is often overlooked, viz., our instinctive belief in the efficacy of re-inforced suggestion. We are greatly helped to carry our plans into effect by being assured through other lips than ours that our darling projects are fore-ordained to victory, and this assurance is greatly enhanced and the force of suggestion greatly magnified whenever we believe that we are being assured of triumph by intelligences around whom our imagination casts a halo. The so-called "Independent medium" may be above yielding to any suggestions from sitters, and may be able to discern clearly the actual state of a situation unbiased. This is a very desirable condition to attain, but though it must bring confidence, in the long run, it may not prove an immediate source of ample revenue. People are continually forgetting that in dealing with clairvoyants and all similarly endowed people, they are dealing with fellow-men and women who average, morally and otherwise pretty nearly equal with the rest of humankind. Neither great saints nor exceptional sinners are usually found in the ranks of sensitives, therefore we ought not to be surprised when we find that mediums are generally impelled by the same motives which impel other people. Desire to please clients is practically universal among members of all professions, and professional mediumship certainly exists. Something can be said for it and something against it. The chief argument in its favor is that it is a supply to meet a pressing demand, and that as long as the public wants it it will be furnished. The principal objection raised against it is that to work mediumistically for money calls for a degradation of mediumship consequent upon immoderate regard for the opinions and wishes of consultants. It would be well, however, to remark that there is no question of monetary compensation there is often, among highly sensitive persons a keen desire to please that portion of the public to whom sittings are gratuitously given. Thus there is no hard and fast line which can practically be drawn between professionals and non-professionals. Those who condemn mediumship all in all are not to be pacified or won over by seeking to indulge them in some matters so as to abate their hostility. Temporizing and fencing always proves poor policy; it is far better to take a decided stand in favor of whatever one considers right and let opponents fire their guns from any point they may select for battle.

As to all mediumship being martyrdom,—in the sense used by the fanatic whose diatribe is so overstrung as to be simply ludicrous,—facts abundantly prove that it is not so, for there are a great many mediumistic individuals even among those who submit to "control" whose condition of health and general efficiency in fields of industry is well up to a high average. The well-known J. J. Morse, E. W. and H. M. Wallis, and many other particularly prominent public workers who claim to be entranced mediums, all declare that they do a great deal of their work before the public as direct instruments of individual spiritual intelligences, and when any one compares any or all of these representative Spiritualists with clergymen, physicians, lawyers, journalists and other professional people entirely disconnected from an advocacy of Spiritualism, it seems impossible to trace any destructive effects of mediumship either in Mr. Morse or in Mr. and Mrs. Wallis, or others who could as readily be cited. Persons who have been steadily engaged in a definite work for twenty, thirty or more years can be reasonably referred to as examples in a controversy which hinges ultimately upon only one inquiry: "Is there proof that mediumship necessarily injures all who are subject to it?" F. A. Wiggin of Boston in three published lectures issued by The Banner of Light Publishing Company, has declared in his answer to the denunciations in "The Great Psychological Crime" that the author's premise is false when he says that mediumship requires a thrusting aside of individuality, and because of the falseness of the premise, even though a logical chain of reasoning may be employed afterward, the conclusion is, of necessity, erroneous. We quite agree with Mr. Wiggin in this criticism and contend that it is exactly on this ground that the question in its entirety must ultimately be considered. So far as our own position is concerned the whole subject presents but very few difficulties. Let it be agreed that whatever impairs the integrity of the individual self-consciousness is to be avoided, because it is our special mission on earth to unfold and assert this self-consciousness. Then let it be further agreed that all mediumistic processes are, relatively speaking, destructive or detrimental the tendency of which is to render one individual in any sense the bond-servant of another. Whenever there is spiritual co-operation, even though there may be also mediumship, no destructive process can exist unless the co-operators by their own disposition of will and voluntary act are bent on accomplishing works of destruction. Human souls can never be absolutely, but all are relatively, free. All human relations are of necessity interdependent, but we need all to remember that good, even in this world, is immeasurably stronger than evil.

(To be continued.)

RESOLVE.

Resolve to build thy character of gold;
Resolve to trust, and God thine hand will hold;
Resolve from darksome pathways quick to flee;
Resolve to face the light, and thou shalt see.
Resolve to love, and thou shalt reap Love's fruit;
Resolve thy tongue to falsehood shall be mute;
Resolve the good to seek, the right to do;
Resolve that thou to all men wilt be true.

Resolve to do, and thou thy goal shalt win;
Resolve to be, and thou shalt keep from sin;
Resolve to seek, and thou the truth shalt find;
Resolve—and Matter shall submit to Mind.

—Jennie Wilson-Howell.

After Death—What?

Charles Dowdman.

CHAPTER II.

It has been universally assumed and believed that life in the spirit world, for those, at least, not tied to earth, combines all that mortal man could conceive as an improvement upon our life and surroundings of today. We are told that the spirit finds himself upon solid ground, with mountains, valleys, rivers, lakes, oceans, and a fertile soil producing everything but weeds. Everything responds to the wonderful power of the spirit. He walks or floats in the atmosphere as he may choose, yet transports himself to enormous distances almost instantly. He has boats for his water, carriages for his land, and motors for his excursions in the air. The land is dotted with his structures, from the charming cottage for the individual home to the grand temples where the spirits gather in masses for instruction and amusement. Flowers, green grass, wide-spreading trees, and the most luscious fruits are his to command. They have a land of peace and plenty; at least it is so called by one of Mrs. Piper's controls. Everything responds to the will power of the spirit. And we are told, yet further, that as the spirit progresses he finds new and improved editions of a spirit's power over his surroundings.

Every spirit claims all this, and much more of the same sort, as a most satisfactory answer to our question "After death—what?" So much, at least, has leaked through "fog-land" for our benefit and blessing by comforting us in our hours of earthly sorrow, suffering, and unsatisfied cravings.

In the early days of spirit intercourse the limitations of fog-land were not known, or even guessed, by the enthusiastic believer. Everything a spirit said was counted as from a being altogether superior to mortal man. Death was the wizard who changed the fool into a wise man. And when there were discrepancies in stories told by different returning spirits concerning their personal experiences in spirit life plausible explanations were invented to silence the critic. Spirits who proved very objectionable were enrolled in a class to themselves, and said to be "earth bound." The others were counted as more or less advanced, and therefore with varying degrees of knowledge of spirit life and its details. The existence of a "fog-land" as a mental state into which a returning spirit must pass, and wherein he must meet a mortal if he wished to communicate, is still, for the most part, counted by the believer as a poor attempt to explain the confusions and contradictions of spirit return.

Husband, wife, son, daughter, friend, have each contributed to the perplexity when attempting to communicate. They could not tell the same tale through different mediums; and the wisest mortal of today evidently had become three parts a fool by the process of death. The usual spirit talk was what Huxley called "the babble of country parsons." The believer knew by personal experience that returning spirits often healed the sick by magnetic treatments; they lectured through unlearned lips, and even wrote and told thrilling tales of spirit life in Beulah Land. Still everything alike was of the earth, earthy. They could prescribe for the sick, but just as the herbs and minerals were drugs belonging to earth life, so even their talk about the hereafter might as well be an attempt to tell the truth, they were always put up in a capsule of mortal manufacture and flavor. Fog-land does not exude spirit truth of spirit experience "over there," save with a Swedenborgian flavor of Heaven and Hell, that leaves a bad taste in the mouth after you swallow it. It has been taken in liberal doses from every medium, and at every seance, but the real trouble is that it will not digest and assimilate.

The reader may here interpose and ask, "Why will it not assimilate?" He thinks he believes all about the naturalness of the next life, and its little details worked in by controls and guides who inspire mediums, and perhaps write and talk through himself. Therein is great trouble for the present unfortunate student who is writing down these thoughts. He is perpetually knowing, told, heard against what Spiritualists call "facts in their own minds." He would undoubtedly become "slain man" were it not that the facts thrown at him cannot get through even a thin coating of common sense, at least with sufficient solidity to injure him.

We know that spirit life must be passed amid conditions very different to those of earth. This is proved by the fact that the normal mortal has no sense by which he can recognize the presence of spirit man. Even his lungs cannot breathe any atmosphere less dense than that of earth. The mortal entering earth life takes nine months to develop a form with organs shaped to the conditions of this planet. And this is so, no matter how many or few are to be the years spent here. But somehow, and in some unexplained way, when the mortal body is dropped we are told he is all ready with another body adapted to a very different kind of life. He is not to be "born" into that new life, as he was here, but is to "burst in" all ready to become a citizen, save, perhaps, that he needs a few hours' sleep to enable him to forget the old way of doing things in this life's "fifteenth dream."

As to how and when this new body was shaped and manufactured spirit return is silent. It will not satisfy the thinker to tell him it was evolved from the old body, although that is the common and accepted explanation. For if that were the case we should want a further explanation as to why and how the mortal body is dropped and we are told he is all ready with another body adapted to a very different kind of life. He is not to be "born" into that new life, as he was here, but is to "burst in" all ready to become a citizen, save, perhaps, that he needs a few hours' sleep to enable him to forget the old way of doing things in this life's "fifteenth dream."

Nature in earth life directs all her energies to the continuance of species by propagation, and we are often pointed to the ingenuity by which she effects this result. Every form is designed with this end in view, and for this

one purpose. It is still another absurdity to suppose that the spirit form can be like ours, for it needs none of these ingenious schemes and designs. Yet, we repeat our question, how are they to be left behind? And how am I to recognize my old friend whose new form is changed by having all the sexual organs left out?

We know by experience on earth that in a refined atmosphere the lungs have to increase in size. Dogs taken to the highlands of Mexico cannot run without immediate exhaustion. But their offspring can. So the lungs will have to change, and the new form must adapt itself to that change. But our mortal form is arranged and planned for a system of mastication, assimilation and excretion which keeps Boards of Health busy selecting and branding eatables and drinkables, and enforcing elaborate systems of sanitation. How the spirit escapes all this we have never learned. But even if a spirit strolls up to a ripe peach, with his hands in his pockets, and just sucks its delicious flavor and essence, he must have some way of assimilating the necessary, and rejecting the rest, that requires organs very differently constituted to ours. We cannot suppose he just lives on "baby food" such as is loudly recommended here, for this is far too coarse for entrance into spirit life. His eyes may become microscopes or telescopes; his ears audiphones; and he may go round catching thoughts as they fly, and sorting them for his private perusal, but all this demands organs very different to ours, and would make us shout "ghost" if we happened to meet a spirit loved one at some midnight hour.

In a word, since the spirits are living in an atmosphere, and amid conditions impossible to us, they must have bodies so different to ours that we cannot even guess how they get them by any process of evolution. And most certainly we would not recognize them if we came across old friends strolling in one of the parks of the New Jerusalem. Of course we get all sorts of guesses how this is done, by way of learned explanation, but we want solid facts that will "hitch on," as every effect must "hitch on" to its cause.

This little peep into the coming mysteries is only just the beginning of our troubles. We accept spirit return as a fact demonstrated by abundant experience, but do not let us pretend to be learned and scientific, and know, or even guess how its done, and what shaped garments the yesterday mortal is having made for today. The writer most humbly acknowledges that he cannot answer questions on this interesting subject, at least from any scientific or common sense standpoint.

We now, in our imagination, and pocketing our present experiences of spirit return, pass on to the beyond, and begin to search for solid facts on which to build our philosophy. And, once again, we repeat our query, "After death—what?"

San Leandro, Cal.

(To be continued.)

Critical and Crisp Concerning Thoughts Not Things.—The Widow's Mite, Religion, Etc.

J. M. Peebles, M. D.

Something over fifty years ago I went one evening to a Methodist revival in Speedsville, New York, with a friend. It was an old time sectarian rusher. Zeal was at red heat. The Lord was declared to be "in our midst." The Hallelujahs from the amen corner of this village church rolled out in stentorian and voluminous vibrations. The preacher, physically, was very powerful. Sinners were trembling. Backsliders were considering and counting up their unrepented-of iniquities; and as for myself personally, I struggled to be real serious and solemn.

Now, then, in this church-going village there lived a squeaked-voiced lad about half witted whom they called "Silly-Bill." He was harmless but lacked good common sense. And in this community some of the jolly, mirth-making sinners told this lad that if he would get up in meeting and "testify" that night, as other young converts did, they would give him a box of candy. It was tempting. He promised. The sermon based upon Lazarus and the rich man in torments being ended, and a hymn sung, two lines of which were,

"Tongue ne'er can express the sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love."

The testifying and the relating of experiences commenced in earnest. Poor Bill, thinking more of the promised candy than the torment-abounding sermon, bounded to his feet, wriggling and twisting like a dry thistle-stalk in a whirlwind, and as excitedly as squeakingly began thus: "Brethren, brethren and sisters, I have started on the thorny way to Zion. I feel it. I tell you religion, religion is a good thing, a good thing. Everybody ought to have one—have one." Then he subsided. The unconverted smiled aloud and some of the old people of Tioga Co., N. Y., will to this day remember this season of spasmodic Methodist testifying. Evidently, my poor, simple, yet sincere Bill, with others, believed religion to be a thing that could be "got" and passed around somewhat like peanuts at a party, and corresponding somewhat to an insurance policy.

Our New-Thought Colleagues.—The words "got" relative to religion, "a good thing," and "one" remind me of our semi-co-working New-Thoughtists who persistently blurt from platform and print in the press the phrase: "Thoughts are things." If this phrase does not nauseate it blindingly befuddles the brain and sets at defiance the culture of sober, solid thinkers. Think of it! "Thoughts are things." Positively they are hot things, for things respond to avoidpoids. Stones are things. So are lumps of chalk, chunks of coal and slices of cold ham. These physical substances people can weigh in scales. They can buy and bite and eat them, but no one can weigh thoughts in steelyards or Fairbanks' scales. Such a brutal coarseness of words should be carefully avoided when speaking upon subjects mental, moral or spiritual.

What are Thoughts Then?—Does someone ask this question? The inquiry is legitimate. Thoughts are intuitive conceptions of things—they are refined etherized centers of force—etheric thrills of consciousness, or varied forms of consciousness in activity. Most certainly they are not things that can be measured like yards of tape, or weighed as Californians weigh potatoes. Neither can thoughts be transferred or projected from the brain something as shot and gun waddings are forcibly projected from shotguns. Drop a stone into a calm, placid lake; and while the stone is not transferred across the silent waters, the waves, the widening vibratory waves are reaching (though probably not cognizable) to the farther shore. Remember, then, for all time, that it was not the stone which was projected or transferred, but the vibratory motion. So thoughts are not transferred to remote distances. It is only the vibrations which the intense ego-willed-thought produces that are so transferred. Neither are thoughts "creative" as is asserted and re-asserted in the press and the pamphlet. The farmer might lazily recline in his easy chair and think corn-planting, corn-

hoeing and corn-harvesting till doomsday and get no crop except, probably, hunger and starvation. No wriggling now by saying that thoughts precede out-worked inventions and the skillful gathering-in of harvests. No one ever disputed this. The statement is a very old one, and I abominate seeing old things redecked, rechristened and pronounced new, thus deceiving the unwary. Will the New-Thoughtist reader read the letter of A. J. Davis' book where he so critically treats of and distinguishes between thoughts and ideas, and then quit, forever quit this perpetual babble that "thoughts are things," and that "thoughts are creative."

Spiritualism Not a Religion.—How frequently it has been spoken and written that "Spiritualism is a phenomenon," is "a philosophy" and "a religion." It is neither of these in completeness. And yet, in the higher sense it is all of them and more—being religion itself. Aspiration is never finished. Speaking of "a" religion implies one out of many, and it further implies church, creed, theological ceremonials, ordained reverends and an ecclesiastical sacerdotalism. These do not constitute religion. They do not legitimately belong to it. They are ecclesiastical machines, the infesting fungi that have fastened themselves to it.

Sectarian creeds perish just in the ratio that thinking souls interiorly unfold. And ecclesiastical dogmas hoary with moss-covered centuries of theological lore, are today being revised and changed by synods and denominational councils. But religion, as an innate spiritual principle, does not change. It is divine. Changes pertain to manifestations and not to eternal principles. Religion, therefore, is abiding. It is as fixed in the moral constitution of man, as is that fiery central sun in the far off sidereal heavens, and may be briefly defined in a certain sense as that deep spiritual emotion which seeks right relations with the laws of the universe.

Spiritualism then is not a religion—not the religion, but is religion itself. It may be further defined as the great universal mother-wisdom, religion, or that uniting, cementing spirit of love and fraternity underlying the beautiful and bonded brotherhood of all races, tribes and tongues. Therefore be it understood that Spiritualism, the central soul of all true religions in the highest and divinest sense of the word, is religion itself, lifting and lovingly binding finite spirits through love and wisdom to the very heart of the Infinite Spirit of the universe. Practically, it was beautifully explained by the apostle James who said, "Pure and undefiled religion is this, to visit the widows and fatherless in their affliction and to keep ourselves unspotted from the world."

Is Mediumship Degrading? Certainly it is not, but rather uplifting; and yet a Swedenborgian or New Churchman in writing to me a very friendly yet warning letter a while since assured me that in his opinion mediumship was very "low" and "degrading" to spirits who hang around seance-rooms, kitchens, tipping tables, jingling crockery, telling fortunes and talking their unrepentable gibberish from the hell. Such statements are barely worth noticing. My reply was brief and based upon Numbers XXII, "And the Lord opened the mouth of the ass and she said unto Balaam, what have I done unto thee?" Now in this case the Lord who, as the orthodox teach, was the Almighty God himself, and yet he opened the mouth of Balaam's ass and "she said unto Balaam," etc. Now I submit that it is almost infinitely more respectable and dignified for our spirit friends to manifest through tables and speak through human lips than it was for the Lord to manifest and speak through the mouth of Balaam's braying ass. Our new church brethren, ardent believers in the plenary inspiration out of the Bible, should be both consistent and charitable.

The Widow's Mite.—I am reading with intense interest Dr. I. K. Funk's very valuable work, "The Widow's Mite." Though the material of the volume is not new, it is thrillingly interesting. I am about two-thirds through with the book and still the wonder grows how Dr. Funk with these telling testimonies before his eyes could thus write Dr. Parkyn of Chicago, May 6th, 1894. These were his words: "Kindly avoid the statement in my review that you make that 'the author is a Spiritualist,' for I am not a Spiritualist in any sense in which the public understands that term. My attitude towards the spiritualistic hypothesis of explanation of psychic phenomena is, 'I don't know.' I repeat, this is a magnificent work of the doctor, and I am entering an eager pledge to make churchian sectarian think, and when people think candidly and seriously upon immortality and its proofs they think towards Spiritualism. Dr. Funk will no doubt after further careful and critical investigation become an outspoken Spiritualist. Many, very many, of whom the Rev. Dr. Savage of New York is one, come under the epistolary reprimand of Paul, II Timothy, iii, 7: 'Ever learning and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth.' And if they do come to this knowledge they seem loth to bravely proclaim it. Is there not a pressing necessity in America for another 'Declaration of Independence,' for a higher soul-piercing baptism of principle displacing policy and a cringing cowardice? Oh! for the nobility and fiery enthusiasm of old St. Jerome, who exclaimed: 'Peace if possible, but the truth at all hazards.' This class of men live in history as an exemplification of 'the survival of the fittest.'"

Only Spiritualists.—Mighty has been the march of science and inventions during the last half century and more, but they all pale away like shadows before the morning sun when compared with that momentous fact, that tremendous truth of a future conscious existence satisfactorily demonstrated!

Discarding blind faith, and fear, and fable and all dreamy emotionalism, it may be affirmed with emphasis that Spiritualists constitute the only body of thinkers in the whole wide world, who make it a point to prove and present, and who actually do present, the direct and most irrefragable evidence of a conscious progressive life beyond the grave. This, Spiritualists in all lands claim, and they strenuously, rigidly rivet their claims with the most positive proofs and demonstrations. Readers keep this fact, this grand and glorious fact, in daily remembrance.

Biblical Uses.—Notwithstanding the higher criticism of the Bible, made up of some sixty pamphlets and religious essays (a number of which are anonymous)—it still lives. And each sect, evangelical and non-evangelical, and agnostics and lecturers, find it eminently useful and handy as a reservoir to draw from in controversies. For instance—lecturing upon anatomy and physiology I have often said—sleep upon your right side! Why? Because there are three lobes to the right lung and two of the left with the heart lying in close connection. Therefore, in sleeping upon the left side these heavy right-lung lobes press upon the heart deleteriously affecting the circulation. Now, where is the Bible proof for this? Turning to Ezekiel iv, 4, I read: "and thou shalt lie on thy right side." That is a plain biblical command.

Often in my youthful innocence did I wonder why Roman Catholic and some Protestant priests stood behind pulpits and wore long robes while preaching. But turning to Psalms 147, 10, I find the reasons. The text reads thus: "The Lord taketh not pleasure in the legs of men," and so priests, Pharisees of modesty and purity, covet the white preaching with robes. No, carping critical agnostic need try to coax or drive Bro. Moses

Hull and myself from our biblical moorings. No, no, for upon almost every subject we have on hand a convincing proof-text, a direct "thus saith the Lord." Battle Creek, Mich.

Studies in Home Psychology: Friendship.

Salvadora.

"O Lord, teach me the meaning of the fidelity of friendship! Make my heart as pure as the snow that shall cover these summer daisies, or the white cirri clouds yonder in the sky! Help me to help others as the robins do, who help the world with their songs, because they are happy. Not because they are ambitious, and wish to rule the world. Help me to be as uniform in my kindness, and courtesy, as is the constant sunshine on these June woods and flowers. Keep me from seeking lowly benefits for myself on any one of the dark motives of competing social and sex life. Keep from my path those who seek the same. When I shall pass out, let it be with the free scent of the cedars! With the uncouth odor of the mown hay of the meadows. With the inexpensive breath of the honeysuckle and the wild rose. With the heaven given mellow song of the vesper thrush!"

The above prayer was what I uttered on the bright morning of Thursday, June 23, 1904, as I wandered to the woods of a village; and being in a momentary religious mood, and alone, I thought of the line of Longfellow, where he asserts that it was not his own troubles that cast a shadow over his life, but only the trouble of others. A brother author had written me that he had been used in a selfish way; very cruel in fact. I wrote a very sympathetic letter, and became very indignant that he should have been so cruelly treated. The next mail brought a letter from the author vibrating with intense, murderous anger and hatred toward me, for having become interested in such a sympathetic way. It was a profound moral problem, and related solely to that phase of study in home psychology which should be called the psychology of friendship. It would mean a careful attempt at the most painstaking moral and psychological analysis.

Friendship in religious circles, in the business world, in clubs, in homes, is impossible, where "mortal mind" or a lower part of human nature is the strongest, and which is always a fiercely expecting lower secret gratification. The most terrible foe to friendship is the eagerness for power and sex. This is the lowest and most vile passion of the "mortal mind," and it takes all sorts of ways to express itself. This is the frost which blights friendships. Shakespeare, in Henry VIII., gives a fine analysis of the terrible effects of this malignant passion. It is the parent of all treachery and perfidy.

"I pray thee, Cromwell, fling away ambition. By that sin fell the angels."

As ambition implies the desire to rule others, it also implies the desire to rule, because of a motive. Say, to gain money, admiration, or fame; or the exclusive courtships of women, or men. Sometimes it becomes a desire (of madness) to rule solely for itself. Ambition then becomes social magalomania; a form of insanity. Not because a thing is right, but merely because people wish to have their way, men and women often go to war, to law, stir up whole households, and neighborhoods. It is a growing national crime. Emerson took a strange view of friendship. He assumed, practically, that friendship was simply a means for getting acquainted with one's self, not with another. "The soul environs itself with friends that it may enter into a grander self-acquaintance, or solitude." Ever the returning sense of insulation recalls us from the chase, i. e., for true friends. "Thus," continues Emerson, "every man passes his life in the search for friendship. And if he should record his true sentiment he might write a letter like this to each new candidate for his love:

"Dear Friend:
"If I was sure of thee, sure of thy capacity, sure to match my mood with thine, I should never think again of trifles in relation to thy comings and goings. I am not very wise. My moods are quite attainable. I respect thy genius. It is to me as yet unfathomed. Yet dare I not presume in thee a perfect intelligence of me. So thou art to me a delicious torment. Thine ever, or never."

Emerson therefore assumes that friendship cannot exist save on the basis of a perfect knowledge, understanding and comprehension of the motives, governing wishes, and uniform secret inclinations of the person who desires your friendship. Woe, therefore, to those who rush headlong into the desire to be friendly with those who may not desire your attention, or who offer friendship for dark and selfish reasons.

How easy it is for a lofty soul to find friendship in the divine, in the purely spiritual. I can always shake hands with humanity here. Be consistent in your spirituality, and I will abandon all other gods for you. But if you are spiritual on Monday, and are possessed by a caprice for cruelty and horror on Tuesday, how am I to be sure that the pearl of my kindness may not be trodden in the mire of contempt on Wednesday?

For reasons similar to this, possibly, Emerson seems to assume in his essay on "Friendship," page 106, that a perfect, or ideal friendship is impossible to realize on this earth. Out of this fact, of the absence of perfect friendship, grows one-half of the tragedies of life. And this absence is due to our perfidy, which has its seat in our greed for attention, admiration, ambition and courtship. A soul seems in agony if another soul is wooed. It passes sleepless nights because of it. The greed, the violent eagerness for the admiration and affection of others, make a person unworthy of friendship. To gratify this insatiable, secret, unrestricted desire for admiration, courtship and affection, becomes the autocratic, dominating passion of life.

People, like trees, have their temperaments. The behavior of a flower or a tree in a garden, grove or forest is caused by its temperament. The temperament is the special mark, or character, of the tree, or flower. Every "mortal mind" has its dominating temperament, and, therefore, its controlling weakness. It may be the lust for money, women, men, or social fame; but this is the secret of the loss of friendship. If you have those "mortal mind" motives, you will simply use your friends to their own ruin and your own.

The devil never tempted a man whom he found judiciously employed.—Spurgeon.

Thou art poor indeed—If thou art not stronger than thy poverty.—James Allen.

Loyalty to others must characterize one who aspires to reach any of the higher standards of success.—John De Witt Warner.

Borrowing is the first step to failure; admirers forsake the borrower, and creditors curse him.—George C. Lorimer, D. D., LL. D.

Materialization.

Some time ago certain correspondents expressed strong doubts of materialization being a fact. Out of many seances with different mediums, where I have witnessed unmistakably genuine materialization, I would like to describe one. Perhaps it will not convince the skeptics, but there must be some others still on earth, beside myself, who attended this seance, and they can corroborate my statements.

In August, 1884, my father took me to Onset Bay for a few days, and we had the good fortune to obtain admission to a seance held by the Berry sisters; one of the last they gave publicly, I think, as we were told that Miss Gertrude Berry would retire to private life after her approaching marriage. We were from Vermont, and no one within several hundred miles of Onset knew us, nor anything about us. Eighteen people, more or less, were present (among them being the late Mr. Luther Colby), making a double row around two sides of the room. An adjoining room, with portieres between, was used as a cabinet, which was carefully examined by a committee of gentlemen who locked the only other door to it, and on took possession of the key, showing it to his neighbors in the circle.

Miss Gertrude Berry entered the cabinet, and, if I recall minor details correctly, members of the circle sang a hymn, or the organ was played softly, as was done several times during the evening. The light at first was quite dim. The lamp was placed in a box on a bracket near the corner behind the circle, the light being graduated by sheets of tissue paper hung before the box. Miss Berry's fiancé attended to that, and after the first few forms appeared, the light was increased so much that the features of materialized friends were readily distinguished as soon as they stepped into the room.

Nearly everyone present was greeted by some friend or relative, who would point to the one for whom he, or she, came, or, if strong enough, as happened in many cases, would go to the circle and lend the friend up to the doorway, where they talked in whispers or low tones for several minutes. Lotella, who will be remembered as Mrs. Shelhamer-Longley's Indian control, danced out more than once, embracing Mr. Colby affectionately, and sitting on his knee while she whispered to him. Then she went around the circle, shaking hands and whispering greetings. She wore a fantastic, pretty Indian dress, and flowers in her hair (if I remember right), which hung about her dusky face. Her manner was so lively, joyous and smiling, it was a pleasure to see her.

Some of the cabinet spirits dematerialized while in the room with us, sinking slowly down until their shoulders were near the carpet, when they melted into a white cloud, which at times became a mere spot the size of one's hand—perhaps disappeared altogether; again it would reform into the perfect head and face, and the spirit would spring up to full height. The light was good then, and we could see that there was no possible "trapdoor" business.

After a while my father was called to the doorway by two spirits together, both in filmy white drapery that left throat and arms bare, their abundant hair loose, or but partly fastened up. They gave the names of his cousin and sister; the latter having passed out during infancy. My father beckoned me to him, telling me who they were, but I should have recognized Aunt Annis even if he had not told me, from her strong resemblance to a portrait of him when he was a young boy. She embraced and whispered to me for several minutes. I put my arm around her, and was rather startled to find that her drapery was not materialized at the back—my hand touched bare skin. Then I noticed some peculiarities. The skin felt dry and papery—that is, no natural texture or moisture—and the only warmth was a little at the spine; her hands also felt papery, and lighter than mortal hands.

Before the seance ended, my father was again called upon by a very beautiful spirit, also in misty garb, who raised a gauzy scarf and laid it over her head as she stepped out. I followed my father, and found it was my grandmother, who passed on when my mother was less than three years old. While she whispered to me, father's cousin and sister stepped out again, making three forms in view at the same time. A few months later, when we described to my grandfather the appearance of grandmother, he said it was certainly her. My sister resembles her, too.

Toward the last of the seance, a cabinet spirit of large stature, brought out the entranced medium, holding her up—indeed, half carrying her. When all were satisfied it was spirit and medium, she was taken back into the cabinet. One spirit brought out a large bouquet of materialized flowers, but I cannot remember whether any were given to the circle.

It would look as if the foregoing was etheralization, except when the medium was brought out, in which case the spirit must have been fully materialized. It seemed to me that their eyes were much more brilliant and piercing than those of mortals usually are; and I have noticed the same thing when I have seen spirits clairvoyantly.

There is a great need of such mediums as was Miss Berry, for it is evident that spirits progressed beyond the first sphere, purified from gross and sordid things, can show themselves clad as in their spirit homes, only through a medium whose refinement and purity of life enables them to use her (or him) with less effort. Such mediums would (or should) exclude from their seances all skeptics whose minds are full of "grabbing" schemes, or whose auras are foul from impure living. Where such are freely admitted, is it any wonder that elevated spirits do not appear satisfactorily, if at all? They have to overcome the repellent auras, as well as draw together the substances to cover their forms, and, as I understand it, will power is the only means to accomplish all that.

B. E. R. T.

Notes of the August Century.

The Midsummer Holiday Number of The Century promises great riches pictorially. In this issue will be seen ten views of the St. Louis Exposition made by Andre Castaigne, whose pictures for The Century of the Chicago, Paris, and Buffalo expositions are well remembered. The eight color plates of the number will include four of Maxfield Parrish's Italian villa scenes, two Bermuda submarine scenes by Knight, a view of one of the Utah natural bridges, and, for frontispiece, "The New Game," by Miss Betts, who drew "The Easter Bonnet." Other contributors of drawings are Charlotte Harding, W. J. Aylward, F. C. Iohn, Florence Seovel Shinn, Sydney Adamson, Arthur I. Keller, John Cassel, Orson Lowell, Frederic Dorr Steele, and Otto Lang.

Stock gambling is the curse of the age.—Andrew Carnegie.

Success implies joy in your work—and joy means better work tomorrow.—Elbert Hubbard.

If a man is to achieve ultimate success he must be willing to forego immediate enjoyment.—Rev. John P. Peters.

The Reviewer.

Know Thyself.

Etiopathy, or Way of Life: Being an Exposition of Ontology, Physiology and Therapeutics. By Geo. Dutton, A. B., M. D. Price \$3.50. For sale by the Banner of Light Publishing Company.

This book, a portly volume of 638 pages, presents the matured experiences of the author, and in a form which is clear, readable, and attractive. As an exposition of the nature of man, physical and physiological, it deserves the most careful reading by all interested in the welfare of themselves and others, as this extract from the preface will show: "The human body is the most wonderful, the most useful, and the most interesting physical construction ever known to man. . . . To form the body after a divine model, to preserve it in health, strength, and beauty, and to use it as the 'Temple of the Living God' is the great privilege of every human being, and considered as such, must be an essential unit and component part of the entire human race. . . . Believing that the well-known law of cause and effect governs the human body as it does all else in nature, and that it may be utilized to establish and maintain a science of life and truth that shall finally harmonize all conflicting schools of medicine. . . . we humbly ask the attention and candid and earnest consideration of the reader."

The projects suggested in the foregoing quotation were certainly carried out in no stunted fashion. The physical aspects of human diseases and diet are all ably presented. Mental forces and psychological influences are fully realized and clearly dealt with. The latent powers of our consciousness are clearly outlined, while the resources of materia medica, chemical, vegetable and mechanical, are duly recognized.

The intelligent student of new thoughtism could profitably peruse these pages and would find much therein with which he or she would agree, as also the mental scientists and metaphysicians, and those who believe in the happy medium and in the blending of the truths of all systems, since no one system contains all the truth, will also find this a very valuable and interesting volume.

Not the least interesting portion of it is a glossary entitled "Technics of Medicine" in which will be found a complete classification and meaning of pretty well every term used in medical study or practice. Dr. Dutton certainly rendered a great service to humanity in writing this work, and a more fitting monument to his earnest and disinterested life could possibly be found. So valuable is this work that we strongly recommend it to all readers as a necessary as well as valuable addition to their library. Dr. Dutton was born in Vermont, received his diploma with the title of A. B. at Dartmouth College, and took his degree of M. D. in Washington, D. C., and as our readers know, only recently passed from this scene of activity to the land beyond. This all too brief and inadequate a notice of a really invaluable book, the principles of which are those expressed by its author: "Etiopathy is a new name for a new mode of medical practice. It is the science of healing based on the reciprocal laws of cause and effect. . . . It is the law of power written in the language of what was once called the Eternal City, 'Causa remota res cessat.' . . . It makes a sentence of eight syllables, and is the motto of the new practice. It reads: 'The cause removed the effect ceases,' which is sound sense and therefore good philosophy and science."—U. T. P.

The Dining Table.

What Shall We Eat? The Food Question from the Standpoint of Health, Strength and Economy. By Alfred Andrews, Cloth. The Health Culture Co., New York City. For sale by the Banner of Light Publishing Company.

This interesting little work is evidently the outcome of practical and personal experience and observation. It is full of information, and the subject on which it treats, and the tables as to the value of food constituents are those issued by the United States Government, so may be accepted as reliable. The question of dietetics is treated from many points of view, always sensibly and usefully. Such subjects as "The Economy of Food," "The Waste of Food," "Digestion," "The Proper Use of Food," and other matters of like character, with comparisons of the relative value as nutrients of vegetables, fruit, fish, and meat, cereals and nuts are also introduced. We can only commend this little book of Mr. Andrews' and endorse the motto he quotes upon the title page, that we should "Eat to Live, not Live to Eat."—U. T. P.

Polished and Inspired.

Voices of the Morning. By Belle Bush, Shirley, Mass. Second edition. Handmade cloth, 270 pages. Price \$1.00. For sale by the Banner of Light Publishing Company.

The name of Belle Bush is so well known to Spiritualists all over the United States that it would be a superfluous compliment to introduce her as a teacher and student of our beautiful gospel whose labors in the past have produced beautiful results in the lives of hundreds. Also, she has long been known as a poet of no mean order, whether her verses were cast in the philosophical, lyrical or descriptive mould. The handsome volume described above is the second edition of the *Voices* and will assuredly prove as welcome to all lovers of true poetry in our ranks as was the original edition when it appeared. Miss Bush is no mere ambitious poetaster, but a really inspired interpreter of the muse. Nothing but the demands upon our space prevent liberal quotations from the pages of the work before us, but to present a trifling extract would be so manifestly unfair to Miss Bush that we refrain from making a selection, but instead would urgently recommend our readers to procure the work for themselves and so personally secure much pleasure and incidentally not a small amount of inspiration also.—U. T. P.

A Chance to Make Money.

I have berries, grapes and peaches a year old, fresh as when picked. I used the California Cold Process. Do not heat or seal the fruit, just put it up cold, keeps perfectly fresh, and costs almost nothing; can put up a bushel in 10 minutes. Last year I sold directions to over 120 families in one week; anyone will pay a dollar for directions when they see the beautiful samples of fruit. As there are many people poor like myself, I consider it my duty to give my experience to such and feel confident anyone can make one or two hundred dollars round home in a few days. I will mail sample of fruit and full directions to any of your readers for fifteen (15) 2-cent stamps, which is only the actual cost of the samples, postage, etc. Francis Casey, St. Louis, Mo.

Children will take Pico's Cure without objection, because its taste is pleasant. At drug stores. 25c.

Self-Respect and Honesty the Only Basis for True Pride.

Arthur P. Milton.

The false pride of civilization are chiefly to be found in conceit and vanity, or that which results from them.

Conceit, or the pride of egotism, is self-delusion, pure and simple, the self-conceit of one's own superiority over others of the mortal kind.

Vanity is a demand for delusion or having one's self glorified—the desire for acknowledgment of one's own faith—ostentation.

Conceit is the selfishness of the mind; vanity the selfishness of the heart; while the combination may be known as the worst of all false pride—arrogance.

Arrogance is that mixture of human discords which, as an individual proclivity, is the bane of humanity; and as a national one, the bane of civilization—being therefore the root of all evil or crime.

In its infant state it is over-active because more or less spurred on by some sensual or selfish desire—some false ambition of the mind or heart. But its reaction is individual breakdown or a taking down by others—most generally by the law.

In Soul-Science it is a perversion or misuse of the will. Will power being brain and heart action combined, is therefore man's strongest force or principle of life put forward.

It is two-fold, however, in expression, and each separately expressed may be known as love—one form being felt, the other enacted; though both partaking of brain and heart, or mind and soul-action.

In the first named the will vibrates in favor of sense-consciousness (feeling) and enjoys the harmonious vibration of other souls. In the second it vibrates in favor of its locomotion (doing) and enjoys the harmonious vibration of Nature. Both generate happiness—one being the effect of sympathy, the other of charity or benevolence.

Analyzed, therefore, the will is the man—to be exercised for good or evil. In harmony with spirit it is always lawful; in harmony with matter it depends. If it does not injure any one else, we at least escape the remorse that would otherwise follow. If employed to excess in pleasing the senses, it generates pain or disease. If to acquire beyond reason or through motives of jealousy, it engenders prejudice, with gloominess attending comparative to the virulence of the evil. If in connection with deceit or treachery, it breaks the harmony with Nature, with combatable loss of understanding and resulting in imbecility, insanity or premature death. If exercised as a power to control the weak, or for motives of revenge, robbery or murder, it destroys the locomotive energy of the soul or spirit.

The body, of course, while alive, may continue in the form of a spent momentum for a while, or stimulate itself by the consciousness of its acquisitions and intoxicants; but its happiness and peace are forfeited until reparation is made—which some never make on this side of the grave. But as life does not end there, the individual's account with Nature is not closed either.

But, the will exercised lawfully—in harmony with spirit—the antithesis of all the aforementioned follows. As the cause so the effect—the cause of all bad effects beginning in conceit and vanity, and those of the opposite being founded on modesty and generosity—the pride of self-respect and honesty.

Letter from G. W. Kates.

Mrs. Kates and most all of June and July, resting under the shade of our beautiful maple trees. We have been told often that we are adorning our home in the spirit realm by the devoted labors of many years in spiritual labor for humanity, but here we are compelled to mow our lawn, paint our house and barn, repair our fences and make new additions, in order to have some of the more beautiful and agreeable in this life. Does it not look as if we had better pay more attention to the conditions of the earth-world, and make life here the best we can, instead of laboring for and hoping for only the joys of spirit life?

Perhaps my house-painting this summer, to make it pleasant for the home folks, will also help to adorn my spirit home as well as preaching or demonstrating for the spirits may have done for me. It is practical effort of any kind that will develop the soul-power and create the spirit habitat.

Mrs. Kates has done housework to relieve her suffering mother instead of seeking only physical recreations. Is that not as valuable to the spirit as giving messages to the people, who often are inclined to even scoff at the claim and are not willing to accept the fact?

No one knows how much suffering is given the public advocate of Spiritualism by the scoffs and jeers of their whom these workers seek to benefit.

But, the saddest of all to the soul is when the Spiritualists cast doubt and fail to credit good intent. There is very little profit in any so-called commercial mediumship. Worldly pay is very little for the effort given—and yet selfishness is often charged. In our case, we have given nearly all of our lives to the Cause, and I have served the public since 1885.

What have we to show in worldly accumulation? At last we see the securing of a modest home, where we hope to retire before long and not be a tax upon the mediums' pension fund. Have we been selfish? We hope that some good has been given, for we have labored in so many places where we were solicited for the good we might do, rather than for possible remuneration. All of our public speakers and mediums have been self-sacrificing! It is high time to realize it! Societies have not been financially equipped, and always ask the worker to state the least possible price, and to give the greatest possible service. Societies need more reformation. Workers will not be blamed for accepting the best offers, after they have given years of almost free service. Indeed, the time has come when the public advocate of Spiritualism will make careful choice of the local society, he will serve. Societies are careful in the choice of the speaker or medium—but the latter have a right to be choice of what society they serve.

It is not a question of labor alone—that can be had in any community; but it is the need for serving where opportunity of good results is the best. Hence, we shall as one man and wife seek fields where good cooperation may be had. The building time has come. The harvest is ripening. We have been planters and tillers—now we shall try to be reapers. But the golden grains shall not be stored for ourselves alone; for there will be hungry ones to feed. We will give good service—and will expect good and generous assistance.

That is the true spirit of organization and co-operation. Societies who secure our services will have better results when they give earnest and generous assistance and provision. Place our Cause upon high planes—and the worker and spirit helpers will rise to the conditions and honor the place to which they are called.

Do not give them doubt and criticism, but confidence and praise. They will then be enthused.

To banish the notarious and the selfish in our ranks, we must protect and sustain the true and capable who shall earnestly give of their efforts. We must advocate and build upon the truth, and demonstrate it with all of our might, in order to succeed. We will never develop the Cause by only fighting supposed or possible wrong-doing within its borders, but will drive out wrong when we sustain the right and persistently present the truth.

This spirit and this effort must come forth, instead of the hue and cry of error and wrong-doing that engulfs all, whilst hitting at a few. The wrong-doers are mostly outside the pale of our organizations. That being so, let us strengthen ourselves against them by unfolding our co-operative power to present the true, the good, the pure. The world will then know where to look for the Spiritualists. And looking, will find them and respect them. Perhaps I have grown a little independent since securing a home and having nearly two months of communion with nature and with myself. I hope it is that spirit of a dominant self that has come upon me, most which shall enable me to battle for Spiritualism and humanity until all barriers upon the good ship shall be removed, and she shall sail upon the high main with white sails unfurled and manned by a happy crew, who shall make pleasant journeys for all who sail the waters of life and cross to the borderland of the soul.

Thornton, Pa.

Among Church People.

E. Ruthven.

The following instances of spirit manifestation occurred among staunch church people, and indicate that in the long run, universal recognition of spirit return must be inevitable.

An old Methodist, who believes fire and brimstone will be the future environment of pretty near everybody but himself and family, and gloats at the prospect, will not admit that spirit return is a fact, but told the writer of a confidence imparted to him by a sister in the church. She stated that she knew positively that her deceased daughter appeared to her one evening just at twilight, when she was sitting quietly by herself; but she "wouldn't let anybody know of it for the world." He thought it probably hallucination.

A professional man said that while his aunt was visiting his folks once, his mother was awakened one night and saw, standing near the bed, her spirit sister, who said, earnestly: "Go to Kate—she needs you." Mrs. G. sprang up and hastened to the room of her other sister, finding she had been suddenly taken with violent illness. Mrs. G. called her husband, who was a physician, fortunately, and after a season of hard work, they brought the patient out of danger. Mr. G. gravely assured me that had it not been for the prompt assistance called by the spirit, his aunt probably would have died. He willingly admitted spirit return to be a fact, but apparently took little interest in it. Mundane affairs were more important to him than that.

One would hardly expect a Catholic priest to testify to spirit return, but one good father did—only he considered it the work of that very convenient personage, the devil. It seems that some years ago, the bishop of that diocese bought a large building in the vicinity of Saratoga, to be used for a convent. Previously it had been a hotel. It was put in good shape, and the nuns were installed, but soon there was a demonstration among them. One sister could not sleep in her room because somebody came and beat her in the night. As such coddling was out of the line of penance, and appeared likely to be repeated indefinitely, the attention of their priest, or bishop (or both) was called to it, and the father triumphantly concluded: "After holy water was sprinkled around the room, the sister was not troubled again."

Of course it was an ill disposed spirit bound to that spot for some reason—haunting it, in brief, who was at variance with the better influences brought about by the nuns, and expressed his objections as conditions allowed. The writer once lived for some months in a haunted house, and found it a serious matter. Such places are not rare, and in behalf of the poor, wretched spirits bound to those, and of mortal tenants who suffer from them, I ask all Spiritualists—and non-Spiritualists—to try every means that promises relief. We may be skeptical of the virtues of "holy water," but it is a fact to which I can attest, that remarkably powerful, beneficent spirits are attracted to anything Catholic; and, understanding, as we do, that spirits of ordinary power can magnetize things, either with or without a medium, we should admit that "holy water" may be efficient through the superior power of spirits drawn to it and the priest using it.

It is probable that any Catholic priest would willingly comply with a request to free a haunted (the word is used for brevity), place from its troubles, and will not readers who know of such places kindly have the experiment tried—repeated, if once fails—and report results to the "Banner?" It is worth while to make a test of it.

Quarterly Circuit Meeting.

One of the most successful grove meetings ever held in the auspices of Spiritualists was held in Rockford, Ill., on the 24, 25 and 26th of June by the circuit of Northern Illinois and Southern Wisconsin.

On Friday, in the afternoon, the first regular session was held, the forenoon meeting being a conference led by W. J. Erwood, and which called out the spirit of harmony and interest that characterized the entire meeting. The address of welcome was delivered by the Rev. Robert C. Bryant of the People's Church and was in every sense a cordial welcome to the people, and truths contained in the philosophy of Spiritualism. W. J. Erwood, president of the Wisconsin State Association, gave the address in the evening. He also spoke Saturday afternoon. Mr. Erwood is one of the workers that always pleases, and who holds a place in the hearts of the people. As he was obliged to return to La-Crosse for Sunday that was his last address.

Dr. Held, president of the Illinois State Association, was not able to be present on account of the passing away of a near relative, and Mrs. Laura G. Fiken, vice-president, took his place. Mrs. Fiken spoke Saturday afternoon and Sunday morning. After listening to Mrs. Fiken one can readily understand why her name has reached even far away Australia. Moses Hull, the staunch old father of our times, spoke Sunday afternoon and the people listened as if carried away with his words. Truly he is the "Moses" of Spiritualism. Mrs. Hull gave the evening address and although the audience had been seated long before the meeting proper began, as a circle had been held in advance of the meeting, no one seemed to be willing to let go of the last words spoken. Mrs. George C. Cooley and Madam Brunswick were the first to give messages here. Mrs. Cooley never did better work in her life. Her messages were clear, straightforward, and beautifully delivered. Madam Brunswick did good work. One evening she was too ill to be on the platform. Sunday

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Are Animals Immortal? What of Prayer? Whatever is, is Right,

are in manuscript ready for the press.

afternoon a few minutes were devoted to the Morris Pratt School, and it is safe to say a better understanding of the school was established than existed before, and that more interest will be taken in its welfare in the future. Mr. and Mrs. Hull sang several fine selections that were well appreciated.

Harlem Park is an ideal place for a grove meeting and no doubt the managers of the circuit will decide to hold an annual meeting there. It is hoped so at least.

This circuit is the first to be established and if others will follow we will soon get organized so that at least quarterly meetings can be held in every section of the country. This meeting paid all expenses and left a neat sum in the treasury. It can be done by others. Spiritualists, let us be up and "To the work!"

Clara L. Stewart.

A RELIABLE HEART CURE.

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

The Divinity and Strength of Love.

R. S. Williams.

Many of our readers will no doubt appreciate our correspondent's verses upon The Strength of Love, and the excellent series of quotations which he appended to his lines. Without love life were desolate indeed, illumined by the beautiful rays of a truly spiritual love the world is made glorious, and souls draw near to one another in very truth.—Ed. B. L.

THE STRENGTH OF LOVE.

The sweetest song, the noblest deed,
The purest thought, a broken need—
The strength of love, doth always need;
I hope to this, all will accede.

The song of sweetness that exceed
The joy, when one from bond is freed,
The strength of love doth always need
To make its sweetness joy indeed.

To give one's life, the noblest deed
For friend or country, or for creed,
The strength of love, doth always need
If in the strife thou wouldst succeed.

The purest thought, by mind conceived,
The one thy heart should ever heed,
The strength of love, doth always need
To change it from a sterile seed.

The last of all, a broken need
When wrong has caused thy heart to bleed,
'Tis for you, with you, that I plead
That God is Love—His Love you need.

GOD IS LOVE.

"Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of woman." 2 Sam. 1: 26.
"Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." Prov. 10: 12.

"For love is strong as death." Songs of Solomon 8: 6.
"And Jonathan caused David to swear again, because he loved him." 1 Sam. 20: 17.

"But love endureth all sins." Prov. 10: 12.
"Love can sun the realms of night."—Schiller.

"Love is kindly and deceitless."—Yeats.
"No lapse of moon can canker Love."—Tennyson.

"Love is never lost. If it be not reciprocated, it will flow back and soften and purify the heart."—Irving.
"Love is the only bow on life's dark cloud. It is the morning and the evening star. It shines upon the babe, and sheds its radiance on the quiet tomb. It is the Mother of Art, inspirer of poet, patriot and philosopher. It is the air and light to tired souls—builder of every home, kindler of every fire on every hearth. It was the first to dream of immortality. It fills the world with melody—for music is the voice of love. Love is the magician, the enchanter that changes worthless things to joy, and makes right royal kings and queens of common clay. It is the perfume of that wondrous flower, the heart, and without that sacred passion, that divine swoon, we are less than beasts; but with it,

earth is heaven and we are gods."—Robert Ingersoll.
"The Lord is the maker of them all." Prov. 22: 2.

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Am I My Brother's Keeper?

Organized Spiritualism is the "keeper" of its brother, the "outsider," and the sooner this is recognized the better it will be for Spiritualism and the "outsider."

There are some folk who appear to imagine that the stranger is the man to provide the cash; but to us the stranger is the man who needs the aid of Spiritualism, and is a prospective Spiritualist—a possible new recruit for the Cause; and in these days of intellectual development, when the Board School contains the Senior Wrangler in embryo, it behooves Spiritualists to look to it that their platform is intelligent, and as free from reproach as it is possible to make it.

If the movement cannot live without the aid of the few grossly immoral exponents who have the audacity to stand as teachers of the people, the sooner it breathes its last expiring sigh, the better.

But the Cause is strong in its fortress of truth, with its ammunition of fact and its weapons of logic, and the expulsion of the few wretches from the ranks of the garrison will not render less effective the fighting force discomfited of the worse-than-useless companionship with those who are prepared to sell the fortress and their unheeded comrades for the "price of a pint," or the sake of a foul career.—The Two Worlds.

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

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

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

I am somewhat familiar with the tendency in modern thought to give primary place to feeling—what James calls "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 Briggs, University of Chicago.

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1904.

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

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

The N. S. A. Declaration of Principles.

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

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

Brevities.

Haunted!
An English "Hydesville."
Stephen Phillips the English poet-dramatist.

Apparitions scare the family out of their new home.

The foregoing lines tell in brief the curious story cabled from England to the Boston Sunday Herald of the 24th inst.

The poet is the well known author of "Paolo and Francesca" and "Herod," and the tale he tells is that the house he recently leased at Egham-on-Thames, London, is haunted. He hears "knockings, rappings, footfalls soft and loud; hasty and stealthy hurrying and scurrying and sounds of a human creature being chased and caught and then strangled. Doors are banged and opened and closed unaccountably." The entire household heard these and other weird sounds and Mr. Phillips' "little daughter saw an old man creeping about the house, but no man could be found."

The neighbors knew of the strange things in the house but no one ventured to tell the poor poet, so he threw up the lease and retired from the place. As far as can be ascertained there is a local tradition that somewhere about 50 years ago an old farmer lived in the house and strangled a little girl, for what reason is not stated. He appears to be the "ghost," and the child is apparently held there also. Mr. Phillips says: "This tradition, I learned, mind you, after and not before our experiences. Needless to say, we threw up our lease of the residence and got out of it like a shot. As a man of reasonable intellect I am open to accept any really feasible explanation of our experiences." It is suggested that the case is one for investigation by the Society for Psychical Research.

Among the leading Campmeetings now in full swing may be mentioned Lily Dale, once Cassadaga and now the City of Light Assembly, where the beauties of wood and lake vie with those of oratory and song. With the able talent now on the grounds it is a veritable Academy of modern Plato's. Queen City Park, Vt., is another charming location and its twenty-fourth meeting bids fair to make a record in every direction, and visitors will find everything needed for comfort, pleasure and edification. Lake Pleasant,

Mass., is a most charming place for a summer visit, its spacious grounds, handsome cottages, splendid Temple, beautiful lake and well kept and finely adorned streets, parks and walks, added to which the fine talent of all sorts provided to meet the varied needs of the visitors, leaves nothing for the most exacting to desire. Onset Bay, nestling near the marge of the grand old ocean, with all the beauties of wood and shore, and within easy reach of the Hub, is a camp once visited never to be neglected afterwards by any seeking a pleasant and instructive season of vacation. Other camps, each with its own peculiar charm, are now in full operation and all report excellent attendance and fine results spiritually and materially.

Do you wish to know something about Boston and the impending visit of the G. A. R.? If so send to the Passenger Department of the Boston & Maine Railroad for their folder "Valuable Information for those attending the G. A. R. Encampment, Boston, Aug. 15th to 20th, 1904." Send four cents in stamps and receive a virtual guide book which could not otherwise be obtained for a quarter at least, the illustrations at least are worth the stamps.

In reply to many enquiries as to the medium through whom the "Dr. H. B. Storer" messages were printed last week, we would say the lady is Miss Ella F. Porter, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Our readers will recall the characteristic message from Miss Abby Judson printed in the "Banner" some months ago through the same medium. Our dear friend is an invalid, and has been so for a long time, but she is always willing to place herself at the service of the spirit world whenever circumstances permit.

The "Twenty-Sixth Annual Report of the American Secular Union and Freethought Federation," has reached us, but whether it was sent seriously, or as a piece of humor, it is difficult to tell, for the Congress it reports was held in Brooklyn, N. Y., on November 15 and 16, 1902! That it should take one year and eight months to produce a pamphlet of 118 pages is notable, even if we allow that some few of the articles it contains were contributed by English freethinkers who would read and return the proofs of their contributions. Perhaps financial difficulties barred the way? But, as our freethought friends are Progressive, let us hope their next Report will not make so belated an appearance. The contents well repay perusal, however, and from the particular standpoint the views are well expressed.

As was to be expected the followers of Mrs. Eddy assert that the account of the origin of "Christian" Science (?) which the New York Times of the 10th inst. published is utterly false! Equally then the article which was printed in the "Banner" of last week is false, also? But it is curious that precisely what the Times said has been floating knowledge for years past and as the Times backs up its statements with facts and data, and refers to living people, it is easy enough to talk of falsehood but an action for libel would be of more service in laying this particular ghost. Meanwhile the writer of the articles each stand where they did.

Dr. George W. Carey of San Francisco, author of "The Biochemic System of Medicine," has published a course of "Instruction in the Science of Biochemistry," in which he shows in his announcement "the occult side of the chemistry of blood, nerve, fluid and brain cells. This book of only forty-four pages contains scientific truths not taught in any college nor found in any library." Dr. Carey advances the startling theory that "each one of the twelve signs of the Zodiac is represented in the human body by one of the twelve mineral or cell-salts of the blood; that the twelve sons of Jacob and the twelve apostles are allegories typifying the chemical operation of these tissue builders; that the twelve gates of the Holy City, made of twelve precious stones, are all symbols of the twelve minerals that form the base of the blood; that the statement of the Divine word—"Thou art Peter, on this Rock will I build my Church," defines the literal fact that the human body is built on a rock or mineral foundation. "Petra, from which we get Peter, means a stone." Dr. Carey claims that "it can be scientifically proven that the Church of God means the human body, from Beth, Hebrew for house, or Bethel, viz., Church." "Know ye not that your bodies are the temple of God." The Course of Instructions is certainly a wonderful book. The price of the course is \$3.00, and the book can be obtained at this office. Dr. Carey gave an interesting lecture descriptive of his "Bio-chemic" system in the Banner of Light Building, Friday evening, 22d inst. The audience was deeply interested.

Campmeetings.

Nature now wears her brightest garments and broders them with many hued flowers. She trends the emerald carpets of her woody aisles, where the scent of the pine is as the perfume of our lady's hair. Crystal streams wind like threads of silver at her feet, and the god of day twines his rays of gold as a coronet around her brow. Fair mother Nature is now fairest to our eyes and we, her children, are prone to seek her on sea, on shore, or in the sylvan quiet of her lovely woods. She well repays our wooing with her smiles and gentleness which bring back the rose of health to blanched cheeks, elasticity to the flaccid frame, and new inspirations to the mind wearied with the fret of small things, and larger ones, too. So, All Hail! to our common Mother, ever loving and tender to those who are obedient to her laws and rule, let us seek her in her embowered retreats and with the silence born of the slow, sure workings of her mighty forces find some solace for our cares and sorrows from which none of us are entirely free.

It is the camp season for Spiritualists all over the United States, and east and west, north and south, the summer cities of our

people are now populated by their hundreds and thousands who seek to mingle their annual vacation with the obtaining of refreshment from the tables of spiritual bounty whose viands are provided by the angel world. The sounds of merry laughter, friendly chat and the vibrations of speech and song strike the air, and also the notes of music and the twinkling of feet in the mystic measures of the dance, for camp time ministers to the social and innocent pleasures of life as well as to the more serious requirements of the mind and spirit. Through innumerable mediums the unseen of mortal eyes voice their messages of love, counsel, monition, and general advice. The normal and inspired lecturers utter their thought, and the people in their conferences criticize, suggest, and reinterpret what they learn from the rostrum. Adown the shady walks, and by many a quiet lakeside in the light of the young moon, the same old ever new tale will be told, and men and maidens will, as ever since the world began, dream dreams of fairest joy, and see all the world through the rosy hues of that master passion which rules the court, the camp and the life of us all. Well it is that we are not so "spiritual" as to forget we are human; good is it, also, to remember we are not so "human" as to forget we are spiritual.

With the lapse of years the campground has lost much of its primitive primevalness. In many cases the rough board seats have given place to more comfortable seatings. The open air auditorium is deserted for fine Temples, and the streets of white tents have given place to substantial and fancifully ornamented cottages. Such camps as Onset, Lake Pleasant, Lily Dale (City of Light Assembly), are veritable summer cities with all the appurtenances and conveniences of urban life. Just a trifle too much of the city, it is not unfair to say, for the dress and "style" of the town is not altogether in place in a "camp" if the naturalness of a near-to-nature-life is to be properly enjoyed. In the main, however, the campers attend to have a good time, to gather comfort, and to gain information, and those who so attend are in the majority.

The campmeeting serves a threefold purpose, it affords those Spiritualists in remote and scattered homes an annual opportunity to hear our gospel and receive communications from the unseen, which are blessed privileges to the friends of Spiritualism who do not dwell in towns where meetings are held. It affords Spiritualists from all parts opportunities of an annual foregathering with each other, and also give our mediums—phenomenal and lecturing—a change and recreation after their season of indoor work. And lastly it provides the one occasion in the year for some folks who have earned the title of "Campmeeting Spiritualists" to get "filled up," as the phrase is, with "our glorious Gospel," at the least expense, and where neighbors and friends cannot spy upon them, for these "supporters" (?) of our Cause never attend the meetings in their own towns for fear it would injure them commercially or socially, nor are they any too liberal in supporting the camp they elect to patronize. Nor do they show much desire to subscribe to the Spiritualist papers, either! Well, never mind, Spiritualism is broad and charitable and has food enough upon its tables and to spare, so we will not begrudge these niggardly ones an annual bite and sup. In the ages to come they will realize their debts and set about discharging their obligations, and in the end all will come right. Let us rejoice that the faithful multitude still support the good Cause and that our campmeetings still flourish. But in supporting them let us not drain dry the resources required to sustain our indoor work, for to impoverish the work of nine months to sustain the camps for two months is but a foolish policy at best.

Ho! then for camp, inland, lake or ocean side. For communion with Nature and the visitants of the Summerland, who greet us under the trees. For a season of rest, new thinking as a consequence of new inspirations, and then a return to the daily duties refreshed in body and soul, and with renewed determination to make the ensuing season's labors for our Cause the most fruitful of result that we have ever known.

Law Versus Justice.

It is a mere truism to say that Law and Justice are not always synonymous terms. The great Blackstone laid it down that "the Law is the perfection of wisdom," or, was it, commonsense? But in these days we all know that law, in its administration, is frequently neither wise nor sensible.

It is a more complicated problem to administer the law and dispense justice than many emotional but kindly people imagine. The letter of the law is insisted upon rather than its spirit, and every appellant strives for his pound of flesh. One striking point in connection with the law is that often the court considers crimes against property of more import than offences against life. Morally it is as wrong in principle to steal a nickel as it is to steal a million dollars. It is as wrong to defraud by legal trick as it is to flagrantly steal out of hand. The motive behind imparts the character to the deed, and if it is an evil motive to steal from another, the amount does not affect the motive of the wrongdoer, making it venial if the theft is small and criminal if large. Many a theft is legal, but no theft is morally or spiritually justifiable. At least this is our interpretation of the teachings of the spirits which rest upon their experiences of the results accruing to their lives and conduct while on earth.

The appraisement of wrong doing at a monetary valuation always looks like a condonation of the offence if the offender has money to pay fines. This offers no terror to the man who is rich. It is far different when the offender is poor. In the first case the man can repeat his offence at so much for each one, and society will not consider him as disgraced. But should the offence be rewarded with imprisonment then a stigma is associated with the person, which at times is difficult to remove.

But mark this point: the stigma is not because of the offence, but because of the imprisonment! This is a wrong view to take, for the stigma should primarily be associated with the offence committed, and strict morals would say that the fine or the jail are equally discrediting to the offender.

Another aspect of this matter is being presented to public notice today, and it discloses a reprehensible method of moral obliquity that is far from consoling to those who wish to see righteousness as the rule of life. The city Post calls it "Breaking the Law by proxy," and it is connected with the reckless automobilism which takes place in cities and on crowded roads. The case in point was that of a chauffeur who drove a big touring car at scorching rate through several of our streets who was fined \$10. Like a faithful servant, he refused to give the name of his employer, for whose enjoyment he had audaciously violated the law. The owner had his fun, and he could afford to pay for it with a hired proxy to stand for him in court.

"Manifestly," says the Post, "this is not the way to compel compliance with the law. They have the same trouble in New York; and the other day, when a hired chauffeur stood up to take his fine, the court delivered itself of a few words of indignant wisdom. 'If the owners,' said the judge, 'were sentenced to a few nights on a hard cot in a cell, with bread and water, I believe the evil would soon be remedied.' Of course it would. And while our laws do not prescribe the very painful penalty recommended by the New York judge, the courts should go to the full extent of the law in visiting punishment upon offenders, reaching the owners whenever possible."

To cure the above evil the court should issue a summons against the registered owner of the machine and compel his attendance at the court in person, and the sooner the law is amended in this direction the sooner will reckless and foolhardy driving be eliminated from what is, when rightly conducted, a pleasant, healthful and invigorating pastime.

In the same issue of our contemporary we noticed another item which we were pleased to see, for it so accords with the spiritual philosophy that it justly demands a place in our columns. For once the Law stepped somewhat aside and allowed Justice and Mercy an opportunity to plead their case. It appears that one Joseph Gannon was called up for sentence on a charge of robbery. With a manly instinct he did not ask for leniency but, instead, he pleaded for a sentence which would give him the chance of entering into an honest life when he had served his time. Says the Post:

"Are we giving our erring or unfortunate citizens a chance? Does our State prison send out reformed men, or men who are stunted in their industrial development, cripples for honest labor, capable of nothing except a return to nefarious occupations? And is a man who has once fallen through temptation or accident to be forever a pariah, hounded by officers of the law intent upon 'catching him again'?" And Judge Pierce, in deciding the case, so far regarded the wish as to send Gannon to the House of Correction, where he could at least learn the rudiments of a trade, instead of to the State prison, where he would learn nothing of honest value. The Post rightly concludes its item by asserting that "the remarks of Judge Pierce upon the case have a wide application and even a terrible significance."

Criminology and Penology are at first sight apart from the Spiritual philosophy, but a moment's reflection will serve to show that they are closely allied thereto. Spiritualism includes all that relates to man in every department of his nature, and in all stages of his career, for its dictum is that "Man is a Spirit Here and Now," consequently a proper understanding of Spiritualism recognizes the fact that the uncultured as well as the cultured, the progressed and the unprogressed, of the human world are each and all included in its scope. What have we to say as to the crime and evil doing? As to their cause, and the means to be adopted to overcome them in society, and to ultimately entirely remove them as factors in human life? If man is a spirit why does he err, or do evil things? If spirit is "pure" can it think impurely? If sin is due to bodily conditions how can those conditions be removed? If these results are due to mortal mind thinking wrongly, what is a mortal mind and is there such a thing as an immortal mind? If the latter, how can mortal man know his immortal mind on the mortal plane, or distinguish between the two phases of mentality? Is mind something apart from consciousness or is it a phase of the manifestation of consciousness? We submit these problems to our readers for consideration. Let the "Banner" hear from you, and then you will enjoy reading each other's opinions and speculations upon a topic of vital interest to all mankind.

W. J. Colville.

In a note from Mr. Colville he says he has had a very successful visit to England and lectured to good audiences at Nottingham, Manchester, Sheffield and Colne in addition to London and Brighton. He informs us he has returned to America, and lectured at the Noonday Club hall, 54 West 37th Street, New York City, on Sunday last and will also lecture there on Sunday next at 3 p. m., his subject being "The Human Aura, its Nature, Use and Development," and at 8 p. m. upon "If the soul is pure previous to incarnation what is the value of earthly existence?" (We shall be pleased to print a report of this lecture. Ed. B. L.) Mr. Colville will be at Lily Dale, N. Y., August 2 to 7, and at Onset, Mass., August 9 to 14, Chesterfield, Ind., Aug. 21 to 28, after which he says he is "pledged to St. Louis."

That day is best wherein we give
A thought to others' sorrows;
Forgetting self, we learn to live,
And blessings born of kindly deeds
Make golden our tomorrows.
—Rose H. Thorpe.

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Campmeeting News.

Camp Progress.

Mowerland Park, Upper Swampscott.—The meetings at the grove were attended by a large audience, and the interest in the meetings is sustained by many who are earnest seekers after the truth. The meetings were opened by the president, Mr. B. H. Blaney, of Marblehead, followed with remarks by Fred De Bos, Boston; D. Fowler, W. Taft, Salem; inspirational poem, Mrs. M. E. Robertson, Boston, and a stirring address by Mrs. S. Dix of Boston, who will be with us again next Sunday. Mrs. E. Hubbard Miller of Boston gave some fine remarks. Mrs. Abbie W. Burnham, of Malden, a very pleasing speaker, gave some beautiful thoughts. Remarks were also given by Mrs. E. J. Kendall and Mrs. Raymond, and all were pleased to hear messages from Mrs. Annie Chapman of Brighton. The ladies' trio, Mrs. Merritt, Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Page, rendered two selections, with congregational singing at the close of the services, ended one of the most harmonious days of the season. Groups of circles were held about the grove after the meetings.—Mrs. H. S. Gardiner, sec.

Lilly Dale Notes.

Saturday, July 16th, Rev. Henry Frank, of New York City, addressed the City of Light Assembly on the "Victories of Truth." He is a fine orator and an inspired speaker of great power on the lines of progressive thought. On Sunday morning, July 17th, a hot wave struck Lilly Dale, a visitation that made ice cream and lemonade the things devoutly to be wished for.

An appreciative audience greeted Mrs. Twing, the speaker of the morning, who took her text from the Scriptures, from the experience of Judas after he had hanged himself, "It is a wonderful thing to be ready to go to your own place, if you can stand in that other life and not be sorry. I have heard people talk as though they expected when they pass on that all the bands of heaven would be glad that they have come. I think that when people go over there they will have some one to go with them to their place. Maybe it is some one who has not been kind to them, and they will be surprised when those who have been unjust in life hold out kindly hands and beg forgiveness; for all wrongs must be righted. I sometimes think that there are none so proud as the prosperous, none so heartless as the happy. Those who have not a care, nothing to disturb the tranquillity of life, often exhibit such indifference to those who are struggling, those who are so lonely, and grieve so much. Oh happy hearts, teach this lesson to the hungry world, that blessed are the homesick, that though they have struggles and cares and they are homeless, that sometime, somewhere, they will understand home in its fullest and sweetest meaning.

Sunday, p. m., Rev. Henry Frank lectured on the "Power of Thought" to a large and responsive audience, who manifested deep interest in his subject by frequent applause. He said, "The correct analysis of the human mind is the highest achievement of science. Every unit in nature which has utilized the past experience and thoroughly conquered a limited environment, has made a step in the process of its development. Intelligence is an expression, a process, and exists as a force, a power, an energy, and has a life in everything that lives, and is supreme and universal."

On Sunday evening Mr. William Bambam and Mr. Farrar, of New York, formerly of Cleveland, gave a benefit seance at the auditorium, which netted some \$28 to the Association. Their manifestations are given in the light under strict test conditions, and are similar in character to those of the famous Davenport Brothers in the early days of Spiritualism. A committee carefully sewed the garments of Mr. Bambam, whose figure was concealed by the drapings of his light frame cabinet, but whose face was constantly visible, hands that were far beyond his reach, were thrust out of the cabinet. Also a profusion of flowers, roses and carnations that were fresh and fragrant. An invisible typewriter, whose clicking could be distinctly heard, printed messages, directed to persons in the audience. Musical instruments were played and an independent voice sang in childish accents. The mediums furnished every indication of genuineness.

Monday morning Prof. Lockwood commenced his class instructions at the auditorium, and Mrs. Peterson opened the Lyceum exercises at the Octagon with a goodly number of children. At 4 o'clock J. Clegg Wright met a private class at the cottage of Mr. Gaston on Cleveland Ave. These lessons given by the controls of Mr. Wright will be continued every afternoon and are intensely interesting. Tuesday morning Mr. Wright gave the first of his series of public class lectures at the auditorium and appears in the same role twice each week. Tuesday, p. m., Mrs. Twing's characteristic talk was prefaced by a song service conducted by Mr. Lilly. The dances at the auditorium on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings, are a pleasing source of recreation and well patronized by people inside and outside of the grounds.

On Wednesday afternoon Mr. Wright lectured on the history of the religions of the world, dating back to the 11th century. A history of the superhuman struggles along the path of progress, the sentiment of liberty in the souls of man, has made for supremacy. He narrated in thrilling tones the inhumanity, the cruelties and atrocities perpetrated in the name of religion, gave dates and events with marvelous accuracy. He closed by a portrayal of the important considerations demanding the attention of the world at the present time.

The Forest Temple meetings are conducted daily under the competent leadership of Mrs. Deveraux and are a profitable feature of the good work accomplished at the City of Light. A pleasant social function is the card-party at the auditorium given by the Willing Workers on Tuesday evenings. Mrs. Miller Wilcox is giving materializing seances at the Sherman Cottage on Buffalo St. Mrs. Steele of Pittsburgh gives excellent sittings at her quiet home, No. 8 Cleveland Ave. Mr. Chas. S. Hulbert of Buffalo, medium and magnetic healer, is an interested listener in many of our audiences. Hot and cold baths, under the superintendence of Mr. and Mrs. Kent, can be had at the Association's bath house, north end of Cleveland Ave. Mrs. S. E. Pemberton, trumpet medium, is at the Sunflower Cottage. Madam Mayer, astrologist and palmist, at the Pond Cottage. Dr. J. M. Temple, business and test medium, can be found at 10 3d Street. Mr. A. Norman, spirit photographer and slate-writer, who has confounded the skeptics for so many successive years, is at his lovely home, Library Street. J. S. Zebler gives instructions in dancing on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at the Octagon. Mrs. Tillingshast, who always smiles a welcome to visitors, is at her old post of duty in the library. Thursday morning Professor Lockwood gave his second public class lecture and modestly proposed, as a friend and fellow-student, to lead the minds that are floundering in the fogs of ignorance, in regard to all that is mysterious in phenomena, out of the darkness and up to the heights of understanding and knowledge through a demonstration of the principles of nature. Prof. Lockwood has valuable apparatus to assist in the elucidation of these marvelous truths. The professor's teachings and demonstrations have kindled the most intense enthusiasm among his patrons, and attendance promises to be large and of the best quality of minds.

The admirers of Mr. Wright collected in large numbers in the afternoon to listen to a discourse upon "The Power of the Ideal in the Real." After a preliminary talk and congregational singing, Mr. Wright said the ideal must always precede the real, for the real is based on the ideal. Ideality is the highest in the range of the human faculties, and its sphere is invention. When man was emerging from barbarism he lived in the Stone Age, and he had no ideality. With the development of the resources of the world came the necessity of developing the mechanical faculties. A conquering nation became such only when it had mechanical appliances. Great reformatations will not start from kings and princes, but with those who stand face to face with great necessities. The wheels of progress are retarded by those who are rich and powerful. People have become jealous of their rulers. The man of power says, "Be quiet and obedient." The man with the heel on his neck says, "I am a rebel and I want freedom and a chance to breathe." Socialism is an ideal in the human mind, and is represented by the aspiring spirit of one who came into our midst two thousand years ago. For socialism to be practical, men must be gods and women angels. Mr. Wright prophesied that three great powers were coming together, Russia, British Europe and America, and difficulties will be settled without war or the sword. Inventions will be so mighty, engines of destruction so terrible, no nation will venture into combat. Disputes among theologians will cease, and everyone will echo the sentiments of Paine, "The world is my country, to do good is my religion."

On Thursday evening the Willing Workers gave a farewell testimonial to Mrs. Twing, with a small admission which netted \$17 to their treasury. Next Friday evening, the 29th, the Lyceum children give a masquerade entertainment, assisted by Mrs. Peterson, Mrs. Zeybel, Mr. Lilly and others. On Sunday, 31st, Mrs. R. S. Lilly and Rev. F. A. Wiggins of Boston. It is a welcome sight to see Mr. Allen Campbell back for a time in his beautiful, spacious cottage, which overlooks the entrance to the grounds. Edward Caleb Randall addressed the City of Light Assembly for the first time on Thursday. Mr. Randall is a prominent lawyer in Buffalo, and for 14 years has been holding seances in his own home, doing what he calls "missionary work" with the spirits who need assistance. The recital of his conversion was intensely interesting, and was the experience of many others who have preceded him. Of the moral courage required to demonstrate loyalty to truth. He described in earnest tones the condition of ignorance and spiritual darkness, surrounding those who had taught, and been trained in the orthodox beliefs, the solid, impenetrable walls that closed in for years around those whose earthly lives had been dominated by avarice and greed, with no ray of light in their souls, until they were brought back by hundreds into the seance room, that was magnetized and presided over by bands of wise spirits, who were interested in their redemption. His marvelous message was a labor of love, and thoroughly appreciated by his listeners.

"A thing of beauty" is the handsome mosaic vase of massive proportions, that has come to ornament the platform at the auditorium. It is the gift of Mrs. Dr. Mathewson of Buffalo, and the product of her own marvelous skill and workmanship. It will be highly appreciated as a work of art, and an expression of the love and good-will of the donor.—S. M. Kingsley.

Ocean Grove Camp.

Harwichport, Mass.—Believing that the readers of the "Banner" will be interested in the doings at this, the oldest spiritualistic camp in the world, which is now holding its 35th annual convocation, I have taken pen in hand to send you a few lines. Arriving here on Saturday, July 16, to take the chairmanship of the meetings, I found that the philosophy had been ably represented during the preceding week by that talented worker, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, while Mrs. Kate M. Ham, who is rapidly coming to the front as one of our ablest test mediums, has been demonstrating the phenomena so satisfactorily as to make a host of friends and attract excellent audiences. On the day of my arrival Miss Elizabeth Harlow and the Ladies' Schubert Quartet also came, and on Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and at 2 p. m. Miss Harlow addressed audiences that tested the capacity of our spacious auditorium and gave two of the grandest discourses that I have ever listened to. Her subject in the forenoon was "The Majesty of the Human Soul, or Man a Social Being." In the afternoon she spoke upon the question "How Do Men Grow?" Both lectures were replete with interesting data and instructive thought, and I could not but feel, not having heard Miss Harlow for three years, that her discourses had given us an object lesson in showing how rapidly a woman can grow in her chosen sphere of work.

Mrs. Ham followed each discourse with splendid demonstrations of spirit communication, and the Ladies' Schubert Quartet, as usual, was excellent, and its selections appropriate.

On Tuesday afternoon, July 19th, I spoke upon the subject, "The Godhood of Man," and some of the friends were kind enough to say that my work far exceeded their anticipations. However, had I not spoken well the fault would have been mine, and not my inspirers nor my audiences, for the conditions for good work are perfect here and harmony reigns supreme.

On Wednesday Miss Harlow gave us another of her splendid lectures, and on Thursday afternoon that pioneer worker, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, occupied the platform and proved that she still retains all her old time enthusiasm and excellence. Although I have known and profited through listening to Mrs. Byrnes at one time or another each year for 15 years, she always has something new, something novel, something instructive, for me in her lectures, and the work of Miss Margaret Gaule, who occupied the platform Friday and Sunday afternoons cannot be too highly commended. I was again the speaker on Saturday, July 23, and Mrs. Byrnes followed on Sunday afternoon. The singing of the quartet has been greatly appreciated, the conferences have been well attended and interesting, the concerts and illumination of the grounds were never better, and we feel that in every way the convocation has been most successful.—Albert P. Blinn, chairman.

Onset, Mass.

Sunday, July 24th.—Notwithstanding the heavy rains of the past two days, the 28th campmeeting opened with a large attendance. As the seats in the grove were too damp for comfort, the morning lecture was held in the Temple, and one of the largest first Sunday morning audiences was in attendance. The

Bridgewater Band, R. H. Ferguson, bandmaster, gave one of their fine concerts preceding the lecture. Chairman Fuller opened the meeting by giving the notices of the week, after which he introduced Prof. A. J. Maxham, that popular singer from Vermont and Washington, D. C. Onset would not be Onset without the services of Mr. Maxham, who sang for his first selection the late Herbert Johnson's popular song, "Face to Face," with fine effect. Mrs. Carrie F. Loring followed with a soulful invocation. After another song by Mr. Maxham, Dr. Fuller took for his address a subject outlining the work that lies before us this summer for the future of Onset and Spiritualism, preceding his address by reading a communication written automatically through his hand, while at work in his office. Notes from Dr. Fuller's address will appear next week. After another song by Mr. Maxham, Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn pronounced the benediction.

At 1 p. m. another concert by the band. At 2 p. m., Mr. Maxham opened the meeting with singing, after which Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn was introduced, and after reading a poem took her subject for lecture and poem. Mrs. Allyn brought greetings to Onset from Parkland, Pa., camp. The subjects given were handled by Mrs. Allyn to the great satisfaction of the large audience present. Notes from her remarks will appear later.

Every train and electric brought large numbers to the camp on Saturday and Sunday, and it looks now as if this was to be the banner year at Onset.

Do not forget while at Onset to subscribe for the "Banner of Light." By so doing you can obtain all the late news of all the camps in the country.

Next Sunday Mr. Thos. Cross, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond and Mrs. Margaret Gaule (medium), will be the speakers.

This evening a seance was held in the Arcade, and was largely attended. Mrs. Carrie F. Loring was the medium and gave great satisfaction.—J. B. Hatch, special correspondent and agent for the "Banner of Light."

Niantic, Conn.

July 24 we were favored with two addresses by Mr. Thos. Cross of Fall River, Mass. The day was cold and wet, but attendance about the average. At the evening conference the subject discussed was "Woman Suffrage," opened in a very able manner by Mrs. Bacon of Hartford. Some excellent remarks by Mrs. N. H. Fogg followed.—E. J. Bowtell.

Lake Sunapee, N. H.

The twenty-seventh annual meeting of the Lake Sunapee Spiritualist Campmeeting will be held on the east shore of Lake Sunapee at Blodgett's Landing, N. H., beginning Sunday, July 31, and closing August 28.

In the last year many improvements have been made in the camp grounds, and about the lake shore. New highways have been built and new hotels erected. Steamboats connect with all passenger trains.

Sunday dates for excursions to Lake Sunapee during this season: Sunday, August 21, for stations Brattleboro to Charlestown inclusive; Sunday, August 24, Keene to West Hookinton, Manchester and North Weare Branch; Sunday, August 7, Nashua to Greenfield and Peterboro Branch.

The list of speakers is unusually large and the exercises are expected to be the most interesting in the history of the association.—Lorenzo Worthen, secretary.

Temple Heights, Northport, Me.

The cottages at Temple Heights are filling up very fast and it is fast drawing to the time when the campmeeting will open in full blast for the week's session. The work on the outside of the auditorium is going on in fine shape and is practically completed and all who have seen the building are delighted with it and with what has caused such a change in that of last year.

But one thing is now lacking and that is the seats which are to be procured for the interior. When this is done the building will be greatly improved. Considerable new furniture will be added and the auditorium this season will be a great improvement over last year.

We are to have but three speakers this year but we have made an special effort to secure good test mediums and in the persons of Edgar W. Emerson, Carrie E. S. Twing and Edie L. Webster, we are sure of having that department of the work well looked after. The three will be in attendance during the week and messages will be given from the platform each day following every meeting.

Two-thirds of the cottages are occupied and others will be in the coming week. Cottages, board or room, and tenting ground when required can be secured of the secretary, Orrin J. Dickey, if desired and the grounds are so easy of access that there can be no trouble for those who desire to reach this beautiful little spot.

Mrs. Nellie M. Kneeland of Boston has purchased the Durham cottage on the grounds which has been closed for some years and she will open it this week for the remainder of the season. The cottage is very pleasantly situated and a most desirable one.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Toothaker of Belfast have purchased the Jackson cottage on Nicawna Point, which they will remodel and repair at once placing it in good condition for the summer season.

The Pendleton cottage on Nicawna Point has been leased for a month to the Melvin family of Pittsfield who annually spend a part of the summer at the Heights and they will arrive to occupy it next week.

Cottages are in good demand and if several were built on the grounds they would rent at a good figure. Programs of the meetings will be sent to all desiring them upon application.—Orrin J. Dickey.

Lilly Dale, N. Y.

Never have the beautiful grounds at Lilly Dale presented a more attractive appearance than on Friday, July 15th, the grand opening day. The spirit of preparation, which had been active for many weeks under the able management of President Pettengill, has culminated in a system of arrangement that is perfect in all its details, and its results everywhere visible.

The auditorium has a new roof, the electric light plant a new boiler, the broad walks have been cleaned and trimmed and the trees shorn of their too numerous branches. The smooth cut lawns are profusely ornamented with effective combinations of ferns and flowers that smile a welcome to visitors and make doubly inviting the rustic seats the shady park supplies. Repeated rains have made the foliage heavy and luxuriant, and birds are always singing in the tree-tops.

The cottages are rapidly filling up with arrivals that come pouring in on every train. Hotel Leolyn, with its pleasant and agreeable landlord, Mr. White, has already a large number of happy guests. Mr. John T. Lilly, a popular, old-time favorite, and a resident of California for the past six years, received an

(Continued on page 8.)

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PASSED TO SPIRIT LIFE.

GEORGE W. MORSE, BELMONT, ME.

The angels of the spirit world have summoned another of our well known friends at Temple Heights and he has responded to leave his earthly home darkened by the absence but brightened by the glad knowledge of spirit return and the bright hope of a future meeting.

It is the death or rather the passing of the spirit of George W. Morse, who, having filled his duties in earth life, has gone to await the coming of loved ones. For many years Mr. Morse has been a member of the Board of Directors of Temple Heights and has been one of the hardest workers in the Cause in this section.

His little cottage, "Soldiers' Rest," high upon the rocks at Temple Heights, will be remembered by all, and his smiling face will be seen this year only in memory's picture. He will be missed at the gate in taking tickets, in the meetings and when there is work to be done, for he was ever ready to do his share toward assisting and aiding the progress of the meetings and promulgating the interests of the spot he loved so well.

Only gone before us, only crossed the divide and thought silent in earth's tongue, he will still serve with us and make the lives of those around brighter by his presence. The funeral, July 11th, was very largely attended, especially so for a service in a suburban district. The deceased passed away after an illness of but about four days, his death being very sudden and due, it is supposed, to an abscess which had formed on the brain.

Mr. Morse was born in the town of Lincolnville, the son of Barnard and Mary A. (Conant) Morse and when but a young child returned to Belmont with his parents, his father having been temporarily engaged in the lime business in Lincolnville. He received his early education on the farm in tilling the soil and got some schooling in the primitive schools of his youth.

After working around home in farming and lumbering until the war broke out he enlisted in Company B of the 26th Maine Regiment, in which he served a year's time in the service, for which he enlisted and was discharged to return home. Belmont was trying to furnish her quota of men and he had been at home but a short time when a man living in the town who was drafted ran away and the second draft brought Mr. Morse into the service again. This time he went out as a member of the Eighth Maine Regiment and served until the close of the war.

During his time on the battlefield he was actively engaged in the battles of Spring Hill, Strawberry Plains, Fair Oaks, the first siege of Hudson and many other skirmishes. Four brothers of the Morse family all served in the war together and although Mr. Morse was younger, he is the first to break the quartet.

In his own town he has been a worker for the interest of the town and one who has done much to forward the interests of Belmont. He was always a quiet man and one who was firm in his opinions when he knew them to be right. He was prominent in the Grange and was long an active member of Mystic Grange of Belmont and always took an active interest in their work.

He was a member of Thomas H. Marshall Post, G. A. R., of Belfast, and was always an enthusiastic worker in those circles, doing much for his needy comrades. Whenever Memorial Day came around he was almost invariably detailed as the color bearer.

Pesides his wife, Hester (McLain), who survives him, he leaves four sons, Albert C., of Camden; George, Herbert and Willard Morse of Belmont. He leaves also four brothers, Lewis of Bearsmont, Leander of Belfast, Samuel of Belfast and Lucius C. Morse of Liberty.

His age was 65 years and five months. For many years he held a Justice of peace commission in the town of Belmont. Rev. H. S. Fiske of Belfast officiated at the funeral service and the floral offerings were very beautiful. Delegations of the Thomas H. Marshall Post, G. A. R., and Mystic Grange, P. of H., were present and followed the remains to the grave.—Orrin Dickey.

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A Letter from Wellington, N. Z.

We have much pleasure in printing the following extracts from a friendly letter from far away New Zealand, from the leading Spiritualist of that progressive colony, Mr. William McLean, J. P. and president of The Wellington Association of Spiritualists (Registered). Our good friend says: "If not too late may I offer you my hearty congratulations on your assuming the Editorial Chair of the 'Banner.' I am sure you will bravely keep it ever pointed towards the truth. When I saw the announcement I mentioned it from our platform and all our people, your old friends, were exceedingly pleased. I noticed a short paragraph that you were expecting an article from Mr. Terry and myself for your International Anniversary Number, but that was my first intimation, so fear your letter must have gone astray. I would have been very glad to have sent you something, but you have so many grand writers in America that my contribution, if sent, would have been 'terra sma,' as the Scotchman would say.

"This city is progressing very favorably. We are installing an excellent electric tram service, which will run past the hall door, and will thus improve our property. The colony as a whole is in a good state and we expect a surplus of £700,000 (\$3,500,000) on the year's transactions.

"I have an idea that if we had one of your good platform test mediums here it would give us a lift. What do you think? I am writing Mrs. May S. Pepper in your care. [The letter has been forwarded to Mrs. Pepper, Ed. B. L.] A good test medium would draw here. With all good wishes from myself and all your old friends here, most cordially yours,

"William McLean,

"Wellington, N. Z., June 29, 1904."

Our Home Circle.

EDITED BY MINNIE RESERVE SOULE.

Afterwards.

He loves me not; the sad day dawns
When to my fainting heart
The fatal message comes to me,
That he and I must part.

My happy dream has come to naught;
The hopes I fondly clasped
Have died within my heart today,
They were too sweet to last.

I stand alone with God this hour,
The shadow of my sin
Shuts out the dear, dear hearts I loved,
The joys that might have been.

Unwilling he to share my pain,
But like the sickle bent
He robs the clover of its sweet
And saunters off in glee.

Dear God forsake me not this day,
But let me in thy hide;
Till strengthened by thy strength I stand
Above my sin and pride.

Because I've sinned and for it grieve
Give me the place 'mong men
Who've sinned and need the loving hand
To lead to truth again.

—M. M. S.

A Link in Our Golden Chain.
AND "LEND A HAND."

In one of the great department stores of Boston an unusually pretty girl not over sixteen years old sat by the counter, the centre of attraction among a group of clerks and bundle girls.
She wore a diaphanous white gown, elaborate and expensive and which might have graced a tea or a reception. Her hat was covered with nodding plumes and as she laughed and talked in animated fashion with her mates of short time since she was really a picture of happy youth and beauty.
"Did you have a good time in New York?" asked an eager faced little miss, leaning far out from her "bundle box" and ignoring the waiting parcels and customers. "Did I, you just bet I did."
"Do you have all the money you want?" and "Is he good to you?" were some of the rapidly fired questions from the tired women children.
"Does your dress trail?" queried one of the older girls. "Indeed it does." "I wish I could see the bottom of it," continued the girl.
"Well, I'll walk up to the next aisle and you rubber," and with the air of a grand lady our ex-bundle girl swept between the rows of wide-eyed girls who commented and criticised to their heart's content.
It was a sight to make thinking people weep.
The past of the poor little maid was so apparent. The future was so easily foreseen. The same hand which so lavishly bestowed because of youthful beauty, for there was absolutely nothing else the child had to give, would soon tire of the frivolous notions when the eyes were heavy and sad through lack of attention.
She must either be content to be the puppet and dance and grin unmeaningly for a price, or yearn and watch and wait for the expression of enduring tenderness which could never come to her.
Oh, where were the honest women and true who could have shielded and protected this bright bit of girlhood and saved from the awful abyss just before her?
With all the glint and glamor of fine clothes and a full purse it would have been a useless task for one to have talked of a different life, but the day had been when in the soft unbroken soil of her soul any seed might have been planted and have found root.
She was not to blame for believing that "fine feathers make fine birds," if the attentions were showered on the well dressed patrons of that store and the plain people had to wait. She had only the commercial vision absorbed from her surroundings.
Her very ambition to be a "fine bird" was praiseworthy.
If she might only have had some one to help her to understand just what a really "fine bird" is.
We are all to blame for the wrong standards which any one may take if in any way we have helped to produce those standards or are rallying around in support of them today.
It is not for us to dare to look with eye askance on any girl who has gone astray from the highest and best in her. In our gatherings we must be sure that the shop girl and the serving maid may feel that their place among us depends on their womanhood, not in the number of diamonds which they possess.
In our churches we cannot have anything like servility to the purse. We, Spiritualists, who believe in the equal importance of all kinds of service in the world can make no class distinctions but must remember that classes classify themselves. This is the law of the spirit. We may not, cannot do it. The thief may live in a mansion and dine sumptuously, but if his desires are thievish he has classified himself with thieves and robbers and his awakening in spirit-life will perhaps be his first intimation of what class he really was in.
The women who adore costly jewels more than honor and sincerity are not all at the beck and call of sundry men but may be housed and fed and finely clothed with a marriage certificate tucked snugly away.
They may be classified with that great army of women whom for them to recognize would be a heinous crime.
Our true values are spiritual.
Our only real possessions are spiritual.
Our only real classification is in a spiritual existence.
Surely if we live in the simple comprehension of this beautiful truth we will make it easier for the weak to pass by the baubles of life and stand always for the true values.

A Few Interesting Facts.

From a correspondent we have the following interesting facts as she calls them. There are so many people who will more readily believe a thing if it is supported by some Bible text that we presume our friend had them in mind when she selected these. It is remarkable that so many ardent Bible readers have failed to see anything in the to them book of books which gives to spiritual manifestations as we know them today countenance and support. Yet such is the case. It is quite true that we are not dependent on the opinion of people or books for the truth is being demonstrated every day, but to those who like the color of antiquity on religion as on wine and lace we refer them to the recorded manifestations of the power of the spirit among men ages and ages ago.
Of course there are among our readers many skeptics, as well as believers in Spiritualism, and it is to be presumed and hoped that all read intelligently their Bibles. I would like to call attention to Spiritualism in the Bible.
For texts, take Genesis, 24th chapter, 14th to the 19th verses; Exodus, 4th chapter, 14th

to the 31st verses; Judges, 6th chapter, 36th to 40th verses; 1st book of Samuel, 1st chapter, 10th to the 20th verses.
Independent Spiritual voices, Duet. 9th chapter, 12th and 13th verses; 1st book of Samuel, 3d chapter, 3d to the 9th verse. Acts of the Apostles, 7th chapter, 39th and 41st verses; 12th chapter of St. John, 24th to 30th verses; Ezekiel, 1st chapter, 26th verse; 17th chapter of St. Matthew, beginning at the 5th verse.
You will read about Spiritual writing in the 2d book of Chronicles, 12th verse; also the 5th chapter of Daniel, 5th verse.
For "Trumpet" speaking, turn to the 19th chapter of Exodus, 13th to the 19th verses; also the 20th chapter, 13th to the 18th verses. All through the book of Revelations, but particularly 1st chapter, beginning at the 10th verse.
Then if one cares to pursue this interesting subject still further, for Materialization, we can look in the 19th chapter of Genesis, 24th chapter of Exodus, 24th chapter of Ezekiel, 5th chapter of Daniel, 24th chapter of St. Luke, and the 20th of St. John. And for healing we turn to the 2d book of Kings, 4th to the 20th verses, as well as 19th chapter of Acts, 11th and 12th verses. And so we might keep on, working among these deep mysteries, and wondering, too, and with Solomon say: "Give thy servant an understanding heart, O Lord."—L. N.

A Pilgrim Boy.

Mme. Inness.
CHAPTER II.
THE ADVENTURE OF THE CROW'S NEST.
Sail far and farther to the west,
Straight toward the dying sun;
For many a day and night must pass
Ere all thy course be run.

—Mabury.

The breakfast was dispatched as healthy boys are apt to dispatch breakfast, whether on sea or land; and boys in 1620 were much like boys in this year of Grace. The day proved truly to be a beautiful one. The warm haze in the air gave just enough of the summery tinge to make the exiles dream again of the old home.
They were bound for the Hudson River, at that time included in the general designation of Virginia. The grant made by the English king covered, under the name of Virginia, the larger part of what is now the United States.
The boys gathered in groups about the deck. Some of the smaller children clustered about their mothers, who had come up to breathe the fresh air and to get the close breath of the narrow little cabin out of their lungs. For two long months this little ship had been their home and, however hard it may have seemed to the men and boys, it was worse for the women.

There were several little ones, scarcely more than babies, on board beside Oceanus Hopkins, who was born after the ship left England and was named for the ocean on which he had first seen light.

There was a Fuller baby and Sammy Eaton, who was but little more. The Hopkins children were all young. Beside Oceanus there were Giles and Damaris and Constantia, the oldest.

John Billington was about 12 or 13 years old, slender and dark of hair and eye. Older than Francis, he was not so strong nor so large as his younger brother. Francis was the red head of the family, a big, strong, two-fisted fellow, who was always climbing and "into everything," his mother declared. The mother's fiery temper and the dark, sensitive, jealous disposition of the father made the family anything but a pleasant one. The boy John was shy and sensitive, but of a finer mold than either father or mother. The constant bickerings and quarrels which made his home life so unbearable had tended to make John more or less of a lonely boy. He had few companions that he liked and the older ones were more agreeable to him than those more eager for the noisy rough-and-tumble of the usual boy-dom.

There were Love Brewster, John Cooke and Joe Rogers and Resolved White, all about four years younger than he. John would have called them kids, had he been living in the 20th, instead of the 17th century.

John thought Mary Chilton, who was a young lady, although not out of her teens, was much to be preferred to Constantia Hopkins. Constantia was just about his age, but Mary Chilton "knew something."

There were the two Turner boys and Tom Tinker, all well enough, but John was a dreamer and a poet in his way although he did not know it. This was, it is true, partly owing to the delicacy of his health and build, which kept him altogether away from the rougher sports and at times from all the sports of boyhood.

The first thing Frank Billington did after breakfast was to cast his eye longingly toward the mastsheads. Ever since he came on board, he had wanted a chance to "shin the mast," as he called it. The sturdy chap's legs were strong, but short, and the masts of the Mayflower were too large for a "shin." The shrouds had attracted his attention next. But the storm of the voyage had made it too dangerous for him to attempt the climb. Now Frank felt there was a good chance. If he could but get permission. At the top of the main mast, where the main top mast sprang, there was a fine, cosy nest, as Frank thought, in the cage for the look out. He resolved to seek the first opportunity to get into that cage. He reasoned that if his father saw that he could do that without dizziness or danger, he would allow him to do it again. At any rate, he thought, if he did get a caning from his father, the fun of the climb would be worth it.

The day wore on. The waves still pitched the little craft about heavily and wearily. The blue skies made the sea look like lead through the Indian Summer haze. But it was a boisterous, jolly, old ocean today, not the angry sea which the storm winds had lashed to fury.

The women had come out and sat in protected places about the decks. The new Hopkins baby was brought up with his mama, about whom all the women flattered, making her safe and comfortable. The girls cooed over the sleeping infant, all pink in his white flannel wrappings.

Love Brewster and Jo Rogers, each with a borrowed knife, were whittling a toy Mayflower from a stick of wood. Wood was the only fuel on the ship and very little of it could be taken. It was therefore a valuable commodity. The shavings were saved as if they were gold clippings and had Love Brewster not been the son of the Elder, Capt. Jones would not have allowed him to select a stick of wood for a mere toy.

Resolved White saw John lying in a warm, sunny spot, where the rail protected him from the wind and went over to him.
"Well, Jacky, does the sun feel good?" he began.

"Aye, Rezzy, better than does this old coil of rope which I tried to make into a comfortable pillow. The rope is hard but not so hard as the deck. Rezzy, what can we do to have some fun?"

"Let's go down to the bow and get Jack Mallins to tell us yarns of the sea."

"Aye, Rezzy, that was good fun, if he be in the mood. But it is so wet there. The sea dashes so."

"Oh, no, the high bow keeps it off now. Come on."

"There she blows," just at that moment came from the lookout on the foremast.
Capt. Jones was not on deck. The mate

was standing watch and he shouted, "Where away?"

"Three points on the lee bow, sir," sung out the sailor. Everybody sprung up to see what it was. John and Rezzy gazed where the sailor had indicated. They could barely discern the whale, as the ship rose on a wave, with the smoky spray rising from his spouting nostril.

The big black fellow rose and fell with the waves, as a boy floats in the surf when bathing. Everybody was interested at once. This was one of the monsters of their new home. The men looked at him as a possible supply of wealth which would enable them to repay the merchant adventurers whose advancements of money and aid had made possible this trip to new lands and new freedom.

"Oh, will he hurt the ship?" asked Mary Chilton of John, who, as boys of his age are wont, had assumed, at least in his own mind, the office of knight-in-waiting.

"Pooh," said John, more courageous than wise, "I wish he would try it. We would make short work of him."

"Not so fast, little master," spoke Capt. Jones, whom the outcry from aloft had brought on deck. "Yon leviathan could easily send us to the bottom to see my kin, Davy Jones, should he make the attempt. No, my little lady Chilton, do not let thy woman's heart feel disturbance. They fight not, unless they are attacked; but flee from man's presence. They are arrant cowards unless goaded to a fight, like many of the so-called savage bulls which the Don Hidalgo of Spain delight to torture under the name of sport. Fear not, sweet mistress Mary. There is no danger."

"There, what did I tell thee," said John, gallantly assuming that the Captain had endorsed his comment instead of rebuking it. "There is nothing to fear and in truth I believe the Captain is trying to put on airs because I am no sailor lad and am only a boy."

"Well, Johnny, you shall defend me if he does come," said the womanly little Chilton lass. "I like thy spirit. I trust in thee."

Thus was John, the valiant, rewarded. To himself, he seemed to grow under his mistress' praise.

But where was Frank? The older boy was suddenly recalled to the accustomed care of his younger, if bigger, brother. John looked all about the little company, scattered about the deck, but could see naught of him.

Frank's opportunity had arrived. While all were gazing to the leeward at the strange sight of a whale, he had swiftly, and silently, jumped upon the other rail and, like a monkey, had climbed the shrouds, step after step, without attracting attention. Now, coolly enthroned in the look out, he was as well hidden as though in the vessel's hold.

Quickly flying to the cabin, John gave a hasty look all about. He thought Frank should not miss this sight, for he knew it would please him well. Of course, his search was fruitless. John, however, knew Frank's habits of getting into forbidden places too well to expose him to punishment by calling attention to his absence. His worry, however, did not diminish.

Among the boys, John felt it was safe to inquire. There he learned of the dare-devil climb that Frank had ventured. Running to the extreme stern, he found a spot where he could see Frank and still be unobserved by the absorbed watchers of the whale. Soon he saw Frank's face and knew that the boy was now terrified enough over his position, as the awaying of the ship was intensified at the mast head.

Now he himself was in truth frightened. He beckoned wildly to his brother to descend. However willing the boy on the mast may have been to comply, he could not if he would. He was clinging to the crow's nest side with all the strength that his terror could impart to his sturdy muscles. John redoubled his gesticulations, not seeing, in his anxiety, that he had been observed by William Bradford, who, following the boy's gaze, had taken in the trouble at a glance.

Bradford understood the situation so well that he felt that Francis had been sufficiently punished without the whipping which he knew the father would in his wrath be sure to inflict. While a stout disciplinarian himself, he knew the difference between punishment for reform and punishment through anger.

"Trouble thyself no more, my lad," he said quietly to John. "Go; mingle with the others on deck and look not once aloft. I will get the bad boy down all safely and none shall be the wiser. Do as I tell thee, and show not in thy face that aught troubles thy mind."

Bradford's blue eye, so strong and so kindly, assured John. Involuntarily and almost unconsciously the difference between his calm justice and the hot, swift vengeance of his father passed through his mind. The command, though very sweetly kind, was none the less a command and John obeyed it; and once more sought Mary Chilton's side.

"How now, my valiant Sir John," quoth the girl, noticing John's look of anxiety and trouble. "I fear the fish did frighten thee a bit. The tongue is more valiant than the heart. But, John, fear not. There is no danger. See, I am wholly cured of my terror. Now I must give comfort."

Teasing John brought but a sickly smile and he said, "Tis no fish that frightens me, Mary. I will tell thee by and by. Ask me no more now."

(To be continued.)

The farther out to sea the light-house pushes its promise of succor, the more lonely the life of the light-keeper. So the more in advance of his age in the prophet, the less of the solace of human society may he expect to receive. Like the light-keeper, he is lonely, but he is God. For God is truth and love, and he who has truth and uses it for love's purposes, partakes of God's nature and, so far, he is God.—Selected.

The Disease is Spreading.

"If you please, sir?"

"Well, Jimmy?"

"Me grandmother, sir!"

"Aha, your grandmother! Go on, Jimmy."

"Me grandmother an' me mother!"

"What? and your mother, too! Both very ill, eh?"

"No, sir. Me grandmother an' me mother are goin' to the baseball game this afternoon an' they want me to stay home an' take care of me little brudder."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Usual Experience.

Mrs. Stayathome:—I told my cook the other evening to go out and get things mixed for the cake I was going to make.
Mrs. Gadaboutsky:—Did she do it?
"Yes, she had some things mixed, all right."

"What were they?"
"My instructions."—Baltimore American.

Sparing Her Feelings.

"My dear," said Mrs. Nelywed, her face flushed with the excitement of her afternoon in the kitchen, "I want you to be perfectly frank with me now. What would you suggest to improve these doughnuts I made today?"
"Well," replied Mr. Nelywed, lifting one with a slight effort, "I think it might be better if you made the hole bigger."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

SPIRIT

Message Department.

MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUM.

SHIP OF

MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

Report of Seance held July 20, 1904. S. E. W.

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.

Into the ear of the Infinite Father we would pour all our aspirations after holiness and truth. Out from our hearts we would let the longing thoughts find expression and trust that the response may come to us. Over our waiting spirits we would have the spirit of love breathe in tenderness today and strengthen us and uplift us until better and purer than ever before we find our work and do it faithfully as only those who have caught the expression of truth may do. May no thought of what another may be doing or saying lodge in our hearts today, but, untrammelled by discouragement or despair, or even the thought of our own littleness, may we go forth steady and true. Very often it is hard to separate ourselves and find the individual life and the individual expression that is best adapted to us and the work for which we are best adapted, but in the light of the spirit unfolded by those who understand and who will guide us we would be ready to do even the smallest duty, the most humble service in the great world today. And may the need of our fellow-men be the only spur which shall lead us into work and light. May the opportunity which we yearn for be not so far off that we shall have to search or hunt for it, but at our door, in our midst, for our friend, in our family, for the neighbor, perchance, may we find just the opportunity to express in the right way the happiest and holiest thought of infinite love and freedom which has been borne in unto us. And at this time we would be especially prepared to receive the message from those who have passed on into that next sphere of life. Like a trust we would receive their word and pass it on to the waiting hearts. Like those who are attuned to the thought of love, to the pulsating of pain, we would stand ready to give strength and to pass the remedy for all pain along to them. And may these who gather here feel our willingness to undertake this service for them. May they understand that nothing shall stand between them and us; that nothing shall hinder us in our desire to give to those they love this sweetest message that can be borne from Heaven's gate, of love triumphant over death, of love that sounds through the silence until the aching heart hears and is made whole. Amen.

MESSAGES.

George Sinclair.

The first spirit who comes here today is a man about thirty-two or three years old, tall, very strong looking, has dark hair, dark eyes and a dark mustache, broad shoulders and a very nervous, energetic manner. He has a very deep voice and the first thing he says is: "My name is George Sinclair and I lived in Galveston, Texas, about twelve years ago. I have been back before but never in this way, and I have promised myself that I would come at this time and make some sort of an effort to get to my people that they might be more thoroughly convinced of the truth of my return. They believe that some spirits can come and some can not and that perhaps somebody has been impersonating me, so I am taking this out of the way method and means to convince them. I would like to have Clarence and Mamie sit me as they used to two years ago. They have given it up thinking they did not get just what they ought to and believing it was better to let it alone than to have things go on as they were, but the only way to reach perfection is to keep on through the stage of imperfection and let experience bring the weight of its power to the matter. I have been very much interested since I came over here in trying to find out what other planets were like. I always had a notion that if we could only get up some method of communication we would find out there were other people on other planets as anxious to get to us and to find out about us as we are to get to them; so I made more or less of a study of this thing and the time is coming when I hope I can reveal it to some of my people. I have seen Amy and she is full of the Old Harry just as she always was when she was in the earth life. She doesn't stay still long enough to get sober or get unhappy. She is like a butterfly only she keeps people laughing. I thank you people and I hope I may come again. One visit seems so little when one is so anxious to come often and talk a good deal."

Alice Grant.

A spirit comes of a woman about twenty-seven or eight. She is medium height, has blue eyes, dark brown hair and a very pale skin. She is very thin and nervous as though she had worn herself out with a sickness and fretting over conditions that could not be helped. Her name is Alice Grant and she says she is from Halifax, N. S. "Oh, dear, it was not easy for me to die. I hear people telling about how easy it is and they are glad it is over, but I tell you if I could have stayed I would. I wanted to live. There were so many people I felt I must live for that it was pretty hard for me to submit and come over here. It would have been easier if I had known just what it was like, but the horror of the separation was so hard to bear that it was some time after I got over here before I could accustom myself to it. My mother has come since I did and she is more content and is better adjusted than I am today. We both want to get to my father and my sister and we are anxious to have them realize that we understand just how much they have done for us and that we regret so much of the burden has come to them. I wanted little Arthur to understand that his mother was always eager for the best to come

to him and I felt that I must not leave him, but I see that perhaps I may be able to do something for him even now. I send my love and all the hope I can for a speedy recognition of my effort."

Sarah Thomas.

A spirit comes of a woman who says her name is Sarah Thomas. She is about seventy-five years old. Her husband is with her and is much younger, showing to me that he passed to the spirit a good many years before she did because he looks as though he had been here much longer. His name is John. She says, "I wanted to tell my folks that I found him waiting for me. That it was his hand I took first and his voice I heard first, and it is such a comfort to feel that after the years of separation and struggle and toil we are united again and can come to our children blessing them and helping them even though they do not know it. If I should attempt to tell them all those I have met it would be a list of names that would mean the whole family connection. It was so pleasant to come to a place where I was expected. I believed in Spiritualism. I believed that I should meet my own, but I did not know it would be such a pleasant reception and everybody would gather about with so much of joy to give me greeting. I wanted Helen and Aggie to understand that I can be near them just the same now as before I came away and that I am not in that same state of incompetence and invalidism that used to bother me so. I thank them for all they did and I am glad that I am here and they have a freer life. I know they did not want me to come but somehow when a woman's work is done and she is doing nothing except keeping those she loves from the free life and the enjoyment of the world which young and people love, she likes to feel that she has at last made them free and has been the gainer herself. Grandma Moody, who lived with us all so many years, is as strong and as fervent in her ideas as ever. Never wants to be contradicted and never wants to know anything about anything new. She says, 'Let anybody believe anything they want to, but let me alone. I am happier with the little that I know.' But she is a good spirit and a strong one and has helped me today. I send this message with my love and the hope that I may have gained some strength to come again some time into the home where I can say more things that will mean much more to them than I can say today. I am from Chelsea, Mass."

Abner Garland.

A spirit comes who says his name is Abner Garland and he is from Fremont, Tenn. "What is the sense in knowing you can come if you do not come. I never had any use for a knowledge I could not use. I want to get to my boy whose name is James and I want him to get to work and get out of the state he is in and not have any more nonsense about being discouraged and wanting to get out of the world. There is no sense in wanting to commit suicide just because you fall in business. It won't do any good. For my part I would just brace up and make another fight, and that is what I wanted him to do. I wanted Joe to come today and give this message because I thought it would be better than if I gave it, but he said that a word from me might straighten things out more than a word from any other person. I was not much of a religionist. I was not much of a philosopher, but I tried to do the thing I thought right. So far as I know no man had occasion to say he lost money by me. It was no particular credit to me because I could not do anything else; it was in my blood. My mother and Jacob are both beside me and give their love to the dear ones who see them not, but who often think of them and wish they could know how they are."

A. C. Bryant.

A spirit comes of a man, a gentleman. He is as quiet and unassuming as a woman. I should think he was about forty years old, has a fair skin, brown hair, blue eyes and a very quiet manner. He says, "It is so hard to impress one's personality on a circle of this kind unless one has more vitality than I have. I have come through a little group of people who are standing here waiting for some one to give them a helping hand that they may speak the word they want to to their loved ones. It reminded me of the man who could not get into the pool when the water was troubled but had to wait for some one to put him in that he might be healed, and almost instinctively I offered up a little prayer that these who stand and wait may find some one who is strong enough to help them to make impression enough here to give their message clearly and distinctly. I was a minister and I have been much surprised to find how much there is in this truth of spirit return that I had yearned to give my people, but did not feel that I had a right to say a thing that was not true. I did not realize that the matter was so easy of demonstration. Perhaps I was too busy thinking of the souls that must be saved and of the work the Lord had sent me to do. Perhaps I did not feel the need then as I do today of personal contact with personal friends whom we have loved and left behind. I stood over many a body and spoke words of comfort as best I could, trusting in God that the time would come when those they loved would see them again, but when I came to join the silent host and stand beside my body and look back upon my weeping friends and when I heard the words of comfort spoken to my children and my loved ones at night, and low and inaudible and as though God had been put a long way off by the mortal mind and not taken into the heart of the world as he should have been. So I make this effort to speak to those I loved and to tell them there is nothing to fear and no harm can come to them from the association with one who has ever loved them and who will always strive to lead them aright. That nothing but peace can be borne to a soul who stands with hand clasped in the hand of the loved one and listens for the whisper of God in the soul, that they lead them on to do their duties better and more perfectly. I lived in Toledo, Ohio. My name was A. C. Bryant."

Farm and Field is credited with the following:

"I'd like to be a boy again, without a woe or care, with freckles scattered o'er my face and hay seeds in my hair. I'd like to rise at four o'clock and do a hundred chores, and saw the wood, and feed the hogs, and lock the stable doors; and herd the hens, and watch the bees, and take the mules to drink, and teach the turkeys how to swim, so they will never sink; and milk a dozen cows, and bring in wood to burn, and stand out in the sun all day, and churn and churn and churn; and wear my brothers' cast-off clothes, and walk about four miles to school, and get a licking every day for breaking some old rule; and then get home again at night, and do the chores once more, and milk the cows, and feed the hogs, and curry mules a score; and then crawl wearily up-stairs, and seek my little bed, and hear dad say, 'That worthless boy, he doesn't earn his bread!' I'd like to be a boy again, a boy has so much fun; his life is just one round of mirth, from rise to set of sun. I think there's nothing pleasanter than closing stable doors, and herding hens, and chasing bees, and doing evening chores."

Let Us Maintain our Principles in Their Purity.

George B. Ferris.

Many Spiritualists appear to think that if the world could only be made to accept the truth of Spiritualism, it would be completely regenerated and spiritualized. But it may be asked whether there is not more error than fact in this supposition, and also whether the average skeptic is capable of receiving and appreciating the advanced teachings of the Spiritual philosophy? If this query is answered in the negative the utter uselessness of attempting to inculcate the doctrines of Spiritualism in the mind of the ordinary creed-bound religionist will become apparent, for this fact stands clear: No religion or reformatory movement can cause any permanent advancement in morality, spirituality, or social conditions unless there is capability of receiving and applying its philosophy. And further, to force a system of religion on a class of people not sufficiently enlightened to comprehend and apply its philosophical teachings is only to find it misinterpreted, misapplied and an obstacle rather than an aid to progress and development.

It now becomes clearly evident that Spiritualism can only aid and improve those whose moral and mental development is such that older forms of belief are being outgrown and becoming inadequate for their enlarged comprehension. And it is a logical conclusion that even when its truths are accepted by those who are incompetent to perceive their true import, their spiritualizing and ennobling influence is unrecognized or ignored. We do not have to seek far for proof of this assertion since the evidence is to be found on every hand.

Note the vast number who accept the truth of Spiritualism, yet who do not govern their lives in accordance with its moral precepts. They avow that they are Spiritualists, yet apart from their acknowledgment of their belief we would find difficulty in determining from their daily lives that such was the case. There are many who, while they believe in Spiritualism, fail to apply its teachings and often live directly contrary to its fundamental doctrines. These are the persons who would not change their lives for the better no matter what their religion might be. They do not endeavor to exemplify the teachings of Spiritualism, but they prefer to attempt the sometimes impossible task of making their religion justify their actions, and they generally make no attempt to discover their own imperfections and to remedy them.

If any religion extant has the power to regenerate and spiritualize mankind, that religion is Spiritualism. Yet, as said before, we sometimes meet with those who believe in Spiritualism and still do not live worthy lives. They evidently do not believe that they are driven to the conclusion that they are incapable of living the spiritual and intellectual existence we find manifested by other individuals. While the spiritual life comes naturally to some, others attain it only with difficulty, and to another class its attainment is well-nigh impossible. Thus the fact that there are those in Spiritualism who do not rise above the trivial, unless characteristics of mundane existence, proves conclusively that they are beyond the power of any religion to reform.

We are forced to accept the fact that no religion, not even Spiritualism, can ever reform mankind until mankind is willing and able to receive and apply its teachings. The advancement of the human race proceeds by slow and steady development, the result of immutable law, and no religion, no matter how worthy its teachings may be, can hasten or retard this progress except in a limited degree.

We are well aware that there are some who are influenced for good or ill by their religious belief, but to how great an extent it is difficult to determine. A person who was not cruel and heartless would never have willingly endorsed the cruelty practiced by the early Christian church. And it can be said that the person who does practice or endorse cruelty under the cloak of religion would exhibit the same intolerant spirit outside of his religion. It is possible for a person to be influenced for the better by the acceptance of a more progressive religion, but only when their mind is in such a condition of development that they can understand and apply its more philosophical and broader teachings.

But it must be admitted that some people, mostly orthodox, are incapable of appreciating the advanced teachings of Spiritualism, with the logical result that even when they are convinced of its phenomena they make no attempt to understand its philosophy. The orthodox church offers them the opportunity to believe without comprehending, which exactly suits their requirements, and the result that they make unusually good Christians and unusually poor Spiritualists. In demonstration of the fact that it is impossible to make a Spiritualist out of a bigot, or to spiritualize a class of people who are contented with a state of mental and moral inertia and whose mental calibre is such that they cannot distinguish between a truth and a falsity, even when the truth is plainly evident to an unprejudiced mind, we have only to consider the history of older forms of religion. They nearly all started out with the very worthy intention of spiritualizing and uplifting those whom they could induce to accept their doctrines.

We will consider Christianity because we are somewhat better acquainted with its history and the results of its labors. Christ taught a code of moral teachings which despite their flaws were fitted to reform the world, if the world had but kept them in their original purity and applied them. But we find that they were accepted by a class of people who were totally incompetent to appreciate their application and value. What, then, was the necessary result? We find that instead of bringing humanity up to his standard of advanced thought, his principles were misinterpreted, misapplied, and dragged down to the level of the people by whom they were accepted. A religion of ceremony took the place of a religion of ethics. The original teachings of charity and brotherhood gave place to those of selfishness and assumed authority. And today the meaningless ceremonies, the pomp and the splendor, is worshipped while truth goes neglected.

Again we repeat, the only permanent moral and spiritual development is that resulting from slow evolutionary growth. Past civilizations have existed for a time in a highly developed condition and then passed out of existence. Why? Simply because the progress of their average citizens was not sufficient to warrant the continued existence of such a highly developed civilization. Old civilizations one and all existed before their proper time. Their citizens were not sufficiently enlightened to keep them in their integral purity and consequently they soon passed out of existence or at least degenerated. Religions are also subject to the same laws, and what applies to nations applies to religions as well.

There is a lesson to be derived from the consideration of the past, and one that Spiritualists can heed with profit to the Cause in the future. It should teach us to guard with care the principles of Spiritualism, to keep them in their original purity as they were given to us by the emancipated ones. And if we do not heed the warning, the logical result is so plainly apparent that I

need hardly mention it here. It is simply that if Spiritualism is forced upon the world before the world is sufficiently enlightened to comprehend and apply its advanced teachings, it will necessarily meet the fate of its predecessors in this line of effort—be enshrouded in error, and instead of uplifting the world will itself be degraded and thus to a large extent fail in its mission.

This may perhaps be considered a somewhat pessimistic view of the situation, but let us consider whether or not it is justified by present conditions. Is Spiritualism being kept in its original purity as given to us by the higher world; or are we trying to incorporate our mundane ideas of doubtful value into its structure and in this way decrease the value of those teachings that have been received from a world whose wisdom exceeds ours in these matters? It is an acknowledged fact that Spiritualism was brought to the attention of the world through the untiring efforts of spirits who saw the need for its practical and creedless teachings. With the aid in the shape of guidance and encouragement received from those beyond the grave, and not less important, the untiring zeal with which our earthly friends have labored, is due the widespread knowledge of the truth of Spiritualism. If, then, we can find any indications that Spiritualism is not fulfilling the cherished hopes and desires of its mortal and arisen friends, is not directing the energies of the race into nobler, more useful, and more permanent fields of research and labor, but on the other hand, is to a certain extent, partaking of the prevalent errors of the present day, in short, seeking for prestige at the expense of principle, should we not endeavor to remedy the matter while it is possible to do so? If we can discern any indications that Spiritualism is traversing the identical course that has led to the partial or entire failure of older and more firmly established religions in the realm of social, moral and spiritual betterment, should we not heed the warning and change our course while there is yet time?

The permanency and usefulness of Spiritualism depends not upon the numerical strength of its adherents, but upon the integrity and efficiency of its principles and the character of those who accept its facts. The progress of Spiritualism throughout the world can only be in direct ratio to the advancement of mankind in intellect and liberality. Spiritualism is not more widely accepted at the present time simply because the average skeptic is incapable of appreciating its truths. Thus they often cling tenaciously to their old opinions even when they receive an absolute demonstration of the truth of spirit return. It is generally those of this class who, even when they are forced to accept the truth of Spiritualism because of overwhelming evidence, are loath to reject the old dogmas they have so long believed in.

But because progress in the reception of our truths is slow we should not be discouraged in the least. A glorious beginning may mean a dismal ending, while a slow and steady advancement may presage a permanent existence. Our duty is to keep our teachings as free from error as we possibly can, and to be content with a slow and certain development, rather than devote our energy and time to spasmodic and uncertain efforts to inculcate our truths among a class of people who cannot or will not comprehend and be benefited by their reception. The value of any religion depends upon the ability of those who receive it to be benefited thereby. And thus if a person is not ready for the revelations of Spiritualism, it will do but little good to force them upon his attention. But we can nevertheless rest in peace with the consciousness that even though the truths of Spiritualism do not find proper appreciation at the present time, the time will eventually come, after evolution has broadened and enlarged the mental powers of the human race, when the teachings of Spiritualism will receive their proper application to the needs of humanity, if in the meantime we can keep them in their integrity and purity.

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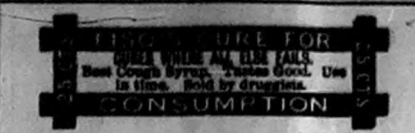
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(Continued from page 5.)

enthusiastic welcome from a host of old friends on Thursday. Everybody feels that it is good to see his genial face, to hear the music of his voice, and enjoy his magnetic presence once more. Mrs. Lilly is expected a week or so later. Mrs. Lilly will have the entire charge of the singing and will be actively identified with the Terpsichorean interests. Miss Emma Humphrey, of Cincinnati, has been engaged as accompanist on the piano for the season. The North Western band of Meadville furnish exquisite music morning and evening from the bandstand in Melrose Park, and the sweet strains bring an indescribable feeling of harmony and rest that is keenly felt by all.

J. Clegg Wright and wife are here, and Mr. Wright will lecture and give class lessons. Mr. Lockwood will also hold public and private classes in addition to his regular lectures. J. Gordon White occupies his lovely cottage on Melrose Park and gives test sittings daily. Mrs. Bartholomew, trumpet medium, is at her old quarters in the Huff Cottage on South St. N. H. Eddy, of Buffalo, "scientific astrologer," is at the Bach Cottage, and consults the stars with good success it is said. Miss Danforth, whose work as palmist and seeress, is familiar to the old habitués of the place, is on Cleveland Ave. and doing good work as usual. The Maplewood has been thoroughly rejuvenated and made ready for arrivals with Leo Manger at the helm. He will be pleasantly remembered by the patrons of last year.

The first initial service was held at the auditorium on Friday, p. m., with a fine audience. The platform was tastefully decorated with jardinières of wood-trees and flowers, and from the ceilings hung a gorgeous array of small flags representing a large number of foreign nations.

Above the stage in immense letters the suggestive words of the immortal Lincoln, "With malice toward none and charity for all," also the attractive word "Welcome." After some very enjoyable music by the band, President Pettengill addressed a few graceful, hopeful, sympathetic words of greeting, and was heartily applauded. She read a telegram from the Chairman regretting his enforced absence until Monday, and introduced Mr. Bach, editor of the Sunflower, who had kindly consented to serve in that capacity during the interim. The chairman introduced Mr. Lilly who, in a neat speech, expressed his great joy at being back again among old friends and valued associations.

Mrs. Twing, the speaker of the afternoon, disclaimed all intention of sermonizing or lecturing, but gave a real heart to heart talk which frequently brought tears to the eyes of her listeners. She furnished tender reminiscences of the faithful workers who had left vacant places in our midst and passed on. Mrs. Gaston, Mr. Skidmore and others, not forgetting Mr. Bellows, the pop-corn man, whose kind face and modest demeanor won the good wishes of all whom he served. Generous tribute was paid to the memory of each, with a depth of feeling and pathos that always characterize the utterances of Mrs. Twing. She said Spiritualism stands for manhood and womanhood. "Don't rob men of their duties, of their share of the worries in the partnership of home. Every man should be impressed with the responsibility of his position, that his wife cannot represent all of the religion, all of the philosophy. The partnership of home is a house with a man and a woman added to it whose lives are consecrated to the best. Spiritualism is the open door to natural living and broad thinking on all lines. We should teach others by worthy examples. The real idea of Spiritualism is not for the moment, not to find out whether someone is alive who has been dead or what they would say were they here with us, but for the real growth of the soul. If we do not impress other lives for the better our living is worthless. Those who are rounded out in thought, find they have something to do, someone to help, someone to cheer. If we want success we must banish hate and uncharitableness; if we want that which is most beautiful in our natures we must make room for it. The real understanding of the spiritual philosophy must be the blossoming of the soul."

Mrs. Maud Lord Drake followed the speaker with expressions of appreciation for Lilly Dale, and the spirit of love and goodwill so widely prevalent. She prophesied for the City of Light a season of success and prosperity surpassing all that had preceded it. Mrs. Drake psychometrized several articles passed up from the audience, and gave tests to strangers that were promptly recognized. Mrs. Drake has rooms in the Binney Cottage and will give sittings and the dark seances for phenomena for which she has been so celebrated in the decades that have gone wherein so many skeptics have been convinced of the continuity of life. Saturday morning conference bell called together a goodly number of people with genial Mr. Bach in the chair. The musicians rendered "America," in which the audience joined, and the inspirational uplift was apparent in the minutes speeches which followed. The subject, "What can we do to make this session of the Assembly complete success?" proved of general interest. Rev. B. F. Austin, of Toronto, Mr. Hulbert of Buffalo, Mrs. Clara Watson of Jamestown, Mr. Edgerly, Dr. Temple, Mrs. Twing and others responded in quick succession, and all plead for a higher interpretation of Spiritualism, more kindness and consideration in our dealings with each other, more love and charity felt and expressed especially for the mediums, the sensitives who always feel the shadow of every unkind or suspicious thought. Loyalty in thought and feeling that would prove a sustaining power to the management, sentiments that received ready response from the audience.

Mr. Schneider, a young man and a stranger, gave some excellent thoughts on personal responsibility. Mr. Schneider has a pleasing personality and suggests much promise for the future. Mrs. Drake signified a willingness to give without money and without price the benefit of her psychometric gifts, to any who might chance to meet her about the grounds and by freely ministering to all, help to make the season a complete success.—Mrs. S. M. Kingsley.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.

The attendance continues to increase each day and on Sunday, July 31st, our opening day, we shall have the largest attendance of any opening service in the history of Lake Pleasant, and our list of speakers, mediums and singers warrants it. In the line of philosophy, we have Hon. A. H. Dalley, Carrie E. S. Twing, Rev. B. F. Austin, C. Fannie Allyn, Albert P. Blinn, Mrs. Josephine Haslam, George W. Kates, Mrs. T. U. Reynolds, J. J. Morse and Roy S. Thompson. In the field of sociology, we have the national speaker of the Socialists, George Elmer Littlefield. Mrs. Zaida B. Kates, Mrs. May S. Pepper and Rev. F. A. Wiggin will expound the philosophy and demonstrate the phenomena of Spiritualism. The Ladies' Schubert Quartet will furnish the vocal music, and band music will also be a feature of the convocation, as in former years. Everything betokens a most successful season. There is a host of mediums of all kinds

located here for the season among whom John Slater heads the list.

The grounds are looking splendidly and fanned by the cool mountain breezes we have sympathized with the tollers in the cities during the warm days of last week.

On Sunday last, an interesting conference was held in the afternoon with several speakers and mediums participating. At 3.30 p. m. the Columbia Orchestra under the management of H. S. Streeter gave a concert in the Temple, assisted by local talent.

On Tuesday evening Miss Ednorah Nahar, of New York City, gave a recital in the Temple before an audience that filled it to the doors. Miss Nahar's work was very clever and repeated encores attested the appreciation of the audience.

The excursion tickets to Lake Pleasant will be on sale at its various stations by the Boston & Maine Railroad on July 29th. At that time, and during the month of August, all friends visiting Lake Pleasant from Boston should ask for the \$3.25 ticket which is good for return till Sept. 2nd. There is also another rate of \$3.75 now in effect. All stations between and including Boston, Troy, Albany, Rotterdam Junction, Saratoga and Springfield will have excursion tickets on sale on and after July 29th.

Among the recent arrivals were Mrs. A. E. Burr, the Misses Wilson, Mrs. Clara Field Conant, H. A. Badington and wife, Edward Fitzsimmons, Miss M. E. Johnson, Mrs. Elizabeth Bowen, Mrs. J. E. Ripley and son, Mrs. and Miss Knight, Mr. N. S. Alexander, Mrs. L. P. M. Smith, Miss Jennie Rhind, Mrs. Charles Wood and children, Miss Alice Kimball, Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Huismann and Mrs. Edie Fruen.

In response to the demand for the phenomena which is being made all over the country, the management at Lake Pleasant has arranged for a series of evening seances to be given in the Temple, in addition to the regular services, during the engagements with Mrs. Kates, Mr. Wiggin, and Mrs. Pepper. We also hope to arrange with Mr. Slater for some evening seances.

During the convocation Miss Amelia F. Pfennig, a graduate of the Morris Pratt Institute, will hold classes each forenoon in Association Hall, for physical and voice culture. We bespeak success for her in the work.—Albert P. Blinn, clerk, special correspondent and agent for the "Banner of Light."

Grand Lodge, Michigan, Spiritualist Camp Association.

PROGRAM OF THE TENTH ANNUAL ASSEMBLY JULY 28 TO AUGUST 28, 1904.

SPEAKERS.

Sunday, July 31—10 a. m., musical service; 10.30 a. m., opening address by Oscar A. Edgerly of Toronto; 2.30, lecture by Oscar A. Edgerly, followed by messages by Mr. Edgerly.

Tuesday, August 2—2.30 p. m., lecture by Oscar A. Edgerly. Messages.

Wednesday, August 3—2.30 p. m., lecture by Oscar A. Edgerly. Messages.

Thursday, August 4—2.30 p. m., lecture by Oscar A. Edgerly. Messages.

Friday, August 5—2.30 p. m., lecture by Oscar A. Edgerly. Messages.

Saturday, August 6—Michigan State Spiritualist Association Day; 2.30 p. m., lecture by Oscar A. Edgerly. Messages.

Sunday, August 7—10.30 a. m., lecture by Mrs. Zaida Brown Kates, of Philadelphia; 2.30 p. m., lecture by Geo. W. Kates, of Philadelphia, followed by messages by Mrs. Kates.

Tuesday, August 9—2.30 p. m., lecture by Mrs. Zaida Brown Kates. Messages.

Wednesday, August 10—National Spiritualist Association Day; 2.30 p. m., lecture by Geo. W. Kates, followed by messages by Mrs. Kates.

Thursday, August 11—2.30 p. m., lecture by Mrs. Zaida Brown Kates. Messages.

Friday, August 12—2.30 p. m., lecture by Geo. W. Kates. Messages.

Saturday, August 13—2.30 p. m., lecture by Rev. B. F. Austin, A. M., B. A., of Toronto.

Sunday, August 14—10.30 a. m., lecture by Rev. B. F. Austin; 2.30 p. m., lecture by Rev. B. F. Austin.

Tuesday, August 16—2.30 p. m., lecture by Rev. B. F. Austin.

Wednesday, August 17—2.30 p. m., lecture by Rev. B. F. Austin.

Thursday, August 18—2.30 p. m., lecture by Rev. B. F. Austin.

Friday, August 19—2.30 p. m., Mrs. N. M. Russell, a message meeting.

Saturday, August 20—2.30 p. m., lecture by Mrs. Marion Carpenter, of Detroit, followed by messages by Mrs. Carpenter.

Sunday, August 21—10.30 a. m., lecture by Mrs. Carpenter; 2.30 p. m., lecture by Mrs. Carpenter, followed by tests by Mrs. Carpenter.

Tuesday, August 23—2.30 p. m., lecture and tests by Mrs. Carpenter.

Wednesday, August 24—Woman's Day; 2.30 p. m., lecture by Mrs. Carpenter, followed by messages by Mrs. Carpenter.

Thursday, August 25—2.30 p. m., lecture by Mrs. Carpenter. Messages.

Friday, August 26—2.30 p. m., message meeting by Mrs. Piper of Battle Creek.

Saturday, August 27—2.30 p. m., lecture by Mr. Dell Herrick of Grand Rapids.

Sunday, August 28—10.30 a. m., lecture by Mr. Dell Herrick; 2.30 p. m., lecture by Mr. Dell Herrick, followed by messages by Mrs. Piper.

Miss Helen Chapman, a gifted young musician of Grand Lodge, will have charge of the musical department. She has had several years' experience as an instructor in this important part of an enjoyable meeting.

MEDIUMS.

Mrs. N. M. Russell will be at the grounds for private work.

Mr. James Riley, of Marcellus, Mich., materializing medium, will be with us.

Miss Mattie Woodbury will be on the grounds for readings.

Mrs. Evans expects to be present for mediumistic work.

Mrs. Virginia Rowe, of Jackson, is expected.

Geo. A. Letford, of North Carolina, the "drummer medium," will be present.

Mr. Oscar A. Edgerly, a competent presiding officer, will be chairman during the entire session.

Conferences daily except Sundays and Mondays.

May all prosperity rest upon the grand old "Banner," and crown the efforts of its editor and energetic management.—Will Phillips, editor The Two Worlds, Manchester, Eng.

"In the day of adversity consider," says the Bible. This is a blessed time to turn to the ever present God for help.—The Mystics.

The folly of unrighteousness is in its ill effects beyond all calculation and comprehension of the mortal mind. Good and wise men know its terrible effects, and, therefore, in love, persistently and continuously urge their brothers to turn to the blessed righteous life, that they may not suffer.—The Mystics.

PASSED TO SPIRIT LIFE.

MRS. ESTER FOX, CRYLON, O.

Mrs. Ester Fox, from the residence of her son, in the 83d year of her age of paralysis, June 20th. The funeral was held June 23d, at the church in Crylon, O. Hudson Tuttle, who officiated, well said her life was commensurate with the progress of the splendid progress of the Western Reserve from the wilderness to the present. She came into the wilderness bordering Lake Erie when only 20 years old, and had remained in the same place ever since. She was a Spiritualist by organization and of the kindest and most generous.

MRS. M. J. WENTWORTH, KNOX, ME.

With a feeling of deep sorrow and regret do I wish to inform the readers of the "Banner" and all New England people as well, of the transition of our beloved friend and sister, Mrs. Mary Jane Wentworth, of Knox, Maine, inspirational speaker and medium and one of the pioneer workers in our Cause. She grew tired of the burdens of every day life and after a very painful and brief illness of less than three days her sweet spirit arose to join the angels in the world of light and song. We shall miss her, for she was ever ready with her beautiful influence to bear other's sorrows, to alleviate their sufferings and sow seeds of love and kindness along the wayside of human life. The departed was 74 years of age and leaves one son and a daughter, also a number of grandchildren. Rev. Mr. Coburn, a Congregational minister, of Brooks, gave an inspirational sermon which all true Spiritualists could but endorse, as the writer can testify to her surprise and pleasure.—Clara B. Crosby.

ABEL DAVIS, WATERTOWN, N. Y.

Passed to the Higher Life June 23d, Abel Davis, of Watertown, N. Y., aged 94 years and one month. He has been an earnest Spiritualist since the truth first came to his notice in 1849 and a healer of great power. He has been called to treat in the family of the chief executive of his state and in many a poor workingman's home, with a graciousness born of love, and sorrow for their suffering, his work was done freely. Early in life he learned the moulder's trade, went into business for himself and quite early retired with a modest fortune, which he invested in such a way as to help the borrower, and gain for himself legal interest. In this way he amassed a large fortune. He never speculated, but was content to gain in methods he thought were right. His good wife passed to the Beyond October last. Years ago they built a temple and donated it to the Spiritualists' Society there, and with a kindly interest have provided for its future if the workers there will show an interest in its perpetuation, and we know they will. These friends planned their gifts together and many thousands dollars in notes and mortgages were cancelled at his death if those who had given them showed a disposition to be honest. Spiritualists, Presbyterians, Catholics and other denominations were treated alike. The only relations of his present at the funeral were a niece and a cousin, but his wife's family were equally dear to him and they were present. In fact, the church full of mourners, and hundreds looked their last that day upon one who had helped them in some way. So he died, rich in all that is most precious, for he has sowed seed that will bear rich fruitage in Life Immortal. The writer officiated at the funeral.—Carrie E. S. Twing.

JOHN DAVIS EAGER, NORTHBORO, MASS.

John D. Eager passed to spirit life from his home in Pine Grove, Niantic, Conn., June 9th, 1904. Mr. Eager was born at Northboro, Mass., May 1st, 1826. He married, in 1846, Clarissa Lathrop, who passed away in August, 1899. In 1900 he married Mrs. Annie Denison, of New London, Conn., who survives him. He also leaves three sons, Frederic, of New London, Conn.; Louis, of New Haven, Conn.; and George Eugene Eager, of Chicago, Ill. Mr. Eager was a staunch Spiritualist and was for a number of years vice president of the Niantic Spiritualist Association. He was a well read man, social and companionable, honorable and trustworthy, a man that will be missed in the community where he has so long resided. The funeral was held at his home in Pine Grove, June 12th. The services were conducted by the undersigned. As it was his wish, the body was taken to Boston, Mass., for cremation.—Fannie Spalding.

WESLEY FORD, NORTH COLLINS, N. Y.

Passed to the "World Beautiful" from North Collins, N. Y., July 1st, 1904, H. Wesley Ford, aged 54 years. Mr. Ford was a firm Spiritualist, and his wife, Mrs. Ella Landon Ford, has been a medium since childhood. His funeral was largely attended, he having been a Mason, also an Odd Fellow and a member of the Eastern Stars and Rebekas, all of whom, as well as many of his townspeople outside of lodges, paid him the highest tribute of respect. His faithful wife, four brothers and two sisters still remain. They will miss his physical presence, but expect glad reunion by and by. The writer officiated at the funeral.—Carrie E. S. Twing.

MRS. MARY AVERY GRIFFIN, ONSET, MASS.

From her home at Onset on June 29th, Mrs. Mary Avery Griffin. Mrs. Griffin was Miss Mary H. Avery, of Mystic, Conn., but for many years she had resided at Onset and Boston. On account of her failing health Mr. and Mrs. Griffin spent the past winter in San Diego, Cal., where she failed to gain any strength. Therefore in the early spring they returned to Onset, a place that she loved most deeply. She leaves a husband, Mr. Frank A. Griffin, also a sister, Mrs. Helen M. Larkin of Ashaway, R. I., and a brother, Fred F. Avery, of Canaan, N. H. She was deeply loved by a large circle of friends on account of her many sterling qualities. Her life had always been simple and unostentatious, yet one of refinement. At the funeral services a most excellent quartet rendered most artistically "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere," and "When the Mists have Rolled Away." The writer offered words of comfort.—Geo. A. Fuller, M. D.

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Table by which Every Individual may know his True Standing. From July 27 to August 10, 1904, inclusive.

		12	11	10	9	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1
27	July	O	B	P	F	A	G	?	M	?	E	D	K
28	"	O	B	P	F	A	G	?	M	?	E	D	K
29	"	O	B	P	F	A	G	?	M	?	E	D	K
30	"	B	P	F	A	G	?	M	?	E	D	K	O
31	"	B	P	F	A	G	?	M	?	E	D	K	O
1	August	P	F	A	G	?	M	?	E	D	K	O	B
2	"	P	F	A	G	?	M	?	E	D	K	O	B
3	"	P	F	A	G	?	M	?	E	D	K	O	B
4	"	F	A	G	?	M	?	E	D	K	O	B	P
5	"	F	A	G	?	M	?	E	D	K	O	B	P
6	"	A	G	?	M	?	E	D	K	O	B	P	F
7	"	A	G	?	M	?	E	D	K	O	B	P	F
8	"	G	?	M	?	E	D	K	O	B	P	F	A
9	"	G	?	M	?	E	D	K	O	B	P	F	A
10	"	?	M	?	E	D	K	O	B	P	F	A	G

PRIMARY TABLE OF INFLUENCES.

Birth Numbers.

The Birth Numbers, as already given for every individual, are from 1 to 12. They are presented in the top line of the following Primary Table of Influences:

Find your Birth Number. It is the Number of the True Spiritual Church on earth, to which you belong.

It is the Number of the Tribe of Israel, to which you belong.

It is the Number of the Especial Table of Laws by which your individual life is governed on earth.

It is the Number of the Discipleship in Christ, to which you are commissioned.

It is the Number of the Gate by which you are appointed to enter into the New Jerusalem.

It is the Number of the Lord's House, of which you are one member of the congregation.

It is the Number of your Path of Destiny, on which you are expected to travel.

It is the Number of your Spirit Life, while in the flesh.

It is connected by a Natural Law of Harmony, with every other number from your own. For instance: 12, 10, 8, 6, 4 and 2 are in Natural Harmony with each other.

The other intermediate numbers (as 11, 9, 7, 5, 3 and 1) are not in harmony. By this you will note that even numbers harmonize with even numbers and uneven numbers harmonize with uneven numbers.

If you fail to harmonize with people, whose numbers harmonize with yours, then there is some inferior law which you should consider in their special case. The discord is due to inferior matters and not to matters of the spirit.

In like manner, if you harmonize with people whose numbers are not in harmony with yours, then you are fortunate, but the fortune is due to an inferior and not to the superior law.

To subscribers, in particular, we will give a key by which the finer influences may be read, telling the favorable times, almost to the hour, when the seen or the unseen forces will be in their favor.

In order not to overcrowd our work, subscribers for the key will be taken in turn, as subscriptions are paid in, and birth-time given.

Kindly bear in mind that this series is Wonder-Wheel Science, and in no manner conflicts with other forms of Occultism. It is an outgrowth from years of study in all, and its purpose is to bring harmony out of ages of chaos without in any way disturbing the wisdom of other workers in their own good lines.

Remember your number. It is the true beginning of scientific understanding in what is known as Occultism. It may be learned in various, other ways. This is the straight and narrow path. Most other ways are the back ways, in which the judgments relative to one's self and to one's fellow-man are apt to get most fearfully warped.

There are other Birth-Numbers, for everyone, but the one above given is the most important. It rules the individual path of destiny. By strictly conforming to it, the minor evils in the by-paths of fate may be easily overcome. The paths of fate, for weal or woe, are intervening rippling waves from days to days. When in harmony with the waves, or ways, of destiny, they work together for good. When the rippling waves run contrary to the superior waves, then there is trouble in our sentient affairs; the great wave forces the discordant ripples into its own course. The human mind that fails to understand this law suffers the torments of inharmonious until a condition of mental equilibrium is attained.

EXPLANATION OF INFLUENCE.

The influence of the Birth Numbers vary from day to day; sometimes stronger in our favor than at others, as ordinarily considered, yet it would be better to say that the influences are of a different trend, thereby putting us into a different vibratory relationship with our surroundings. By knowing the natural trend of the vibrations we are better prepared to govern our acts accordingly. It is by this knowledge that it is said: "The wise man rules his stars; the fool obeys them." There are no star influences in this table. These influences, as given, are the influences which we call "WILL." There is a Subjective Will and an Objective Will. This table gives the daily relationship between the two, from day to day. Hence the influence is the Natural Condition of the two. If not in harmony with the Natural Condition, then our will is, at the time, perverted, or modified, by inferior powers, for better or for worse. Finer considerations will tell which.

DATE OF INFLUENCE.

This is shown by the date line on the left of the Table. Find any date and in the column of your Birth Number, the particular trend or tendency of your Will on that day is as denoted by a letter in that column on the line with the date.

MEANING OF THE LETTERS.

Study these meanings well, and remember that they are the Natural Forces. If we follow the natural, we will succeed better in the long run, regardless of any or all inferior hindrances or modifications, as they are but detractors or helpers of the perverted will. They will take care of themselves, as passing

sunshines or shadows, if we obey the natural law of our Birth Number.

For special matters, it is always well to be guided by the modifiers, but, in the long run of life they take care of themselves. Their power in the long run of life can in no way be overcome. That is what is known as Destiny. In special matters we may, to a certain extent, overcome them by a perverted will, but, like "God," as spoken of in the Bible, they "overcome at last." The Lord's Prayer teaches us to say: "Thy will be done."

A means that the will is of an Ambitious trend. It meets with forces in others, as the letter under the Birth Number of these others, on that day, denotes.

B signifies that the inherited sphere of life in which you were born is at this time blended with the Sentient Forces of the world. A new round of experiences begin.

D denotes a Domestic bias of the will. The natural tendency on this day will be towards comfort, rest, or a peaceful ultimatum, in which various interests are united as in a home.

E denotes that the will is disposed towards Enjoyment. The Spirit and the Sentient Powers are willing to clasp hands, for health, strength, joy and satisfaction.

G means a general good influence, one that is congenial or helpful in one way or another. The word "good" has a natural and a perverted meaning. What is good to some may not be good to others.

F denotes a Friendly Will. We are at this time impressed with friendly truths, and our mind leads us into the walks, or the ways of our true friends.

K, this denotes a relationship of Kindness with the world, such as from Kindred. Our will is of a brotherly or neighborly trend.

M means a Mutual Relationship. The will meets will, like two armies prepared for battle, or two souls in agreement. It may be a clash of arms; locked horns or clasped hands.

P means a will force, of a Possible nature, for either beneficial or detrimental results to one's own better life's interests. We should always ponder and consider well the issues on days marked P.

O means that the door is Open, and it rests with you whether we enter or remain outside. The Interrogation Point means that the will is weak, indifferent, undecided or fearful, thereby making the influences questionable on these days.

The column of letters under your own Birth Number is all that you have to attend to in this Primary Table. Get familiar with your own column and watch your letters from day to day.

At first you may not realize the changing influences, because you have not been taught to note the course of unseen things, but, the more you become familiar with them you will discover that there are unseen powers working in your surroundings, that may be recognized clearly in the spirit, as seen powers may be recognized in matter.

THE CHURCHES.

"A church" when considered from the Greek, or the root meaning of the word signifies the "lord's house," in which a faithful congregation worships under the same lord.

At the time, this word was so used, there was a different general idea of the word "lord," than is today held in churches; nevertheless the same principle of faithfulness to the individual belief was observed then as now. We read in the Bible the words, "My lord said unto thy lord," and this certainly assures us that the idea of one lord for all was not in those days entertained.

In the table as above presented, each column represents a church, and the lordship of each church will most readily be seen to favor different times for the different churches to receive the highest influences from the self-same fountain head.

Now, for illustration, let us assume that the Sun, which is always overhead at noon-time, is the pulpit, from which "the life, the light and the way" is dealt out to mortals on earth. If we will apply our attention to the simplest book on astronomy, we will soon learn that although the same pulpit is overhead today as yesterday, nevertheless the same influence of the heavens beyond that sun is not the same. Maybe the pulpit has not changed, but something has, and when we learn more and more of the matter, we will find that the lordship has changed. This lordship, as popularly known and understood when the Bible was written, changes one degree every day in its attitude towards earth's people, until at the end of thirty degrees, or thirty days, the entire lordship has changed, and a different congregation of people on earth is receiving the fullest power of the life and the light that emanates from the pulpit.

Each month we find that the congregation has changed entirely, just as a tumbler of water is changed gradually by water running in overhead, while an equal amount is running over the sides.

Twelve lordships constitute a year. Twelve churches under such lordships constitute the sermons sent out from the pulpit. These sermons are the Lord's word, and this word has for ages been lost by the world's inattention to it. The Lord's Prayer reads: "Thy will be done in earth as it is done in heaven." The sun is in heaven, the pulpit is in heaven, and earth is in heaven, but the