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NEWS FROM THE INVISIBLE WORLD!

Experiences in the Family of Rev. John Wesley.

J. J. MORSE, Editor "Banner of Light."

INTRODUCTORY.

A word or two of explanation is due to the reader as to why the present narration is issued.

The letters that follow originally appeared in the *Arminian Magazine*, London, England, in 1784, and at other dates selections from the general account, as compiled by the Rev. John Wesley, have appeared in various "Lives" of Wesley and other Wesleyan publications, while on another and later occasion, the materials here collected were included in a work bearing the same general title as that selected for this account, published in Yorkshire, and devoted to a remarkable series of supernatural narrations. It is from this work, now long since out of print, that these letters have been taken, virtually rescued, it might be truly said from oblivion, for the Wesleyan body have for a long time past rigorously excluded these narrations from their public prints.

As concerns the whyfore of this pamphlet, much more could be written than the limits of these prefatory lines permit.

First, it may be noted, in this connection, that all things that pertain to the honored name of Wesley are abundantly worthy of being preserved, for that name represents much that is associated with all that is noble and praiseworthy in the rise and progress of religious freedom in England. With much, too, that has touched millions of human hearts with a new life, and kindled many a soul into a divine enthusiasm that was sleeping by the wayside, oblivious alike of life and duty. And, as the Wesleys were so largely associated with helping their fellows to prepare for that "invisible world," about which we all desire to know something positive, these "letters," recording certain experiences in the household of this noted family, are alike instructive and suggestive in such connection.

In this age preaching is often cast aside by those who demand proof. It is an age of doubt and skepticism, and many an anxious soul asks with pathetic despair: "Is there any proof that death does not end all?" To such, the fact that in a family of such known probity and veracity, there have occurred incidents that undeniably point to the manifestation of supernatural, or spiritual presences, comes as a beacon light, for it at least argues that if true in these instances, may it not also be true in others? That such a thing occurred is something to ponder over, that it was in such an household adds to its importance, and that the testimony has not been invalidated, is more than satisfactory, as answers to the query just noted.

Still further, let it be said, that undoubtedly the younger body of Wesleyans, not knowing much, if anything, of these curious experiences in the family of the founder of their body, are entitled to be informed thereon for their own advantage. For one of the missing elements, it might almost be said, in the religious professions of the times, is the absence, to a large extent—to a much greater degree than is usually confessed—of a consciousness of an actual, real, personal life, after death, for the individual, and of a real world in which the departed exist.

Aught then that can help to establish, or re-establish, if lost, such a consciousness will surely be welcome to those who do not wish to see religion dwindle into dry formalism, or a belief in futurity become a nerveless and indefinite spiritual agnosticism. These words from Wesley may, then, be of help to all who are willing to heed their import. Indeed, the young Wesleyanism might greatly to its advantage not only peruse the present pages, but also pause to consider if, in these days, there may not be other evidences, possessed by people as credible, pure-minded and honorable as the Wesleys, that prove the presence of spiritual beings in our midst.

To Spiritualists, the record now published is mainly of corroborative value, since they are not only familiar with experiences similar to the special facts narrated, but they have had even more remarkable events occur in the course of their fifty-six years' investigations of the modern revival of intercourse between the natural and spiritual worlds. But, to even them, a record such as is contained in the following pages, has a value none the less real, even though its facts may

not be the equals of those known to Spiritualists today.

Thus, then, the reader is now briefly possessed of the why of the present issue. The why being summed up in a desire to rescue from oblivion a narration of experiences that shall not only appeal to Wesleyans as a body, but to the members of the great family of Christendom at large, irrespective of sect or party, so that attention may be arrested and interest stimulated upon the question now raised on every side: "Is it possible for the departed to return?"

THE LETTERS.

The letters themselves now claim our attention. The whole story was published by Rev. John Wesley over sixty years after the facts occurred, and as the narrative is confirmed by letters written during the time the events took place, as published here, there is no room to cavil at the evidence presented.

THE FACTS.

are comparatively in a small compass. On the First of December, 1715-16, strange noises, groans, knockings, "rappings," (?) were heard at the Epworth Parsonage, Lincolnshire, Eng. These things continued more or less for four months. At times a sound as if of a great sum of coin falling, then as if a man was planing wood; again, as of bottles being smashed, or of a large piece of coal being broken upon the floor, and the splinters flying all about, when, actually, none of these things took place. Once a presence was felt pushing against the person of one of the family. On one occasion the unseen intruder was said to have assumed some sort of animal form, but it evidently was able to understand not only what it was about itself, but what was said to it by others. It apparently had Jacobite leanings, as will be noted, and seemingly a sort of affection, or interest, in Miss Hetty Wesley. All this, and more besides, will be found stated in the following accounts.

THE IMPORT OF IT ALL.

Of course, our old friend, the inevitable Cui bono, crops up again. What is the good of it all, even if true? At the first blush there may not appear much good in reviving an old and almost forgotten history of the kind embodied in these letters, but a careful consideration of the series leads almost irresistibly to the conclusion that these phenomena in the Wesley family, in 1716, were

A PROPHECY OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

as it afterwards manifested itself in the Fox family, in Hydesville, N. Y. To any who have read Mrs. Leah Fox Underhill's remarkable work, "The Missing Link," which, as one of the three noted Fox sisters, she wrote, giving therein a full history of the beginnings of the modern spiritual movement, the parallels and similarities in the nature of the phenomena occurring in each case are so obvious and striking, that one is amazed at the virtually abortive result in the one case, and the marvelous consequences in the other. In each case the families questioned their ghostly visitor, but the Fox family pressed the questions home with that persistence that ultimately led to the fact being established that the haunting in their house was done by a veritable being, who had once existed as a man here, on earth. One, too, who showed an intimate knowledge of the affairs and histories of many deceased persons, whose friends flocked to hear the strange sounds.

Had the Wesleys been fortunate enough to have cultivated their unseen visitor, he might have enabled them to establish in the quiet Lincolnshire parsonage the beginning of that marvelous upheaval of thought, known as Modern Spiritualism. But presumably it was not so destined?

A SERIOUS QUESTION.

Do the departed ever return to earth? It is a serious question, this. History—sacred and profane alike—tradition, among tribes, families, and nations, all assert they do! It is no exaggeration to add also, that millions of sound, sane-minded people throughout the civilized world are willing to assert that they know the departed do return. And you who may read these lines, may, if you do not already possess that knowledge, also obtain it for yourself, for the path that others have

trodden you may tread as well. But the main purpose of the present writer is to direct your attention to the fact that one of the most noted, pious, and pure living families, any land can boast of knew beyond a doubt, by practical experience, that the spirit world did intervene in our world, and having such a sanction before you, ye, as Spiritualists—the writer as a worker in the Cause for nearly thirty-five years past, blest by the knowledge and comfort obtained—invite you to enquire into the matter and find that proof that shall vindicate your faith in a life hereafter, bring back the departed to your aching and empty heart, sustain you in the hour of bereavement, and give you a deeper trust in God, life and immortality. Reader, John Wesley speaks. Though dead he liveth still! Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest what follows, and perchance you will in the end be willing to admit after all that Modern Spiritualism has a higher sanction and a greater use than you have hitherto believed. The sanction of truth, and the use of demonstrating faith, converting it into knowledge, and blessing humanity by, in very truth, proving there is no death, but only life, for ever and for ever, for us all.

NEWS FROM THE INVISIBLE WORLD!

Letters Concerning Some Supernatural Disturbances at the House of Mr. Samuel Wesley, Senior, at Epworth, in Lincolnshire, England.

LETTER I.

To Mr. Samuel Wesley, jun., from his Mother.

Jan. 12th, 1716-7.

Dear Sam, This evening we were agreeably surprised with your packet, which brought the welcome news of your being alive, after we had been in the greatest panic imaginable, almost a month, thinking either you were dead, or one of your brothers by some misfortune had been killed.

The reason of our fears was as follows. On the first of December, our maid heard, at the door of the dining-room, several dismal groans, like a person in extremities, at the point of death. We gave little heed to her relation, and endeavored to laugh her out of her fears. Some nights (two or three) after, several of the family heard a strange knocking in divers places, usually three or four knocks at a time, and then stayed a little. This continued every night for a fortnight; sometimes it was in the garret, but most commonly in the nursery, or green chamber. We all heard it but your father, and I was not willing he should be informed of it, lest he should fancy it was against his own death, which, indeed, we all apprehended. But when it began to be so troublesome, both day and night, that few or none of the family durst be alone, I resolved to tell him of it, being minded he should speak to it. At first he would not believe but somebody did it to alarm us; but the night after as soon as he was in bed, it knocked loudly nine times, just by his bedside. He rose, and went to see if he could find out what it was, but could see nothing. Afterwards he heard it as the rest.

One night it made such a noise in the room over our heads, as if several persons were walking, then run up and down stairs, and was so outrageous that we thought the children would be frightened, so your father and I rose and went down in the dark to light a candle. Just as we came to the bottom of the broad stairs, having hold of each other, on my side there seemed as if somebody had emptied a bag of money at my feet; and on his, as if all the bottles under the stairs (which were many), had been dashed in a thousand pieces. We passed through the hall into the kitchen, and got a candle, and went to see the children, whom we found asleep.

The next night your father would get Mr. Hoole to lie at our house, and we all sat together till one or two o'clock in the morning, and heard the knocking as usual. Sometimes it made a noise like the winding up of a jack, at other times, as that night Mr. Hoole was with us, like a carpenter planing deals; but most commonly it knocked thrice and stopped, and then thrice again, and so many hours together. We persuaded your father to speak, and try if any voice would be heard. One night about six o'clock he went into the nursery in the dark, and at first heard several deep groans, then knocking. He adjured it to speak if it had the power, and tell him why it troubled his house, but no voice was heard, but it knocked thrice aloud. Then he questioned if it were Sammy, and bled it, if it were, and could not speak, knock again, but it knocked no more that night, which made us hope it was not against your death.

Thus it continued till the 28th of December, when it loudly knocked (as your father used to do at the gate) in the nursery, and departed. We have various conjectures what this may mean. For my own part I fear nothing now you are safe at London hitherto,

and I hope God will still preserve you, though sometimes I am inclined to think my brother is dead. Let me know your thoughts on it.
Susannah Wesley.

LETTER II.

To my Father.

Saturday, Jan. 30th, 1716-7.

Hon. Sir, My mother tells me a very strange story of disturbances in your house. I wish I could have some more particulars from you. I would thank Mr. Hoole if he would favor me with a letter concerning it. Not that I want to be confirmed myself in the belief of it, but for any other person's satisfaction. My mother sends to me to know my thoughts of it, and I cannot think at all of any interpretation. Wit, I fancy, may find many, but wisdom none.—Your dutiful and loving Son,
S. Wesley, jun.

LETTER III.

From Mr. S. Wesley, jun., to his Mother.

January 19th, 1716-7.

Dear Mother, Those who are so wise as not to believe any supernatural occurrences, though ever so well attested, could find a hundred questions to ask about those strange noises you wrote me an account of; but for my part I know not what question to put, which, if answered, would confirm me more in the belief of what you tell me. Two or three I have heard from others. Was there never a new maid, or man, in the house, that might play tricks? Was there nobody above in the garrets when the walking was there? Did all the family hear it together when they were in one room, or at one time? Did it seem to be all in the same place at the same time? Could not cats, or rats, or dogs, be the sprites? Was the whole family asleep when my father and mother went down stairs? Such doubts as these being replied to, though they could not, as God himself assures, convince them who believe not Moses and the prophets, yet would strengthen such as do believe. As to my particular opinion concerning the events foreboded by these noises, I cannot, I must confess, form any—I think, since it was not permitted to speak, all guesses must be vain. The end of spirits' actions is yet more hidden than that of men, and even this latter puzzles the most subtle politicians. That we may be struck so as to prepare seriously for all, may, it is possible, be one design of providence. It is surely our duty and wisdom to do so.

Dear mother, I beg your blessing on your dutiful and affectionate Son,
S. Wesley, jun.
I expect a particular account from every one.

LETTER IV.

From Mrs. Wesley to her son Samuel.

Jan. 25th or 27th, 1716-7.

Dear Sam, Though I am not one of those that will believe nothing supernatural, but am rather inclined to think there would be frequent intercourse between good spirits and us, did not our deep lapse into sensuality prevent it; yet I was a great while ere I could credit anything of what the children and servants reported concerning the noises they heard in several parts of our house. Nay, after I had heard myself, I was willing to persuade myself and them that it was only rats and weasels that disturbed us, and having been formerly troubled with rats, which were frightened away by sounding a horn, I caused a horn to be procured, and made them blow it all over the house. But from that night they began to blow, the noises were more loud and distinct, both day and night, than before, and that night we rose and went down, I was entirely convinced that it was beyond the power of any human creature to make such strange and various noises.

As to your questions, I will answer them particularly, but withal, I desire my answers may satisfy none but yourself, for I would not have the matter imparted to any. We had both man and maid new this last Martinmas, yet I do not believe either of them occasioned the disturbance, both for the reason above mentioned, and because they were more affrighted than anybody else. Besides, we have often heard the noises when they were in the room by us; and the maid particularly was in such a panic, that she was almost incapable of all business, nor durst ever go from one room to another, or stay by herself a minute after it began to be dark.

The man Robert Brown, whom you well know, was most visited by it lying in the garret, and has often been frightened down bare foot, and almost naked, not daring to stay alone to put on his clothes, nor do I think, if he had power, he would be guilty of such villainy. When the walking was heard in the garret, Robert was in bed in the next room, in a sleep so sound that he never heard your father and me walk up and down, though we walked not softly, I am sure. All the family has heard it together, in the same

room, at the same time, particularly at family prayers. It always seemed to all present in the same place at the same time, though often before any could say it is here, it would remove to another place.

All the family, as well as Robin, were asleep when your father and I went down stairs, nor did they awake in the nursery when we held the candle close by them, only we observed that Hetty trembled exceedingly in her sleep, as she always did, before the noise awaked her. It was commonly nearer her than the rest, which she took notice of, and was much frightened, because she thought it had a particular spite at her: I could multiply particular instances, but I forbear. I believe your father will write to you about it shortly. Whatever may be the design of Providence in permitting these things, I cannot say. Secret things belong to God; but I entirely agree with you that it is our wisdom and duty to prepare seriously for all events.

Susannah Wesley.

LETTER V.

Miss Susannah Wesley to her brother Samuel.

Epworth, January 24th, 1716-7.

Dear Brother, About the first of December, a most terrible and astonishing noise was heard by a maid servant, as at the dining-room door, which caused the up-starting of her hair, and made her ears prick forth at an unusual rate. She said it was like the groans of one expiring. These so frightened her, that for a great while she durst not go out of one room into another, after it began to be dark, without company. But, to lay aside jesting, which should not be done in serious matters, I assure you that, from the first to the last of a lunar month, the groans, squeaks, tinglings, and knockings, were frightful enough.

Though it is needless for me to send you an account of what we all heard, my father himself having a larger account of the matter than I am able to give, which he designs to send you; yet, in compliance with your desire, I will tell you as briefly as I can what I heard of it. The first night I ever heard it my sister Nancy and I were sat in the dining-room. We heard something rush on the outside of the doors that opened into the garden, then three loud knocks, immediately after other three, and in half a minute the same number over our heads. We inquired whether anybody had been in the garden, or in the room above us, but there was nobody. Soon after my sister Molly and I were up after all the family were a-bed, except my sister Nancy, about some business. We heard three bouncing thumps under our feet, which soon made us throw away our work, and tumble into bed. Afterwards the tingling of the latch and warming-pan, and so it took its leave that night.

Soon after the above mentioned, we heard a noise as if a great piece of sounding metal was thrown down on the outside of our chamber. We, lying in the quietest part of the house, heard less than the rest for a pretty while; but the latter end of the night Mr. Hoole sat up on, I lay in the nursery, where it was very violent. I then heard frequent knocks over and under the room where I lay, and at the children's bed-head, which was made of boards. It seemed to rap against it very hard and loud, so that the bed shook under them. I heard something walk by my bed-side, like a man in a long night-gown. The knocks were so loud, that Mr. Hoole came out of their chamber to us. It still continued. My father spoke, but nothing answered. It ended that night with my father's particular knock, very fierce.

It is now pretty quiet, only at our repeating the prayers for the king and prince, when it usually begins, especially when my father says, "Our most gracious Sovereign Lord," &c. This my father is angry at, and designs to say three instead of two for the royal family. We all heard the same noise, and at the same time, and as coming from the same place. To conclude this, it now makes its personal appearance; but of this more hereafter. Do not say one word of this to our folks, nor give the least hint.

I am, your sincere friend and affectionate sister,
Susannah Wesley.

(To be continued.)

The things of sense are only dreams—
A world that seems;
Who reaches up to the Ideal
Achieves the Real.

—Susie M. Best.

The objects of our struggles in this "strenuous" life are too often petty and unworthy of effort. When we strive more to be and not to have, we shall eliminate from our lives a never-failing source of nervous strain and wear and tear. It is by the veriest trifles in life, the small daily events that exercise our will, judgment, and self-control, that we are building our characters—that part of us which is the underlying ego. Is not the being more important than the having, which we must leave behind?

REPAYMENT.

Sometimes it seems as if the dear God held
From us the pearl we'd give all else to gain,
As his encouragement to bear the pain
Of thorny paths to which we're fate impelled;
And when in care our troubled hearts rebelled,
The will thought by good was bravely slain,
We saw our duty open out so plain,
And all our wrath by love of love was quenched:
What is your good? A friend or lover true?
Or painting, poetry, or place, or power?
Whate'er the thing to which in love He drew,
Have patience, soul, and wait appointed
hour;
The Master pays the wages of the mind
With gifts more wonderful than wish could
find!

For there are lives beyond our lives indeed,
Which follow this in faith's unfolding
round;
And all obedience doth in good abound,
And gives an answer to its own deep need;
In wide eternity reply we read,
As if the things immediately were found,
And from the roots, the plants spring from
the ground,
And reach to heaven and on the sunlight
feed.
Sometime I'll know a friendship fair as truth;
Sometime have power my passion to ex-
press;
Sometime I'll love with purity of youth,
And feel its infinite sweet tenderness;
O God, I can for such repayment wait,
A faithful servant by thy palace gate!

—William Brunton.

Weird Experience of H. Rider Hag-
gard, the Novelist, with a Dead
Dog.

An extraordinary story of a dead dog's "message" to his master is told by Mr. Rider Haggard, the novelist, in the course of a long and detailed letter to the London Times, the substance of which communication is as follows: During the night of Saturday, July 9, Mr. Haggard was awakened by his wife from a sort of nightmare.

"As I awoke," he says, "the nightmare itself, which had been long and vivid, faded from my brain. All I could remember of it was a sense of awful oppression and of desperate and terrified struggling for life such as the act of drowning would probably involve. But between the time that I heard my wife's voice and the time that my consciousness answered to it, or so it seemed to me, I had another dream. I dreamed that a black retriever dog, a most amiable and intelligent beast named Bob, which was the property of my eldest daughter, was lying on its side among brushwood, or rough growth of some sort, by water. My own personality in some mysterious way seemed to me to be arising from the body of the dog, which I knew quite surely to be Bob and no other, so much so that my head was against its head, which was lifted up at an unnatural angle. In my vision the dog was trying to speak to me in words, and, failing, transmitted to my mind in an undefined fashion the knowledge that it was dying. Then everything vanished."

It was not until the Sunday night, it appears, that Bob was found to be missing. On Thursday, the 14th, the body of the dog was found floating in the Waveney, over a mile away. The next day two platelayers informed Mr. Haggard that the dog had been killed by a train. Bob's collar, broken and torn off, was produced, and on Monday afternoon one of the men saw the body of the dog floating in the water beneath an openwork bridge over the river, whence it drifted down to where it was found.

Weighing the evidence, Mr. Haggard concludes that the dog must have been killed by an empty train from Harleston a little after eleven o'clock on the Saturday night (and before the dream), as no trains run on Sunday, and it is practically certain that it cannot have been killed on Monday morning.

"I don't explain it," remarked Mr. Haggard, "I don't try to explain it. I am not a Spiritualist. I have little or no sympathy with Spiritualism. Please do not suppose that I am going in for psychical research or anything of that kind."

"I recounted the incident with all the evidence which seemed to me important, because I thought it my duty to record for the benefit of science, an extraordinary experience. It may possibly open up a new line of investigation, and lead to great discoveries."

We were sitting in Mr. Rider Haggard's study in his house at Ditchingham (writes a "Chronicle" correspondent whose account we quote from), and the famous author was telling me, with even more detail than he has told it in his letter to the "Times," the story of his weird experience.

"I have no prejudices one way or the other," he continued, "I have never taken a deep interest in the subject of Spiritualism. I have never had any previous experience in telepathy or whatever it may be called. I am not skeptical—have an open mind in the matter."

"The two important points in this particular experience to be remembered are that (first) telepathy has, as far as I am aware, never been recognized as existing between a human being and a dog; and (second), that the communication did not take place until several hours after the death of the dog."

"Of that I am quite certain. It is impossible that Bob could have been alive after Saturday night. Here is some additional evidence on the point by the platelayer Alger:—"

"Under all the circumstances, I think that the dog must have been killed by the late excursion train on Saturday night, which left Ditchingham for Harleston at twenty-five minutes past ten. From the way in which the flesh was carried it was evidently killed by a train going towards Bungay."

"The marks of blood upon the piles showed where the dog had fallen from the bridge into the reeds. These reeds grow in deepish water."

"It would all seem to show that there is a surviving spirit in animals, unless, indeed, the human mind is able to go back and re-create a scene. That is the only explanation I think, unless we assume a post-mortem consciousness in the dog."

"Then there is another interesting consideration. We all have dreams and a confused recollection of them on waking. Unless my wife had awakened me when she did, I should probably have forgotten anything of my dream except that it was very unpleasant. But I woke up with the sense of having had a terrible struggle for life, and between the time of hearing my wife's voice and complete consciousness I had the impression that Bob was trying to speak to me."

"The extraordinary value of this impression is that it was, so to speak, caught upon the hop. All these things may be going through our brains continually when they are in a subconscious condition, but it is seldom that they are caught on the hop."

"The thing was very vivid, but though we spoke about it at breakfast I did not connect it with Bob, and dismissed it from my mind. I was not aware that the dog was out of the house, so that there could be no suggestion of danger to him which might have unconsciously influenced me."

"It was not until Monday morning that we were at all disturbed by his absence. Bob,

although he belonged to my daughter, who bought him three years ago, was a great friend of mine, but I cannot say that my soul was bound up in him."

"He was a very intelligent animal, and generally accompanied me in my walks about the farm, and almost invariably came to say good morning to me. He was rather rheumatic, as he was getting into years—seven, perhaps—but that did not prevent him going after rabbits, generally in company with Bustle, my spaniel."

Bustle was in the room as Mr. Haggard was speaking, and one would have given a good deal to have been able to interview Bustle."

"I can reproduce the scene exactly," added Mr. Haggard. "Bob went after rabbits on Saturday night, and, getting tired, he sought a cool place to lie down."

"That was the railway bridge. When he went to sleep he probably laid his head on the cold rail, and the train came along and killed him."—July 22, 1904.

"Is it at all necessary to press 'overworked telepathy' into the service as an explanation of the above incident? Not necessarily, it seems to the writer. To those who are familiar with the wonderful power of vivid idealism with which Mr. Haggard is unquestionably endowed, it is easy to understand that he possesses remarkable spiritual gifts, and that he may be able to exercise his spiritual faculties in sleep, and while so doing he may have spiritually discerned the fate of 'Bob,' and he may have, more or less accurately, translated it to his external consciousness, which effort to do so was probably the basis of the dream (?). An alternative hypothesis is that the 'spirit' of the dog retained consciousness after the separation from the body and in some way associated itself to Mr. Haggard's perceptions, for which idea there does not seem to be sufficient evidence in favor. The action of Mr. Haggard's own spirit seems more feasible than to attribute telepathic communication from the departed 'Bob' as an explanation of the incident recorded.—Ed. B. L.]

The Duty a Spiritualist Owes to Self
and Neighbor.

As a prelude to our subject we (I speak for a band) wish to impress upon the mind this simple truth, that whether man, woman or child, you are never alone. One or more of the denizens of spirit life are always with you, and can (conditions being favorable) read your thoughts or hear the words spoken.

The subject of this paper was suggested by a remark (which, being near our medium at the time we overheard, made by a friend, viz: "She did not wish to go to the meetings or circles because Mrs. — would be there and she did not like to hear her (or others she would meet) speak or act as mediums." We prompted our medium to ask, "Is that Spiritualism or its teachings?" Yielding to the controlling influence she replied, "Well, I don't like her, and won't go where she is."

Resuming our subject we say that millions of those who have passed the portal of Death and who inhabit the circles of the first sphere, or that sphere contiguous to earth, spend more or less of time in and around the scenes or haunts of their past earth life. Some seeking such experience as they neglected to gain while in the body; others seeking only to repeat by control of some mediumistic mind to repeat the acts which they loved to enact while dwelling here. Some, as in the case of those called criminals (those who were legally murdered because of crime committed against that society which permitted them to be brought up from childhood and youth as criminals) seeking revenge, and through mediums from their own class to re-enact the same, or crimes of higher degree. Others, again, are simply wandering around wondering where they are or out of the material body, seeing much of that which is taking place here, but taking no part therein. Still others, principally Christians, belonging to some one of the many organizations existing in this lower sphere, seeking to control some pulpit medium and through him proselyte and strengthen their own peculiar sect, or as in the above quoted remarks, influence a mind and thereby weaken those opposed to them. For all sectarians have organized bodies in these darker spheres of spirit life and at stated times send out their missionaries to proselyte and increase their numbers on earth. Again, others are seeking in various ways to punish society at large for the wrongs suffered by themselves while in the body. Quoting from your Bible we read, "Therefore let us also, seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us," which sin, with many, is a selfish carelessness in regard to the neighbor.

As we said in our paper on "Life" (heretofore published) "you may give freedom to your imagination, travel o'er the wide, wide world, and no state or condition of life will you find on earth but has its corresponding state and condition in spirit life." But here we will say that there are states and conditions in spirit realms that have as yet no corresponding states on earth; nor can such correspondences exist until man becomes really man, i. e., until he lays aside the mere dress of earth and seeks for the treasures of Heaven.

But to return. There are yet others among the "encompassing witnesses," viz, those who love and are working for humanity, and humanity includes all classes of wandering, restless, proselyting spirits enumerated above, as well as all of every race and nationality who dwell on the earth. Guardian spirits, loved ones of every degree of blood, companions and comrade friends who are watching over you, trying to impress you and control you for good. It is with these we would have you co-operate and work for the enfranchisement of the wandering and restless ones, as well as for your own future welfare.

Oh that we could paint such a word picture of both earth and spirit life; of their interblending one with the other; of the fruits of a well spent life on earth, as well as of the wasted moments, the selfish thoughts, such as "I am more holy than thou," and while thus holding the mind, flash upon it a view of the future state to which these selfish thoughts and acts will (if not controlled in time) eventually lead.

Why are you professed Spiritualists? We trust because investigation and study have taught you the truth. But have you given precious time to investigation and study in order that you might clothe yourself in the garments of pride and self sufficiency? Have you learned the truth so that you might elevate yourself and degrade your neighbor and declare him or her unfit for association or for reformation? Will you draw your self-made garments close about the person and pass by on the other side for fear of contamination? What of the doctrine of "the brotherhood of man," "Love thy neighbor as thyself," and the prehistoric rule, "Do unto the neighbor" as under similar circumstances "you would have him do unto you?" All the teachings of Spiritualism are based upon the rule of love, and none upon selfishness or hate. Did this selfish exhibition of human nature originate in a desire to elevate humanity, or does it despise the neighbor because "he is not as holy as thou?"

Selfishness, dear reader, is the root of all evil and selfish thoughts interpreted by speech only react upon the mind that gives

them birth and helps to form conditions which will be used by many of the wandering or restless spirits above enumerated to the detriment and spiritual degradation of the mortal mind harboring them.

Many, very many spiritualists have simply come up out of church bondage, and have thereby prepared themselves to enter only the A B C class of truth; but they will be greatly surprised on entering spirit life to find those they considered unworthy here their equals, if not their superiors, over there. Remember that you know not the environments of a soul. "Judge not that ye be not judged." Look only for that which is good in man, woman or child, and try to cultivate that which is formed, for where you cultivate flowers and fruits, weeds will not grow so rank. Look well within, weed the garden of your own mind and then, and only then, help your neighbor to weed his.

Are you not all of one family, germs from the All-Spirit? Souls traveling toward that home where selfishness cannot enter and only love is found? "Love thy neighbor as thyself" is the Law of Heaven. Love desires to elevate, purify and save the neighbor as well as self; and thereby deplete the army of selfish, revengeful spirits who are seeking to proselyte and thereby gratify their poor, degraded human natures. If you have aught against brother or sister, seek their presence and remove the cause while yet in earth life, else the effects thereof will follow you into the other life. You cannot escape the law of the spirit; it will find you out either here or there; for it is infallible, inexorable, working on the lines of strict justice alone.

From the standpoint of spirit experience we would advise the person who uttered the words which gave the subject for this paper (or any brother or sister who cherishes similar feelings), to go to that sister, brother or friend and strive to remove the mote from his or her eyes and also the beam from her own eyes (for such thoughts will ever find lodgment in their minds), and thus show that she is a co-worker as well as a believer in the Cause she professes to love. "Leave no enemy behind" when you come to spirit life is a good motto for all. Do not come with the stain of selfishness on the mind, for those who profess to believe in the pure teachings of Spiritualism will find it more difficult to clean the slate of mind, than those who have not received the truth, but are willing to be taught over there; for the pencil of selfishness is sharp and flinty, and leaves deep scratches on the slate of mind.

Oh, that we could so convince the mind of these truths that all who read would accept them and use them as the basis of both thought and act while dwelling on earth. Oh that your eyes might be opened so that you could see those by whom you are surrounded and realize the many ways and methods by which they strive to impress and influence your minds and control your acts, thereby dominating their power and preventing control by your loved ones or friends. Must we reiterate the great truth which is governed by immutable law, "that no light, no truth can be given to mind only as mind desires to receive." If a soul chooses to surround itself with a wall of selfishness, ignorance and error; desires to worship Mammon and not Truth; despise the neighbor only as he can use him or them as tools to accomplish his own purpose; then must we stand aside and mourn over our inability to reach that mind, for the wall can be broken down from within.

Do not, we pray you, give to these warnings of love and good will no further thought, but go into the silence, take them with you and consider them there; and there decide which is the best to possess. The mere appearance of a home in the lower circles of spirit life, or a beautiful home in the second or home sphere. From the lower home you may join a band of wandering or revengeful spirits and work to increase the number thereof, while from a more progressed home you may join those who are working for the uplifting of humanity both on earth and in spirit land. You may ask, "How can we dwellers in the earth body co-operate with those who are invisible to us?" We answer, first, by using the silent hour to form conditions through which we can impress the mind, warn you of the approach of those who would incite only to evil. In the hurry and worry of every day life you often make conditions which open the door of mind to tempting spirits. You say, "I was tempted to do this or that which I knew was wrong, and I was so hard to struggle to resist." Often when the word has been spoken, or the deed has been done, you say, "I could not resist, or it was thoughtless done." True, you could not help yourself for the moment, because your mind was under the control of an evil suggestion. One of the many wandering ones saw the opportunity, the open door, and entered therein. The hour of silent communion with your true friends will enable you to keep the door closed and also teach you to know the knock, whether it be from friend or foe.

Second, Organize home circles, admitting those only who are in harmony with the true and the good and are seeking to benefit humanity. Those who are willing to lay aside all worldly aims, not seeking for tests or mere physical phenomena, but for advancement in progression's path, and you will thus create an aura through which dark spirits cannot pass; and find that progressed spirits are near who will protect and assist those who are thus seeking to co-operate in this great work for humanity.

Let us repeat the lesson. Man on earth leads a dual life, concealing his motives, showing only his deeds. Death strips off the mask, reveals his true character and conducts him to that home which his concealed thought and motive has created. This home, with the majority of mankind, is in the lower circles of the first sphere of spirit life. The number of inhabitants of the varied circles of this sphere is untold, and they form a dense circle around the earth sphere through which the spirit friends who are asking you to co-operate with themselves must pass. At every meeting, circle or seance held on earth, these dark spirits are found in larger or smaller numbers, and according to the material or spiritual conditions offered by the audience or sitters is their influence felt. In this connection you must remember that one law prevails on earth and in spirit land, viz: "No truth can be forced upon an unwilling mind." Should we approach and offer the truth, it would be rejected with scorn as it is by many minds on earth.

Many of the so-called believers in Spiritualism are mere hunters after phenomena, wanting a test as often as they meet a supposed medium; ready and willing to be deceived, and also willing to pay for deception; but their pockets are closed when asked to contribute in order to sustain the Cause they so loudly profess to love. Under these circle conditions wandering spirits take possession of the mediums, read the minds of the sitters; personate their friends; assume the names of noted persons; give personal communications; and enjoy the deception as they did a practical joke when in earth life; and they surround these materialistic circles with an aura or stench through which no progressed spirit can pass.

Dishonest and worldly motives call deceiving, earth bound spirits from the lower circles of the first sphere. Pure motives and a desire to learn the truth and to be governed thereby call progressed spirits who correspond to the degree of purity and desire expressed. Though you see them not, they are ever present, working in accord with the conditions offered them.

Were your meetings, circles or seances composed only of those whose thoughts were

pure and whose desires were for the uplifting of humanity, and whose convictions of truth were the governing side of life, then would you know that true spirit friends were with you and that powerful organized bands were using your earth organizations as a means of spreading the truth, and each individual member thereof as a missionary teacher to bring truth to the mind. Co-operate with each other in truth and justice for the good of mankind and progressed spirits will co-operate with you.

What more can we say, what more can we do? How can we reach each mind and convince you that the time for action is now here. The great enemy of man, supported by a host of proselyting spirits, is already in your camp. He is hypnotizing your friends and implanting error in the minds of your children. You who have enlisted under the Banner of Spiritualism and Truth should step to the front; not send, but bring your children to the Lyceum. Attend yourself and influence others to attend. Remember that this war cannot end until humanity is redeemed, and the enemy of mankind (who is even now seeking to enthrall their minds and proselyte your children to the cause of error), also is saved and becomes a disciple of truth.

Between truth and error, good and evil, love and hate, there can be no neutral ground, no place where they can work in unison. The one is the opposite of the other. Spiritualism represents Truth, Good and Love, and leads the Soul to homes in the higher spheres. The enemy of man represents error, evil, hate, with their allies, ignorance and superstition, and leads to the darkened homes we have heretofore described.

How will you answer when the talent or talents committed to your care are demanded from you? How will it be when in future years or in spirit life you meet the child or youth whom you might have controlled or influenced to take a different course in life? We leave these questions with you. We cannot create for your use a localized burning hell, or furnish a secondary man god as a scape goat or savior to bear your sins; that kind of ammunition belongs by right of creation to the enemy of man; but we can again warn you of self created states and conditions in spirit life, remorse for duty neglected, far worse than any hell torture they may describe.

Can we paint no word picture, sound no alarm that will arouse the soul from its state of apathy and careless ease and cause it to be up and doing for its own welfare and the welfare of others? Would that we could, for then we might hope to rejoice with you and with those who had been saved by your example or through your influence, and welcome you and them to bright and beautiful homes in the home sphere of the Summer Land. For

We know that all mankind will live
And move in spheres above the Earth.

Through the mediumship of James H.
Young, Onset, Mass.

A Message from the Summerland.

The great wish I have in coming to you is to try to make you realize something of the great and transcendent happiness that is now mine. I do not know what the experience of others may be, who have crossed the river that divides our worlds, but mine was an awakening that even now fills my heart with rapture.

Do not fear death, it is nothing to fear. All the pain, all the sorrow, all the ugliness, are on the physical side—on the other side all is love, divine love and glory unspeakable.

I awoke, my dear ones, to a vision of loving faces, faces that I had known in years long passed and loved since my childhood, but which had long gone out of my earthly life, and to the sounds of the sweetest music it had ever been my lot to listen to. There was no sudden change, nor abruptness. I was asleep, and gradually I woke to fuller consciousness and to the knowledge that I was well and free—from my wretched old body that had acted like a clog upon my spirit for so many weary years. How can I express to you what that knowledge meant to me? Only those who have suffered and waited as I had can realize. I was perfectly well and young and buoyant, and when I arose to answer the greetings of those around me, I knew that it was not a dream, that I had really entered the spiritual world and that I was "dead." "Dead!" that word is a mockery. Oh, my darlings, I am alive, alive as I never was before, with added energies and capacities for love and helpfulness, that make me realize that life in these spheres must be one long delight. It was worth it all, worth all the waiting and strivings and sufferings to have attained this. For to me now I seem to have lived a dream life on earth. This is the real, that is the shadow. Only you are real to us on earth and my dear husband and children will be my one care on earth. It will be my privilege and my joy to be united unto them till they shall join me here.

I know you would like to know what my surroundings are like, and who my companions are, and yet I hesitate a little; I feel that any words of mine are so inadequate to describe to you what my sensations are. For it is not the objects which surround me which constitute my happiness, not the place, though all is beautiful,—it is the state of mind, the heaven which encircles the atmosphere of perfect love and harmony which prevails and which culminates in a pure and palpitating glory of light that fills the heart with feelings of delight. In this atmosphere thoughts take the place of words and they not only vibrate in unison with our own souls, but assume the most beautiful forms and colors and so there is an ever varying symphony around us of beauty to every degree. Need I tell you that my own dear mother was the first to welcome me to her arms, and that my dear father and uncle were there also, but it is to my own little Oscar I owe my first initiation into the glories of the beyond. Of that, dear children I cannot attempt to tell you. It is too wonderful, but one day you, too, shall know.

Think of me as bright and happy and loving, but never as dead.

[The above message was written automatically through the hand of the daughter of the communicating friend, who has recently passed to the Summerland, after many years of distressing illness borne with a singular and exceptional degree of cheerfulness and fortitude. In many ways she was a remarkable woman, a splendid mother, and a noble souled wife. Her husband, Mr. Arthur Holden, is the head of a large manufacturing corporation in Birmingham, England, and for many years has taken an active interest in our Cause in that city. The message is so characteristic of our ardent friend, whom we know so well, that its pure spiritual sentiments will undoubtedly be read with pleasure by all who peruse it. It breathes the Spiritual philosophy which is indeed the heart of our gospel.—Ed. B. L.]

All created life must in its measure imitate the uncreated Life out of which it sprang. The very habits of animals and the blind evolutions of matter are in some sense imitations of God. The fern that is forever trembling in the breath of the waterfall, in its growing, follows some pattern in the mind of God. Much more, then, is it so in the moral world.—Faber.

The Grand Army of the Republic.

Alonso Danforth.

BOSTON, MASS., 1904.

The soldiers of the Union are now falling under the dread artillery of 'time, almost as fast as they fell in 1862, '63 and '64. You are the silent orators of today and your presence reminds us of the days of civil strife when heroes fought and died, where a nation's cause was fought and won. Because you gave the first and greatest lesson of Loyalty and the creed of patriotism one and indivisible and stood between the national government and armed rebellion, we should fulfill our sacred obligations to you by turning aside from our accustomed pursuits to do honor to those who have given the strongest proof of patriotic devotion.

The feeling of today is that of a disposition to remember the soldier most gratefully, to do everything possible to show the high regard in which he is held by his countrymen.

Veterans of this Grand Army, your medals and empty sleeves thrill all hearts into patriotism by your visible appearance and there is no nobler duty that we can perform than that of respecting the comrades who have fallen fighting the battles of the Union. The Grand Army grows smaller, and the graves become more numerous each year, but while the Union endures the memory of its defenders will be kept green.

We cannot forget the past, the empty sleeve, the sightless eye, the emaciated form, the tattered flag, the dead of a hundred battlefields, the empty chair at the fireside. No, all these are chiseled deep in the eternal years and we can never forget. For the honor of America and the glory of humanity, let us honor and cherish the declining years of the brave men who offered their lives to keep the Republic united.

At this hour let us discern the future, no longer an overcast sky, but the clear, unclouded starlight, a country redeemed, saved and consecrated anew to the coming ages. All honor and glory to the heroic arisen ones as they yielded their lives for all that is good, pure, holy and just and true in the great living humanity that is to be in the great future. And by and by when the memories will have become history, it will pave the way for the children, who did not hear the echoes of its guns, and as they see you on the streets will ask what it meant and what it is for, we shall love to tell them of you brave men, who helped to achieve that great victory that we trust will never need be won again.

And when two or three are left how lovingly we shall cherish them, make easier the burdens of their lives, and when the last one is gone, and so much of the history of our country is sealed up as a book closed and folded away, we will still try to carry on the conflict for truth and the development of the soul of man.

So whether we wear the uniform or not we are the children of one Infinite, brothers of one humanity and workers for the eternal triumph of truth.

A Generous Act by Friends of Lake Pleasant.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Knowing the interest of the "Banner" in the welfare of the New England Spiritualists' Campmeeting Association of this place, I take great pleasure in announcing that two of our friends, husband and wife, today donated \$1,005 to reduce the indebtedness of the Association. It was in the form of a railroad bond, with a coupon attached, upon which \$5 interest had accrued. The bank which held a mortgage on our property, upon which there was a balance due of \$2,554.30 gladly took the bond at its face value and interest, and credited the Association with \$1,005, thereby reducing the balance to \$1,549.30.

The donors have modestly requested that their names be withheld from publication, and it is in deference to their request that I have refrained from mentioning them.

These people, like many others, have an abundance of this world's wealth, and to spare, but unlike many others, do not wait until too late before bestowing some where it will be of lasting benefit to thousands of persons, when they (the donors) have passed on to their reward. The Association will make them life members, and extend to them the freedom of the place for life, not as compensation, but as a token of its appreciation of them as philanthropists, and as deserving of its gratitude.

Now permit me to say further: that there are others, many others, who are so circumstanced, that without in any way inconveniencing themselves they can emulate this beneficent act of our aged friends, and assist us in lifting this debt, so that hereafter, all of our resources may go towards making this Association and place, a great central point for the study of Religio-philosophical subjects, the dissemination of spiritual knowledge, and the presentation of that evidence, which surely is attainable, which is convincing to those who desire facts upon which to build their hopes of eternal life. I feel that we are not making this appeal in vain.

The distribution of fortunes has been unequal. Those who have as the result of labor, foresight and prudence, amassed fortunes, have not failed in their hearts to promise God that if their desires were gratified, they would surely use their means in charity, and for useful purposes for others as well as for themselves. They have not been unaided. Their success has been attained by the aid of those who have understood the motives, and have relied upon their fidelity to their promises. We are never alone, an unseen hand has led us. Remember that "the hand that gives, gathers," and that "one hand open in charity, is worth a hundred folded in prayer." What a man gives in this life will be his treasure in the life to come. He spoke better than he knew who said "God helps the rich, the poor can beg."

Friends, please respond as you are able, and lay up treasures in Heaven. We would like to add to our number of life members.

A. H. Bailey, President, N. E. S. C. A.
Lake Pleasant, Mass., Aug. 3, 1904.

Live in the Present.

Much of the best energy of the world is wasted in living in the past or dreaming of the future. Some people seem to think any time but the present is a good time to live in. But the people who move the world must be a part of it. They must touch the life that now is, and feel the thrill of the movement of civilization.

Many people do not live in the present. It does not know them. They are buried in books; they live in archives and in history, but the great throbbing pulse of the world they do not touch. They are not a part of the world; they are never attuned to it. The young man who would win must plunge into the current of events. He must keep step with the march of progress, or he will soon be in the rear. The current of the times must run through his veins, or there will be paralysis somewhere in his nature.—Success.

Letters from Our Readers.

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

A Peculiar Incident.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Permit me the privilege of relating in your paper an unexpected phenomena which happened at the house of Professor Streight, Mountain View, Santa Clara, Cal., last Saturday evening.

My brother and myself were visiting the Professor, for the first time, with the object of seeing his paintings. We were in conversation together in the studio and Mr. Streight was making some remarks about the trials and hardships of our earth experience, when a piece of paper dropped to the ground. My brother picked it up, remarking, "ocularly, as he handed it to Mr. Streight, that it was from the spirits; just then another piece fell, presumably from the Professor's person, as both pieces seemed to slide down between his jacket and waistcoat. The incident passed without any particular notice at the time. Mr. Streight putting the papers in his pocket.

Next morning, a little to our astonishment, we had a visit from the Professor. He said that after we were gone he was impressed to look at the papers when he made the discovery that they were cuttings from a newspaper of several years ago, and the article which they contained was intimately related to the subject of our conversation.

Prof. Streight affirms that those cuttings were not in his pocket, and that they were taken from a newspaper years ago and put away in a drawer, as was his custom with all similar cuttings.

I might state here that I saw clairvoyantly an Eastern spirit in the room and heard two spirit taps, though I do not attach any particular importance to the visitation.

I am, yours very truly,
David A. Leiske.
Mountain View, Cal., July 26, 1904.

No Punishment Endless and No Forgiveness of Sins.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

As the subject of "Hell" and a vicarious atonement are being somewhat modified of late by the clergy and public writers, I beg you will permit me to indulge in a few remarks from the same text.

Although I believe in the grand principles of Nature, and a continued existence for humanity after the body is worn out, I naturally revolt from a belief in the theory that endless punishment is to be visited upon a very large portion of the great family of mankind, in consequence of the errors they may have fallen into during their brief sojourn on the earth. The teachings of the Spiritual Philosophy revolutionize all those old theological ideas in a way that leaves no room for doubt!

And without pausing to discuss the attributes of the God Power, I recognize that wisdom is one of them; hence it is not reasonable to suppose that Nature would have the interest of all her creatures in view, and accordingly punish to reform! Surely this would be becoming timely and wise. But if God (or Nature) punishes with an everlasting punishment, cutting off all future opportunity for reform, would it not be revengeful? Now I should say the unvarnished truth is this: Hell is real, but real what? Real discord; and on the other hand, Heaven must be, and is, real harmony! And these are simply conditions more than localities. The spiritual side of life receives and cares for all conditions of humanity, but it may be hell, or it may be heaven for the individual, according to his or her development and fitness morally. This is logical is it not?

Look where we may in human life, and on every hand, we behold the manifestations of immutable law pointing directly to cause and effect. Take the organic law, for instance. We find if a person holds his hand in the fire, he runs counter to the organic law, and accordingly must suffer the natural consequences of the act. The penalty is physical suffering, and this suffering begins the moment the law is violated and extends for days or months, just in proportion to the time the hand came in contact with the fire. You say this is really self-evident, and so it is; and the analogy holds good when applied to the moral law. Everywhere in life we find man a distinct individuality and as such is writing a life-book all his own. How? Simply by contact with his fellowmen. The writing is done by his own hand, by each act and deed he performs, by the words he speaks, by the thoughts he thinks, and the very motives which actuate him all through life. And I may say it matters not whether we continue denizens of the mundane world, or become translated to that invisible country beyond our ken, still the record our own hands have written must by necessity accompany us and we suffer the legitimate consequences of every wrong deed and act of our lives.

If some people wish to believe in the doctrine of the trinity, that teaches that God is endowed with three heads, I would not throw a straw in their way; and if others wish to believe in the doctrine of the vicarious atonement, which makes the innocent suffer for the guilty, while the guilty go off "scot free," pardon me if I scribble out a protest, for who could help it?

Christna, Buddha and Jesus can do absolutely nothing towards bearing our sins. They had to live, suffer and die for themselves (in case all three were not fictitious) and cannot be responsible for our salvation from ignorance and sin.

Let us never delude ourselves (or be deluded) by supposing that we may at any time saddle some great and good reformer and make him bear our sins; Nature and reason affirm that there can be no forgiveness of sins, and if a man violates the physical laws of the body, or the moral laws of the soul, he will some day discover that for him there is no forgiveness on earth, or in the spirit condition? And the record man writes, he must by necessity take with him at so-called death; while the repulsive, or regretful part of that record can only be obliterated by the lapse of time, kindly thoughts, pure motives, and aspirations towards the beautiful, the good, the true. No amount of suffering by the innocent can atone for us; the immutable laws of Nature's God are not so easily appeased.

E. T. Dickinson,
Palmetto Place, Limona, Fla.

The Leppel System.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In your issue of June 18th you published a notice on the Leppel Dietetic System and you invited your readers to state their experiences on this particular dietetic method.

I am very glad to inform you that I felt better from the first day on following Miss Leppel's advice. I am confident that I should have been compelled to undergo an operation for piles if I had not sent to Miss Leppel for dietary advice. I am trying to spread Miss Leppel's good work in San Francisco by reading papers on her dietary system before clubs and societies.

You are doing a grand work in bringing Miss Leppel's dietetic principles before your

readers who, doubtless, will be especially interested in her ideas, as she prescribes dietaries for developing our psychic nature. Yours sincerely, Mrs. R. McCall.
3324 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Approval and Encouragement.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The issue of June 20 is a number of more than usual interest to me. From the first number issued, up to this, July 20, I have been a constant reader of the dear old Banner. W. J. Colville is, for me, as a writer, author and lecturer a literary marvel. How it is possible for one to do the literary work he does, deliver the immense number of extempore addresses and find time to read and review so many new publications is beyond my conceptions. His quotations evidence his extensive reading, and with it all he says: "I have never known what it was to feel tired."

I am, also, always delighted to read the writings of Dr. J. M. Peebles. He is a man of large experience and firm convictions. A man grounded in phenomena rather than in mental speculations.

J. S. Loveland is another man of large and long experience. He writes out from the fullness of his heart, from a knowledge and conviction of what Spiritualism, so-called, is founded on, what it stands for, what are the lessons to be drawn from it.

Charles Dawbarn is another writer with a large experience and a lively, inquisitive turn of mind.

But my purpose at this time is not to particularize so much your able contributions, as to commend the interesting and full accounts given from the several campmeetings now in progress. There is in the reports a fresh, breezy telling of the good things said and being done in camp this year that makes an old Spiritualist and camper feel homesick.

Yes, Bro. Morse, I wish to congratulate you on your effort to regenerate and bring back the dear old Banner to its original intent and purpose. A paper built on evidence. Evidence of things transpiring here and now, today. The continuity of life is, or need not be, any longer a mental speculation. This evidence, as we recognize it today, is not an outcome of our Christian churches, and we need none of its forms, its ceremonials to perpetuate it.

For several years I have felt sad and sorry to see, and read, the trend of the "Banner." I have asked myself "Must it cease to be?" Is there no one to take the helm and keep afloat a paper that has conquered so much "of public prejudice and gained such a footing among reading and thinking people?" My greetings and congratulations go out to The Banner of Light Publishing Company. May success continue to crown your effort.

Edwin Wilder.

Hingham, Mass.

Queen City Park.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In behalf of the Spiritualist Camp Meeting Association of the grand old Green Mountain State of Vermont, I am always glad of an opportunity to say a good word. Vermont was one of the first of the New England States to hold aloft the Banner of Spiritualism; and organized the first State Society in the United States.

In the early days mediums and speakers came forth from the green hills and soon became noted, and some of them went forth to preach the spiritual gospel in far off states, east, west and south; and the memory of them has remained ever dear and sacred. The influence of those who have passed behind the veil has often touched the brain of the speakers who remained, and many who came into the field after them. There are a few left of the old time speakers, with silver locks and sainted brows, who still have much of the true zeal for the Cause and are seen and heard at the state conventions and at "Queen City Park."

Queen City Park is a lovely spot on the east shore of Lake Champlain near the Queen City of Burlington. The name of "Queen City" for Burlington is a very appropriate one; for, in many respects, it is the most charming small city in New England. Queen City Park is located on the north shore of Shelburne Bay, the grandest section of the noted Lake Champlain; only two miles from Burlington. Trolley cars run to and from every 20 minutes. The opportunity for Steamer Excursions on the Lake, and by cars to Burlington, Winoski, "Fort Ethan Allen," and Essex Junction, adds much to the attraction of Queen City Park. Six miles south, by cars or drive, is the extensive farm and private residence of Dr. W. Seward Webb. It is probably the grandest farm in New England. Being on the shore of Lake Champlain it is in plain view from the new Steamer "Vermont" as it passes up and down daily.

The management of the Camp this season have endeavored to offer a good program, and as good a list of speakers and platform test mediums as they have been able to obtain. The time has been extended from July 31 to Sept. 4th, 1904. Reduced rates on Railroads.—Newman Weeks.

For Over Sixty Years

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

The Rebuilder.

The Genesis of Theosophy.

Old Diary Leaves: The Only Authentic History of the Theosophical Society. Third Series 1883-1887. By Henry Steel Olcott, President-Founder of the Society. John Lane, New York City. 12mo.; \$2.00. For sale by the Banner of Light Publishing Company.

John Lane announces for immediate publication the third volume of the historical sketches of the Theosophical Society by its president-founder, Henry Steel Olcott. This third series, "Old Diary Leaves, The Only Authentic History of the Theosophical Society," takes up the narrative in the autumn of 1883 and carries it forward to May, 1887. The first series, it will be remembered, covered the period from the meeting of Madame Blavatsky and Mr. Olcott in 1874 to their departure from New York for Bombay in December, 1878. The second told of their adventures in India and Ceylon, the formation of branches, the giving of lectures and the healings of the sick by hundreds, with other occult phenomena. In this volume accounts are given of the founder's meeting with several of the "Masters" in the course of his travels, and the results of the same; of the removal of the society's headquarters from Bombay to Madras; of H. P. B.'s departure from her beloved Indian home into the exile of a European residence. Some space is given to the troublous times of the Colnbrook conspiracy; and the subject of the S. P. R. report is rigorously dealt with, in the thought of placing in the hands of all members of the

Society facts for the refutation of the personal criticism that has been visited upon the name of Madame Blavatsky. An interesting description will also be found in this volume of the building and formal installation of the Adyar Library, with ceremonies of an unprecedented character conducted by Indian pandits, Buddhist monks, Faral mobeds, and a Moslem Maulvi.

A Frank Philosopher.

The Shrine of Silence. A book of meditation. Henry Frank. The Abbey Press. For sale by the Banner of Light Publishing Company.

As a piece of mechanical book-making, this book is a success. The type, paper, and binding are good. The illuminated initials in two colors are not altogether displeasing, although the meaning of some of them is difficult to comprehend.

The book is written in poetical and epigrammatic statements of the truth as taught by the new religion of which Mr. Frank is the very able exponent. It may have been intended as a sort of ritual? Its one hundred and six chapters are all short and would very well adapt themselves to a service of responsive readings. It is not a book to be read at one sitting. Its pages are too full of thought; and one tires of many statements of the same truth.

The philosophy of Mr. Frank's new religion may all be found in this book. It is a philosophy rather than a religion; as he himself might express it, a brain fruit rather than a heart tonic. It is not for the unlettered, nor for those unaccustomed to thinking. The epigrams often remind one of Emerson, with the difference that Mr. Frank has more sense of melody than the Concord philosopher had. It is difficult for him to avoid dropping into the poetical form. And how beautiful they are, these flashes of poetical thought, many of them.

"Light leaps not from the stars, but looms from within."

"Where thoughts are generated there is creation."

"Night is invisible light."

"What is a dream? The Phantasm of a forgotten thought, the returning wraith of a Departed Deed."

"Forget the overgrowth of evil and behold the hidden, secret spot, divine, Where God hath kissed the soul. . ."

We are tempted to quote more, but should transfer the greater part of the book to this column.

The "greater part" is used advisedly, for there are chapters which are commonplace; but they are few.

The chapter on "Light" is an inspired picture of great beauty. The poem on "Peace" is one of the finest poetical expressions in our language.

After all, we ask, what is there in the new religion, with all its intellectual satisfaction and the inspiration of its philosophy, what is there to soothe the soul in those tragedies of life where philosophy must yield to faith, as the doctor in the crisis of disease must stand aside for the mother-love to summon back the little soul almost departed? What is there in it which tells us that the loved are not lost, but only gone before? What to give rest to him who cannot comprehend its philosophy, but whose heart can understand "Come unto me, all ye who labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest?"

Surely in God's providence of love, there is somewhere some religion that can bless the poor and lowly, the unlettered and unlearned listener to the whispering of faith, as well as it can satisfy the intellectual longings of the wise.

Can anything better than this New Religion be found? Across the gulf there comes to us the reply, when we see and hear from the other side. Add to the pure teachings of your philosophy the heart-satisfying truths and the faith of Spiritualism and the cry of centuries will cease.—Mime Inness.

A Reconstructionist.

The Doom of Dogma and the Dawn of Truth. Henry Frank, 8 vo. 399 pp. G. P. Putnam's Sons, Knickerbocker Press, New York. For sale by the Banner of Light Publishing Company.

Henry Frank, the author of this book, was an Indian boy, educated in the public schools of Chicago, at Phillips Andover Academy and at Northwestern and Harvard Universities. In 1878 he became an ordained Methodist minister, preaching in Kansas, Minnesota and Wisconsin. In 1888 he was pastor of a Congregational church in Jamestown, New York. Changing his views of religion he organized an Independent Congregational church. In 1897 he "launched in the City of New York the Church now known as the Metropolitan Independent." He now lectures each Sunday in his congregation in the Carnegie Lyceum in New York. Mr. Frank is editor of "The Independent Thinker," a monthly magazine.

Mr. Frank has produced in this book what can most aptly be described as an historical and polemic prose poem. He is a poet, whose prose rings with the melody of music. A musician, who sings his message. He plays upon the human heart with a touch and technique as delicate and perfect as ever pianist mastered. Under his fingers the keys respond so joyfully that history, even that of mediaeval theology, forgets to scowl.

The author is a destroyer. In this book the mask drops from the face of falsehood, and the proud structure which the old theologies have reared is seen to be a rotten shell. We wonder it has endured so long. But he razes only to build anew upon the old foundation. The false fabric falls, the firm foundation stands. He tears down a church. In its place, he builds a cathedral. He destroys that he may the better create. He shatters the ideals of the past that the world may the better view the fair landscape of the truth of the now and of the time yet to be. Where his sword swings, no truth should cringe. Its edge seeks only the false. Such is the impression made by a perusal of the first pages of the book, an impression which remains to the end.

The first opinion to note after a careful reading of the whole work is its strength. The next is the wide and deep learning it displays of theologic discussion and in comparative religion. The next, perhaps, in order, is the tone of honesty, of fairness and of moderation everywhere apparent, even when the horrors of Calvinistic, protestant theology receives his burning lash of scorn and condemnation. And finally, the most impressive of all, is the beauty of the expression, poetry and music of the diction, which fills the sound to the sense like a musical dream and brings out, as clear as sunlight, the precise shading of each thought.

And yet we should scarcely be a just critic if we did not admit that there is an occasional fly in the amber. The use of "obfuscate" and "squelch," and "study into," and "orthodox indoctrinated student," seems to indicate (what cannot possibly be true) that the book was hurriedly written. One inexcusable mistake in quoting Shakespeare occurs. It is inexcusable because the result of mere carelessness or negligence in verifying his quotations. An author owes his readers a greater degree of care than his misquotation shows. On page 377 he quotes Richard III. as follows:

"Shine out fair sun and be my glass That I may see my shadow pass."

It should be

"Shine out, fair, sun, till I have bought a glass That I may see my shadow as I pass."

But these are trifles, after all. Against them weigh such gems as these, which sparkle like clean-cut diamonds. "Thought is the energy of mind. Thought is positive force. God thought and his words were Creation. Christ thought and his words were cleansing." "Demolish the conception of a blood-sacrifice as a legal necessity in God's government and you at once shatter the gates of a revengeful hell and raze the walls of a selfish heaven." "Would have saved the world countless battlefields where human blood was recklessly shed to maintain a sylph-like fantasy." "The hour the fetter whirled heard in the wall of the wind the groan of his God." "The Buddhist corpse, whose ghost still prowls about the mosques and caves of Asia."

Alliteration in prose is often said to be bad form. But to him whose ear delights in music, is not strength gained by its judicious and skillful use? Witness the following, "The crumbling creeds of Christendom." "The creeds have been the cradles of a corrupt and political clergy." "Religions run rapidly from purity and freedom to policy and pletism." ". . . in rapid succession follow colleges, courts and councils; politics and polemics; creedism and cruelty; dogma and damnation." This for the "trappings and suits" of the argument. The argument itself is too full of meat to permit its condensation.

But briefly the author claims and shows that the body of belief known for centuries as Christianity is but the Hebrew expression of ethical doctrines as old as humanity, clothed in a garment of religious formality, all of the rites of which are equally old in their prototypes. The truths are old and may today be traced in almost every religion now known. The forms are old and can be shown to have been adopted by the earlier churchmen from so-called pagan sources. In fact Christianity is but another illustration of the old adage "There is nothing new under the sun."

The idea of a Trine God is old. The doctrine of the atonement is derived, through the Egyptian idea of blood sacrifice, from nations still further back in the dusk of antiquity. Almost every religion has its hero, corresponding to our Jesus, who was born of a Virgin.

Easter is derived from an old agricultural festival, celebrating the return of spring. The Lord's supper is a direct descendant of the Bacchanalian orgies. The impossibility of the direct inspiration of the Bible is clearly demonstrated. The changes in the character of the Christ, as depicted by the Church through the centuries is interestingly dwelt upon. Presbyterianism with its detestable creed of horrors is riddled with logic and the most caustic sarcasm. "I challenge the students of the world's religions to discover a heathen God as reprehensible, repugnant and atrocious as the God of the Presbyterian creed." (p. 320.)

The simple, pure religion of Jesus of Nazareth would in its modern outgrowth, scarcely be recognized by Him were He to return to earth today. The Avatar of Love whose teachings were directed to the uplifting of character in the soul of man, has become the Head of a prelatical Hierarchy with a body of doctrine attributed to Him by his followers, which had no ground or reason in anything he ever taught. Paul started this theological discussion which continued through the centuries with fine spun theorizings of the mediaeval schoolmen and the political contests of the "fathers" of the Church and of the councils, where theological questions were often decided after the manner of argument in vogue nowadays at the Donnybrook fair.

Like that of all religions, Christianity had its beginning, its growth, its culmination and now its influence and power is declining. Creeds and dogmas, established by a polemical clergy, have so changed its simple teachings that the human heart wearied in its search for the truth among the labyrinthine teachings of contending "isms" and "doxies," is now turning away from the empty forms and meaningless rituals to satisfy its religious thirst at other fountains.

And what remains? (1) The Bible. Of this let Mr. Frank speak. He says (p. 92), ". . . when we recall that this Bible has been the inspiration and solace of many of earth's noblest souls, who accorded it no mechanical inspiration nor worshiped it as an idol, but loved and lauded it, adored and obeyed it, because of its intrinsic value, its lofty sentiment, its ennobling impulses and its divine beauty—then we will realize that Truth is ever her self-sufficient expositor; and that if the Bible is influential and world-wide in its power, it is not because it is infallible and mechanically inspired, but because it is replete with truth and permeated with divine and hallowed love."

(2) Jesus. Again let the author speak. "Destroy the Jesus of history—you cannot destroy the Jesus of experience! Obliterate the fact—you cannot obliterate the ideal! Jesus the man may be forgotten in ages yet to be. The Gospels may be unknown to the Martians who ages hence may visit this planet, but Jesus, the moral fact, can never be forgotten."

(3) And God. God—expressed in the power which builds the worlds of space and sustains and guides them in their rhythmic motions by invisible chains as secure as adamant. God, who is both father and mother of us all, universally incarnated in the race at large as well as in each individual soul. God, whose power is love; who dwells with and in us; a God of our defeats as well as our successes; a God who lives with man in every act and thought, in every hope and aspiration, in every failure and disappointment.

(4) And two, and only two, guides or laws of life.

First, Know thyself.

Second, Trust thyself.

"Know thyself." As God dwells within the soul of each of us, this law ordains that we should know God and keep His commandments.

"Trust thyself. Is this aught else than 'Have faith in God?'"

If we were all poets, this doctrine might supplant the religious unbelief of the day. One cannot but ask, "Are we all poets?" —Mime Inness.

Those who cough at night may secure rest by taking Piso's Cure for Consumption.

Present Good.

William Brewster.

It seemed as if in dream I was taken to a beautiful hall, and shown many treasures that once belonged to the great of the earth. There was a harp that had once made sweet music for the singer of Israel; there was the sword of Goliath of Gath; there was the crown Saul had received when he was crowned, and stood so high above his brethren; there was the signet-ring of Solomon with its magic virtues and many other won-

dertful things that I saw, and marveled how they had been preserved so long, and I felt as though I were in dream, and knew that they were shown only to admire, and I had the power to recall things that gathered about them, the kingdom of power and its pomp; and then I said: "But they are vanished, they exist no more, and this is but some trick of the imagination in the house of memory. It avails nothing. The splendor of the old days is gone!" and I awoke.

Truly, said I, it is great to dream of great things, for the poetry of the past is like sunshine to the present, but after all, for the day to dream of Persian gardens is not so good as to feel the moist soil in which it strikes its roots, and to have the grasses waving at its side and the dew in its heart while the morning sun is stealing across the heavens. Let us prize the beauty we have.

Messages from the Spirit World.

There are many persons who, not having investigated the phenomena of Spiritualism, do not know how messages are obtained from departed spirits. They come in different ways, from the rocking of a table when the hands are placed upon it, to speaking through a medium when he or she is entranced. Sometimes a medium will see terrible scenes clairvoyantly, and even feel the pains in his body that the departed suffered when leaving the body. Here is an instance recorded in the life of Charles Foster, a medium of surprising gifts, who years ago passed into the spirit world himself.

On one occasion he was waited upon by two young men who were anxious to learn something of friends "who had gone before." Foster gave some remarkable proofs to both and then all of a sudden he sprang to his feet with an expression of terror and consternation upon his face. Addressing one of the young men he cried out: "Why did you come here? Why did you come here to torture me with such a sight? Oh, God! It's horrible! It's horrible!" And he clasped his two hands before his face, shuddering as if to shut out the vision which dismayed him.

"It is your father I see!" cried Foster in the same wailing tone of anguish and repulsion. "He died fearfully! He died fearfully! He was on a horse—with cattle. He was alone. It is the prairies. Alone! The horse fell! He was under it! His thigh was broken—horribly broken! The horse ran away and left him! He lay there stunned! Then he came to his senses! Oh! his thigh was dreadful, dreadful! Such agony! My God! Such agony!"

His visitors were astounded, and one of them broke into weeping.

"He was four days dying—four days dying—of starvation and thirst," Foster went on, as if deciphering some terrible hieroglyphics written in the air. "His thigh swelled to the size of his body. Clouds of flies settled on him—flies and vermin—and he chewed his own arm and drank his own blood. He died mad. And, my God! he crawled three miles in those four days! Man! man! that's how your father died!"

The younger man was now sobbing as if his heart would break. His friend having recovered his self-possession said: "It's true. His father was a stock-raiser in Texas, and after he had been missing from his drove for over a week they found him dead and swollen, with his leg broken. They tracked him a good distance from where he must have fallen. But nobody ever heard till now how he died."—The Message of Life, Levin, New Zealand.

"Souls are no longer no better than the sum total of the faculties of which they are composed."

Blessed are they who ask no sign, And, never having seen, believe.
—Sir Lewis Morris.

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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 if 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 venting 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, Read. of Dept. of Sociology and Director of Affiliated Work of the University of Chicago.

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

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 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.

Demonism.

Obsession.

Evil spirits.

A new and startling work upon the above topics has just appeared.

The author is that doughty champion of our cause Dr. J. M. Peebles, and next week we will present a review of the work.

It is like all the learned Doctor writes, critical, incisive, and full of valuable information collected from varied sources, ancient and modern. The Doctor is an intellectual wonder! More alert and vigorous than many a man less than half his years.

We often think that much depends upon the interpretation attached to the trinity of terms heading these Brevities as to what significance is to be attached to them, theological, occult, mystical or rational? The baleful light of mediaeval mysticism, oriental supernaturalism, and religious superstitions are still associated with them, and too often, as a result, we lose sight of the fact that what is actually involved is the evil-perverted-actions and undisciplined dispositions of men in the body as well as out of it.

The ranks of our Cause have had in them many splendid workers, men and women, in the past and many are to be found therein today. Sometimes it is asked where are the new workers to come from? Perhaps if we exercised a closer examination we should discover many who are endowed with all the capabilities required in those who undertake the work of the advocacy for our principles. The hour brings forth the man, and also the woman! It is therefore with unalloyed satisfaction and pleasure that we are enabled to announce the advent of another laborer in the vineyard, a lady, who brings a ripened judgment, a beautiful spirit, a rounded character, and a self centered poise which will admirably sustain her at all times. Such workers are invaluable and we are assured she will be warmly welcomed and liberally sustained. This is not a case where the "prophet is not without honor save in his own country," for the good sister to whom we refer has recently been elected to the vice-presidency of her city's Spiritualist Association, while her poetical works are well known to our readers. We cordially commend our friends to New England Spiritualists and the Cause in general, and bespeak for Mrs. Annie

Knowlton Hinman, a fraternal and ready recognition of her many excellent qualities as a woman, and splendid abilities as a worker for many days in our Cause in Worcester in this state.

The August issue of Reason, edited by B. F. Austin, B. A., and issued by the Austin Publishing Co., of Rochester, N. Y., is an excellent number and will well repay careful reading. The little magazine can be procured at the office of the "Banner," or you can write to the publishers, as stated in their advertisement appearing elsewhere in this issue.

The August Arena is one of the very best issues we have seen for a long time. The excellent mechanical and typographical get up afford fitting embellishment to the varied and valuable literary contents presented to the reader. We strongly advise all who have not secured a copy of this number to hasten to do so before the edition is sold out.

The following items will interest a wide circle of our readers, though it is to be regretted that the Baltimore papers say nothing about our departed brother being a Spiritualist, but emphasize the facts that his remains were duly interred under the rites of the Catholic Church, and that he was a member of the Immaculate Conception Catholic Church, and that Rev. Thomas O'Donoghue, the pastor, conducted the funeral. The following is sent to us by Mr. Chas. A. Zipp, of Baltimore, Md., under date of August 4th, 1904. "Mr. H. Fred. Gauss was a frequent visitor at Mr. de Gournay's home. The latter stated to him that before his impending death he desired to make a statement concerning his belief. On a later visit of Mr. Gauss and close to approaching death, Mr. de Gournay said quite unsolicited: 'Brother Gauss, I haven't given you the statement I spoke to you of. I shall now make it;—hand me now pencil and paper, so that the world may know that I die as a Spiritualist.' Herewith find appended the death bed statement. 'Feeling my end approaching, but in the full enjoyment of my faculties, I wish to declare, all statements to the contrary, that may be made, that I die as a Spiritualist—no, not die, but pass into a brighter and more glorious life, to immortality where I shall meet my loved ones and all the great minds that have worked for the good of mankind. Paul F. de Gournay. "Baltimore, July 23d, 1904."

The following item is clipped from The Daily News, London, England, and will interest some reader no doubt, "Railway Race to Manchester. Quickening the Pace. The Midland Railway Company will shortly announce their intention of attacking the present times between Manchester and London. At present the quickest run is by the London and North-Western line. Some of their trains cover the distance—188 miles—in three hours and a half. The Midland Company's shortest time at present for a journey of 190 miles is three hours and fifty minutes. They will try to reduce this by fifteen minutes. To secure this end the trains will have to travel nearly a mile and a quarter a minute, exclusive of stops."

The editor spent a very pleasant day at "Onset on Sunday last. In the morning he was greeted with the largest a. m. audience of the season, and the genial and fraternal introduction by Dr. Fuller at once put audience and speaker in rapport. J. B. Hatch was as busy as the proverbial bee in the interests of this paper and the publications connected with it, while Miss Margaret Gaule literally astounded her audience in the Arcade at night. Mr. Foss delivered a racy address in the afternoon and Dr. C. E. Watkins, the medium for slate writing, held several most successful informal sittings. The day was an ideal one, and the many greetings and good wishes expressed to the editor, and for the good old "Banner," helped to fill up and round out a day which will be long remembered for its many pleasing incidents. Our hostess, good sister Harris, has our thanks for her kindly care.

An Audacious Request.

A letter has reached this office addressed to the editor of the "Banner," in which the writer prefers what can only mildly be described as an audacious and impudent request. It gratuitously assumes that every physical medium is a fraud, and all phenomena are produced by fake methods, of which the writer wishes to be informed, so that another string to the dollars may be affixed, and the public swindled out of their cash and be deluded to believe that fake phenomena are evidences that spirits communicate with us.

We hold the letter as one of the evidences that there are people who have so small an estimate of moral character that they would trade upon the most sacred feelings of their fellows, and who also have so little knowledge of what Spiritualism is that they viciously imagine that it is as devoid of reality as they are of conscience. That there may be no mistake about the matter, we print the communication exactly as it lies before us:

"Benton Harbor, Mich.
"Aug. 2n (1904)
"175 Eighth Street,
"To the editor of the Banner of Light;
"Boston, Mass.

"Dear Sir I am a stranger to you, but take liberty of writing to you for information can you or any of your readers tell me where and how I can get the materials to Produce the Little Pictures taken from the Palm of the Hand they are called Spirit Pictures. I am a Palmist and Card reader (Clairvoyant), and would like very much to learn how to Produce the Little Spirit Pictures any information you can give me I will be grateful to you for Please address Mrs. Georgia Howard 172 Columbus Avenue Benton Harbor Michigan."

We do not know "Mrs. Georgia Howard," have never heard of her before this time, and we can only conclude that, if her palmistry, card reading and clairvoyance are based upon the sort of foundation that the only rational interpretation of her request appears to rest

upon, her clients must be plentifully befooled.

Not for the benefit of experienced Spiritualists, who are wary and wise enough to take care of themselves, but for the newcomers in our ranks who, filled with the enthusiasm of the convert and ready to accept nearly all things as true, let it once more be insisted upon that spirits have the ability to produce various forms of phenomenal evidences of their presence in our midst, tangible phenomena we mean, the moving of objects, the production of "lights," the carrying of articles and persons from one place to another, the materialization of forms, writing and drawing, and painting on slates, cards, paper and in books, and all under strict scientific test conditions which positively excludes fraudulent manipulation on the part of either medium or confederates. Literally overwhelming testimony establishing the above statements has been accumulated all over the world during the past fifty-six years, the said testimony resting not only upon the investigations of such men as Crookes, Wallace, Varley, Howitt, Massey, Edmonds, Sargent, Savage and very many other men eminent in art, science and literature, but upon the experiences of thousands of Spiritualists in every civilized country of the world.

Our unesteemed correspondent must be either a very wicked-minded person determined to prey upon confiding patrons, or a very ignorant person who, not knowing that there is a real basis upon which the facts of spiritual phenomena rest, assumes they are all mere tricks, and that mediumship is a mere trade, so she is desirous of adding a new trick to her stock to enable her to rake in a few more shillings. We are less led to treat her delicately because of the seemingly obvious attempt to confound her true location by addressing her letter from one place and requesting the reply be sent to another. We will be generous, however, and send her a copy of this issue to each of the addresses.

In justice to all honest mediums we felt no other course was open to us than to print and publish this audacious request and by so doing show the world at large that Spiritualism is in no wise countenanced such trickery as the application involves, that Spiritualists give no recognition to such people, and that the "Banner," whenever it has actual facts to stand upon, will never shrink from exposing all attempts by unscrupulous pretenders to mediumship to bring our phenomenal facts into disrepute, or our beautiful gospel to shame.

Body, Soul and Spirit.

A correspondent, residing at Ottumwa, Iowa, who has been a reader of the "Banner" for many years, writes to us, and in his favor he propounds certain queries which he says it would please him if we answered. Briefly put, his queries can be stated in this form: "What is the difference between soul and spirit?" He adds "they must be different existences or there would be but one word to express both. We often hear of lost souls but not often of lost spirits," and adds that "a lost soul could be of no possible use to anyone but its owner!" It is not unlikely that a similar difficulty has engaged the attention of all who have ever given any thought to the question raised by our querist, while we doubt if the average man or woman ever stops to ask how the difficulty was created.

To confine the reply we intend to make within reasonable limits, let it be pointed out that the world of Christendom is still largely dependent upon theological concepts regarding man's nature and falls back upon them when discussing the considerations involved in the matter. Unfortunately those concepts are not always clear in character, nor are those who accept them as correct always capable of analyzing them fully. Roughly speaking the theological concept we have inherited is that man is divisible into only two portions—body (mortal), and soul (immortal). And what has still further tended to confusion is the fact that the term "spirit" has been too often used as an alternative description of what on other occasions is spoken of as the soul.

The term "a lost soul" is simple enough in its meaning when we recollect that it refers to a person who has theologically "lost" the chance of happiness after death, the loss further involving the loss of the favor of God forever. Which is different from supposing that I lose my soul as I might lose my hair, or eyes or teeth. The term, then, is a figure of speech to convey an idea based upon a supposed fact.

Until the philosophy of existence which Spiritualism presents to the world was formulated, there was very little clear thinking among ordinary people as to the true nature of man. The words "body" and "soul" summed it all, and death was the separation between those two. The origin of the one was accounted for on grounds equally as simple as the other. In the first case "God made man out of the dust of the ground," and in the second case God "breathed into his nostrils the breath of life whereby man became a living soul." It is worthy of note that there is nothing said about man being made an immortal soul, for it is "the breath of life" that was "breathed into" him, and the word soul will just as readily as not bear the colloquial interpretation of when we say of such an one "he has a dear soul," or "a mean soul," or "a loving soul," and so on.

The philosophy of Spiritualism teaches that man is tripartite and not merely dualistic. That body, soul and spirit are the trinity in unity of our present existence, and that "death" is the separation of the bodily co-partner from the other two of the present triad. In other words that the innermost is the persisting Me, the intermediate (in this state) is what is called the soul/body or next personality, and the outermost is the natural body or material organization.

The next question is as to the nature of these three parts of our being? We are familiar with the physiological genesis of our material forms, and the suggestion of our

philosophy assist us to grasp in part the cause of our soul/body, but who has solved the mystery of that inner something which I call Me, and which appears to be self-conscious of its consciousness? Grant that it is the Divine made individual in ourselves, was it previously segregated from the universal divinity, or does that universal divinity successively mount the scale of organizing being until the protoplasmic stage is reached on the one hand, and the corresponding stage is reached by the animal and ultimately the human kingdom on the other hand, and at last by a commingling of elements that point of gelatin is deposited which ultimately becomes a Man!

If, then, we speak of the inmost of us as the individualization of the divine spirit, we realize our divine nature to be a fact, as the spiritual philosophy teaches. The expression of ourselves will be affected by many contingencies, and when such are unfavorable, to the detriment of our mastery of our conditions, while, when favorable we can rise to still greater command of our possibilities. We are awakening Gods, and as we come into consciousness so do we manifest more and more of our nature as divine existences.

The "soul" as our next body is the connecting link between the present and the future life. It provides the mechanism by which our personality and consciousness are carried forward without a break in aught essential to our continued career. The normal state of man in the other life appears to be the same as in this life, dualistic, but we now know that really we are triune beings here, and may it be that also over there the triunity is again a fact? We may be evolving other and still more wonderfully organized "soul" bodies there to enable us to move up to loftier regions still, and the evolutionary processes may continue beyond all our powers of the calculations of time as we now understand that idea.

Body, soul and spirit—form, function and functioner. Man, Nature and God. God made manifest in man, and man making manifest God. No "lost" souls actually or hypothetically. Imperfect expression due to discordant environments, but in the great plan even the discordant has its related place and maybe is after all a temporary aberration and not a permanent deviation from the ultimate making manifest of the central idea of this brief exposition, viz., that in man God and the Universes are duplicated in miniature.

J. J. Morse at Lake Pleasant, Mass.

On Sunday next, August 14th, Mr. J. J. Morse, the editor of the "Banner of Light," will be the morning speaker at the Lake Pleasant Campmeeting. As it is now over sixteen years since he last spoke at the above notable annual convocation the old frequenters will doubtless accord him a cordial greeting, and the new visitors will be pleased to hear a speaker of such wide reputation, and acknowledged ability, as a trance lecturer.

V. S. U. at Onset.

The Veteran Spiritualists' Union held a special meeting on Saturday afternoon last, August 6th, at the Onset Bay Grove Campmeeting. The meeting was in the interests of the Waverley Home. A large audience was in attendance, and the proceedings were interesting. A substantial collection was taken up on behalf of the home. The report of the proceedings has not reached us in time for this issue, but we hope to present it next week.

Announcements.

Commercial Hall, 694 Washington Street.—Spiritualist meetings conducted by Mrs. M. Adeline Wilkinson, pastor, every Sunday. First Spiritual Church of Boston, Inc., Rev. Clara E. Strong, pastor, America Hall, 724 Washington Street, up two flights. Morning circle, 11 a. m. Afternoon service at 3 p. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. All mediums invited. Special music every Sunday.—A. M. Strong, clerk.

Malden Progressive Spiritual Society.—We hold meetings in our hall every Sunday at 1:30. Children's Lyceum. Come and bring the children. 3:30 p. m., circle for healing, developing and readings. At 7:30 p. m., inspirational speaking and messages. The best of talent always present. Sunday, Aug. 14th, we shall have with us "Cyrus the Persian," "Golden Hair," "Morning Dew," "Prairie Flower," "Dinah," Indian control, "Big Dog," and others to demonstrate that life is continuous. Song service precedes each session. Monthly supper Friday, Aug. 26th, from 6 to 7:30 p. m.—C. L. Redding, cor. sec.

ONLY A SUGGESTION.

Lee Fay.

As you travel down life's pathway
Cast the rocks aside;
Pluck the thorns from out the highway
And the brambles from the byway,
Aiding those who're in the wrong way.
Make this rule your guide.

Thus you smooth the way for others
Who must follow you;
And you make their trials fewer
And life easier to endure,
And the world will grow more pure
For the deeds you do.

Kindness does not cost you dearly,
Do not hoard it all;
Spread it all around about you,
Give no cause for man to doubt you,
Heed not evil minds who flout you,
Lift up those who fall.

And you make of life a blessing,
Cheering all you greet;
You will be of use to others,
Man to man as friends and brothers;
Not with enmity that smothers,
Blest by all you meet.

—Young People's Weekly.

"Delusion and error perish under the slow and silent operation of changes to which they are unable to adapt themselves. The atmosphere is altered; the organism can neither respond nor resist; therefore it dies. Thus, save where lurks the ignorance which is its breath of life, has wholly perished belief in witchcraft."

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Extension of Time!

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Campmeeting News.

Parkland Heights, Pa.

The delightful weather, with its cool, refreshing breeze, rendered our opening Sunday an ideal day. The auditorium was greatly decorated with bunting and bright fragrant flowers, while a number of "Old Glory" triumphantly waved their colors from the roof, proclaiming "Freedom to all." Fine singing was furnished by the following talent: Mrs. George W. Kates, Mrs. H. M. Shope, Mrs. H. M. Shope and Mr. L. C. Smith. Mrs. Shope officiated at the organ.

A goodly number of people were in attendance when the morning services opened with singing, in which many joined. This was followed by an invocation by George W. Kates, of Thornton, Pa. In a few earnest words, Richard F. Adams of Philadelphia, president of our association gave the address of "welcome to our camp." After more music and singing, he introduced Miss Elizabeth M. Fish of Parkland, secretary of the association, who voiced an original poem entitled "Opening Day." Captain Francis J. Keffer, president of the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia, was next introduced, and in a manner which appealed to the hearts of all, addressed the audience. Thomas M. Locke, president of the Philadelphia Society of Spiritualists, was the next speaker to scatter broadcast from his wealth of Spiritual thought.

On being asked by President Adams to dedicate our camp grounds, Mrs. George W. Kates responded in a beautiful, inspiring manner that won the hearts of all present.

At 3 p. m. quite a large audience had gathered. Services being opened with music and singing, an invocation was given by Mrs. G. W. Kates, followed with more music by the quartet, when the address of the afternoon was delivered by George W. Kates, who in a calm voice—as one quite sure of his ground—gave utterance to many truths in a manner which held the close attention of the audience. Among other good things he said: "Our Cause is the cause of humanity." "Spiritualism is the philosophy of spirituality." "This gospel is to help you save yourselves;" and "we need a savior that will give us faith in ourselves."

Mrs. Kates gave many spirit delineations, which were all duly acknowledged to be true. Mrs. Minnie Brown, of Philadelphia, also added to the day's entertainment and instruction by giving spirit communications.

The good work done that day by Mr. & Mrs. George W. Kates was much appreciated by those present.

On the whole, we are proud of our opening day! The high spiritual thought which permeated both services was inspiring; and we feel that it augurs well for the success of our project.—Elizabeth M. Fish, sec.

[The editor regrets this report was accidentally mislaid.]

Temple Heights.

Northport, Me.—Dr. and Mrs. J. T. Coombs, Ralph Gray, Miss Emma F. Smith and Mr. Louis Ogden of Boston, Mass., are among the guests who are registered at the Pleasant View cottage.

On Sunday, Aug. 7, the visitors at Temple Heights made a trip to Verona on the staunch steamer Golden Rod, to attend the opening day of the annual campmeeting at that place. The lecturer was Mrs. Katie Ham of Boston, and it is expected that the meetings during the month of August at both camps will be largely attended.

Mrs. N. H. Rhoades, of Rockland, has opened her cottage on the grounds for the summer season. She will entertain friends later in the season. The cottage is a very cozy one.

Indications for a very large attendance at campmeeting are good, and it is expected that they will prove very profitable.—Orin J. Dickey.

Clinton, Iowa.

Mount Pleasant Park.—The past week has marked the opening, for the 22d time, of the Annual Campmeeting of the Mississippi Valley Spiritualists' Association at Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa. For twenty-two years the officers and members of this Association labored to make Mt. Pleasant Park the scene of a yearly spiritual feast, surpassed by none.

During the last year many improvements have been carried forward and the Park lawns and driveways have been put in good condition for the season. Many cozy cottages have been erected, and a fine pavilion, auditorium, and hotel have arisen at fitting points during the last twenty years until today the visitor at Mt. Pleasant Park finds himself surrounded, in the heart of Nature, by all modern conveniences and improvements.

In addition to natural advantages, Mt. Pleasant Park possesses an absolutely free platform, filled only by the very best talent obtainable. To convince your readers of this I have only to mention the names of such workers as Mrs. Anna L. Gillespie, Mrs. J. A. Murtha, Dr. George B. Warner, Willard J. Hull, Miss Elizabeth Harlow, who, with others, will entertain Mt. Pleasant visitors with the best exposition of the truths of Modern Spiritualism that is possible upon any platform.

Since the Flag-Raising at 9:00 a. m., Sunday, July 31, the Camp has been taken by storm by the masterly logic and convincing eloquence of Mrs. Anna L. Gillespie, whose engagement, much to the regret of all, terminated Wednesday afternoon.

Words can but poorly convey the impression which this speaker has made upon our visitors. Many of the "Banner" readers are undoubtedly already familiar with her work. The sparkling brilliancy of her wit, the clear-cut, incisive logic of her arguments, and her remarkable faculty for teaching and drilling the children cannot be too highly commended.

Another most estimable worker who has served in the Camp during the past week is Mrs. J. A. Murtha.

The past week has been an enjoyable one in more ways than one, at Clinton Camp. Not only have the visitors been delighted with the platform work, but the first camp-dance, given Tuesday night and the first entertainment, given Thursday night, proved a source of fun and enjoyment to young and old.

In conclusion, as a visitor at the Park, let me say that a more enjoyable spot to spend a vacation or an outing cannot be located. The Park is within a mile of the grand old Mississippi, where boating and fishing abound. The city of Clinton is as pretty a town as could be found in the state, and easily reached from all points. The Western Passenger Association has granted a rate of a fare and a third for the round trip from all points in Minnesota, Iowa, Illinois, Missouri, Wisconsin, and the Northern Peninsula of Michigan, making it possible for all to attend.—Eugene R. Cooper.

Upper Swampscott, Mass.

Camp Progress, Mowland Park.—Upward of a thousand people were at the grove Sunday and fine conditions prevailed. The meetings opened by the president, B. H. Blaney, of Marblehead, followed by a praise service led by Prof. Holden which was very much

enjoyed. Remarks were made by Mrs. H. A. Baker, Mrs. G. Taylor, J. Newhall, Mrs. S. Dix delivered a fine address. Mrs. Abbie N. Burnham also gave some fine remarks. There were solos, duets, and trios by Prof. Holden, Mrs. Merrill, Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Page. Circles were held at the close of the services, and it was quite dark when many left the grove.—Mrs. H. S. Gardiner, sec.

Unity Camp, Saugus, Mass.

Since the last report Rev. May S. Pepper and Mrs. Kate M. Ham have been with us and both did most excellent work for the Cause, each in their own particular way. One of the largest audiences that ever visited the grove was present on July 24th, when Mrs. Pepper, although just recovering from the effects of a severe operation upon her eye, created great enthusiasm by the remarkable accuracy of the many messages given. A cordial reception was also given Mrs. Ham (who is a favorite with Lynn people) on July 21st. Others assisting were Mrs. Scarlett, Mrs. Browne, Mr. Ham, Mr. Shedd and Mr. and Mrs. Smith. Musical selections were rendered by Mrs. Minnie Parker, of Boston, and by the Unity Quartet. Interest in these meetings steadily increases, visitors being present every Sunday from all parts of New England. The exercises are in charge of President Caird and Vice President Merchant. A variety of refreshments can be procured at the restaurant. The bazaar recently held under the auspices of the society was very successful, over two hundred dollars being added to the building fund. Sunday, Aug. 14th, Mrs. Ida Whitlock will be present, and on August 21st Miss Annie Foley of Haverhill. A test case is held every Wednesday afternoon in the grove, conducted by Mrs. Dr. Caird. Admission to all meetings free.—Secretary.

Lake Sunapee, Camp.

Hodgett's Landing, N. H.—This camp opened July 31, 1904, and the weather was all one could ask for. The meeting was called to order by Mr. John Gage, our president. The singing by the choir and the music were well received. Mrs. Sadie L. Hand, who has been with us the whole of the week and has worked hard by speaking and holding seances, is to remain on the camp ground all through the month to give private sittings to all who will call on her at the Forest House. The second day of the camp opened up with the wind in the west and we had a very nice day. Mr. John Gage, our president, called the meeting to order. The first was music by the choir and then Mrs. Sadie L. Hand spoke for about one hour and was liked by everyone. At 1 o'clock a seance in the hall by Edgar W. Emerson and the tests were all recognized. At 2:15, lecture by Mr. Edgar W. Emerson, who delivered one of his best discourses. He was well liked, so this ends the work today.—Lorenzo Worthen, sec.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.

If smiling faces everywhere, especially among the officers, and joyful voices, are any signs of prosperity, this camp is certainly to be congratulated this year.

Last year, when a good friend voluntarily came forward and donated five hundred dollars, we felt grateful to her and resolved that we would endeavor, more than ever, to make the old camp prominent in the work, and the past week has intensified the feeling. Two true Spiritualists, husband and wife, without solicitation, but appreciative of the efforts of the present management here, generously donated the sum of one thousand and five dollars toward decreasing the indebtedness of the association. No wonder we smile and feel assured that the future of Lake Pleasant is to be grander than even its past. All hail to such Spiritualists!

During last week Brother George W. Kates and his talented wife occupied the platform, and both made a host of friends and scores of admirers.

Mr. Kates' lectures were eloquent and scholarly, and Mrs. Kates' addresses were of a high order of inspiration, while her descriptive messages were clear, explicit and convincing. In fact the work of each was very satisfactory, and we hope to be able to secure them for next season.

Rev. Moses Hull occupied our platform on Friday afternoon, Aug. 5, and though we have thought in the past that there was no chance for improvement in the lectures delivered here by him, "Moses" certainly outdid himself on that day. Highly educated, spiritually inspired, and splendidly vocalized thoughts were given to us, and as the Israelites received from Moses of old, so we were uplifted and strengthened.

Mrs. Josephine Haslam is a new worker upon the Spiritualistic platform, but with a large audience in attendance last Sunday forenoon, and with the appropriate selections of the Schubert quartet to inspire, she gave an hour's address to deeply interested hearers, and her work was greatly appreciated. We prophesy success for her in her chosen field of labor.

Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, who lectured here Sunday afternoon, was as usual interesting and spiritually uplifting, and as one of her hearers said, "She is the same dear old Carrie to whom we have listened with so much enjoyment for many years."

We are anticipating large audiences for the services of F. A. Wiggins, who lectures here on the afternoons of August 11, 12 and 14.

Many are looking forward to hearing the talented editor of the "Banner," J. J. Morse, who will occupy our platform Sunday forenoon, Aug. 14.

The concerts and entertainments held this season have been very successful.

On Tuesday evening, the "Old Folks" visited the pavilion in numbers to test the capacity of the building to the utmost, and in costumes more grotesque and mirth-provoking than charming, but everyone had a good time. It was a sight for men and angels to see "Uncle Tom" Alexander's fancy steps of the manner of half a century ago in Money Musk, and "Ma" Waterhouse did herself proud in Lady Walpole's Reel, while John Slater was notably funny as the farmer boy with his best girl "from the country." And Manager Stratton wears a happy smile every time he thinks of the financial results of his "Old Folks' Dance."

Sunday evening, July 31, John Slater held a seance in the Temple, and if the age of miracles were not past we would deem his work that evening almost miraculous. Stranger after stranger received convincing evidence of the presence of invisible spirit friends, and our entire camp is enthusiastic in its appreciation of Mr. Slater's wonderful mediumship. Another of our mediums who is doing good work in private circles is Mrs. Kanyon, while Hattie C. Mason has a large following.

The concert which was given in the Temple on Friday evening under the management of Mrs. Frances Woodruff attracted a large audience, while repeated encores to each artist attested its appreciation. Miss Blanch Harman and Miss Frances Mensing did excellent work as reciters, and the singing of Miss Friedlander was especially good. Miss J. E. Harvey is invaluable as an accompanist. The Children's Lyceum, which meets every Wednesday forenoon, has an average attendance of seventy children, a large number of whom always participate in the musical

or literary exercises. The campers are greatly interested in our Lyceum and encourage it in every way. At the last session the treasurer's report showed that the Lyceum started in June with a balance of \$450. Since then it has received \$154.51, and expended in improvements on the grounds \$102.22, having now a balance of \$492.29 in the treasury. We are proud of our Lyceum and its officers.

Conferences are held every forenoon in the Temple, and a variety of subjects are discussed, much to the profit of the audience and to the enlightenment of those participating. Mrs. A. S. Waterhouse, Mrs. M. L. Sanger, Mrs. S. E. Hall, Mrs. H. C. Mason, R. F. Churchill, H. A. Budington, Dr. C. L. Willis and Mr. and Mrs. Kenyon are especially active in conference work.

The new cottage of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Randall, on First ave., was dedicated last Thursday night. At 8 o'clock about four hundred people assembled in front of the cottage and listened to addresses from President A. H. Dalley, Vice-presidents Waterhouse, Churchill and Sanger, and from Mrs. A. E. Fletcher, Rev. Moses Hull, H. S. Streeter, Mrs. Hattie C. Mason and others. Mr. George Cleveland sang several solos and Mr. and Mrs. Randall responded to the remarks of the various speakers very pleasantly.

Among the arrivals of the week were Frank L. Fletcher, Moses Hull, Mrs. Clara L. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. George Merwin and daughter, Rev. Mr. Melvin and family, Frank Bacon and sister, Mrs. Jane Floyd, Mrs. W. E. Clough, Emory W. Clark, Mrs. M. H. Fletcher, Miss Olive Reynolds, Mr. Simeon Carter and Mrs. Lucy Carter, Miss Alice Wilkins, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Osgood, Mrs. L. P. M. Smith, Miss M. M. Sheldon, Ansel Harrington and wife, Mrs. A. B. Bishop, David F. Sloan and Mrs. M. E. Whitman.

The Lake Pleasant Hotel, with landlord Philip Yeaton, is exceedingly popular, and is rapidly filling with guests. Brother Yeaton sets a table that pleases the most fastidious and the extensive improvements made by him this spring makes his hotel very attractive.—Albert P. Blinn, clerk, and special correspondent and agent for the "Banner of Light."

Lily Dale, N. Y.

City of Light Assembly.—On Saturday evening, July 30, the denizens of the City of Light flocked to the Lily Dale station, for the incoming train from Buffalo was to bring Mrs. R. S. Lillie, who was compelled by ill health to say goodbye to an innumerable host of friends seven years ago and seek a milder climate on the Pacific coast. The change accomplished much, and she has faithfully served the Progressive Society, the largest in San Francisco, and a smaller one in Oakland, for a succession of years. The people sitting under her ministrations affirm that she grows better and better every season. Cheers and shouts of glad welcome filled the air as she alighted from the train and was escorted to the grounds, suggesting the truth of the trite old saying that "absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Almost perfect weather has been vouchsafed for more than two weeks, and Sunday promised to be no exception "for overhead the day broke gloriously." From each direction the trains were heavily freighted, and besides the permanent newcomers, were the usual number of visitors for the day, who filled all the seats of the great auditorium to hear the speaker of the morning. Mrs. R. S. Lillie was introduced by the chairman, who made tender reference to the value of the fraternal words of sympathy and encouragement to go forward in his work, which she expressed to him seventeen years ago when he introduced her for the first time on the Lily Dale platform. Despite the traces of the aggravating gripe, which seized Mrs. Lillie as soon as she landed this side of the Rockies, her voice was clear and steady, and her tones as earnest and vigorous as of old. Though she said "I'll be an old woman before my feelings I should surely break down. So, as if we had parted but yesterday, I will simply say 'Good morning,' and take up the subject. 'What of the New Thought?' Far back in history the race has been in the upward trend, the upward march. Some advanced soul has always felt the touch of the white-winged messenger of truth, have entertained and cherished the thought when it brought persecution and even death. Bitter sarcasm and reproach were bestowed on those who dared to express their God-given thought, and growth and advancement came only when they stood up firmly against opposition. Go back to Luther and his contemporaries and see how brave they were to carry the dim torch they bore, yet so strong was their light it caused the multitude to close their eyes, and he was compelled to step outside of the Church to establish his new thought—the thought that lit the fires of Inquisition and plunged all Europe in human gore. Sometimes God has chosen weak instruments to voice the expression needed for progress. The child cradled in the manger brought the thought of salvation, redemption and the uplift of humankind, and with all the errors that have crept into the teachings of Jesus, they brought the light, compared with the darkness that had preceded him. Coming down to our own times, science, and the investigation of thoughtful minds 'crack at the foundation of old institutions, which led to infidelity and hopelessness. Something was needed to satisfy the demands of the soul, and to those who are sitting in darkness came the message through children, the message that said we live, a thought for which the world had been waiting centuries. Spirits identify themselves through individual idiosyncrasies, and it has undermined theology and taken hold of every form of faith. It has been the ax at the root of the tree of error, changed all beliefs in heaven and hell, and made it possible to grasp a new thought of life." She alluded to slavery which found its authority in the Church and the Bible, till the new thought came and said the black man had a soul. Arbitration, which must take the place of war, was a thought from the unseen world. Many Spiritualists attend the liberal churches, while multitudes are waiting outside for the stirring truths which Spiritualism brings.

In the afternoon, Mr. F. A. Wiggins, of Boston, opened the exercises with the reading of "Black Sheep," a poem by Carrie Twing, and an invocation. He selected his text from the Gospel of Matthew, "And behold also there came a leper." He said one of the greatest sermons ever given was the Sermon on the Mount. Only the "pure in heart" can understand the message and promise, "they shall see God." How unlike the message given to Moses so many years before, under the black clouds of the forest, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." If from the tablets

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of stone had come the message "Blessed" it would have fallen on listless ears. When the mind of humanity had grown broader it did not need "thou shalt not." Man, to appreciate blessings, must understand what the message means. Seed sown today would produce the same results as that which awakened mankind fifty-three years ago to the most glorious fact in the world, but it must be appropriated in the every-day life of humanity. We are seeking to materialize what is given us spiritually. It has been demonstrated on the spiritual platform that fakes and mountebanks draw the multitude, when the truths of Spiritualism do not interest them. People are sick because they do not understand the principles of Spiritualism, do not live on the mount where the disciples of purity are. The only place to seek for health is to look to the author of health. You ought to stand higher in the estimation of the world than any other people, but instead you are ostracized because your platform has been so broad it admitted every tramp that had an opinion to air, and you cannot close the doors too tight to keep out the lepers. Spiritualism has to do with spiritual matters, and not with mine and oil wells. Mediums are consulted to assist in finding material treasures, and have pandered to this low plane instead of consecrating their mission to the diviner purposes of life. A business that cannot be conducted in accordance with these higher principles is not a fit business to pursue. If you wish spiritual beauty you can have it, when you make the demand you will have the supply. The speaker followed the lecture with remarkable tests from ballots furnished by the audience.

Monday morning, Mr. George Burnham, of San Diego, a brother of President Pettengill, who has been a happy sojourner at the Leona for a couple of months, slipped away by carriage at an early hour without giving his friends a chance to say "Adios." Lawyer J. K. Wilson, of Bradford, Pa., author of "Death, Its Meaning and Results," is rusticating here for a few weeks. George DeGraffe, brother of Mrs. Parthenon, made a flying visit to Lily Dale. He is "the first man" that ever ran a construction or passenger train over this line of road. Mr. Tom Wilson, agent and newspaper showman, has been finding rest and recreation in the social and intellectual enjoyments that exist in such overflowing fullness. Mrs. Evelyn Barr, of Buffalo, has elegant apartments in the commodious Campbell cottage. She is accompanied by Mrs. Ellerbe, who comes from the Klondike, and has specimens and jewels rich and rare from that productive country. Mr. Woods, president of the Spiritualist Society, Washington, D. C., is the chum and soul-mate of J. Clegg Wright and attends all the lectures and classes.

Mr. Allen Campbell said goodbye to his lovely home and returned to business at Atlantic City on Monday, much to the regret of his many friends. Mr. T. B. Caldwell is the owner of the only automobile that flies in and out of the grounds. It is a pleasant sight and gives us a comfortable feeling of up-to-dateness. Dear Auntie Purple, who is "ninety years young," occupies a seat regularly every day in the front row of listeners at the lectures. Her immaculate white gown is in quiet keeping with her snowy locks and her bright eyes, kindled with new light, as she drinks in the thought that flows from the lips of inspired speakers, and the feeling creeps into the hearts of those around her, that age is beautiful when attended with so much mental vigor and sweetness of spirit. Eulogies for the exquisite music furnished by the Northwestern band, of Meadville, are often repeated and heartfelt. No one can listen to their soft, sweet melodious strains, or the stirring notes of martial airs, without feeling the quickening power of their magical inspirations. Eleanor Kirk, editor of Kirk's "Idea," with her daughter, Mary Ames Mapes, from Brooklyn, N. Y., are the guests of President Pettengill.

At the opening exercises on Tuesday afternoon, Miss Edna Grant rendered a beautiful solo and her sweet musical voice charmed all who listened. Mr. Wiggins conducted his talk without a text, save the general topic of Spiritualism. He related personal experiences, and contrasted the funerals of our faith with those where clergymen officiate when the departed are not professors of religion and yet have led good moral lives. He felt more admiration for the native beauty of the elm trees of New Hampshire than for the architectural grandeur of Trinity church in Boston, for the tree is an expression of the thought of deity.

W. J. Colville arrived on Tuesday morning and devoted nearly all the short week of his stay to lectures and classes at Library Hall. On Wednesday afternoon he was introduced to an enthusiastic audience at the auditorium as "Rev." Colville, the globe-trotter of the world." Mr. Colville referred to the title as having a denominational and exclusive significance, to which he objected, but if it could be used inclusively and applied to the grocer, the tailor and the baker, he would willingly appropriate it. He said "Spiritual ministry in the here and now, must extend into all departments of human life, and include every bird and flower. No one can measure infinite life, infinite means beyond all boundaries. Nothing can meet all the needs of humanity, for humanity is illimitable. But every contribution to truth is a help to somebody. The Spiritualistic work of today is symbolized by an immense department store, an emporium, where everything pertaining to human needs can be obtained. It is absurd to say the manager looks with more favor on one than another. When you wish tea and coffee you do not wish to be served with boots and shoes. So the varying spiritual moods and mental needs of humanity must be met in the same way, and everyone should be privileged to select what they need most in any department of phenomena or philosophy: no one department is more blessed than another. There is no hereafter, the spiritual world is here, spiritual beings are living in the here and now. The next state is no more ultimate than this.

Miss Susan B. Anthony has been invited to act as chairman on "Woman's Day," the 17th of August.—S. M. Kingsley.

(Continued on page 3.)

The Great Poughkeepsie Seer

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Our Home Circle.

EDITED BY
MINNIE RESERVE SOULE.

Parental Tyranny.

Annie Knowlton Heman.

Read by Mrs. C. Fannie Allen at the Lyceum Celebration, Onset, Mass., Aug., 1903.

Parents too often try to mold their child And kin to fit a pattern they themselves Do wear. Why thwart the plan of man or child Unless their purpose is on evil bent? From out the devious paths for the world's work Leave men the right to choose. Mayhap we were Not all conceived and bred to purpose good, But place before our kind a standard high, Then men will strive to rise to nobler aims— Force not the children, men in embryo, To bend to our intent because we love Ourselves and wish the self same deeds handed Down to posterity. The world looks on Alike, and pities children forced into Positions they soon learn to hate because So ill adapted to the places they Must fill. A parent's mandate is obeyed— No matter how tyrannical it seems— The children's minds often are fallow ground, Though our profession, chosen to our taste, We shall not force our child to take it up. Innate, the growing sense makes them turn back In deep disgust because they know their die Is cast in another mold. Power in Such hands, mingled with a contempt become—

A weapon dangerous while in the hands Of those who love the call to work, makes kings— Within the clergy's ranks are men empty Handed before a starving multitude Because not born to leadership, their way Have missed and made a failure sad of life— Conceited he who bends a child to his Own image that often is void of grace. Such are danger signals on life's highway!— The tyrant heel of parentage too oft Hath wrecked the nobler selfhood of our race— Righteous sway o'er the coming men shall merge Ideals high into realities.

A Link in Our Golden Chain.

FEAR FALTERS BUT LOVE LEADS UNERRINGLY.

The uncertain and unassured future of her baby has helped many a mother to bear the silence of death and as she wept over the little body to say and try to believe "at least he is better off."

Oh, brave young mother who can still her own sobs and still her own murmurs with the hope that the darling of her heart is safe from temptation and trial and want.

Surely if separation proved no greater service to us than to make us brave and strong and patient it would not serve in vain. But it does so much more than this. It leads to the open door of the "Heavenly Mansion."

In childhood we weep when the mother goes away and we cling to her skirts and follow as far as we can and even though we be entertained for a while with sweetmeats and stories our eyes are watching the windows and our ears catch the first sound of her returning footfall. And when she comes—then and only then are we comforted.

She wipes the tears from our eyes and with many a kiss tells us of all the wonderful things she has seen and whispers that "in her bag is something which she found for her little one." And then we question and quiz until in our imagination we can see the store and the clerk and the people all about and we begin to believe that we are a part of the great commercial world. True we have never been there but the mother has and that amounts to the same thing to our minds.

Later in our lives an auntie goes to Europe. It is a great event. We get out our geographies and find Paris on the map and then we read and question until we have a fairly good idea of the place and the people. Still it is not quite real to us and there are times when we feel that we have lost our loved auntie and we grow very lonely and long for a glimpse of her dear face.

One day a letter is put into our hands and in the writing we know so well we read of all the strange and beautiful places in that country beyond the sea. Perhaps the thing that surprises us most is that auntie tells us that the people look and seem like people whom we know only they speak a different language. We had expected them to be so different. We tell our little friends that the Parisians are just like other folks and they insist on knowing how we found out. Then in great triumph we produce our evidence. It may convince a few of our friends but the most of them hold in reserve an opinion that there is the possibility of a mistake in the transmitted knowledge. To us the evidence is indisputable, to our acquaintances it may seem doubtful.

The years roll on and we find joy and happiness in the close bonds of love and the union of another life with our own. A little child is born to us and its tiny fingers weave us all together in one garment which to break or rend would snap the life-current flowing through our veins. Day after day the unfolding life with its thousand and one dependencies on our own absorbs us and becomes more and more a part of us until the thought of a separate existence is impossible. In a moment an accident tears our darling from our arms. The little lifeless body is brought to us. All our entreaties fail to arouse the little sleeper. Our tears rain down on an inanimate creature. Our prayers avail nothing, nothing. The silence strangles and chokes us. In our misery we scream out to the comfortless comforters "Give me back my baby!" Through the long hours of the night we strain our eyes and gasp out our agony. "Where is my baby gone?" Ah, that is the question! A moment ago and she was with us; a little while since and she smiled into our faces. She must be somewhere and wherever that somewhere is we will follow. With a promise to ourselves that every path shall be followed and every avenue explored until we find the one by which she wandered we start out on our quest.

We ask the physician, as he tells us that we must not fret, where she is and with many a halt and stammer he says: "Don't think about that now, wait until you are stronger; go out into the sunshine as soon as you are able and try and think about something else." "Don't think about it," we murmur. "Why how can we think about anything else?" Then he does not know, if he did he would be more than cruel to keep the knowledge back at such a time. Well, he ought to know! With such rebellious thoughts as these we turn from the physician to the minister. "Where is my baby?" we ask with the ache in the heart that seems more than we can bear. "Your child is with God." The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. In His own good time you will understand this terrible affliction, until then try to be patient and brave. Brave words these to a mother crazed with grief. Such lack of knowledge about the other life sets

the grief-laden mothers of the world searching for the truth on their own responsibility, unless crushed by the burden or bound by fear they sit in the darkness and wait the coming of the light in "God's own time." So we turn to the great world outside theology and medicine and ask again "What shall I do, my baby is dead and I must know where she is else life has lost its joy and living is a hateful task?" "What shall you do, why go to a medium?" "A medium, what is that?" "I will tell you," and the bright faced woman relates her experiences. She tells us how she, too, was bowed with sorrow until she learned that her child was not far away from her but was able to communicate with her through a medium. Now life takes on new beauty. Just as the letter from the auntie in Paris had brought Paris to America and had made real the life and people of the faraway city, so the message from the baby brought the far off spirit-realm to the sad and broken homelife of us two who had loved her so. The distance from her life to ours was bridged with tender messages whispered softly at the close of day and by many a sign and token given through the busy hours. The people of that best country became as real as any friends of earth. From the ashes of our grief we rose to look at life with different eyes. Now we must tell the story to everybody.

The world would be so glad to hear the good news. We would go and tell the doctor who did not know. What a comfort it would be to him to be able to answer definitely the next weeping mother who asked him what had become of her baby.

We would go and tell the good old minister, who had been so anxious to help us, that we had discovered the goodness of God and that happiness had come to us through the discovery. But the doctor said with a wise shake of his head, "It may be true that spirits can return, but I would not fool much with the subject. It works havoc with the brain to let your mind dwell on such things." "We thought you would be glad to know that we had found a truth," we answered. "It is a question whether it is a truth?" he replied. We offered to take him to the source of knowledge but he pleaded lack of time and when pushed to the limit confessed a feeling of disgust for the whole matter. Surely if a mother's heart should break in the years to come when he might have acquired the knowledge which would bring her peace would not his ignorance be a criminal matter? Our effort with the dear old minister of the gospel was equally hopeless.

Then the path was plain. We would let the truth bubble up out of our lives and make no effort to convince any particular class of people. If the doctors want to know the truth of spirit-return the way is open, but if they do not think it worth their while to investigate they must never hope to hold all the people who can get no satisfaction at their hands in their narrow line of thought. If the ministers of the gospel want to know the truth of spirit communion they know how to go to work to make that knowledge their own, but if through fear or doubt they fail to possess themselves of one of the sweetest expressions of God's care for the children of men they cannot hope to hold their people in the darkness. The people, the great company of hungry, starving people are going to find the table where the feast is spread.

The Bogie Upstairs.

Sometimes at night my daddy Says, "Jack, boy, run upstairs, An' get th' book that's lying In one o' th' rocking chairs." He doesn't seem to 'member, Though I stop an' sort o' wait, There's a Bogie tries ter ketch me,— But he's alwuz jess' too late.

I tip-toe up th' stairway As quiet as can be, An' grab the book an' scamper A-jess' a-flyin'—Gee! An' dad says "Gracious, Jacky!" An' says 'tis childish prate When I tell him how th' Bogie Tried ter ketch me—jess' too late.

An' then they all start laughin', An' a-making fun as though They thought I was a fibbin' An' th' Bogie wasn't so; Fer they jess' don't seem ter reck'n— Dad don't at any rate— That th' Bogie might git quicker, Then he wouldn't be too late.

—Truman Roberts Andrews.

A Pilgrim Boy.

Mime Inness.
CHAPTER IV.
LAND AT LAST.

There is a Power, whose care Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,— The desert and illimitable air— Lone wandering, but not lost.

—Bryant.

Thus for three long, weary months the Pilgrims, men, women, boys and girls, confined within the narrow limits of their ship, through much foul weather and a little sunshine, were tossed and tortured. Three months is a long time for a boy. Three times the moon had waned and waxed again, since their long-lunging eyes had last rested on land. The food was poor, the water stale. Their fuel—wood—was getting low and the North American winter, a winter whose severities they had never known, was fast coming on; and no land yet.

However much the boys and girls wearied of this long imprisonment, the sturdy, determined men found no fault. They had serious minds. Their mission was a most serious one. Under the guise of a money-making venture, the Merchant Adventurer had given them money to come to America, and, if possible, a money-making venture they would make it for those whose financial aid had been invoked.

The real reason for their coming was to get by themselves in a new land with no neighbors to interfere with their religion, where they could rear their children without the contamination of foreign city ways.

So they were serious minded men and women who had embarked themselves and all their possessions in this undertaking. They had been driven to Holland from their English homes and knew what exile from home meant. It is not strange then that, though the way was long and tedious, there was no repining at their task and no spoken regrets for their cause. Each, if he had them, kept his homesick longings to himself.

But we can not imagine that boys, like the Brewsters, the Billingtons and the Whites, could be so stoical as their elders. They were sons of stern men, however, the holders of a serious and dreadful religion, to whose faces smiles were rare, and, brought up in the rigors of such a belief as their fathers professed, boys of that day were not quite like the boys now.

And yet, could boys be boys and forget the good times they had left? Few of the older young men remembered well the England of their boyhood. Most of the boys could recall little but their Dutch playmates in Leyden, although the Billingtons, whose home had been in London, had never seen the Dutch city. On the calm moonlight nights when their voyage was young, they gathered in a little knot on deck and talked of

what they had left and of what was to come. Little did they know of what was actually before them and little could they have learned in the old Dutch town of the real appearance of America. There were no newspapers, few books. Capt. John Smith had, a few years before, published a book containing a queer and most imperfect account of the Massachusetts shore and the hordes of "savages" (as they then called the Indians) which he had seen gathered upon the shores looking at the English ships. His book would scarcely have excited but little interest, since they started to go to the Hudson river and not to Plymouth. The buffeting of the ocean had, however, driven Capt. Jones off his course and it is probable that, as he approached the coast, he had but a faint notion of where he would strike the land.

It was a moonlit sea that greeted them after a quieter sailing had succeeded the final gale. So beautiful was the ocean that the moon-track on the water, as it shone toward the Mayflower's stern, seemed to be trying to lure them to return and not to attempt new lands and new homes.

The air was full of the smell of land, the land so beautiful, so welcome to the traveler, wearied by his long journeyings by sea. Clear and cold, but not icy nor chill, the wind from some unknown coast had blown itself out to meet and greet them.

Many were on deck. Bradford and Standish, the latter the most experienced traveler of them all, stood by the rail at the stern and spoke of old times at home. There is something in moonlight which prompts reminiscence in the older while it causes the young to dream dreams. Mary Chilton and Priscy Molines and Constantia Hopkins, just like girls today, stood looking seaward with arms locked about each other's waists. Elder Brewster and John Alden, the former sitting while the younger man stood deferentially, talked of the probable early termination of the voyage and their hopes of good fortune for the colony.

The boys as usual flocked together and some, lying on the deck, some squatting by them, while others stood, talked of how soon they would see the land they had been approaching for so long a time.

In some mysterious way, known only to boys, yet as certain as fate, these boys had acquired a good deal of boy lore about savages. Each boy's idea was different in important particulars, but all agreed in some points.

Francis Billington said "It must be fine to live in the open air always, with no care about what you wear or how you dress, or whether your house is neat or not. I would like to be an Indian—for a while, anyway."

"So would I," said John. "Just to wander in the woods alone, to find your way by the stars and not be troubled by idle talking when you would be all alone. It must be good indeed."

"I wonder what sort of men they may be, and how they look?" said Love Brewster.

John Cooke said he thought they were little fellows about like them in size.

"How do you know John?" someone asked. "I only guessed," said the little one, "course I know they have no matchlocks, only bows and arrows to shoot with, just like boys."

"I guess they do," said Love Brewster, "only their bows are so big! Why, my father said he couldn't shoot one of them. They are just as stiff as—stiff as iron. Yes sir."

"Oh, no," said John Billington, "you can't bend iron unless it is hot, and if you do it won't bend back. They may have bows that are strong, but they are not like iron."

"Well, now I'll tell you boys all 'bout it," said Francis. "Tom, you know, the sailor that took me down from aloft, you know the one. Gracious but wasn't I dizzy. I wasn't scared a bit. I liked it. Only just dizzy. Well, I like Tom, and he told me all about the chaps. He says, he was over here once before, about ten years or so ago, when Captain John Smith sailed all over the whole of America, you know. Well, boys, Tom saw millions of these fellows. He said they always called them savages and he said they were all red, kind of dark red."

"Oh, I thought they were black," said Love.

"Just like an African blackamoor my father showed me when we were at Leyden."

"No," continued Francis, "Tom says, all that he saw were red and they didn't have any clothes. Some of them had feathers crowding down their legs behind and on top of their heads like a hen. There's a funny thing for you, a red hen Indian. And they kill you with their arrows and then they cut off your hair. Just cut round your head and give one tear and nip it right off. They call it sculpin you."

"Oh, ho, ho," laughed John Billington. "You get everything wrong, Frank. Sculpin isn't hair. It's a fish. Tom was playing thee a trick."

"Well, I thought he said sculpin, anyhow," said Frank, who had expected his recital would cause amazement, whereas it seemed only to excite derision.

But he plucked up courage to go on. "Tom says, they live in a kind of a hut, or a tent, made out of skins of animals and that the smoke from the fire in winter goes out of a hole in the top of it."

"Then they must live in their own chimneys," said John.

"Well, they do and Tom says they call their houses wigwaggers." Love laughed this time but as no one else saw any fun, he let his laugh die.

"They have wives, just like our folks. The Indian name for wife is squab."

"Oh, Frankie," said John. "I don't believe that."

"Well, Tom said so," said the authoritative Frank. "Squab, or squawk, or something. I think it was squab and their money," now reassured as he continued, "their money they call wampump. Isn't that the queerest name, wampump. They make it out of shells, little pieces of good shells; and they string it like beads. Oh, he told me a lot of Indian names for things. I have forgotten some of them. They were hard to speak. Oh, babies, he said, were pampouses, or babooses, or something; and they boxed them up in a bark box and carried them all around on their backs. They make their wives do all the work. The men just hunt and fish and fight in war. The women do all the work. Don't you think that is a laxy thing?"

"Laxy," said John Billington. "I call it mighty mean. If I was a man I would never let my wife do a thing except just what she wanted to."

"Oh, my eyes!" said Frank. "I'll just tell Molly Chilton of that. She will like that, won't she, Love?"

Love smiled and looked at John. "Of course she will," he said.

Both boys dodged as John Billington wrathfully seized a belaying pin, as being first within his reach, and threw it.

"You boys shut up your mouths. I'll not have you talking about nice girls in that way."

The boys all jumped and danced out of danger, Francis singing, "Johnny's in love! Johnny's in love!"

The rest joined and a chase about the ship began. When John angrily pursued one of them, that one would put the matter between himself and John and dodge in each direction, completely baffling successful pursuit, while the rest of the "Pirates," as John called them, kept up the aggravating "Johnny's in love, Johnny's in love."

(To be continued.)

SPIRIT

Message Department.

MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUM.

SHIP OF

MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

Report of Seance held August 1, 1904, E. E. O.

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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.

With an earnest purpose, an aspiration after righteousness, we are here this afternoon, a little company of spirits banded together for one purpose. Our love, our sympathy, our devoted expression, shall be given to these who are seeking to find their own. Unhappy and unsettled, bowed with grief though they may be through a misunderstanding of the separation which death has caused, we would give them our hands and our steady thought that they may be able to overcome their despondency and speak the message of love to their own. Wherever the heart is aching, wherever a home is in sadness, wherever the life is still and the spirit is standing just outside of the portal, there we would go with this message of life and beauty and breathe into that saddened atmosphere the expression of love that cannot be killed out by death. Not only are we glad that they may come to us, but we aspire that they may be steadier after the expression, may find something of the fuller life and the joy that comes from living in it. That they may take up the new opportunities of the spiritual life and go forward not content with just waiting for the door to open that they may peek through. And through this wonderful expression that God has given us may we all be drawn more closely to Him. May we begin to understand that not of ourselves but of Him, that out from our narrow confines and limitations we may be led to that broader and loftier understanding of the real God which is a spirit. May we never turn our backs to the duty that is before us, but always with steadiness of purpose and with a firm hand may we try to do our part toward bearing the burdens of the world. And may we fully realize that our part can never be done until all the world is bathed in comfort and joy and peace of true living. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Thomas Gardner.

A spirit comes to me of a young man I should think about nineteen. He is rather tall and slender, has blue eyes, brown hair and a very pleasant, happy face. He says, "My name was Thomas Gardner, and I lived in Augusta, Me. I am glad I can come and send a message to my brother Jack. For a long time I have been trying to make him understand that I was near him, and sometimes I have been able to acknowledge his thought and influence him in some of the affairs of his life. Just now he is passing through a heavy trial and I am not able to do all I would like to, so I have come here to gather strength and force and I want him to understand that I will never go away from him while there is a single thing I can do to help him. Mother is with me and we are very happy in our life in the spirit. We live together and she takes care of the house much as she would here in the body, and I go about trying to find something to do that will help some of those in this life, for you must know we have many spirits who need attention and devotion and an understanding of where they are and what is to be done. Our little brother Willie is with me, too, and he has grown into manhood. You will be quite surprised when you see him and realize that he is our brother."

Alice Jeffries.

A lady comes now who says she is from Hot Springs, Ark. She is very fashionably dressed. Her gown must have been very expensive, her hat is richly trimmed and she wears beautiful jewels. Her hair is gray but very carefully curled. She is really quite an imposing looking lady. She says, "I passed out suddenly. It was poison and nobody knew what ailed me. My name is Alice Jeffries. I did not want to die. I was doing all I could to live. It is true I had been in poor health for a long time, but I had no desire to end my existence. My position and my opportunities were such that I would have given all I possessed to have been able to dodge death, and how anyone could have thought I purposely took my own life I cannot understand. I do not suppose, though, I should be surprised at anything anybody says, for all my life I was aware that without a grain of truth any sort of story might be set afloat and there would be hungry ears to devour it and set the thing moving. My husband is here with me and he has been trying to convince me it is as well that I am here as if I had stayed, but I tell him I would feel a little better if I had said goodbye decently. One has a little hesitancy about leaving the scene of action without any word or definite hope as to meeting again. I always tried to say the thing I thought was right in spite of opposition, and so many times I had people about me who did not quite agree with everything I said. I believed that money was the most important to carry about in one's pocket, and I also believed that with plenty of money in one's pocket there was very little danger of being stranded anywhere. I had a horror of being dependent on any one person or body of persons, and you can imagine when I came over here and found that nothing I had would pass for coin, I felt as though I was a beggar in an unknown land. I am afraid I was materialistic. I had given no particular thought to the after life, thinking it was better to take care of the life I knew about than to lay up treasures in a Heaven I knew nothing about, and if I can say any word that will help anyone to come over here in a better condition than I came, I shall be glad I have come. If I had given a little thought and a little effort for an insight into this life it would have made it much pleasanter for me today, but I

am growing, I hope. One thing I do not have to overcome, and that is telling untruths. No one ever dared to say that I ever told anything but the truth. Gertrude, whom I believed I had laid away forever, and did not know that I could ever hope to see her face again, is a most beautiful young woman, and I have hard work to make myself think she is my child, but we are getting on all right and I would like to send a message to my boy Charlie, to Annie and to Bert. Tell them all that I can come to them but do not know what I can do to help them. I thought perhaps they would be glad to know I am in a place where I may communicate, if they desire to have me. I am very grateful to you for allowing me to come, and I will say goodbye after sending my love to all my friends."

Theodore Bliss.

There is a spirit who comes here and says his name is Theodore Bliss. He is short, has a round face, gray eyes, bald head, wears spectacles, and seems quite intent on his own affairs. He doesn't pay any attention to anybody when he comes, and says, "I just want to send my message as quickly as I can, and don't want to bother anybody else. I am from Terre Haute, Ind. Tell George, who is a woman you know, that I heard her prayer and I did answer it and did go to her side. I am not in the least unhappy. I am so glad to be able to see her that I forget all the rest. She must get out of that despondent state. It would do no good to commit suicide or try to come to me. There is only one thing to do and that is to wait and to know I will be near her all the time. I am in no hurry to go away. I only want to be where I can help her. She must not look at the picture all the time as though it were I. Take it away and sit down by yourself, dear, and know that I will be there and speak to you. Do not be afraid to mingle with people and try to get away from what has happened. I speak from a land where I am conscious of all that you are thinking and doing. I would gladly have saved you this if I could. It is no use. It has happened and I am grateful that it is no worse. My father says that before long you will be able to see me and I live in that hope. God bless you. Keep on praying and know that I will come every time I get a chance."

Blanche Aiken.

A spirit comes now of a little girl about nine. She wears a little white dress and black shoes and stockings. Her hair is very dark brown and tied with pink ribbons. Her eyes are blue and she is very pretty and affectionate. Her name is Blanche Aiken. "My papa's name is Jimmie, and I lived in Jacksonville, Fla. I want to tell my mother and father that Aunt Evie is taking care of me and every night takes me to see them. I give them a hug and a kiss but they don't know it. I wish I could come back for a little while and play with the baby. I don't care anything about my dollies for I have a lot over here. I would like to have you all a little while come and visit me, and Aunt Evie says if you knew how you could do it. Why don't you try and see if you can see me, and if I see you looking for me I will talk to you. I have seen Marion and I know she is getting along all right though she wants to see me sometimes. Grandma isn't lame now. She is able to go anywhere and do anything she wants to. If you get this message I wish you would write me a note and put it on the dining room table so I can see it. I want to see if I can read a letter that you would write. I give you a basket of love and a box full of kisses, and I don't want you to think of me as dead any more. I don't know why you should cry so much when I can see you so well. That is all for this time. Goodbye."

F. A. Tracy.

A spirit of a man comes who looks kind and quiet as if he always kept a genial kindness through all the trying times of his life. His face is like a woman's it is so benevolent and beaming. He looks up to me shyly as though it were a new thing for him to come and that it is with a good deal of hesitancy that he comes in this public way. He says, "I want to go to my wife who is eagerly waiting for some word from me. Send this message to Mrs. F. A. Tracy, Esopus, N. Y. Tell her that I can hardly wait for her to come to me. That I always hoped I would come to take care of her, though I didn't like to think about it much. Tell her, too, that it was not hard to die except when I felt her loneliness and knew she felt as if she had lost all. So often I wish I were there now to bathe and take care of her as I used to. So often I want to read to her and talk to her of the things I will do when she gets better, just as I used to, and instead I sit here and watch her and see the tears come to her eyes every time she thinks of me and say to myself, not very long, dear, just a little while and you will be here with me. We won't have any lameness or any sickness, we will be like two children gathering flowers in youthfulness once more. I have found all our friends, and they are very happy to have me with them and to have me tell them about you. Over and over again they want me to talk about you. Now if you will try and forget that I am gone and feel that I am near you, I am sure it will help me very much. Do you remember the little white flower? I thank you for putting it where you did. I send you my love and will say that it is yours today just the same as that day when I closed my eyes and fell asleep and left you."

"Brown Bear."

There is a big Indian who comes here and asks me to speak a word for him. His name is "Brown Bear." He is dressed in brown leather, almost entirely covered with it, and feathers around his hat and down his back. He says he wants to go to his medium because he wants to tell him there is a new development that is coming to him. His medium has wanted to doctor for a long time and has not been able to get the right kind of a guide to do it, and now this Indian comes and says he has got that guide and will begin right away to do the healing work. His medium lives in Clinton, Iowa, and the medium will recognize him and will be glad that he has come.

An Aged Youngster.

Although Senator Pettus, of Alabama, is the oldest man in the United States Senate, he is old in years only. Some weeks ago he saw a decrepit old man trying to cross Pennsylvania avenue in Washington and went to his assistance. The old fellow accepted his help gladly, and when conveyed safely across turned to Mr. Pettus.

"Sir," he quavered with old-fashioned courtesy, "I thank you, and hope that when you get to be as old as I am you may find someone such as you are now to help you across the avenues of life."

"How old are you?" asked the Senator. "Sixty-six," replied the old man. "My friend," said Mr. Pettus, smilingly, "I am eighty-two."

"Happiness consists in a harmony and correspondence between the soul and its environment."

Campmeeting Announcements. Season of 1904.

Ashley, O., camp opens August 7, closes August 23. W. F. Randolph, secretary. Chesterfield (Ind.) campmeeting opens July 14 and closes August 23. Lydia Jessup, secretary, Chesterfield, Ind.

Camp Progress, Mowerland Park, Upper Swampscott. Meetings at 11 a. m., 2 and 4 p. m., every Sunday from June 5th to Sept. 26th. Secretary, Mrs. H. S. Gardner, 343 Lafayette Street, Salem.

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

Delphos, Kan., campmeeting will begin August 5, closing August 22. I. N. Richardson, secretary, Delphos, Kan.

Edgewood camp, Washington, opens July 31, and will continue three weeks. Julian W. Smith, 1115 North Flite Street, Tacoma, Wash.

Franklin, Neb., camp commences July 29 and closes August 15. D. L. Haines, secretary, Franklin, Neb.

Forest Home, Mich. This campmeeting at Snowflake, Antrim county, Mich., will open July 30, and continue till August 22. Mrs. Ruth Eastman, Box 69, Marcellona, Mich.

The campmeeting at Freeville, N. Y., holds from July 23 to August 22. W. W. Kelsey, president, Cortland, N. Y.

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

Harmony Grove, Cal., camp opens July 17 and closes July 31. Frank C. Foster, secretary, Escondido, Cal.

Haslett Park, Mich., camp opens July 30 and closes August 23. J. D. Richmond, secretary, St. Johns, Mich.

The Island Lake Camp, at Island Lake, Mich., commences July 17, and extends through the month of August. H. R. La-Grange, secretary, 84 East Montcalm street, Detroit, Mich.

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

The Lake Brady Spiritualist Campmeeting opens July 3 and closes September 4. Secretary, A. G. Peck, Akron, Ohio.

Lake Sunapee, N. H., Campmeeting will open July 31 and close August 28. Secretary, Lorenzo Worthen, Blodgett's Landing, N. H.

Lily Dale Camp, N. Y., opens July 15 and closes September 14. Mrs. Abby L. Pettigill, president, Lily Dale, N. Y.

Maple Dell Park, O. The American Spiritual, Religious and Science Union will hold a camp session, commencing July 24 and closing September 1. Lucy King, secretary. Address, Box 45, Mantua, Ohio.

Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Ia. The camp session of the M. V. S. A., Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Ia., will open July 21 and close August 28. Mollie B. Anderson, secretary, Clarksville, Mo.

New Era, Oregon. The First Spiritual Religious Association of Clackamas county, Oregon, will open their campmeeting at New Era, Oregon, July 2, and close July 26. George Lazelle, Oregon City, Oregon, secretary.

On-1-set Wigwam Co-Workers, Onset, Mass. Meetings commence on Friday, July 15, end on Thursday, Sept. 15, 1904.

Onset Camp commences July 24 and ends August 28. Secretary of the camp, Onset, Mass.

The seventh annual encampment of the Ottawa Spiritualist Association will be held at Forest Park, Kansas, August 20 to August 30. Jacob Hey, secretary, Carbondale, Kan.

Parkland Heights Spiritualists' Home and Campmeeting will open on Sunday, July 30, and continue until further notice. Elizabeth M. Fish, secretary, Parkland, Eden P. O., Pa.

Queen City Park Camp. The meetings will commence on Sunday, July 31st, and close on Sunday, September 4th. Dr. G. A. Smith.

Salem, Mass. Camp Progress opened Sunday, June 5th. Admission free.

Southern Cassadaga Camp, at Lake Helen, Florida, will open the first Sunday in February and close the 26th of March. Mrs. J. D. Palmer, secretary, Willoughby, Ohio.

The Temple Heights Campmeeting will open on August 13th and continue until August 21st.

The Lynn Spiritualists' Association will hold meetings every Sunday at Unity Camp, Saugus Centre, Mass., commencing June 5 and ending September 25. Mrs. A. A. Averill, 42 Smith Street, Lynn, Mass.

Verona Park, Me., Campmeeting opens on Sunday, August 7th, closing on August 28th. F. W. Smith, secretary, Rockland, Me.

Waterloo Camp, Iowa. The Central Iowa Spiritualist Association will hold its camp at Waterloo, Iowa, from August 21 to September 11. M. G. Duncan, president, Marshalltown, Iowa.

Winfield Camp, Kansas, opens July 16 and closes July 26. For full particulars address Mrs. Maud K. Gates, 133 South Manning Street, Winfield, Kansas.

The Wonowoc campmeeting of the Western Wisconsin Camp Association will open Aug. 4, 1904, and will close August 22. Miss Gertrude Spooner, secretary, Wonowoc, Wis.

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

The Love Dove.

The night was tempestuous. The sky black from the zenith to the line where the stars meet the earth at night-fall.

The great sea tossed its billows high and white against the naked rocks upon which was built the Cape Flattery light-house on the Pacific coast.

A search-light from Heaven, at intervals flashed through the darkness, revealing some lone sea-bird winging its way to shelter.

Clear against the sky, twinkling like an automatic star, gleamed the only guide for miles around to light the endangered mariner.

"Mither are ye all right up there? The storm is growing wilder and I must remain below for a time. Can ye keep the light a little longer without fear comin' to ye?"

"Yes, John. Ye know why this is me place on a night like this."

"God bless ye, mither. If all mithers were like ye, the storms o' life wouldn't be so hard to bear."

"Just a year ago this night fortnight, the same wind was blowin'—me boy—me boy—how yer mother prayed for ye—and where are ye tonight? Lying deep down on the ocean's bottom, or on some land alone—forsaken? Lack a day—God's way is strange."

Shading her sad blue eyes with a wasted hand, this faithful mother of John and Paul Waring, keepers of the light, moved toward the window and looked out upon the majesty of the waters.

A sea-dove clung quivering to a rail without.

"Poor bird, how came ye up so high?"

A blast at that moment blew wide the case and dead at her feet fell the wearied creature.

As gently she touched it, speaking a tender word, she saw that something had been bound around its legs.

A hush fell upon her spirit for a moment, then she called aloud.

"John, John, lad. 'Tis a letter from Paul. God has answered my prayer of the morning and the evening for nigh on to twelve long months."

A stalwart youth, clean and rugged, sprang up the stairs.

When he saw his mother bending with folded hands over the dead bird and hearing her strange words, he said gently, "What is it mither? Are ye going clean mad?"

"Nay, nay, lad, look," pointing to the legs of the dead bird.

Defly his hard hands unbound the string. Two pieces of oil skin, fashioned into small bags lay before him. The next moment they were reading the scraps of paper they contained. One bore the inscription:

"Dear Mither:—The words ye taught me at your knee, 'I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of Heaven and earth,' make me sure I'll see ye and John again, for I am goin' to send ye a message by a sea-dove that was hurt in the wreck and couldn't fly away from us, and I have divided with him my poor crumbs, and I have faith that it will find ye and ye will come for us. There are only three left of the twelve that were saved from the wreck; we see the ships sail by, away on this far inland, but they say see us; to the South mither, is all I can tell ye. With Paul's love."

The other oil skin contained a lock of soft golden brown hair streaked with gray.

The mother and son stood for a moment with clasped hands, speechless.

"Tomorrow, ye must sail away, Johnnie."

"But mither—the light."

"Then I must sail, lad."

"Ye, mither?"

"Aye, lad."

"Then God go with ye."

—

An island, luxurious, green, lonely. A brave ship moving steadily forward. Upon the sands of the shore, where the lazy serges of the Pacific rolled over shells of curious shape and color, lay a golden-haired lad, pale and almost lifeless. A curious animal with a bushy tail came near him, sniffing the salt air; suddenly it gave a piercing howl which aroused the attention of the figure lying alone upon the golden sands.

"What is it, Ponto?" weakly.

Another howl and the silky, shaggy tail arose perpendicular like a fighting horse's.

The lad turned his eyes heavily toward the sea. Beholding the white speck, he glared his gaze until it till he had grown three times its original size, then he fell back unconscious, with the words upon his lips:

"Me mither, 'I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of Heaven and earth.'"

When those eyes again opened to the light of life, the sun was shining in upon him from the same window through which God's messenger had entered in the darkness of a tempestuous night.

—

"A little hope, a little faith serene, A little word of strength for those who fall, A little smiling, 'tho' tears come between, A little charity if need should call, And O! not patry in our life nor small, But big and fine and filled with sweet delight, If that we keep, each for the sake of all, These little things in sight."

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(Continued from page 5.)

Nanticoke, Conn.

Aug. 7th. Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes delivered two lectures in the grove which were highly appreciated by all present. In the evening a social gathering at the Hatch cottage enabled those who attended to become better acquainted with the speaker for the day. Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond is announced for Sunday next.—E. J. Bowtell.

Onset, Mass.

Sunday, July 31.—In his lecture "Spiritualism and Its Critics," Mr. Cross said, in part, "We have a great many critics at the present day, inside and outside. Some say the Spiritualists have no bible. We have more than one bible. If there is any advantage about the bible I think the Spiritualists have it. One bible has always been a hindrance to the progress of humanity. Spiritualists have an advantage because their research is not limited or bound by any book. Some say we have no Christ. We may have more than one. That Christ died years ago does not make any difference to you or me. We recognize that every nature has its own Christ. We have Christ living at the present time. We believe that today there are people believing Christ lives. There are those that say we have no devil. All religions are bitter against the devil but we never hear his side. We may not pay him reverence but we can respect his talents. We believe in devils; there are many devils that walk the earth, but the devil of Orthodoxy is the worst of all."

All the men that can think and reason are done with the devil, he has all the best men in the world. Spiritualism declares that God can never be defeated. Our Orthodox friend tells us we have no remission of sin, and we are glad we have not! If a man has sinned it can never be blotted out. The action of your life today helps to form the character of tomorrow. We are not here to play, we have hard work to do. Stand up, speak out boldly in God's name, stand up, be strong. He lives most who thinks most.

It is also said we have no God; this may be true and it may not. But all we have is what the mind can conceive. We may admit there is a great over-soul of which we know a very little. Some people would have said that the Gen. Slocum accident was the work of God had it not been a Sunday school that was on board the boat. Bloodshed has been committed according to Orthodoxy in the name of God.

We believe there are better times coming. We have fought in the cause of truth and waged war against slavery. We have compelled the attention of the thinkers of the world.

Monday, Aug. 1, the weather was all that could be desired and our conference was held in the auditorium. Mr. A. J. Maxham opened the meeting with singing, after which Mr. Young opened the conference by telling a story about the Quakers and their sitting in silence. Mr. Moses Hull, having returned from his trip to Boston, was the next speaker. He spoke of disease, and said it was the result of sin, sickness is a violation of law. I do not say it is always the fault of the person ill, it may be an inherited sickness, but it is always the result of sin by some one. Mr. Thomas Cross of Fall River, in reply to a statement made by Mr. Hull—that he, Mr. Hull, was a back number,—said he was thankful we had back numbers. He did not think we had on the platform today (including himself) as heroic, earnest, devoted workers as we had thirty or forty years ago, and if I would pray for anything I would pray that the mouths of some of the departed "back numbers" should fall upon himself and men and women who stood for the truth of Spiritualism. Mrs. Myra King spoke briefly, and the spirits brought a message to Mr. Hull. Dr. Huot spoke of the little things in life that go to make the beautiful whole. He closed the messages.

Tuesday, Aug. 2. This was a very showery day, yet notwithstanding the fact, a goodly audience congregated in the Arcade to listen to Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond. The meeting opened with singing by Mr. Maxham. Mrs. Richmond then gave a beautiful invocation. Mrs. Richmond answered questions at this meeting, some of those answered were: "What of soul's desires?" "The soul possesses all attributes, you cannot really desire anything you cannot possess, if you search and desire knowledge you will certainly gain it." "Will the soul ever become unfolded?" "Of course the soul is eternal, and therefore has eternal life. Is a reincarnation true?" We do not use that term, we use successive embodiments, and this is most certainly true; you are not obliged to believe because we say so, but that does not alter a fact. "Will Russia ever surrender to Japan?" Japan is the rising star of the Orient, the nation that is to unlock the great storehouse of Oriental knowledge and bring whatever light there is to be brought into the Orient. Russia has long been the shadow upon modern civilization. Imperial Russia will be destroyed and it must yield to the civilization of the Orient. A new Russia will be born and it will be a republic before either England or Germany, and Japan will set the example for this republic. Russia has been intending to do what she is now doing for years, but she reckoned without the knowledge of the preparation of Japan. A sufficient victory will be made by Japan so Russia will be forced to make a partial yielding. Siberia will spring into active life, and the new republic will be formed from the exiles, those who have education, who have been exiled because of their love of liberty and political freedom. "Our national affairs." Comprehensively, as spiritually considered, all oppressed people have looked to the Western country for liberty and freedom. As long as any nation fears any nation, it places a barrier upon their advancement. She spoke of the Indians and of the work of the children sent to the St. Louis Fair, and said they were the peers of all other children in their work, and if this nation had taught the Indian in the early days, as should have been done, we would have had a race of men and women to be proud of; instead of that we drove them from one place to another until they are nearly extinct. If you do to the Philippines as you did to the Indians, you know what will occur; they will be wiped out by the aggressive spirit of the American Yankees. It is the product of the Islands the Americans want instead of helping the people. If you do with the Islands as you have done to Cuba, you will do what ought to have been done from the first. International Affairs.—The armies of the U. S. should be voluntary ones, standing armies are a menace to the government. The nation today seems to have passed a certain degree of its progress and has seemed to reach a stopping place, physical success is an indication of decay instead of progress; wealth is the idol of the nation, our only hope for the future is the conflict between capital and labor, and the necessity of co-operation which follows arbitration, if not the nation is doomed. Mrs. Richmond gave a poem, and closed the meeting with benediction.

Wednesday was conference again, and a very interesting one it proved to be. Mrs. Burnham read an article on spirit reunion; Mr. Burnham spoke of his experiences with the spirits, said that he was seeking for knowledge, and asked pertinent questions in

regard to reincarnation; Mrs. S. E. Hall spoke briefly of her experience in regard to reincarnation and how the spirits through her own organism convinced her of the fact. Mrs. Kate R. Stiles said she was glad these questions were being asked, and that they should be answered, because it showed that people were seeking for light and advancement. Mrs. C. L. V. Richmond spoke at length upon the subject, and closed the conference with a poem.

Thursday, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond gave her last address upon the platform. She answered several questions presented by the audience, and selected one of the same for the subject of her discourse. "What is Spiritualism?" She said this platform had existed for 28 years with the privilege of telling you what Spiritualism is, and Spiritualism has been here for 56 years to tell you what it is, but many are yet in the dark about it. Mrs. Richmond told of the various ways our Spiritualism was looked upon by the theologian, the naturalist and the scientist, and said many of our so-called Spiritualists did not know what Spiritualism was. She cited many wonderful phenomena, and said that the wonderful manifestations reported in the Bible were reproduced today. Spiritualism is the sum total of the religious and spiritual religions of the past added with the sunshine of today. It is the one anchorage of the doubting souls who have not realized immortality; it teaches the great lesson. Unless you love humanity you do not love God or your own soul. Mrs. Richmond gave poems to close. Mr. A. J. Maxham furnished excellent music during the meeting.

Friday morning, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond closed a very successful and instructive course of lectures in the class room upon The Higher Psychology, and these lessons were pronounced par excellence by the students attending.

Friday afternoon conference was held and many of our workers were present. Among those in the audience observed by the writer were Mrs. May S. Pepper, Mr. Homer Altemus, Mrs. Lizzie Shackley, Mrs. Palmer of Boston, and Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes. Mrs. Burnham spoke briefly of the practical work to be done in Spiritualism, and told of her experiences, which were very interesting. Mrs. May S. Pepper was called for but she was not in condition to speak, but thanked the friends for their courtesy. Mr. Whitney said the lady should take advantage of the conference, and that all could tell of some wonderful experiences, each one to decide for ourselves what is best for ourselves, and it behooves us to take advantage of our opportunities, to do all the good we can, and in that way we grow. Dr. Huot spoke of the value of encouragement. He closed with tests. Mrs. Mary Baker recited a poem, "The Power of Music," by John Pierpont. Mr. Burnham spoke of the power of music and its beautiful harmony, and of the good it does for all humanity. Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond spoke briefly to say goodbye, and said that while at Onset she had tried to sow seeds of flowers that she hoped would grow and ripen for the benefit of the friends in the future, even if only a tiny flower blossoms, our work will not have been in vain. You cannot receive evil unless you invite it, and therefore it remains for each of us to invite good. Mr. A. J. Maxham sang several selections during the meeting.—J. B. Hatch, special correspondent of the "Banner of Light," and agent for the Banner of Light Publishing Company.

(To be continued.)

The Wigwam, Onset, Mass.

The Onset Wigwam Coworkers held their annual meeting in the Wigwam on Saturday, Aug. 6th, at which the following named officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. May C. Weston; first vice president, Russ H. Gilbert; second vice president, Mrs. Lulu B. Eddy; treasurer, Mrs. Sarah A. Currier; secretary, E. A. Blackden; directors, C. D. Fuller, Miss Susie A. Tripp, W. H. Rounseville, J. B. Johnson, and Wilton A. Jones. Mrs. M. H. Dickerman, our late esteemed treasurer, passed on to spirit life on the 5th instant. The funeral took place on Sunday, Aug. 7th. Her presence will be very much missed in Onset, where she has been an earnest worker in the cause of Spiritualism for many years.—E. A. Blackden, sec.

Society News.

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

Boston and Vicinity.

First Spiritual Church of Boston, Inc. Sunday, August 7th.—During the absence of the pastor upon her vacation Mr. Mason, vice president of the organization, led the services and spoke with great eloquence during the day. Lessons as found in Job 1, 16, was the subject for the morning and Mr. Mason was followed by Mr. Hersey with his Indian influences; Mrs. Stanton gave many spirit messages; Mrs. Lewis spoke with great power. A new medium in the work, but one who gives great promise as a grand speaker and lecturer is Mrs. Lewis. Miss Strong gave several thoughts and then spirit communications. Mr. Brewer was the closing speaker. The subject for the afternoon was Romans viii. Mr. Mason and Mrs. Cutter spoke at length upon this subject, after which Mrs. Cutter and Miss Strong gave communications. Solo by Mrs. Read, followed by messages by Mrs. Reade. Inspirational remarks by Mrs. Lewis, in the evening Mr. Mason, Mrs. Cutter and Mrs. Lewis gave excellent discourses under their controls, after which Mrs. Cutter, Mrs. Read, Miss Strong and "Sitting Bull" gave many communications.—A. M. S., clerk.

First Spiritual Church, 694 Washington Street, M. Adeline Wilkinson, pastor.—At the morning conference the following speakers were present, subject being "The Education of Mediums." Dr. Frank Brown, Mr. Prevoe, Mr. Hill, Dr. Greenwood, Miss Sears, Mr. Hill, Mr. Brewer, Prof. Henry. Afternoon mediums: Mr. Jackson, Mr. Blanchard, Mrs. Kendall, Mr. Hardy, Mrs. Cutter, Prof. Brooks, Mrs. Reed; solos, Mrs. Parker, Mrs. Grover.—Reporter.

Malden, Progressive Spiritual Society, Louise Hall, Pleasant Street.—Sunday, July 31st. Meetings for the day. Lyceum, 1.30 p. m. Circle, 3.30 p. m. We had with us "Little Golden Hair," "Morning Dew" and "Dinah," three sweet little spirits, who gave positive proof of spirit return. Evening session opened with Scripture lesson and remarks by the president, Harvey Redding. Mrs. Abbie Burnham, invocation and brief address. Mr. Kingsbury, a new worker in the field, gave an inspirational address. Recitation by "Cyrus the Persian," entitled, "The Life Line." Alice M. Whall, under control, made very good remarks on "The Cross of Christ." "Twilight" and "Prairie Flower" demonstrated to many present the continuity of life. Indian control "Big Dog" performed his work in his own humorous manner. The "Banner of Light" on sale at all of our meetings. We regret to say that the name of Mrs. F. A. Sherfield, who is one of our most efficient workers on the supper committee and also

guardian of our Lyceum, was accidentally omitted in list of last week's report.—C. L. Redding, cor. sec.

Hartford, Conn.—Mrs. J. W. Storrs closed the season of 1903 and '04 with a meeting Sunday evening, July 21st, at her home, 122 Clark Street, where she has held two meetings each week, one on Thursday afternoon, and another on Sunday evening, since Dec. 1st. Also four special meetings having a conference in the afternoon, a supper and lecture in the evening. Mrs. Storrs, a lady of rare worth and ability as a medium, gives all such a hearty welcome and "Chinewanna," her little Indian guide, gives you such true and loving messages from your spirit friends that your knowledge of life beyond is strengthened beyond a doubt. Mr. and Mrs. Storrs are delegates to the National Convention, and all hope they will return with their zeal renewed and souls strengthened for the coming winter's work.—Mrs. Olive A. Atwood.

G. A. R. Encampment, Aug. 15-20.

BOSTON'S BIG PREPARATIONS.—BEAUTIFUL SOUVENIR AND GUIDEBOOK FREE.

Boston's big summer month this year will be August. Over one hundred thousand visitors are expected during the G. A. R. Encampment August 15th to 20th. Fourteen years ago about forty thousand appeared in line, presenting one of the grandest parades ever witnessed. This year's program is just as elaborate; the parade will be the striking feature; but then all Boston will be "ablaze" with various entertainments for the "vets"; and a grand water carnival will be held at Charles River. Accompanying visitors will find their chief delight in roaming around Boston's historic and famous haunts and the interesting nearby cities and towns, such as Salem, Medford, Lexington, Concord, etc., where there are so many reminders of revolutionary events and Colonial history. The homes and abodes of Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, Thoreau, Holmes, and other literary personages will receive many callers.

For the benefit of all interested, a handsome souvenir and guide-book has been issued by the Boston & Maine Railroad. It contains forty-eight pages of interesting descriptive reading matter, telling all of Boston's places of interest and attractions, also about sixty half-tone cuts of historic monuments and landmarks in or near Boston. The cover contains a handsome reproduction in colors of the G. A. R. official badge on a white background surrounded by a beautiful green wreath on a blue setting. The lower portion of the cover is black with red lettering.

This book gives all necessary information in regard to the Encampment and is a delightful souvenir. It will be mailed free to any address upon receipt of a postal card by the General Passenger Department, Boston & Maine Railroad, Boston.

PASSED TO SPIRIT LIFE.

[Notices under this head will be inserted free when not exceeding twenty lines in length, beyond that a charge of fifteen cents per line will be made. About seven words make a line.]

DR. J. W. CLOUGH, LIBERTY, ME.

Once again within the past few weeks the thin portals have been back for the passing out of some loved one, and this time we must record the closing of earth work of Dr. J. W. Clough, for many years a member of the Temple Heights Association and one who was ever interested in the cause of right.

He was born in Montville in 1840, the son of John B. and Sally Clapp Clough, and was one who was well known through the county. He has for forty-one years practiced dentistry in Liberty, where he resided and had many friends. A wife, formerly Miss Arlette Worthing of Palermo, survives him with one daughter, Mrs. George Berry of Hamilton, New York.

The closing of life's work came very suddenly and was due to apoplexy. The blow was a hard one to those who remain, but they live in the sunlight of the sweet thought that was his, and live in the pleasure that the meeting is not far distant. Dr. Clough was a man respected and loved by all who knew him. One brother, Frank B. Clough of Boston, remains.—Orrin J. Dickey.

MRS. CATHERINE M. VANCE, NEW YORK CITY.

On July 17th, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. William P. Kelly, 68 West 127th Street, New York, Catherine M. Vance, widow of the late William C. Ford of Boston, Interment Woodlawn Cemetery, Boston.

MRS. MARTIN M. REYNOLDS, SIDNEY, ME.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Martin L. Reynolds, of Sidney, Me., were saddened to learn of the very sudden transition of Mrs. Reynolds on Sunday evening, June 26th, while Mr. Reynolds was in Augusta. She had not been well for a long time, but was about the house and intended to accompany Mr. Reynolds to Augusta to hear Mr. E. W. Emerson lecture, but as the evening was very warm, gave it up, preferring to remain at home. She was taken suddenly ill and passed away at once. Mr. Reynolds has the sympathy of his many friends. He will miss her physical presence, still he knows she has not left him. He has been a staunch Spiritualist for many years, always ready to do what he can to help the Cause he loves so well.—D.

ISAAC F. BIGELOW, SKOWHEGAN, ME.

Departed from his suffering form on June 27, 1894, and passed to the higher life, Isaac F. Bigelow, for the past twenty years a veteran Spiritualist and a veteran of the Civil War. He served in the army of the Cumberland, some three years, in the cavalry, and contracted there the ailments which caused him great discomfort and cost him his life. The last night of his life, one of his brothers on leaving him for a short time, said, "I am going now." "I am going too," he replied, and in a few hours the change came. He retained his consciousness to the last, refusing everything that could deprive him of the privilege of watching his birth into the spirit realms. He was 71 years old. He was for 28 years a resident of Chicago.

Dr. Frank L. Bigelow, his most faithful brother, was physician and nurse during his last illness. In the absence of a Spiritualist a Universalist clergyman, Rev. Charles A. Hayden, conducted the funeral services.—Helen Nell Howard.

THOMAS DOWSING, FRAMINGHAM, ENG.

Passed to Spirit Life, July 6th, Thomas Dowsing, of Framingham, England, from his late home, Cambridge, Mass., aged 86 years. He was a brother of Mrs. E. S. Chandler of Cambridge, where he was favorably known, also at Onset a few years ago. He was then a member of the Veteran Spiritualist Union of America and a medium of high order of Spiritualists, and a firm believer in the continuity of life beyond, and the communion of the two worlds. He was a very active man and held many responsible positions in his native town, where he was greatly respected. He leaves a family of four children and ten grandchildren.—E. S. O.

WONDER WHEEL SCIENCE.

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Table by which Every Individual may know his True Standing. From August 12 to 31st, 1904, inclusive.

AUGUST	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
12-13	?	E	D	K	O	B	P	F	A	G	?	M
14-15	M	?	E	D	K	O	B	P	F	A	G	?
16-17	?	M	?	E	D	K	O	B	P	F	A	G
18-19-20	G	?	M	?	E	D	K	O	B	P	F	A
21-22	A	G	?	M	?	E	D	K	O	B	P	F
23-24-25	F	A	G	?	M	?	E	D	K	O	B	P
25-26-27	P	F	A	G	?	M	?	E	D	K	O	B
28-29-30	B	P	F	A	G	?	M	?	E	D	K	O
30-31	O	B	P	F	A	G	?	M	?	?	D	K

PRIMARY TABLE OF INFLUENCES.

Birth Numbers.

(Continued from last week.)

We will advance an endless amount of study and pleasure, and information and benefit, from this table, which we will gradually change from time to time to the edification of all, on the various lines of Occultism. The great trouble in the past on these matters is that teachers have begun in the middle and left off at both ends. The reason, therefore, was not the fault of the teachers, but the fault of the human mind, not prepared for the light. In time and space, on spirit and matter, it makes no difference whether we say "down" or "up," or "right" or "wrong"; only as a matter of comparing a thing with some other thing in order to make our own idea, image, or form, of the matter, clear to the mind of some other. All movements in life are a part of Eternity. There is no up or down, or right or wrong in Eternity.

If a person's mind is of the material bias, then for self purposes the person will be disposed to call spiritual matters "wrong." If a person's mind is of the spiritual bias, then for self purposes the person will be disposed to call material matters "wrong."

Like "bulls and bears" in the stock market, extreme materialists and extreme Spiritualists are always disposed to dispute over the matter of right and wrong. By the law of cycles, if the mind, during a cycle is exercised more materially than spiritually, then the next cycle in one's life will begin with a more material cycle than the previous one. In other words, the life is moving toward material success and spiritual failure—or weakening in one direction. If the mind during the cycle has been more spiritually inclined, then the next cycle will be one step towards spiritual success and one step more towards material failure.

Our future depends upon which side of the ledger account in the Book of Life our life acts are recorded. We have a free moral will, to move spiritually or materially, but our will is not free to change the laws of these 12 tables.

For instance, when we come to the letter E, we may easily move for enjoyment, on either the material or the spiritual plane, and each cycle will be strong or weak at that point in strict accordance with the material or the spiritual progress which we have made in all of the previous cycles of our life.

If the greater portion of previous cycles have been engaged towards material gain, we will find it very difficult and almost impossible to understand or to appreciate the spiritual side of life.

If the greater portion of the previous cycles have been engaged toward spiritual gain, we will find it very difficult and almost impossible to understand or appreciate the material side of life.

Like a man deeply in debt, one cannot enjoy freedom until his debt is cancelled. These 12 tables, one of which belongs to each soul on earth, keep a strict account.

Five of the letters, K, G, E, F and O, give us more or less freedom of will, to move beneficially towards materiality, or spirituality, as we at those times feel disposed. The others of the letters denote times in the cycle when we are by nature more or less fettered or restrained.

Extreme or perverted will at these times may accomplish temporary benefits, but, if unguarded, it will swell our debt on the debit side of our account, and sooner or later we will have to settle with pain or sorrow, either spiritually or materially.

The letters D and A are our greatest trials, as they express our ultimate desire and our ambitious impulses to excel, either materially or spiritually.

The move at these "bad" times is more congenial and healthy when we observe the laws of the road and "keep to the right." All science is contained in the universe. As we view the universe, objectively, we behold a great dome of blue above our heads and surrounding a plain of earth on which we stand, as if we creatures of earth were inside of an inverted bowl.

No matter in what part of the earth we may be this view of the universe is the same. No matter who we may be, high, low, rich or poor, we stand exactly in the centre of this view.

By reason of this fact we are the exact centre of our own universe. The Wonder Wheel, as presented in "Astrology in a Nutshell," and in the Teachers' and Students' Chart, for sale at the Banner office, presents a photo, in the centre of the wheel to represent the fixed position which every living being occupies in his own objective space. At this central point, we at all times stand between earth and heaven; our feet chained to earth by law of gravitation, while our head and body move as best they can in the few feet of space above the earth allotted to us. It is impossible for any other body to fill the same space that our body fills. It is impossible for our body to fill the same centre of space filled by any other body. This condition is one of inevitable necessity. We have no power to change this condition. It is our present place in Nature, as an atom. Above our head is our zenith. We cannot get away from it. Straight through the solid earth and above the opposite side of the earth from where our feet stand, is our nadir. We cannot get away from it. The surface of the earth surrounding us, north, south, east and west, is a circle like unto a wheel. We are the hub of this wheel. We cannot get away from it. The sky above our head is another circle like unto a wheel, of which our zenith is the hub. The solid earth prevents us from going down, whilst the pressure of the atmosphere above us prevents us from going up. And there we are held between two forces and permitted to move along between the two, in one of four directions: viz: north, south, east or west.

No matter how fast or slow we move; whether we ride, walk, float in water or swim, the earth wheel is beneath us and the heaven-wheel is above us, and they meet each other at the horizon which surrounds us, and we are fixed by a law Divine to the exact centre of our own universe.

In the first chapter of the Prophecy of Ezekiel, we read that whithersoever the people went, the wheels went with them "for the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels."

Out from our hub centre of our earth-wheel and from our zenith hub of the heaven-wheel, these wheels have been divided into different departments, and from each department certain influences have been found to operate upon the body of man, as varied in their electrical or magnetic powers as are the winds that come from the various points of the compass.

Twelve divisions have been the most popular, or the most easily understood. In navigation these 12 departments are termed points of the compass. In horology they are called 12 hours of clock-time. In horary astrology they are termed "Houses." In each case these terms denote where our body stands, in the Great Eternity of Time and Space. People who do not know just where they are in time and space, are alluded to in scripture as "lost sheep," or lambs strayed from the fold.

When the Indian was asked if he was lost, he replied, "No, Injun not lost; wigwam lost." That is the case with humanity. Humanity is not lost, for where the people go the wheels go with them, but the greatest joy and happiness and comfort of humanity are lost, by reason of people trying to occupy the hub of other peoples' wheel, because they are unable to understand the law of their own.

The life of our body, from cradle to grave, is exactly as it was qualified to be at our birth by virtue of the compression of the earth-wheel and the heaven-wheel upon the original substance of that body. Between these two wheels our body is fashioned as the clay is fashioned in the hands of the potter. The earth-wheel is solid like the potter's wheel, and is termed material. The heaven-wheel is flexible, elastic, and pliable. It is like unto the hands of the potter.

Our body is constituted exactly as the wheels denote at our birth, and from that time on it grows, thrives, decays or is overthrown by a natural law, exactly as the earth-wheel and the heaven-wheel change in their relationship to each other. Like the wheels in a millers' hopper, the pressure of the heaven-wheel is from east to west and the earth-wheel from west to east. Relative to each other, they move in opposite directions as fast as is recorded by the rising and the setting of the sun. We do not feel the motion, because the two forces are so equally balanced that we are held fixed between them by the law of gravitation.

These two forces moving in opposite directions through our bodies as though a sieve, are the polarities of spirit and matter, the father and mother creators of man, who echo their mandates in thoughts, which man, in his assumptions, claims to be his own. Awake or asleep, spirit and matter, play upon the brain of man, as by angels playing upon a harp of ten thousand strings. This law will account for H. Rider Haggard's dream of the death of his dog, and in a manner beyond the shadow of a doubt, and as no other known laws will. By some of the ancients the movements of these two wheels (always above the earth), together with like wheels from every other atomic centre, was termed, the "Mills of the gods." They "turn slowly, but grind exceeding fine."

The exact pin point of the eastern horizon as it is at the instant of birth, is the starting point of man's body in its journey through life's "Mill of the gods," or, as we now express it, "In the loving embrace of our Divine mother (matter), and governed, or molded, by the artistic hands of our Divine father (spirit)."

We are fairly well convinced, yet not thoroughly satisfied, that we came into this world with our head pointed in the direction of the compass point directly opposite to the compass point of the sign of the zodiac in which the sun was then located. If the couch is not so placed, then the mother's position will be changed. We believe this to be a general law, and throw out this hint for testimony on the matter. When the life action in the umbilical cord is transferred to the use of the child, independent of the mother's pulsation, is the birth of a living-soul, by the consciousness in the physical brain of the child to a feeling or condition which we term "thought," or the action of mind. Spirit and matter have become possessed of a new harp upon which their angels (or angles) may play, new tunes in the grand symphony of the universe.

The instrument is the body. Spirit and matter, by law of action and reaction, are, as bride and bridegroom, in mutual ownership of the instrument. The thought produced in the brain by their point action, is our worldly identification of self.

Jesus symbolized the body as a "house," or "temple not made by hands," and "house" is the term used in astrology as related to the body, instead of the term "instrument." Modern Spiritualists have quite freely used the word "instrument," or "medium," to denote the same thing.

As thought changes from age to age, different terms, or words, are used. At the present day we have all sorts of words handed down from various ages, peoples and tongues, implying one and the same thing. In horoscopic astrology the word "House" is still used, to distinguish the space devoted to body from that devoted to spirit or matter, yet the same term is often used to denote the central location of anything.

(To be continued.)