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NO. 1

## Remarkable Phenomena Among the Shakers in 1850.

A Spiritual Manifestation and Revelation Among Alethians of Shakers, at Mount Lebanon, N. Y. Records of Visits while Entranced to a Spiritual Telegraph Office by Sister Adah Zilla Potter, of the First Family, was Accompanied by Spirit Brother Seth Youngs Wells, who Passed Away in 1847.

Contributed specially to the "Banner of Light" by A. G. HOLLISTER.

### INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

Our people began in the forepart of 1850 to read about the "Rochester Knockings." The Brother Seth Youngs Wells, referred to in the following narrative, was an educator of young people, who joined our society in 1788, and in 1828 moved into the first family at Mount Lebanon, where he was author, editor of much manuscript records of our spirit manifestations, and as clerk to our society, assisted in organizing our schools, and did a large amount of writing. He was a person of the strictest integrity and uprightness, loved and honored by all who knew him. He ascended from earth, October 30, 1847, aged 80. The term "Mother" contained in the record refers to the Spirit Ann Lee, whom we regard as the first spiritual Mother of all resurrected members of our fraternity, as Jesus is the first spiritual Father. They two, as representatives of the spiritual Bridegroom and Bride in Christ, are the first human representatives of a spiritual Parentage, three which souls are born out of the selfish natural elements of the kingdom of this world, into the fraternal and universal love of the everlasting kingdom of God, of which Spiritualism proper is but an adjunct and manifestation or shining forth of its presence.

### THE NARRATIVE OF SISTER POTTER.

March 25th, 1850, soon after lying down to rest, I was startled by three loud raps, and I heard my name called so loud and distinctly that I sprang from my bed and went to the door to see what was wanted. I saw no one there, and I went back and soon fell asleep (or into a trance) but I supposed I was awake, and that Brother Seth came into the room and said that he wanted me to go with him; that he had liberty, and he well knew Elder Sister would be willing, for he had heard her say that she wished some one could go and see what all this strange knocking was, and what it would amount to.

I declined, said it was night, and I did not want to go alone with him. He left, and said he did not want my body, but only my spirit; my body might rest. I told him I never had any desire to see or know anything about it, for I did not think it was a thing believers were called to be concerned with. He said, I suppose not yet, but as far as there is power and liberty given, I doubt not but it will be satisfactory to many. I answered, No one will know more than they do now, if I should go and stay all night, and tell all that I may see and hear. As for myself, I was satisfied, and felt no desire about it.

But go I must, and we presently got into a telegraph office. Many spirits were there that I knew, and many that I did not know. Each was attended by his (or her) guardian angel. They appeared to notice me, but did not speak to me. All was silent and solemn, at first. Brother Seth gave me a gold pen, and ink, and told me to copy all the letters I had time to, as they came on the telegraph, then he spoke to the operator and left me.

I exerted all the skill I had to catch the letters and form the sentences as fast as they came, but I did not get half of them, for it was something so new, I could make but slow progress at first. I soon learned that it was answers to questions that had been asked by telegraph at a distance of 130 miles, or more. It came in single capitals, and the first was, "Your parents are among the justified." Second, "Yes, if you obey the Holy Spirit." A light but distinct rap followed each letter, but no words that I understood. After a while, Brother Seth returned and said he would conduct me home, but he should come after me again. I asked some questions which were satisfactorily answered, so that I felt then as if I knew something. When I awoke or came to myself, I felt very tired, but I arose immediately and wrote all that I retained sufficiently clear to write correctly.

### THIRD INTERVIEW.—MARCH 27.

The third night I heard the rap, and Brother Seth came and desired me to go with him. I was as usual, very reluctant, but soon found myself at the place of employ. My first work was to copy the following verses as they came on the telegraph:

The Lord has commenced a work of His own, The order of which is to mortals unknown. It will surely confound the wisdom of man, And no mortal genius the mystery can scan. God's work, His strange work, will increase and go on,

His act, His strange act, He will surely perform. —Isa. xlviii:18, 21, 22.

Till every kingdom, nation and tongue, Gives glory and honor to whom they belong. He will do many wonders, show forth many signs, Regardless entire of earth's seasons and times. He will ask of no man condescension in this, For long He has promised that no soul should miss.

Of feeling and seeing the Power of His Hand, In judgment or mercy at His just command. Yea, the God of all power, hath His angels sent forth, With His most solemn warning to the ends of the earth, Saying prepare and be ready for your God's visitation, For in judgment or mercy He will cause every nation To feel want His hand in justice will measure.

As their vile transactions have wrought his displeasure. He will show to all men, He is ruler of all, The high and the low, the great and the small. The servant nor master, the bond nor the free, Will neither be able, His power to flee. The Almighty God, the Father of all, Has sounded His trumpet, all people to call. He regards His own Order, but truly designs That each soul of man in the full and right time, Shall have equal knowledge of His infinite Power.

But this He'll accomplish in His own way and hour. He will bear and forbear a time and a season, With man, for know surely that God is all reason, All wisdom, all patience, all justice, all grace, And accessible to the whole human race. God truly has purposed to visit the earth, From the sage and the sire, to the babe at the birth, Shall surely receive from His all righteous hand, So fear ye vain mortals, His power to withstand.

For the way of his work and the power of his coming, Will snow forth great mysteries, beyond man's discerning. The proud will disdain, the selfwise will frown, That by such humble means, the great God is to be known. The inferior powers of earth will be moved, And man's greatest knowledge in truth will be proved, To begin with mortality and end with the same, The artist his folly, and philosopher's game.

I received the foregoing in capitals, and heard the rap at each letter, which occupied a long time, but no one interrupted me. After I had finished, Brother Seth wished me to have some conversation with the spirits present. Many spirits were there, some that I had known when they were in the body. Others had been statesmen and men of note in the world, whom I had seen in spirit and received communications from, and that they had embraced our faith. Each was attended by a guardian angel, but they now appeared, some in a military uniform and others in a garb not well suited to mother's children.

There was George Washington, Lafayette, Benjamin Franklin, Isaac Watts, Isaac Newton, William Penn, and others, whom I asked why they appeared in that costume, since they had embraced our testimony. Now they seemed like the unconverted. I, nor our people, do not understand it. A gloom seemed to spread over their countenances as I asked this question and, after a momentary silence, they answered to the following import: "We are indeed Mother's children. We know and we love our Mother, and we are here to do God's service in this way. You know it has been predicted by the Holy Spirit, that God would meet man in his own path, and so it is. We are sent to our companions on earth, to be conformed to them as they are, and as we were. But not twelve months (cycles) shall pass away before we shall be privileged to declare who we are, and own our Mother. And believers will be called to witness this work, for it is a free offer to all mankind." This was witnessed by Brother Seth, Ebenezer Cooley, Richard McNemar and others, whom I knew were of our persuasion while on earth, and in whose word I could confide. The spirits seemed pleased to make this known to me, and desired to have it understood. I asked other questions and received satisfactory answers. They gave me some little songs to prove that they were indeed Mother's children.

### FROM BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

"Little and simple, meek and mild, Like a pretty, dutiful child, I will ever be;

Honest and free, loving and kind, Ever ready my Mother to mind, Cheerful in my duty.

"I will never give nor take offense, I'll strive for a humble and clean sense, Old big I will put down; I'll bear my cross from day to day, I'll love my Mother's (testing) way, And so I get the crown."

[Note. This is one of the pearls, that are not to be cast before swine. If any such run across it, the lofty scorn with which they will view it should be turned against their own depraved condition. It is not largeness of intellect that exalts the human mind, but the quality of the affections, of which intellect is but the instrument. God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble. The humble mind, for whom this is written, the pure in heart and those striving to become so, will see in the foregoing a true description of the ideal and only character adapted to support a communal relation in the order of Christ's kingdom. Another proof that God hath chosen the weak things of this world to confound the mighty—foolish things in the eyes of men, to confound the wise—yea and base things in human esteem, and things which are despised hath God chosen.—(Paul.)

For that which is highly esteemed among man, is abomination in the sight of God, Jesus. Man has wandered so far from the right way, that some of his standards of virtue and honor must needs be reversed.—A. G. H.]

### FROM ISAAC WATTS.

"O where are the joys of the meek?  
O where is the bliss that I seek?  
O where is the power that will save?  
O where is the rest that the faithful enjoy?  
O where is the peace that guilt can't destroy?  
O where is the hand that will give?  
O God of Love, the power is thine,  
O grant me bliss and joys divine,  
And power that will redeem.  
O this is what my heart desires,  
For happy [use] my soul aspires,  
Yea, this is all my theme.  
O where is the valley of hope?  
O where is the well-filled cup?  
O where is the arm that will lead?  
O where is the bread that we eat and not die?  
O where is the fountain that never is dry?  
O where is the hand that will feed?  
O Mother dear, extend thy power,  
Protect me in each trying hour,  
O lead me in thy way,  
O feed me from thy boundless store,  
That I may eat and faint no more  
And from thee never stray."

I took these and other songs, feeling much fatigued with my night's labor. It was late in the morning, but I copied the foregoing before I began my other business.

### SEVENTH INTERVIEW.—APRIL 1.

About 8 o'clock in the evening, several spirits entered the room and seemed quite engaged conversing, but did not say much to me. I knew only two of them, Ebenezer Cooley and Richard McNemar. One of them asked me why I was so reluctant to accompany them and obtain what knowledge I might of the mysterious workings of the spirit, and its supernatural operations through mortals and on material objects? Since I could not say it had not been told me, months before, and I well knew it was through my indifference and neglect to comply with the desires of my blessed parents, that an interesting narrative of much that is now going on, both among believers and the children of men, is not in possession of my elders, and would have been of much benefit in some instances.

I felt somewhat affected by this, from a stranger, but answered that I had many reasons for my reluctance, some of which were well known, and some were unknown to any other mortal. They said, "You must remember, where much is given, much will be required," and left me.

By this time my room mate was urging me to kneel, as our custom is, and retire to rest. I knelt, but hardly knew what to ask for, nor how to plead my justification, or whether to pour forth the burden of my soul to my elders and suffer the effects, or to go on as I had done. I finally concluded to keep silent, as I had given them an account of the first night's proceedings, and if it continued to be my nightly employment to copy telegraph intelligence, I would have the knowledge and union of my elders in it.

I slept comfortably till the clock struck 3, when I suddenly awoke and heard these words very loud and solemn:

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock. Do you understand this? He that will open to me, I will sup with him and he with me. Who will do this? I am indeed the Door, through which every soul must enter. Do you believe this? They that seek any other entrance are thieves and robbers. Are ye not all thieves and robbers? He that knocketh to me, I will open unto him. Will ye still refuse to knock?"

I listened to these and other similar sentences, when a voice from another place said, "Arise and write." Just then I realized that I was far from my own habitation, among almost entire strangers; I knew not where, nor how I came there. As usual, I asked no ques-

tions, but composed my feelings, knowing I was surrounded by a company of Angels. I saw a number of spirits that I knew, and one of the Disciples asked me what I thought of what I saw and heard? I answered that it was marvelous, beyond my sphere to comprehend. That I felt no interest in gaining a knowledge of things which do not concern me nor Believers. I was naturally far from desiring to understand mysterious or foreign matters, and I knew no reason for my being led into a labor so different from the duties of a mortal traveling for redemption of soul. He looked solemn, turned away, and I was seemingly left alone.

Soon Brother Seth came to me, and his very presence caused me to shed tears. He handed me a paper and said, "There is your Mother's word to you; read that, and you will understand what all this means." I did so, and acknowledged its truth. I asked him if I might go home, for it must be time I was about my day's labor. He said that I might and that I should have company. After passing through a long dark hall, I came into the light, and met some of my former friends and companions. Lucy Clark, Polly Lawrence, Olive Fairbanks, Joseph Sampson, Franklin Barber, and others. Franklin asked me if I did not cast some reflections for not being willing to copy his journal, or at least Father James' communication to the Elders. Alluding to a Roll he gave me for the Elders, February, 1849, which I read, but was unwilling to copy, for it spoke of stranger things to be than I felt to meddle with, but I mentioned it to my Elders.

I answered, "That, Franklin, is but one of many things that have been neglected in their season, and now would be of no effect."

I was now left alone with my unknown guide, and I asked what all these seven night journeys was going to accomplish, or who would be benefited. I felt no freedom nor desire to say much about them, for I did not understand half of it—not enough to profit any one. He asked me if I had kept a record of what I had witnessed. I answered that I had not a full record except of the first night, and I did not mention near all of that, for I knew not for some time but I was asleep, and it was all a dream. I had a record in my hand of what I heard spoken at the beginning of this interview. I knew it was the Savior's words in substance, but I could not testify that it was the Savior's immediate voice, nor could I tell from whence the sound proceeded, for I saw no one.

He smiled and said, "You were the only mortal that was permitted to hear a sound of the voice of the spirit. Many were attending to the same, but knew only by signs and movements, what was administered." He asked me if I would know the voice of our blessed Mother, if I were to hear it at so unexpected an hour as this. I answered I believed I should. At this moment, a solemn word of the Holy Savior, addressed to me on the holy feast ground, June 1st, 1843, came forcibly to mind, also the parting address of Mother Ann, Jan. 13th, 1842, and immediately I was home, just as the signal bell rang, at 4.30 o'clock in the morning.

I will here transcribe a portion of the aforementioned notice of the Holy Savior, given to me nearly seven years ago. "Dear Child: I have often called thee to work for me, thy Holy Savior, and to witness the operations of my power, and the Divine influence of my holy spirit, manifested in various ways. But stranger scenes and more marvelous doings will yet come to thy view. When these manifestations shall in a measure cease in Zion, and it shall please my Heavenly Father to show forth His overruling power among men, then ye will need the armor of my faith, and the shield of my protecting love, for thy soul will be tried and thy spirit ready to halt if not faint. So be wise and remember these my words. For amid thy present sorrows I testify to thee, that seven rolling seasons shall not pass thee by and the morning sun rise upon thee, before I shall sound my word to the children of men, and call thee to witness the strange doings of thy God, and thou shalt not know my voice, nor behold with pleasure what thou wilt be called to witness. But in that day, be wise and careful that the enemy steal not from thee that power and knowledge of heavenly and Divine things which I now give to thee."

For seven consecutive nights I found myself at the telegraph office. I have not attempted to relate the details of all that transpired, even in the three I have recorded, for at their beginning I had no idea that any mortal but myself would ever see it. I had not then heard anything of the mysterious "knockings" or movements of the spirit in the world, that would furnish any explanation of the visions I had been caused to see and feel. But as I am requested to furnish the foregoing account to be read by others, I will here relate a few incidents that I well remember of the other interviews.

In the fourth and fifth visits with Brother Seth I was much interested and satisfied with answers received and with much that I saw. I attended two meetings where I heard much concerning the work of the spirit among

the children of men, that if heeded would benefit spirits in the body or out. I learned it was the desire of our heavenly parents that their children should be wise and careful, and stand as lights to the children of darkness, by their faith in the power and manifestations of God, and that by no means division and unbelief should cause them to be as stumbling blocks in the way of other souls. They said God's work and power are as the wheels of time, uncontrolled by mortals, and would stop for no man, but are continually warning him to hasten on. I heard William Penn, speaking to a company of Quaker spirits to prepare them to aid their brethren on earth, when it should please God to send them forth, assuring them that that time would surely come. His speech was solemn and affecting, as he called them to reflect on days past, when they stood in their integrity and rectitude, as the favored people of God in their day.

I desired to have the questions to the answers I had copied in the first interview and asked Brother Seth if I could have them. He said the time had not come, but it would, and I would not be put to the trouble to come there after them—they would come to me in a far more satisfying way. This aroused a little interested feeling, but I said nothing about it except to my Elder Sisters.

In a few weeks we began to hear more about the "spirit knockings," also of the wonderful display of spirit power in Stratford, Conn. I began to think more seriously of what I had lately witnessed and of my former visions. Also of the many predictions given through me and other instruments that when the special work of the spirits ceased operating among Believers, it would commence among the world outside. That God would manifest Himself by signs and wonders that would confound the wisdom of man. Now I thought the work had already commenced, and we knew it not. [And were not spirits doing their best to show her? A. G. H.]

I thought also of the various signs I had been caused to see in the firmament, at the beginning of our spiritual manifestations, and the many warnings through others, that I had received from our heavenly parents, to be ready to stand as a Witness when their work should appear among the children of men, though it might be in a different and strange way. These were serious reflections, but I felt released and thankful that I had written the preceding account as full as I had, especially of the first interview, and placed a copy in the hands of my Elders, at the time they were shown to me. I felt obligated so to do, lest by withholding I should grieve the Holy Spirit by whom I felt that I was attended for some wise but unknown purpose. I had passed through some tribulation to comply so much as I did, with the wish of the spirit. Two nights I was entirely deprived of sleep, and one night I did not lie down, as I know of.

Shortly after these things, Elder Richard Bushnell being in conversation with the Elders here, on the mysterious rappings, the Elder Sister showed to him my record of the first interview, as a curiosity. He says he read it and laid it down, and thought no more of it. Some months later Elder Richard and Brother Frederick Evans visited the "spirit knockings" in New York, and went from there to Dr. Phelps' in Stratford, Conn., and there witnessed the marvelous power of spirits to move material things. A few weeks later, D. D. Phelps, a retired Doctor of Divinity, and wife visited the North Family, and related to those of the brethren and sisters that wished to hear the singular manifestations of the spirits at their house. As for myself, I sought no opportunities for information from any source, neither did I see Dr. Phelps nor his wife. But from a female spirit that followed the Elders home, I learned that the feelings of both spirits and people were centering toward Believers, and that it was the will or design of the true spirit, that Believers should stand as mediators (or arbitrators) between the powers of good and evil that are in operation among mankind. As to how soon or in what way, I was not impressed.

Dr. Phelps had paid strict attention to the movements and operations of the spirits, and had sought information of this spiritual phenomena from all quarters that he might form a correct opinion concerning their origin, whether from a good or an evil source. If from the source of good, what could be the spirits' design, and what was his duty regarding it? From the conflicting communications made at his house, he was unable to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion. Having learned that we sometimes had communication with the spirit world, he requested, when taking his leave, if anything respecting these mysterious knockings should be given us, that we would communicate it to him.

(To be continued.)

One small cloud can hide the sunlight; Loose one string, the pearls are scattered; Think one thought, a soul may perish; Say one word, a heart may break. —A. A. Procter.



## THE MINDU SCPTIC.

I think till I weary with thinking,  
Said the sad-eyed Hindu king;  
And I see nothing but shadows around me,  
Illusion in everything.

What knowest thou aught of God,  
His favor or his wrath?  
Can the little fish tell what the eagle thinks,  
Or map out the eagle's path?

Can the finite the Infinite search;  
Did the blind discover the stars?  
Is the thought that I think a thought,  
Or a throb of the brain in its bars?

For aught my eye can discover,  
Your God is what you think good—  
Yourself flashed back from the glass  
When the light pours on it in flood.

You preach to me to be just;  
And this in his realm, you say;  
And the good are dying of hunger,  
And the bad gorge every day.

You say that he loveth mercy:  
And the famine is not yet gone;  
That he hateth the shedder of blood,  
And he slayeth us every one.

You say that my soul shall live,  
That the spirit can never die—  
If he were content when I was not,  
Why not when I have passed by?

You say I must have a meaning—  
So must dirt, and its meaning is flowers;  
What if our souls are but nurture  
For lives that are greater than ours?

When the fish swims out of the water,  
When the birds soar out of the blue,  
Man's thoughts may transcend man's  
knowledge,  
And your God be no reflex of you.

—London Spectator.

## The Tomb and the Rose.

Sir Richard Wellington, naturalist, watered  
with his tears the yielding earth that closed  
in a small rose tree, at the head of a freshly  
turfed grave.

"We both loved her, Dorry. Now that you  
are gone over (if there be any truth in the  
thought that incarnate spirit is not bounded  
by space) you know that jealousy kept me  
from your bedside those last wretched days  
—that alone, and when I saw her undisguised  
misery as she passed me without the church  
following the sombre casket made pink by  
loving hands, I hated you with the intensest  
hatred of a strong man's soul."

At the first toll of the village bell, my heart  
leaped with joy, but as the last bell, the air  
with a subtle cadence, occurred one of those  
remarkable contradictions of the human heart  
which often take place within so short a  
space of what we understand as time, that  
neither the most learned scientist nor the  
most advanced psychologist have been able  
intelligently to compute.

In that brief span I knew that I loved you  
and hated myself. I felt with indescribably  
acute keenness that those vibrations of sound  
were crashing a pathway for you through  
myriads of balanced souls, and that I was  
watching you disappear from my sight with  
the blood of hatred still bright upon my  
soul, without your forgiveness to wash the  
stain away; and then I cried out to you in  
anguish of spirit, "Take me with you, and  
forgive me for loving her." I seem even now  
to sense your voice as I oft heard it in by-  
gone days, "Dick, you're a fool." You are  
right, there old chap, and I have lost you  
both in the operation unless you'll give me  
evidence of forgiveness and some hope of her  
love. And do you recall, Dorry, the quartet  
that I often quoted to you:

Fly thou about me,  
To the fields where strange blossoms are,  
And find the flower that will make her love  
me,  
But give not the answer, it is too far.

Do this for me now, old chap, for you are  
where you can. I know not what meter to  
take. I'll give you my word of honor I've  
not spoken one word to her since that fateful  
day in the birch wood when angry words  
passed between us, and, later, the accident  
and you were carried out helpless.

You know her father died the following  
week. Once, only once, during these long  
winter months have I caught sight of her  
eyes, and you know how lovely they are,  
Dorry!

Mentally I hear you supplementing—"Sentimental fool." Well, this is one privilege a  
man owes himself, that of dismantling his  
soul when he claims the right of solitude,  
and somehow today, as the lengthening shad-  
ows sense the voiceless bursting of the leaf  
buds on the great trees above our heads, and  
the tingling of a distant bell mingling with  
the lowing of the herd as they wind slowly  
over the meadow, trailing into limited eter-  
nity the yellow slips that you and I, as boys,  
scrambled over the wet bog to pluck for her,  
I feel that I must bear my soul to you, Dorry,  
and to do that fully I must go back to her  
eyes: in that one glance I seemed to read a  
pleading, hungry longing, I believed for you.  
Now listen, old chap; you remember how we  
used to talk of ghosts, as boys; then of Spir-  
itualism, in the old Oxford days; then at last  
of spiritism, and how we promised each to the  
other to come after death, if it were  
possible. Now is your time to give me  
proof. I'll be here every day at four o'clock,  
rain or shine, until this bud (touching rever-  
ently the only one the small rose tree owned)  
is ready to bloom, then you, in some way,  
must communicate through it (in what man-  
ner you and God only may know), whether  
there is a ray of hope for me. You may call  
me a sentimental fool each day, if you like;  
I care not, if you will but point a way to  
my longing soul.

Do this for me, old chap, and I swear to  
you I'll spread my conviction broadcast, and,  
yes, I'll do more, I'll plant a rose tree on  
each foot of ground in this ancient village  
graveyard, transforming it into one great bed  
of blooms.

What's that I hear you say? Just the  
kind of an idiotic promise a man in love will  
make,—well that's like you.

As the above conversation was about open-  
ing between "the quick and the dead," a tall  
girl dressed in black, with red-brown hair  
coiled high, a pair of gray reflective eyes, a  
few golden freckles dotting a sun-browned  
skin, a full, sweet mouth with a tender  
drooping at the corners, came slowly up a  
narrow side path, which led a little beyond to  
another spring dyed grave.

She started when she heard the voice; she  
looked and listened hungrily to every word—  
(forgive her).

The corners of the beautiful mouth slowly  
lifted, the reflective eyes smiled; sleeping  
memories awoke about her soul, and hot  
blood bounded through her veins.

The black-robed figure blending with the  
light passing into night, knelt trembling  
at the end of the narrow pathway.

Promptly at the appointed hour, 4 o'clock  
each day, Sir Richard Wellington's steed  
might be seen tied to a tree within the en-

closure of the ancient village graveyard;  
while Sir Richard Wellington kept faithfully  
his appointment with his dead chum and liv-  
ing rose tree.

At length came the knowledge to the natu-  
ralist that tomorrow the bud would be a  
rose; then should he know the worth of  
spiritism to man, for Dorry would not fail  
to manifest in some wise and convincing way,  
for had he not made for him the opportunity.  
That night, late into it he paced beneath  
the stars, drinking from space.

The Rose day, at four, a beautiful June  
day, Sir Richard Wellington's steed pawed  
the ground restlessly in the accustomed spot,  
but the bud upon the small Rose tree had  
been plucked.

As the full realization fell upon his stunned  
consciousness, a passion swept his soul and he  
cried aloud:

"When you lived and hope was dawning in  
my heart, you ruthlessly plucked it out, and  
now that you are dead you do the same.  
Would to God that we could change places  
that I might return and destroy you!"

A whir like unto the passing of an angel's  
wing wafted a faint odor of wood violets—  
her favorite flower—broke the force of his  
blind passion. With a crushing sob he rode  
away.

An hour later, Sir Richard Wellington sat  
within his study surrounded by evidences of  
a trained, thoughtful, sympathetic mind. The  
cold dignity of his bearing and the tragic  
colorlessness of a usually brilliant skin,  
told the story of a cycle experience crushed  
within a limit of time that had already be-  
come an eternity.

Suddenly he sensed the words:  
Go back, old chap, the bud has bloomed  
into the Rose, but you saw it not.

Aloud he angrily replied: "I have acknowl-  
edged myself to you a sentimental fool, but  
never will I name myself a blind one, for did  
I not see with my own eyes the bloomless  
stem still bleeding?"

The persistent voice repeated, "Go!"  
He went not, but sat on in listless solitude,  
his heart throbbing with a withering pain of  
conscious loss. The majesty of twilight hung  
upon him, and with it came the souging of  
vanishing dreams.

Ceaselessly the moments lengthened into  
hours; at last a faint air stirred his be-  
numbed soul, as a gentle echo seemed to wait  
the sigh of a dying bloom in perfume sweet.

He rose and unsteadily found his way  
again to the hillside. Lighting a cigar, he be-  
gan carefully by his fire to examine the  
bloomless Rose tree. From the midst of its  
night drenched leaves he drew forth the ten-  
der, spreading Rose; around its stem were  
twined the words, which he read by the  
same light that had discovered them:

I've flown far above thee, to the fields where  
strange blossoms are;  
And I've found the bloom that will make  
her love thee;  
And I've made not the answer—it is too far.

The chirography he knew not, neither did  
he think or care, for the spirit of the com-  
munication had enveloped his soul.

An hour later as he clasped tightly within  
his own a slim, warm hand, he said:  
"Agnes, I am at last fully convinced of  
the truth of spirit return."

"I have known it for years, what has con-  
vinced you?" questioned she who was called  
Agnes, lifting a pair of soft, reflective eyes  
to search thoughtfully her accepted lover's  
face.

He held her close a moment before he re-  
plied:  
"I will tell you on our wedding night."

She listened to his story, but she said not  
a word, believing that the good of the ac-  
ceptance of the great truth made justifiable  
the means, but in her heart she sorrowed  
silently, recognizing that ultra-intelligent  
minds will attempt to force impossible con-  
ditions, therefore confidently expecting impos-  
sible results in pursuing psychological in-  
vestigations.

The learned naturalist's conscience troubled  
him not a little as the fulness of life en-  
veloped him, for he had not as yet planted a  
rose tree upon each foot of ground within the  
city of the dead on the quiet hillside.

## Our Castles in Spain.

William Brunton.

If we are to enjoy the sunny side of life,  
we must build quite a number of beautiful  
castles beyond the river of hope, in the fair  
land of Spain. This is the richest of all re-  
gions, the earth has known, though it is  
always a little beyond the earth, and to it is  
drawn everything that is pleasing to the eye  
and greatly desired by the heart. It is a wise  
and wonderful land, and millions of souls  
have loved it dearly and will to the end of  
time and beyond.

It is a land of the imagination, you say.  
Most true, but the imagination is quickened  
of God as the seed in the ground is touched  
by the sunshine of May in order that it may  
grow from its place of darkness and come in  
its developed strength into the light. Yes, it  
is this in the loving wonder of the boy and  
girl, in the strong hope and faith of the man  
and woman. It is the sign and seal of how  
great and good we can be when we reach  
the radiance calling us above.

This country is not upon the map. The  
name of Spain is but the poetry of the old  
time to tell in symbol what was longed for  
and prayed for, and which was seen in vision  
as real coming down from the skies, and rest-  
ing where assuredly the heart some day  
should find it.

The name is a suggestion of beauty that  
enables us to see with the eyes of love the  
land far, far away over the meadows, across  
the river, and beyond the hills, and hiding  
somewhere in the glory of the sunset. What  
we see before the day departs and the stars  
come out, what falls of crimson and gold, and  
lingers long after the sun has gone down,  
this, all this is part of the message of its  
might and beauty. Picture the most gorgeous  
coloring you have ever seen and add to it  
all other splendor of all the sunsets witnessed  
from mountain height or murmuring shore,  
look with a poet's fascination on it—and there  
lie our Castles in Spain.

Now what is the good of all this make  
believe of fancy, this dreaming of fairy gold  
and unsubstantial treasure? Isn't it a waste  
of time and native energy? By no means—  
and it is much good every way. It is the try-  
ing of our angel wings; it is the bringing  
us into heavenly places where we are so rich  
and so generous that we can give away the  
gold of the skies. It is the exercise of a  
pleasant beneficence that tries whether we  
would be good to the world if we could do  
so just as well as not. I pity the man that  
cannot afford the hour of a summer's day to  
watch the clouds and dream of how he would  
fain carry all the poverty and crime of the  
world into the serenity of the heavens, and  
place all souls where they would sin and sor-  
row no more.

And hope is a real power in us. Something  
akin to this must be in all needs that are  
to attain to their flower state. The beautiful  
is a long way from their condition of impris-  
onment in the earth, and the logician of their  
land might easily persuade them it was sheer  
foolishness to hope for better things so far

from having the least possibility of being a  
fact. It is the instinct of the ill-bred to as-  
sert its right of hope and dreaming and to  
proclaim the fact by pushing its stem through  
the soil, and so finding hope is true, and it is  
crowned for its fidelity with the cup of frag-  
rant whiteness.

We may not get the things we picture in  
the shape they appear to us. Most likely not,  
for there is nothing definite. We have the  
outlined hope only and the intimate's hidden  
treasure, awaiting good, and this is wonder-  
fully cheering and inspiring through the days  
that seem to be dark. The fact that we are  
learning to love the present more and to ap-  
preciate things here and now—this fact is an  
added reason for our castle building, as we  
must have more to follow and more after  
that, world without end. Immediate happi-  
ness is a lien on the future, and present good  
bespeaks opportunity for its enlargement and  
following to its full issue.

But when we talk like this we have got to  
watch out, for the critic sweeps down this  
bird of song like a kite, and then it is no  
more, so they say, and some people are  
afraid to let their wants be known; they are  
rather shame-faced about it as if it were a  
little too good for this work-a-day world.  
Not a bit of it. The color of sentiment is no  
worse for us than it is for the flower, than it  
is for the bird. And I believe in holding to  
our native rights of life, love, and happiness.  
They are guaranteed to us in the constitution  
of the universe, and in no place can we have  
the felicity as we find in our Castles in Spain.

What the hand owns is not to be compared  
with what the mind has. It discounts the  
wealth of the wealthy and pours contempt on  
all their pride because its good is the greater  
and the better.

And then the poor man is never poor with  
this consolation, unless he were actually suf-  
fering from necessity, which is rarely the  
case with a man that has any gimp at all to  
him. We can look to the future with great  
expectations and we can see beyond the part-  
ing line that there must be a new adjustment  
and many office-holders of the present will be  
out of a job and some of our poor folks have  
a chance to feel how good it is to sit in pay-  
ing places. I am not anxious for lucre, but I  
can think of the pleasure there will be in  
having a little more honor in moving about  
my castle. I shall meet true men and women  
there who will have the kindness to be kind  
without any stinkpuck at all. If there is  
anything that would make daily life sweet to  
us, it is this good, noble sentiment that will  
obtain in the hearts of those that are in that  
fair land of Spain.

I am not tired of living here. I am, how-  
ever, enchanted with the ideal of a better  
betterness that is to be here and that I am  
always wishing to see. I think I would be  
very willing to come again through the flesh  
for the opportunity to fight for it anew and to  
help my brothers to come into this estate of  
beauty which they should have and hold for-  
ever. I have known friends of a beautiful  
disposition whom I would follow again  
through time because one of my Castles in  
Spain holds all my friends, and one or two  
friends have each a castle of their own and I  
should be very willing to give a number of  
lives that we might enjoy the great gladness  
of learning the mystery of the music of  
love. Perhaps the lesson may be in other  
worlds, but this little planet is very dear to  
me and I don't see how I shall be willing to  
leave it for thousands of years yet—and there  
you see on the solid earth I plan and build  
many wonderful Castles in Spain.

## Christ and Christians.

William Phillips.

In a recent issue of a western paper I read  
an article on what constitutes a Christian of  
today? And while I do not wish to criticise  
the writer's opinion as to what it takes to  
constitute a Christian, yet I must contend  
that belief determines our creed. If we be-  
lieve that Jesus of the New Testament really  
had existence—that he was crucified as  
claimed by the church of today—then we are  
Christians, though our life be dark with sins.  
Nor does the fact of our living pure lives  
make us Christians any more than it makes  
us Mohammedans or Confucians. Men may  
live such lives without ever once hearing of  
Jesus.

To be a Christian is something deeper than  
the church seems to know. The primitive  
meaning of the word "Christ" is Soul, or  
Spirit, unfoldment. A principle of life that  
inheres in all men. The pagan philosophers  
of four thousand years ago seemed to un-  
derstand this fact. And to illustrate this prin-  
ciple of life to the understanding of the com-  
mon people, instituted the allegory of the  
crucifixion of a God. This allegory seemed  
so complete an illustration of Soul unfoldment  
that other peoples in subsequent ages adopted  
it, and taught salvation from sin through a  
crucified Saviour of their own, the last of  
which was Jesus of Nazareth.

But it seems it was somewhat painful to  
the intelligent portion of the people of ancient  
times to observe so many different sects of re-  
ligionists. Hence a world's convention was  
called to meet at Alexandria, Egypt, to de-  
termine if a compilation of religious thought  
could not be formed that would be acceptable  
to the world—"one God, one allegorical il-  
lustration of the evolution of life in all"; such  
compilation was made and submitted for con-  
sideration. But this new compilation needed  
a designating name, consequently at a subse-  
quent convention, held at Antioch, it was  
agreed that this designating name should be  
"Christian." And in recommending this name  
for the new compilation Saint Augustine is  
made to say, "Not that we have anything  
new, only having adopted a new name." Con-  
sequently when the Essene churches and  
others whom Graves is pleased to designate  
as "Christians before Christ," turned their  
attention to this new code they went by the  
denomination to this "Christ"-ian church to  
the number of five thousand in a single day.

It is plain to me that what we call Chris-  
tianity today was taught in all its fullness  
ages before the reputed days of Jesus. And  
what for? Plainly to teach, through illustra-  
tion, the process of soul evolution, which un-  
folding power was called "Christ." But we  
of today should give it a new name. A name  
in harmony with the facts in the case, and in  
harmony with the Philosophy of Life. But  
the name most suitable we may not at once  
be able to determine. Yet there is an unfold-  
ing there. A blooming of the rose, as it were.  
Such process needs a more spiritual name.  
A name that will at once suggest a higher  
plane of thought and wean the affections  
away from Orthodox grooves.

It is strange to me that in the light of this  
20th century there are so many people zeal-  
ously bowing down to personified truth,  
when in fact we have the plain truth before  
us and of easy access. Easy of access when  
the debris is moved away, when the scales  
are pulled from our eyes. And while I be-  
lieve it is our duty at all times to "feed the  
lambs," yet it is equally our duty to clear  
away the encumbrances of the Soul that  
more nutritious pasturage may grow.

Of the many crucified Saviors spoken of by  
Graves and others, not one of them was a  
reality. But each was an allegory written to  
illustrate the unfolding process of the Soul.  
A theme, as I understand, which delights the  
angels in Heaven today and of which we of  
earth should always sing. And of which I  
am happy to believe, we all shall sing in the

sweet by and bye. But to gain this happy  
condition, we need to preach more directly  
from the soul and to the soul of things.

The personality of Jesus, as well as the  
personality of each of the other supposed  
Saviors of the world, is in doubt, as well it  
may be, for an ideal personage was all that  
was needed in either case. In fact, all that  
there was in either case. Yet men have ad-  
mitted to me that all the crucified Saviors  
spoken of by writers were ideals except Jesus  
of Nazareth! His birth, His life, His death  
were realities as written in the Book. But  
what shall we do with the similarities? The  
same history applies to each of the reputed  
Saviors alike, and as far as I can see for  
the same purpose, the illustration of soul evo-  
lution.

But the history of Jesus is nearer home to  
us than is the history of the Saviors who  
preceded him. And perhaps we are better  
qualified to view it with a critical eye than  
we are of the others, or, as I might say, to  
judge of its literal truthfulness. But if the  
history of Jesus will not bear criticism it  
seems to me useless to call the history of  
others into court.

The claim that a human being could be  
born without a human father is to me too  
unphilosophical to merit serious consideration,  
and is only worthy its pagan origin. Yet  
perhaps these pagans were compelled to bor-  
row from materiality to illustrate the spiri-  
tual. But have we no progression?

Again I have read that Jesus, and also  
Paul, was born in Egypt four hundred years  
before the time claimed for his birth in Pal-  
estine, but went to Palestine to teach the art  
of magic. Again that he was a waif picked  
up in the streets of Nazareth by the brother-  
hood of Magicians, and educated by them in  
the art of magic. Again, that he was the son  
of Joseph's son, and of ill repute. And Graves  
and other writers like him but beg the ques-  
tion when they claim that Jesus was a man  
as we are men, was crucified on a cross as a  
criminal, but was adopted by the theory  
makers as an ideal in a subsequent allegory  
for the theory of crucifixion. But the New  
Testament theory of a miraculous conception  
must be fully accepted or wholly rejected.  
There is no middle ground to stand upon.

But when the allegory of the crucifixion is  
viewed in its spiritual light, in the light I  
fully believe it was intended to be under-  
stood, one of nature's most beautiful truths  
will appear. Man, like the rose, is a flower-  
ing plant, and must needs unfold to higher  
planes of goodness and truth. Men are units  
of the Infinite Life, subject to the same laws  
of unfoldment by or through which all nature  
unfolds. The Christian religion as taught  
today possesses no element of evolution.  
Under its influence no soul will evolve to the  
plain of nature's light, or the plain of nature's  
truth.

Clackamas, Oregon.

## "Body, Soul and Spirit."

Dr. J. M. Peebles, M. D.

The perusal of your recent editorial in the  
"Banner of Light" of Aug. 13, on the above  
topic, friend Morse, very greatly pleased me.  
The truth is always pleasing. Such editorials  
are educational. Not only are they this, in  
fact, but they are spiritually helpful and emi-  
nently classical.

It is passing and painfully strange that any  
Spiritualist making even ordinary pretensions  
to literature or sound scholarship should per-  
sist in using "soul" and "spirit" interchange-  
ably. They are not synonyms. Not only did  
many of the more classical writers of Greece  
and Rome differentiate the words, but the old  
Hebrew writers carefully did the same.

The phrase "immortal soul" does not occur  
in either the Old or New Testament. These  
hackneyed phrases, "the immortal soul," "the  
precious immortal soul," "the never-dying  
soul," are the children of sectarianism, the  
babes-begotten of medieval churchdom. This  
same ecclesiastical thought or dogma runs like  
rusty wire through many of the old church  
hymns. Take this as a sample:

"A charge to keep I have, a God to glorify;  
A never-dying soul to save and fit it for the  
sky."

This orthodox poet evidently meant by the  
"never-dying soul" the self-conscious, immor-  
tal spirit. The spirit, a potentialized, filiated,  
life-atom, so to speak, of God, who is Spirit,  
essential and immutable, requires no salva-  
tion.

The Gentle Apostle Paul, acquainted with  
the Greek poets (for he quotes them), speaks  
of the "dividing asunder of soul and spirit." Again  
he writes to the Thessalonians, "I pray God  
that your whole body, soul and spirit be pre-  
served."

That illustrious philologist, Schubert, con-  
siders soul the inferior, varying part of the  
human being. Prof. Porter notes that the  
word "soul differs from spirit" as the "species  
differs from genus." They "should not be  
confounded, the one with the other." The  
soul, or soul-body, being parted may die.  
That is to say, the parted and the organ-  
ized may by some superior powers become  
disorganized, disintegrated, passing into the  
great Nirvana-vortex of unconsciousness, indef-  
inite substance.

The distinction of these two words, soul and  
spirit, is clearly kept up in the old Hebrew  
writings. Hence, see this class of passages:  
"In whose hand is the soul (Nephesh) of  
every animal and the spirit (Ruach) of all  
flesh that is human." Again we have the  
phrase of the old prophet, "The God of the  
spirits of all flesh." The Jewish Nazarene  
in the hour of his intense suffering, cried out,  
"Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." When  
the martyred Stephen fell from the stones  
hurled by murderers he exclaimed in agony,  
"Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."

Remember, then, that man is a trinity in  
unity, the physical-body, soul-body and spirit;  
the soul-body, called by Paul the "spiritual-  
body," in his letter to the Corinthians, being  
the intermediate, the sensory vehicle between  
the grosser physical and the conscious immor-  
tal spirit. This latter is the Ego, the divine  
innermost—God incarnate! Dear reader,  
teacher, writer, author, this article endorsing  
Editor Morse means you, praying that you  
will quickly quit using soul and spirit inter-  
changeably or synonymously. Let us all try  
and be both scholarly and systematic.

Battle Creek, Michigan.

## "Some Illogical Conclusions."

Frances Holbrook Pfeiffer.

There seems now, to be two directly oppo-  
site ideas in the New Thought teaching. One  
sect says "Do everything yourself. Look  
neither up nor down for help. You do every-  
thing, gain health, strength, character, money,  
and life more abundant by your unaided  
self."

This is very true, and it is also true that if  
it is not done, the lack is within ourselves.  
The other sect says, "Look to God; He  
knows that you have need of these things.  
That which is best for you He will send."

This is true also. I was puzzled about it  
just as the little girl was who objected to  
washing her face because of her sore finger.  
Her mother said, "God will make your finger  
well;" and she answered, "Then why doesn't  
he wash my face, too?"

We must "hold the thought and hustle."  
This is the illogical conclusion; God knows  
what I have need of, and gives me exactly  
what I need, be it poverty and illness, or  
health and plenty;—but I by my thinking,  
living, and doing, make or change my needs.  
God and I work together. If I bring upon  
myself the need of sorrow, or poverty, or ill-  
health, God sees to it that those things come  
to me. My part in it may be unconscious,  
but I can profit by that which God sends to  
me as a result of my unconscious act. If I  
live and think in a manner which demonstrates  
that I am capable of more abundant life  
God's part is to see that I have more abun-  
dant life.

Both teachings are true, and thus we near  
the converging lines.—Mind.

## A Remarkable Monument.

As we go towards the entrance to North  
Laurel Hill attention is attracted by a re-  
markable monument erected by a Spiritualist,  
which nobody can pass without noticing. It  
is of cast iron resting on a stone base.

On the top of this is an open book with the  
following inscription:  
"New revelations from the Spirit world to  
the children of men, through the mediums,  
Mr. and Mrs. Levi F. Smith."

On the front is an account of Mr. and Mrs.  
Smith, as follows:  
"Professor Levi Franklin Smith was born at  
Milton, North Stonington, Conn., on  
Wednesday the 31st day of March, 1824, at  
ten minutes past 12 o'clock in the morning,  
and passed to Spirit Life October 24, 1901,  
from his residence, 2430 Thompson St., Phila-  
delphia, Pa."

"Professor Smith was a philosopher and  
inventor, and a consistent and devoted  
Spiritualist, and passed to Spirit Life with a  
full knowledge of this beautiful philosophy."

"Mrs. Catherine Brinkhouse Smith was  
born at Reading, Berks county, State of  
Pennsylvania, at fifteen minutes past 5  
o'clock in the morning, and passed to Spirit  
Life fifteen minutes before 12 o'clock, the 27th  
day of March, 1893, from the residence of her  
husband, Professor Levi Franklin Smith."

"Mrs. Smith was a devoted Spiritualist and  
one of the best mediums of her time, and ac-  
complished great good in spreading the beau-  
tiful truth and in demonstrations of contin-  
uity of life."

On the other sides are some of the revela-  
tions from the Spirit world: "God is the  
oldest of all things, has always existed. The  
world is the most beautiful and perfect of all  
things, because it is the work of God."

"Hope is the most constant of all things,  
because it remains with men after everything  
is lost, and virtue is the best of all things, as  
without it there is nothing good."

"Necessity is the strongest of all things,  
because it makes men face all the dangers of  
life."

"It is not what persons think but what  
they say and do, that makes them good or  
bad persons in the community."

"Life is eternal. Death is merely a change  
of condition."

"All evil done to others after it serves its  
purpose reflects back curses upon its  
authors."

"The ultimate of the natural law or the  
divine law, or the law of God, is absolute  
justice in this life and the next."

"Be truthful, be temperate in all things,  
be charitable, be merciful, be just and honest  
to God and yourself and to all mankind."

"The individual who will not reason is a  
bigot, who dare not is a slave, who can not  
is a fool."



## The Bioplasm.

## About Bioplasms.

The Scientific Demonstration of the Soul's Existence and Immortality. Henry Frank. The Alliance Publishing Co., New York City. For sale by the Banner of Light Publishing Company.

Truly a most portentous title for a little book, but one which is entirely descriptive. One familiar with Mr. Frank's writings knows that whatever he produces ought always to be well dressed. This is true of this little work. But it comes before the public in a poor binding, with poor paper and poor press work. The proof reading is unworthy a cheap daily. Many an "Annual Report of the Selectmen" of some country town, coming from the office of the local newspaper, is better printed than this book. What excuse can be offered for the transposition of three or four lines on a page, which occurs once in the volume?

The book is in three parts, or rather in two parts, with appendices. Each part appears to have been issued as a separate volume. In this edition they were simply bound together. Appendices are always unwise. They distract the attention from the thread of the argument. One of these seems to be an addition rather than an explanation and on that account may be pardoned.

Part I. is called "The Physical Basis of the Soul." Part II. gives "Psychological Evidence of the Soul's Existence and Immortality."

Appendix II. is a statement of the author's belief in the near possibility of photographing the soul.

Dr. Lionel S. Beale, a distinguished microscopist and chemist, is responsible for this book, inasmuch as it was his reading of some of Dr. Beale's experiments which suggested to the author the theory which is here developed, a theory, so far as the writer knows, entirely new and distinctly original with Mr. Frank.

The late Dr. T. J. Hudson published a scientific demonstration of Immortality, but on lines of argument entirely distinct from those of Mr. Frank. Mr. Frank is certainly more scientific than Dr. Hudson and far more convincing and satisfactory. Hudson demonstrated an immortality which was for the soul a mere existence after death without conscious individuality. Mr. Frank's immortality is a conscious, living, individualized existence.

Dr. Beale was the first scientist to note certain characteristics of Protoplasm. When Protoplasm was conceived (probably scientists would demand that we should say, discovered), it was said to be the ultimate form of matter. It was structureless and the last analytical product of all organic forms of tissue. Soon, however, this ultimate form which could not be divided farther, was found to be of two kinds, one of which it pleased scientific men to call living protoplasm, the other being dead.

Dr. Beale calls the living Protoplasm, Bioplasm and by his microscope finds Bioplasms, or particles of Bioplasm, in every portion of the human frame in fact, in every known form of matter. These Bioplasms are spherical, about 1/500 of an inch in diameter, separated by a space of 1/1000 of an inch from each other. They are not only transparent, as is all protoplasm, but, unlike dead protoplasm, they are absolutely invisible to the human eye, even when aided by the microscope. They can only be seen when artificially colored for the purpose.

The remarkable thing about these Bioplasms is that they move toward all dead matter, like food for example, and in an instant by their simple contact change it into live matter. That is to say, in these Bioplasms there dwells a force which gives life, a creating force which they alone possess. It is in these Bioplasms that Mr. Frank contends lies the seat of the soul. As they are in every portion of the human frame, if the dead portions of the body be removed from them they still would furnish a form like the form of the body of which they were once a part. Thus the soul of a man has the form and features of that man. As these Bioplasms live after the body's death, the soul lives after the body's death.

In Part II. he takes up the Psychologic side. He maintains that these Bioplasms are the seat of the subliminal mind and that every act or thought of our lives here leaves its impress on the nervous system like a scar. The Bioplasms forming the nerves are thus given a record of our mental acts. As these Bioplasms are immortal, so our mind's records live. As the subconsciousness is active in direct proportion to the inactivity of our conscious minds, so when death destroys our mortal minds the subliminal part comes into its highest activity and we not only live after death but we know we live and we are then conscious of this Bioplasmic body, of whose existence prior to death we have no conscious knowledge.

This theory thus briefly outlined is truly new. Certainly no one, least of all a Spiritualist, can say it is not true. There are flaws in the argument which seem to indicate some confusion in thought. You will observe that the immortality here "proven" is an immortality of a material being, viz: a Bioplasmic body.

It is entirely true that the soul may exist without Bioplasms. These may be merely the seat of the soul or the material mechanism provided for the manifestation of the soul's activities. Dr. Frank seems to recognize this distinction in some places, while in others he is a pure materialist. To one who believes that all is spirit and that there is no valid distinction between matter and spirit, the explanation is easy.

To show the author's apparent confusion of thought, let us take three or four definitions of the Soul as he gives them in different parts of his book.

On pages 19 and 20—"The soul is that universal force which transmits diffuse ether into visible form and evolves the lowest stages of matter into the most complex organisms, manifesting in these living organisms its supreme potency of transforming so-called dead matter into living matter; that is of manifesting itself in a special mode of motion known as vitality or the vital force." Here you see the soul is a spiritual thing, merely "a universal force."

On page 64 he speaks of the soul as synonymous with the unconscious mind. On page 88—"Now what we understand as the soul is simply the invisible material organism which is responsive to the operations of the mind; and is not a separate person within the human body, distinguishable from the organism itself and sometimes to be separated from all material relationship." Here, you see, the soul is entirely a material thing.

On page 90—"I understand the soul to be this invisible reflection of the mental process upon the delicate nervous organism." Here you see it is an entirely new sort of soul. In fact, Mr. Frank seems to change his definition of soul to suit the emergency of the argument.

St. Paul wrote, "It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body." The Spiritualist believes the soul or spirit bears the likeness of the body to which it belongs or rather which belongs to it. The Theosophist speaks of "astral shells."

## The Gratification of Reform.

Arthur F. Milton.

The duality of man is not only exemplified by his physical and mental nature, but by his combat against sense and self—his two cardinal animal proclivities.

His search for truth and craving for sympathy are the natural or intuitive agencies employed to overcome the aforementioned. But as truth cannot be acquired without effort neither can sympathy nor love.

The effort exerted in the acquisition of knowledge is education, study, reflection and observation. That of obtaining sympathy is to extend it. As nature gives, imparts and bestows, man must do likewise to enjoy their equivalents.

Light and power are thus the principles or conditions man is reaching out for. But sense and self are the obstacles to be removed in the effort. His success depends upon his will to subdue them.

Education and duty are the most commonly employed means—intuitively instituted by man himself, which is synonymous with being inspired or programmed by Nature.

But sense and self, though naturally endowed qualifications of the body and mind as needed agents for growth and development, have been more or less perverted and transformed into sensualism and selfishness; the first named through intemperance, gluttony and lust, the latter through avarice, injustice and hate. Pain or suffering is the ultimate of one; penuriousness, jealousy and crime of the other; one constituting the body disease, the other the mind disease.

Now, while Nature may inspire to combat the ordinary animalism in man, it has lost control over his perversions, these being self-instituted conditions through which man has made a law unto himself, has defied Nature, as it were, by closing his audition to her admonitions.

In that state we now find him struggling for light and power, lost through his own willfulness. But the spirit world has come to his aid, as we would aid a loved-one in distress and is bringing its influences to bear on man's better qualities. Inspiration, genius and mediumship are some of the results.

Through the latter we have been taught a new philosophy of salvation. It is not quite as simple a philosophy, however, as those of former dispensations. It is more varied because it has more requirements to meet. No one individual has its exclusive understanding or its complete revelation. But there is a general principle in it on which all can unite, the phenomena excepted, which is a special privilege accorded to its advocates and workers, which general principle is the method of overcoming the aforementioned perverted sense and self, or what may be known as sensualism and selfishness.

Of course, education and duty—mental and physical activity—are known as fixed principles. A higher law added self-denial and clarity to them. They are sublime in practice. But a large portion of mankind felt the need of more stimulating doctrine, something more appealing to reason and its sense-consciousness. This feeling, which vibrated as a desire, found its sympathizers and Spiritualism was born—a new revelation, like those of the past, with proofs of immortality and a philosophy attached.

This philosophy we are teaching. Its practice depends upon the effect it has on the hearer or reader, not to forget the recipient or medium, who is expected to be the exemplar. But the best may have odds to combat against, and thus we must temperate in soul as well as body, and not judge without reasoning.

But so far as the effect it has on a hearer is concerned, it will depend upon special need. The literary introduced into our system was ordained, apparently, to spread this new light in its varied aspects, to reach all and not the few. In like manner we need a variety of methods of instilling this new light into those who have outgrown the listening period and have become students of the philosophy in its causal relations. There is no lack of the same. Nearly every inspired speaker has a method that may be applied somewhere and all are benefited. But as all can agree on the phenomena, all can agree on its philosophy which relates to man as a dual being and which, in fact, is proven by the phenomena. That he is sensual and selfish is proven by the facts of experience, that is, relatively speaking and as may be adduced from the press-despatches and local news of the daily papers. If he were not, there would be no need of prisons and police regulations. Thus we cannot waive the issue, and both nature and the spirit world have lost the grip on this class.

The scale here descends, but on the same lines. It is always sense and self manifesting—inviting rather than combating them—adding to their force instead of spiritualizing them by seeking truth and doing for others. Such is not natural—not in conformity with Nature's rulings or man's mission on earth. Such discord with nature cannot bear good fruits. As the individual suffers who is out of harmony with her, so must nations or the entire world if all mankind were corrupt.

But general harmony with Nature depends on the individual. Every link added to a vibration with the spirit world brings that nearer to us, and insures further protection. It is to the individual's interest, therefore, to strengthen this bond. He not only saves himself, but his loved ones, friends and neighbors. Or, it may be better said, by saving the latter, he saves himself. It partly constitutes the reward of giving or doing. Every reformer is thus a savior of his race—a warrior in the fight against Nature's frowns and the dangers impending—a peace-maker in a greater cause than any other known—and of which he can be justly proud or gratified.

And this is not all, for with every victory gained over his animal nature, man adds vibration to his soul nature—increasing its activity for the understanding of more truth and the acquisition of more power. The storing of physical force or vitality through mental or intellectual in place of sense-gratification, expands the mind and incites inspiration. The storing of soul-force through kindly feelings or benevolence in place of ill-feeling or self-gratification engenders an influential will—the reward being the light and power intuitively solicited, and constitutes the aim of mortal life or the reaching out for spiritual perfection.

Happiness is the ultimate thought and action in harmonious vibration—the duality of mortal life merging into the oneness of spirit mortal life merging into the oneness of spirit life, which is love.

## A Widely Known Medium Passed Away.

Mrs. Stoddard Gray, the widely known materialization medium of New York city, recently passed to the higher life from the midst of her family, suddenly without warning. On the previous evening she was in an unusually bright and happy condition of health and mind, and busy laying out plans for the future of the work in which she has always taken so much interest for 57 years past, and jointly with her son, Mr. De Witt C. Hough, for 50 years. Truly her end was peace, for she passed away without a struggle in the presence of the writer and her son.

The beautiful expression on her features showed clearly that she suffered no pain in passing to the higher life. At the recent celebration of the Fifth-sixth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism this year, in making the introductory remarks to her audience, it was observed that she seemed to suffer from unusual feelings of emotion, and within six months afterwards she is suddenly taken away from the midst of her family and those who loved her deeply, not only for her labors in and for the cause of Spiritualism, but in her household as well. Never was a hungry, tired or distressed mortal turned away from her door, and thousands will miss the kind words of encouragement which always accompanied her benevolence and philanthropy. She also visited the homes of many of the poor and distressed with supplies, doing this unknown to all except to myself who accompanied her, for she carried out this generous work without ostentation of any kind. Her home life was beautiful, and everyone who entered her presence at once recognized her as possessed of rare spiritual culture and refinement. That she was well-known and greatly admired and esteemed not only throughout this country, but in other countries of the world as well, is witnessed by the numbers of people of all ranks in life, from the humblest to the highest, who attended her meetings. Her life was well lived. Love, peace, and harmony were hers at home, while respect and good will, and kindness came to her from abroad. She will be sadly missed by all her friends and loved ones who will grieve and sorrow for her departure, yet their sorrow will be softened by the comforting assurance that she is free from care and sorrow and the struggles of this world, and is now resting in the peaceful dwelling of the Spirit Land. During her life many appreciative letters were received by her from friends in various parts sympathizing with her in the trials which beset the pathway of all mediums who stand before the public, and urging her to stand steadfast in the good work, also letters of thanks for sympathy and support in time of mental and spiritual distress and physical necessity, all of which stand as an excellent testimony to her goodness of heart and earnestness of purpose. Mrs. Stoddard Gray was a direct lineal descendant of one of the Scottish Ducal families, and her ancestors came here to America with the Mayflower Pilgrim Fathers. She was in her seventy-third year at the time of her passing out. Funeral services were held at her late residence, and were very impressive. Her remains were interred in the family burial plot at Saratoga, and the work hitherto conducted by her and her son jointly will now be conducted alone by her son—J. Knapp Thompson, Ph. D.

331 West 57th St., New York.

COPY OF A MESSAGE RECEIVED FROM MRS. STODDARD GRAY, ON THURSDAY, AUG. 18, 1904.

Our Dear Charge and Co-worker:

I am indeed glad to be able to make myself known to you so soon after passing from you to this beautiful land of the soul. I have wished to materialize, but have not yet been strong enough to do so. Do not worry for I will surely first come to my own old cabinet and DeWitt and all dear friends who attend there before I go to any other place.

Take courage and be comforted. Dear one for you have much to be thankful for. Your great band of guides and controls say to me much grander work can be done now. Dear one I am chosen your leading guide; our great bond of union and our psychic nature are so finely blended by our united work all these years, will enable the guides to do a grander and mightier work.

Hypatia, Alice, your mother and Katie are with me often. Watson, Franklin Stevenson and others speak for the band, the great delight with the grand prospects for their future work. I speak for all of your loving and anxious guides their words of encouragement, sympathy and love to you all. Dear one, I am now and always your loving guide.

J—, Mrs. G.

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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.

## PLANETS.

F. J. Miller.

I stand and gaze on the heavenly blue, I think of God's law so divine and true, I dwell in the midst of ages past, And know the same law through eternity lasts.

The myriads of worlds beyond our ken, All influence some way the lives of men, Thus teaching the lesson of eternal love, Which descends upon all in flames from above.

I live in the past, I live in the now, I look and I see the eternal vow, Unchangeable, endless, written in all, The sun, the moon, and stars without our call.

Does man disbelieve that God hath foretold, The virtues he needs his soul to unfold? If so, let him learn his errors he made, In former lives, the foundations he laid.

And rise with majesty, glory divine, To see how beauty of soulship doth shine, In self which hath power now to overcome, The mistakes of past lives writ in the blue dome.

Yes! we leave this vale that we may behold, More clearly the path we did not unfold, We take up life's work just where we have laid, The sorrows and sins we bore to the grave.

Oh endless! Great! is this majesty of life, Which vibrates through all and without any strife, In harmony rolling from shore to shore, Teaching the vastness of Divine Lore.

Shall man reject what this finger of love, Has written so plain in heaven above, For those who will read with hearts all aflame, Awake to the glory of heavenly gain.

'Tis written for guidance that men may know, The path they should tread on this life below, And overcome the boulders that stand in the way, To dim the bright light of heavenly day.

The planets do roll in their course so true, That all of the past remains to our view, The cross aspects are shown to teach us to overcome, The idols and sins we need now to shun.

If our moon aspects not right from sun, We know in the past our work was not done, In light of the heaven's true ruling star, Fixed at our birth in the dome of afar.

So let me look to our lights as they stand, In their planets' orbs and shine on our land, And profit by knowledge of all the past, To find our right place and gain rest at last.

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## Are Animals Immortal?

What of Prayer? Whatever is, is Right, are in manuscript ready for the press.

## Mediums' Relief Fund, Supplementary Report.

## To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The following sums, intended to be included in the amount being raised not long since for special service, have been received since July first, when final report was rendered, viz.: Mrs. E. M. Lindsay, \$5.00; Jacob Hey, 2nd contribution, \$2.00; "T. S. A. Truth Seeker," 4th contribution, \$2.00; Mrs. T. E. Geoltz, \$2.00; Mrs. H. G. Harmon, \$1.00; T. F. Malitz, 65 cts. Our sincere thanks are due to each contributor. We trust the mediums' fund will not be forgotten in future days; the N. S. A. is paying out a large sum monthly in pensions for mediums, and we feel it to be a blessed work.

Mary T. Longley, N. S. A. Secretary.

Washington, D. C.

A Cough will be quickly relieved by Piso's Cure for Consumption. 25c.

## Campmeeting Announcements. Season of 1904.

Camp Progress, Mowerland Park, Upper Swampscott. Meetings at 11 a. m., 2 and 4 p. m., every Sunday from June 5th to Sept. 25th. Secretary, Mrs. H. S. Gardner, 343 Lafayette Street, Salem.

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

The First Maine Spiritualists' State Campmeeting Association commences its camp season at Etina, Me., on Friday, August 26, and closes on Sunday, Sept. 4. Secretary H. B. Emery, Glenburn, Me.

The Island Lake Camp, at Island Lake, Mich., commences July 17, and extends through the month of August. H. R. LaGrange, 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. Lily Dale Camp, N. Y., opens July 15 and closes September 14. Mrs. Abby L. Pettigill, president, Lily Dale, N. Y.

The Madison, Me., Spiritual Association holds its annual campmeeting at Hayden Lake, Madison Centre, Me., from September 2 to 11, inclusive. Rev. F. A. Wiggin, president.

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.

On-1-set Wigwam Co-Workers, Onset, Mass. Meetings commence on Friday, July 15, and 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, Kans.

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 6th. Admission free. Southern Crossada 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 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, 43 Smith Street, Lynn, Mass.

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

## Wedded.

PAXON-MCCOY.

A very pleasant wedding party assembled at the home of Dr. Horace Paxon, of Hamburg, N. Y., on the evening of July 27. The bride, Miss Armata Paxon, is the niece of Dr. Paxon, and the groom, Clarence H. McCoy, is a resident of Jackson, Mich.

The house was most beautifully decorated with ferns and sweet-peas. The bride was gowned in white organdie and carried a bouquet of white carnations. The marriage service used was one accepted by The National Association of Spiritualists, last October, and was considered very beautiful.

The supper was delicious and was served by the dear friends of the bride. A pleasant departure from old customs was the showering of the happy couple with sweet-peas instead of rice. The wedding presents were many and beautiful as well as useful.

Mr. McCoy is thought a great deal of by the people of Jackson, and will take his bride to the home he has prepared for her in that city. They are both firm Spiritualists and are not ashamed to own it. The writer officiated at the wedding.—Carrie E. S. Twing.

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**Dr. GEORGE A. FULLER, M.D.**

#### ADVERTISING RATES.

Full particulars furnished upon application.

Advertisements to be renewed at continued rates must be left at our Office before 9 A. M. on Saturday, a week in advance of the date whereon they are to appear.

The BANNER OF LIGHT cannot well undertake to touch for the honesty of its many advertisers. Advertisements which appear fair and honorable upon their face are accepted, and whenever it is made known that dishonest or improper persons are using our advertising columns, they are at once discontinued. We request patrons to notify us promptly in case they discover in our columns advertisements of parties whom they have proved to be dishonest or unworthy of confidence.

Our columns are open for the expression of impartial free thought, but we do not necessarily endorse all the varied modes of opinion to which correspondents may give expression.

No attention is paid to anonymous communications. Name and address of writer is indispensable as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return canceled articles.

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## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 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.

The Shakers.

Who are they?

What do they believe and teach?

In the "Banner" for next week you will be able to read some interesting details about these good people. Their "families" are pleasant spots in a weary world, their lives sweet and placid, and nearly seventy years ago they had learned the usefulness of that equitable living which is called "poise" in the language of the present day new thoughtists.

This week the account presented by Brother Hollister will prove exceedingly interesting reading since it serves to show in simple guise that these good living people in their own way interpreted the phenomena and message of our Spiritualism when the spirits came to them in years past.

The account of the Wesley experiences, the details of Shaker phenomena, and the following account of the Shakers to appear next week, constitute a singularly interesting series of valuable historical data for all thoughtful readers who are students of the history of the spiritual experiences associated with the progress of the human race.

A number of years ago, the Editor published a book with the title "Practical Occultism," being a series of trance-lectures given to classes in San Francisco. So popular was the work that the entire edition was speedily sold out. Since then numerous requests for its republication have been received, these coming from literally all parts of the world. It will therefore be a source of satisfaction to many to learn that arrangements have been made to reissue the work, under the revised title of "Practical Spiritualism," and with a view of placing it first in the hands of our subscribers, it has been decided to run it through the "Banner," and when completed to issue it in book form at a reasonable price. Next week we shall announce full particulars.

If you are desirous of ascertaining what is claimed on behalf of what is called "personal magnetism" you should procure Leroy Berrier's work on "The Cultivation of Personal Magnetism," which you will find advertised on the fifth page of this issue. The author claims to be able to instruct you how to accomplish many things through this peculiar power.

The prettiest program which has reached this office is the one issued by the Minnesota State Spiritualists' Association for its Seventh Annual Convention to be held in the Unitarian Church, Minneapolis, on Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, September 8, 9, 10, 11. The season opens with the usual reception on the first evening and closes on the Sunday with two meetings, afternoon and evening. The speakers are Miss Elizabeth Harlow, Moses Hull and Will J. Erwood; the "message" medium is Mrs. J. A. Murlin.

From Salt Lake City comes to our table the latest issue of the monthly magazine, The Character Builder, edited by J. T. Miller, Dr. Sc. The contents are varied and interesting and deal with many important topics in connection with health questions and personal morality, the bulk of which appear to be culled from various publications.

We have a fine article from the facile pen of Dr. Dean Clarke on file for early publication. It is entitled "Theosophy: An Analysis and a Criticism," and will well repay perusal upon the parts of theosophists and Spiritualists alike. Probably it may appear next week.

We take pleasure in stating that Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, M. D., of Onset, the well known and highly esteemed author, speaker and medical practitioner, will act as Representative-at-Large for the "Banner of Light" wherever he may be serving our Cause among the friends. The doctor was good enough to spontaneously proffer his kindly co-operation which we have much pleasure in accepting.

Spiritualism is evidently taking a firm hold of Portland church goers and Congress Hall, where the First Spiritual Society meets, was full last night to listen to the address given on Spirit Return and to hear the messages. There are still two more Sundays to enjoy the social meetings which have proved so popular and a hearty invitation is extended to the public to come and join the ranks.

#### Lynched!

Justice had need to be blind and deaf, else would the blush of shame suffuse her cheeks and her ears be split when the infamy of lynching is perpetrated in her name. In new settlements, away from civilized life and among the lawless and the outlawed, the peremptory punishment of evil doing can be accepted as a substitute for the orderly proceedings of the courts. While in cases where the courts have been debauched and justice thwarted it may be understood that the anger of the people explains, if not excuses, resort to the summary process of Judge Lynch. But when a community wherein the machinery of justice is of long establishment, where judge, jury, marshal and police fulfil their functions and soldiers are at hand to sustain the law in its operation, it is an awful thing that the passions of the people should override the law, and in spite of the restraints which civilization is supposed to exert in all well regulated communities the vengeance of the mob should supplant the process of law.

In theory, all men are equal who are American citizens. In practice, all American citizens are not equal. The Asiatic and the African may be citizens, but the common multitude still call them "Niggers" and "Chinks," the latter contemptuously and opprobriously. The only real American citizen to thousands is he who has a white skin! Racial antipathies? The white man is the dominant partner in the world's life? If so let us cease to be hypocrites and leave off talking about human equality and universal brotherhood. But if we whites claim superiority over all races, let us live up to the high position such claim implies. Where much is given, much is required, is a phrase many will recall. Spiritualists need the hint as well as others; race prejudices are not unknown among them, and the son of Africa, and the "Ah Sin" of the story, are to many Spiritualists men whose rights no one need pay an exaggerated respect. Let it be understood that the world's races are not to be closely mixed, that each is best apart socially and otherwise, that the white is the highest type; but let us remember also that the white must in such case set the example to the inferior and not boast in one breath of universal rights, justice and equality, and by his actions give the lie to every profession along such lines of Altruistic assertions.

But in sober truth are all men created equal? Is universal brotherhood a possibility today on earth? Is the "Blackfellow" of Australia the equal of an American, or the Kafir of South Africa the peer of an Englishman? There is but one answer, and that is in the negative, but also let us remember that there are fundamental human necessities pertaining to all men's lives which are the common rights of nature in all of us.

The irony of fate was never more fantastically illustrated than in the following instance, as reported in the Boston papers of the 17th inst., when, on the front page of the Herald, almost in the centre of that page, and literally surrounded by full reports of the doings of the G. A. R. veterans on the day before, there stood a long report with full "scare heads" reading thus: "Two Negroes are Burned at Stake. Horrible Scenes at Lynching of Convicted and Confessed Murderers of the Hodge Family. Military Guard Overpowered by Mob." The facts of the crime for which the negroes had been tried and convicted were horrible and brutal, but due trial had been had, and the criminals were sentenced to be hung on the 9th prox. The mob objected to the removal of the men from the local jail, presumably because they would escape the lynching which seemingly had been determined upon. The military guard made but so feeble a resistance that it was asserted they sympathized with the would be lynchers, and the commander had posted his men with unloaded rifles. The mob refused to listen to all appeals to allow justice to take its course, seized the negroes and tramped off to work their will upon them on the homestead of the murdered Hodge family, but the distance and the heat proved too much, so that when two out of the six miles had been traversed the

mob halted and proceeded to its fell work, many shouting, "Burn them, burn them." This inflamed the crowd to the burning pitch, the negroes were chained to a twelve-foot stump, a wagon load of pine wood was stacked round them, and ten gallons of kerosene oil poured over wood and men. A space was cleared in front of the pile so that a photographer could take pictures of the miserable wretches and the fearful picture. Then followed an awful scene, frenzied cheers rent the air as men, almost crazed with hatred of the victims, saw the flames envelop them. As the flames touched one man he twisted his head around in an endeavor to choke himself and avoid the fearful torture. The other man screamed in agony and begged to be shot. His oil-soaked hair was the first thing the flames consumed, his screams of agony were awful. He was in three minutes enveloped in a wall of fire, and as the crowd saw his head swing to and fro in his agony, some commenced to throw lighted pine knots at it, and when the shameful tragedy was over, and the mob had dispersed, hundreds of citizens who had not in any way participated in the affair visited the scene hunting for souvenirs of the ghastly drama just concluded!

The above all occurred in this land of Liberty! A land where the sacred preambles of that immortal document, the Declaration of Independence, is the political shibboleth and personal gospel of every patriotic American. It took place at Statesborough, Ga., where hatred of the negro and scepticism regarding the administration of the law seem to have united in a violation of every principle of justice, law, Christian faith, and of the very things the Federalists fought for and won during those heartbreaking four years of strife. Was it not irony, indeed, that the account of this tragedy should appear in the midst of the account of the doings of the remnant of those hosts who fought that the negro might be free and attain to the rights all men are supposed to enjoy under the laws of this land, even that of being decently executed in accord therewith if condemned so to be? Would those men who fired that funeral pyre have so served two white men under similar circumstances? We doubt it.

Now Spiritualists, Theosophists, Occultists, Metaphysicians, New Thoughtists and reformers and liberalists, what are you going to do about these burnings of your blackskinned brothers? Have you no word of protest, no scathing denunciation of a crime which blackens the fair name of Columbia? In the name of the brotherhood of man, of the rights of men, in the interests of justice, law and social polity, will you not raise your voices and boldly proclaim that the rights of even the worst of criminals shall be respected wherever float the Stars and Stripes? When a nation is not able to protect its judicial proceedings and sees mob violence overcoming its officers, then justice is a mockery, human rights a by-word; and that nation is starting on a downward career, the end of which will be social chaos and national disruption and death.

#### Volume Ninety-six.

An old adage has it, "The Past is gone; the Future belongs to God; the Present alone is ours," and today we cast our eyes about in the hope of seeing what we can accomplish in the present for the good of our glorious Cause and the spiritual and mental welfare of our subscribers and friends throughout the world. For forty-seven years the good old "Banner" has bravely championed the facts of spirit communion and the varied phenomenal forms by which intercourse between the two worlds is accomplished; for mediumship and the private spirit circle; for sane and orderly relationship between the peoples of both worlds. It has never shrunk from this labor of love, and the past history of the paper will abundantly show that it has done more than any other journal to promote the Cause and disseminate the facts and teachings associated therewith. In the past all the most noted writers in our ranks have contributed to these pages, as they do today, and it can be truly said that the ninety-five now completed volumes contain as complete a history of our Cause, and as perfect a summary of its teachings, so far as American Spiritualism is concerned, as can be found. The past has handed to us a rich legacy of good things, the contemplation of which inspires us to go on in the good work which our honored editorial sire, Luther Colby, so ably initiated and loyally continued right down to the time of his departure.

Today we commence the ninety-sixth volume of the "Banner," and start out upon another six month's voyage under the most satisfactory auspices. The gales of winter have spent their force, the angry waves have subsided, the threatening skies have cleared, and the mists which clung so tenaciously around the vessel have been dispersed. True friends have remained staunch, doubtful ones think our umbrella a useful shelter, and those who had axes to grind have sought other grindstones. But through all, the dear old "Banner" has calmly pursued the even tenor of its way, turning neither to the right nor the left from its one settled plan and purpose—to present each week a Spiritualist newspaper for Spiritualists. A paper standing first and always for Spiritualism, the spirits and spirit return. But not hostile to any other form of thought along similar lines, though ever strictly holding that the real philosophy of Spiritualism affords us all that others claim as higher, better or newer. Our subscription list, the letters in praise of the paper which reach us, and the widespread interest in the paper outside our own movement, plainly indicate that our policy has triumphed—for freedom without favor, justice without malice expresses our aims and objects.

As to the future we are more than hopeful. There will be no turning back, no break in continuity of effort, purpose or work. Instead, there will be a constant striving to improve upon what has been accomplished. So much we can promise for the future, but we ask each reader to bear in mind that he or she can help us wonderfully to make the pa-

per continually better, more useful and helpful, if they will support us on all sides. This you can do by securing new subscribers, by mentioning the paper to your friends, and by sending to us any accounts of notable phenomena, exceptional events in your city or vicinity, and articles or letters containing thoughts and reflections upon either our facts or philosophy. The editor will always be glad to receive such help from his readers, and he desires all to feel that he is their friend and co-worker.

With hearty thanks from all the staff of the "Banner"—editorial, literary and commercial, the editor greets his readers and invites them to help him in making the ensuing issues of the paper so useful that we may all be proud of the work which will be accomplished when we close the

Ninety-Sixth Volume.

#### Mental Assassination.

Secret assassination has ever been held in abhorrence in all ages, and rightly so. What name is more execrated in this connection than that of the Borgias, what was more feared than their vile aque tofana, an almost indistinguishable toxic fluid. While the alleged killing by spells, by the so-called practice of what is spoken of as the Black Art, has filled the minds of countless hosts with a nameless horror. The witches and wizards of old times struck terror to the souls of men through inspiring the fear of a belief in their baleful power to kill their enemies and the foes of those who could secure their services towards the removal of some obnoxious personage. Small wonder that the powers of church and state, and the opinion of the people were directed against the practitioners of these evil arts, and that those who were suspected were badly used when caught, and sometimes done to death. The secret assassin is a creature to be abhorred whether he uses drug, steel, or so-called magic to effect his purpose.

Those advertising mountebanks who promise to teach you how to use your mind power to achieve all your ends, to overcome your foes and competitors in the enterprises of life, are dangerously near the old time evil of black magic, and in certain cases it might easily be that the pupil might better instruction and strive to exercise his thought to the detriment of some fellow creature, if it is true that such results could be produced. But is it true? We very much doubt it. It is difficult to hypnotize a person the first time without that person consenting, or being in some way associated with the operator. But if "absent treatments" are true, and thought currents are sent out may not evil, as well as healing, currents be propagated? Consequently may not it be possible to "think" a man to death, as well as to "think" him to health? If so, the practices of the new thought need to be most carefully watched and its teachings in regard to our mental powers most carefully safeguarded from evilly disposed and unscrupulous persons.

Frankly, we are of opinion that much of the results of "absent treatment" is due simply to what may be called the "expectant attention" of the patient, who thus creates his own mental state, rather than has that state created for him. Likewise, if a person thus self-treats himself, unconsciously, so to say, he could do it more effectually if conscious of his effort; therefore, to teach people how to treat themselves would be more sensible than to offer them so-called absent treatments "out of the silence" when there may be a reasonable doubt if the current (?) if it exists, will ever reach the patient? If treatment is given at a time when the absent patient is always unaware it is being given, and his improved health can be actually traced to such treatment, then we may suppose a "current" or "wave" is transmitted, but we seriously question whether it is possible to "think" a man dead, while to hint at such a possibility is to let loose the old terrors of witchcraft and to bring all so-called mental science into utter disrepute.

There is, however, a form of mental assassination which is a real and horrible fact. The law calls it slander, morals define it as false witness against one's neighbor, socially it is called gossip, and children describe it as tale bearing. A single word may ruin maid or mother, boy, youth or man. Blast the reputation of a lifetime, send a man to jail or make him an outcast for the rest of his life. The childish gossip which is recklessly flung around in many circles is as murderous as a poison. Half words, hints and innuendoes, a shrug of the shoulders, and the deed is done. Have nothing to do with it or they who indulge in it. Flee from them as you would from a pestilence. First, metaphorically, smiting them hip and thigh with your moral sword, and showing them that no more despicable creature crawls the green earth than the slanderer of his fellows, for in very truth he is a mental assassin whose words are steeped in venom thrice poisoned with every evil tincture distilled from a hellish mind.

A little more of study and a little less of theory will be of more service to us all, if we are to have more than a merely empirical system of mental therapeutics on one side, or practical psychology on the other side of our studies of the possibilities of the human mind, will and consciousness.

#### Movements of Platform Workers.

DeLoas Wood, of Danielson, Ct., Box 199, will accept Sunday engagements with Spiritualist societies for season 1904-5. Mr. Wood is a spirit healer, and in his platform work answers questions from the audience inspirationally. As a healer he is said to have few superiors. He has some of the finest testimonials. Mr. Wood is the son of the late Mary Macomber Wood, one of the pioneer trance lecturers in modern Spiritualism, and has spoken with marked acceptance for many societies in New England.

G. W. Kates and wife may be addressed at 35 School St., Lynn, Mass., during September, October and November; or at their home address, Thornton, Delaware Co., Pa.

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## Our Home Circle.

EDITED BY  
MINNIE RESERVE SOULE.

## We Forget.

So many tender words and true  
We meant to say, dear love, to you;  
So many things we meant to do—  
But we forget.

The busy days were full of care;  
The long night fell, and unaware  
You passed beyond love's leading prayer  
While we forget.

Now evermore through heart and brain  
There breathes an undertone of pain;  
Though what has been should be again,  
We would forget.

We feel, we know, that there must be  
Beyond the veil of mystery  
Some place where love can clearly see  
And not forget.

—Harper's.

## A Link in Our Golden Chain.

GIVE HONOR TO THE BRAVE AND  
THE TRUE.

A peep at Boston Common and the ever  
beautiful Public Garden after the darkness  
had settled down over the city during the late  
illuminations in honor of the visit of the G. A.  
R. veterans revealed a scene of brilliant and  
sparkling illumination.

Like a stage picture or a bit of fairy land  
it seemed. Long lines of electric lights were  
festooned and fancifully crossed and re-  
crossed from tree to tree and looked like  
heavy strings of gold beads.

An immense star opposite the centre gate of  
the Common shone like a sunburst of dia-  
monds on the breast of a beautiful woman.  
As one looked at the Soldiers' Monument  
with its Goddess of Liberty standing serene  
and majestic above the thousands of lights,  
and the surging crowds, it was easy to im-  
agine that the stately Elms were holding  
carnival and in royal array were paying  
homage to their queen. Even the pale  
moon veiled herself in fleecy clouds as if say-  
ing to the jeweled throng: "There shall be no  
rivalry between us, the world is yours tonight  
and your light alone shall shine."

Away from the lights and the eager crowds,  
across the river, on a little brown house  
hung a flag. If the house were small the flag  
was large and from window to window it was  
stretched by hands more loving than deft.  
It was old and faded but it swayed gently  
in the wind and told the story of its service  
to the silent stars.

"An old soldier lives there or perhaps a sol-  
dier's widow," said our companion and at the  
thought of it we could feel the tears begin-  
ning to start. The brave hearts who fought  
and the sad ones who waited, the men at the  
front and the women at home loved the flag  
of our country as if it were a living thing and  
today as they sit in the homes and live again  
the days of the past with trembling, loving  
fingers they touch it tenderly and almost re-  
verently watch it fly from tower or masthead,  
from palace or cottage.

A friend, who when a young woman spent  
some time on a transport vessel during the  
war says that the people who have never  
been in the service can hardly realize the  
glorious love which a soldier feels for his  
flag. Many times, she says, she has seen  
them as they were exchanged, just manage to  
crawl up under the shadow of the flag and  
draped exhausted never to rise again, but with  
a sweet smile on the worn and wasted face,  
happy to die just there.

Ah, it is too true that the things we prize  
we fight for, we struggle for and we gladly  
die for, content to know that we have given  
all. And those who love us weep when we  
return no more and kiss the banner under  
which we fought and bide from the light of  
curious eyes the emblems which we wore.  
Then when the morning dawns in peace and  
beauty from the treasure chests they are  
brought forth, caressed and fondled and "he  
died for you," whispered over them as they  
are shown to the world for their inspiration. Now,  
today we kiss our hand to the old flag on the  
little brown house, we breathe a prayer over  
the old guns and canteens and we vow in our  
hearts that no temptation shall be strong  
enough to woo us from the pathway of per-  
fect freedom over which our stars and stripes  
hang in safety. Strong men of a republic liv-  
ing in the Here or the There, and brave  
women who waited we clasp your dear hands  
in grateful love. We may not suffer as you  
have suffered in the dark hours of the past,  
but we may find joy in your joy, and happi-  
ness unspeakable in the freedom which you  
purchased with your blood. The land you  
love is your own alway and while you tarry  
within Boston's opened gates, Boston, too,  
is yours.

## Room at the Top.

Never you mind the crowd, lad,  
Or fancy your life won't tell;  
The work is the work for all that  
To him who doeth well.

Fancy the world a hill, lad,  
Look where the millions stop;  
You'll find the crowd at the base, lad,  
There is always room at the top.

—Selected.

## A Pilgrim Boy.

MIME INNES.

CHAPTER V.

CAPE COD.

(Continued.)

Fresh food, too, was a requirement. So  
long had all subsisted on salted meats, that  
there was danger of the scurvy which sailors  
always dreaded. Why not catch some of  
the fish with which the waters of the bay  
must be teeming?

And "when some clear spring could be  
found on shore," every woman joined in  
chorus to declare, "we must get out the tubs  
and have a good, old-fashioned washing-day."

Every boy wanted to be first on shore to  
enjoy a run on the yellow sands of the beach,  
or to climb a real tree and to smell the good  
old earth once more, before the frosts of the  
coming winter made iron of the soil.

The little boat of the ship was, therefore,  
launched, and a couple of water casks put  
therein, while three or four sailors, with John  
Alden as commander, were sent on shore to  
look for water.

How anxiously every boy longed to be al-  
lowed to go, too. None asked, or none dared  
to crave such a delightful blessing. Then Brad-  
ford, who remembered the escapade of the  
Billington boys in the rigging, saw the look  
of longing and, not forgetting that he him-  
self had once been a boy, said, "Master Alden,  
to wait and tend and run and carry a boy  
might be found useful. Why not take young  
John Billington with thee?"

"It were wise, methinks, to do so," said  
Alden, "and if Master Billington will be dis-  
creet and careful and get into no scrapes, he  
may go."

"I'll stand guarantor for his discretion and  
his carefulness, if his parents make no ob-  
jection to his going," said Bradford.

Paternal consent was forthcoming and  
John, the proudest boy of the whole ship  
load, swung himself deftly down into the boat,  
where bestride a water cask in the bow, he  
acted as a figure head for the first boat to  
land on American soil.

Well it was for John that he was so light  
of body. For when the boat drew near the  
beach, it struck bottom and stuck fast some  
rods from the dry beach, so slowly did the  
land of the harbor "fall off" into the ocean.  
Overboard went all hands nearly up to their  
waists in the cold salt water; all except John.  
He waited to see the depth before taking his  
ducking. Thus lightened the little boat  
floated again and was dragged so near the  
breakers on the beach that John could almost  
jump ashore dry shod. He was about to  
make the attempt when Alden, who knew the  
boy's somewhat frail health, said:

"Not so fast, my boy. Wait till I fetch ye  
ashore and keep ye dry. A cold wetting will  
not be wise for thee and I could ill look thy  
mother in the face if I allowed her boy to  
get a chill when he first landed." So big  
John bore small John on his shoulders to the  
beach.

The first thing this first boy on shore did  
was to turn and wave his cap at the ship.  
He hoped the other boys would see it, as in  
fact they did and waved back; but the  
woman's kerchief which Mary Chilton waved  
was the signal John liked best.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE SQUALL.

"A clond, like the old-time Hebrew saw  
On Carmel, . . . began  
To lift itself . . .

Growing and blackening. Suddenly, a flaw  
Of chill wind menaced, then a strong blast  
beat."

—Whittier.

John's next impulse was to run on the beach  
and stretch the legs on shore which for three  
long months the confinement of the ship had  
repressed. The clear, cool air made a run  
doubly desirable and, before John Alden knew  
it, the boy was down the beach almost be-  
yond recall. Fearing he might wander too  
far and become a prey to possible lurking  
wild-men, Alden was about to shout, when  
John, running up the beach toward the woods,  
stopped and repeatedly raised his hand to his  
mouth. He had found a little, purling stream  
of fresh water, and even before announcing  
his discovery he refreshed himself with  
draught after draught of its clear, cold waters.

Oh, the freshness of it after the long ab-  
stinence on ship board! How it cooled his  
mouth, how it refreshed his whole body! It  
seemed to him that he could feel its stimula-  
tion even to his very toes. Then he washed  
his hands in it, then his face. Oh, how good  
to wash the salt from his skin and to feel  
that he need not fear using too much of it.

Suddenly he remembered the others, and  
shouted.

"Oh, Master Alden. Come, come quickly.  
I have found it. I have found it. A spring,  
a splendid spring. Oh, come and drink."  
John Alden was a young man. He had not  
forgotten his youth. He had not yet had his  
spirits crushed out by privation, illness and  
death; and the boy's enthusiasm caught him.  
With matchlock on his shoulder and Jackies  
following in a more or less clumsy cavalcade,  
he ran to the spring and did for himself just  
what John had done, drank and laved his  
sea-worn face.

Then, following the little rivulet up from the  
beach, while the sailors brought the boat to  
shore at a nearer spot, he and John soon came  
upon the source from whence the limpid wa-  
ters ran. This they found to be a spring,  
boiling up not far from the beach, with water  
enough to supply the whole ship's company  
for a voyage as long as theirs had been.

With bucket after bucket, the casks were  
soon filled and a quick passage made back to  
the ship. John Bellington was at once a hero;  
for it was he who found that delicious water  
and in such quantities that it could be used  
almost without stint. The older women, es-  
pecially those who had the dire need of an im-  
mediate washing day before their minds were  
particularly pleased and called John "a nice  
boy, a fine brave chap; his mother should be  
proud of him. Mistress, well may ye be  
proud of your gallant, young son," and other  
expressions of praise, which made John  
proud; and yet, being a boy, he did not al-  
together like it.

Mary Chilton made him the happiest by  
telling him, "Thou art my true knight, Sir Wa-  
terman; for thou hast found the spring of  
life."

And John thought he had indeed.  
Of course he had to meet the railleury of  
the other boys. Too much praise might make  
him "feel big" and, as boys, it was their duty  
to keep him down on earth where every boy  
belongs.

He was, therefore, treated to remarks in a  
tone of pretended concealment, just loud  
enough to be surely heard, such as: "Oh, yes;  
he's Mary Chilton's water-bug." "Oh, John,  
Johnny found the water, the water." "Huh,  
any fellow could find water when it  
was running in a stream right in front of  
him. How could he help finding it, I'd like  
to know?"

John was too happy to resent even the wa-  
ter-bug nickname very much. His only re-  
sponse was "Sour grapes. Don't you wish you  
had gone ashore. They wouldn't take you fel-  
lows ashore."

Ah, but the days were busy on the May-  
flower. There was more water to get. There  
was wood to chop and bring on board. There  
was a big wash to do. There were fish to be  
caught and fowl to be shot, in order that the  
salt-sated company might once more have  
fresh foods. There was the shallow to get up  
out from between-decks and work for the  
carpenter to repair her. There was a good  
place for a settlement to be found. There  
was Indiana to be looked out for. There was  
a new government to be begun.

So, of all the little company, each one had  
his tasks and plenty of them. As usual the  
boys found they were permitted to do only  
those things which they did not want to do.  
However, they managed to work in a good  
deal of fun.

After the water had been replenished, all  
hands went ashore to chop wood. The sailors  
were as pleased as any others to get the  
kinks out of their legs by a "watch ashore."  
So axes and hatchets were fished out and as  
many as the ship's long boat would hold,  
started ashore. John and Frank and Love  
Brewster and his brother Wrestling were  
taken along to row back the boat for a second  
load. Wrestling was old enough and big  
enough to row, and Frank could pull an oar,  
sturdy, broad shouldered chap that he was.  
John could steer and Love was permitted to  
go because Wrestling cared for him.

It was only a mile to the shore from the  
ship. The boat load of wood choppers were  
merely twacking at the little red cedars  
which, with their fragrant red wood, the  
Pilgrims called Junipers, when the boys  
started back. The black cloud which was  
coming up from the south, gave no uneasiness  
to these people unaccustomed to the vagaries  
of the New England climate.

Half the returning journey had been suc-  
cessfully accomplished when—phew—a wind  
blew out of the little, black cloud making the  
waters hiss all around the boat and driving  
her back toward the shore in spite of the re-  
doubled efforts of Wrestling and Frank. To

add to their difficulties it grew bitterly cold  
and the boys' hands, wet with the spray,  
grew numb as they grasped the clumsy, old-  
fashioned oars. John's inability to steer the  
boat frightened him and Love cried with fear  
and cold.

But to cap all, a snow squall enveloped them  
completely. They could see neither shore nor  
ship, and, as the cloud came up, the wind  
shifted suddenly and blew them toward the  
open sea.

Bravely Wrestling justified his name and  
Frank, although terrified, betrayed no sign of  
fear. John was pale with terror, but would  
not speak of it. To quiet Love, they set him  
to bailing out the water which dashed in spray  
into the boat. Frank said:

"Go ahead, now, Love. Keep the water  
down. Blubber if you want to; but ball.  
Blubber and ball, but be sure you ball."

This started John to laughing and put new  
pluck into them all. So they rowed with all  
their might, while John tried to peer through  
the snow and to find the ship. The anxiety  
both of those on the shore and those on the  
ship was great. Sailor Tom got down close  
to the water and bellowed his loudest, direct-  
ing the boys to "Come ash-o-r-e," and Capt.  
Jones blew a horn from the ship.

The boys heard neither. The wind and the  
storm were too loud.

It looked dark for the boys. As they were  
then going, a few minutes would take them  
out of the harbor and the waves would prob-  
ably swamp the boat.

"Oh, Wrestling, don't you think it is getting  
rougher? It looks just as if we didn't get  
ahead one jot. Can't you boys row harder?  
Suppose we are blown out to sea," said John.  
"Oh, be not afraid, John my boy. We shall  
yet get to the vessel. But, faith, we gain  
nothing against the wind. Let us try a course  
where the wind may help us. Turn her about,  
John. If we are going to sea, let us go bow  
first as if we intended it," and he ceased pull-  
ing and bade Frank also, while they warmed  
their freezing hands by breathing on them  
and slapping their wet sides.

Resuming their rowing, they found that, in  
this new direction, they made some progress,  
although they seemed to go to leeward as  
much as they did forward. In a short time the  
wind changed again and they grew still more  
confused as to their whereabouts. With the  
change of wind, the waves grew slightly  
smoother; but the boom of the surf close at  
hand startled and pleased them. They knew  
they were close to shore, somewhere.

They had scarcely time to appreciate their  
supposed escape, when the squall ceased, as  
suddenly as it had come up. Then they saw  
they were fast "going ashore" at Wood End,  
a mile or more away from the choppers and  
fully as much from the ship.

"Pull, Frank. Pull all thy might upon the  
oar," shouted Wrestling. "Here John, drop  
thy oar and help Frank, quick! Quick! Pull  
in thy oar. Now, boys, all together, now hard!  
We are gaining on it. Now again!"

The boys groined with each stroke, so hard  
did they work to get away from the breakers.  
Love ceased crying. He scarcely appreciated  
the danger, but seemed spellbound with terror.  
Little by little, foot by foot, the boat drew  
away to safety, and the breakers gradually  
faded in the distance, while the boys, now  
panting with their efforts, gradually ap-  
proached the ship.

Capt. Jones' shout, "Aloof, there, boys!  
Keep on! Ye will soon be here out of harm's  
way," gave them strength for a few final  
strokes and they were safe in the lee of the  
Mayflower, pale from their exertion and too  
weak to pull another stroke. Love was de-  
lighted. "Oh, mother," he exclaimed, as his  
mother's anxious face peered over the side.  
"I was dreadfully frightened. I am so glad  
to get back."

They all were. This was but one of those  
dire experiences which fitted the boys for the  
terrors and privations which, all unknown to  
them, the future had in store.

(To be continued.)

## Playtime.

I love my mother more than words

Can tell, also, my father.

I love my uncle and his friends,

But, still, I wonder rather.

Why God compels us to be old

Before we're tired of playing;

To sit in chairs and talk, and still

Say nothing worth the saying.

But I suppose He made the world

And put young children in it

To pick His flowers, climb trees and play;

And then He saw, next minute,

There must be people tales to tell

To children, and to feed them,

To build them houses, and to find

Warm clothes, if they should need them.

So, children, come and play with me;

You soon will be grown older;

And every day is as a night

That hourly groweth colder.

And you, who are grown children, too,

Be careful what you're saying,

Lest ever you should chance to speak

A word to stop our playing.

A Receipt for Keeping Young.

She was as fresh in color as a girl, her hair  
without a touch of gray, her face without a  
wrinkle, and she felt, I am sure, as she cer-  
tainly looked, far younger than I did. So I  
asked her finally:

"How do you keep so fresh and young with  
all your great family?"

She looked at me a moment and then  
laughed a merry little laugh. "You see," she  
said, "I had my von little naps."

"Your what?" I asked, puzzled to under-  
stand her.

"My von little naps," she repeated.

"But tell me; I do not understand, I said."

"Vy so," she said in her pretty broken  
English, "about twelve o'clock, or maybe one  
or maybe two, as you like it better, I takes  
de baby, vicher I de baby, and I goes to de  
room and takes my naps."

"But if the baby won't sleep at that time?"

I objected.

She shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, he sleeps  
all right."

"But there are so many things to do while  
the baby sleeps," I went on.

"I vill haf my naps," was her smiling an-  
swer.

"But," I urged, "suppose something hap-  
pens to the other children while you and the  
baby are asleep?"

Then she did stare at me. "There could  
be nothing happen to dose children vorse dan  
I not get my von little naps," she said indig-  
nantly.

I gave it up. "I closed the argument—  
Christian Uplook."

The effect of home influence, indeed, consti-  
tutes with most of us a sort of secondary  
heredity.—Selected.

He who is content to walk, instead of run,  
on his allotted path through life, although  
he may not so rapidly attain the goal, has  
the advantage of not being out of breath on  
his arrival.—Maryatt.

At times angels drop new beauties into  
certain souls.—Lillie Hamilton French.

It is for the devil and his angels to be sad;  
for us to be happy and rejoice.—Paul Lavi-  
tier.

## SPIRIT

## Message Department.

MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUM.

SHIP OF

MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

Report of Seance held August 17, 1904, S. E. 07.

## In Explanation.

The following communications are given by  
Mrs. Soule while under the control of her  
own guides for the good of the individual  
spirits seeking to reach their friends on  
earth. The messages are reported steno-  
graphically by a representative of the "Ban-  
ner of Light" and are given in the presence  
of other members of the "Banner" staff.  
These circles are not public.

## To Our Readers.

We earnestly request our patrons to verify  
such communications as they know to be  
based upon fact in these columns. This is  
not so much for the benefit of the "Banner  
of Light" as it is for the good of the reading  
public. Truth is truth and will bear its own  
burden wherever it is made known to the  
world. In the cause of truth, kindly assist  
us to find those whom you believe may verify  
them. Many of them are not Spiritualists or  
subscribers to the "Banner of Light," so may  
we ask each of you to become a missionary  
for your particular locality?

## INVOCATION.

Breathe upon our waiting hearts, O Spirit  
of love, the influence and power of love that  
shall make us loving and strong, even in the  
midst of temptation and trial. Lead us out  
into the soul life of the spirit away from the  
distractions and misunderstandings of mate-  
rial life, and there may we see ourselves, and  
there may we cleanse ourselves, from all that  
is impure and imperfect. May no pressing  
need of time or place keep us away from the  
hallowed spirits' trysting-ground. May no  
thought of evil keep us away from the pure  
and holy influence of those who have known,  
who have understood life and who now stand  
prepared to teach and to lead us. O may we  
feel the inflowing of that heavenly peace, that  
divine aspiration which makes us in the midst  
of difficulty and darkness assured of the pres-  
ence of God in the world. The sweetest mes-  
sage which comes to us in this hour, the  
sweetest understanding of God, is that He  
has not left us without some witness of His  
life. That these dear hearts, our possessions,  
our loves, are all in His tender keeping, and  
that from out that life where they have gone  
they may speak back to us and teach us and  
tell us of themselves. So hungry are we at times  
for the word that shall tell us all is well with  
them; so eager are we and so weary some-  
times with watching for the light that shall  
signal back the message of their safe entrance  
into that sunny harbor, that today we would  
feel that all is well and that the peace which  
has come to them is being wafted back to us  
on an angel's wing. When once this has en-  
tered into our hearts we grow eager to ex-  
press it to every darkened soul in the world,  
and so we take hold of hands and clasp  
hands with the weak and the weary, with the  
eager and the anxious, and we would assist  
them to speak to their own, to breathe the  
loving message and to give the influence of  
strength and potency where it is most  
needed. Amen.

## MESSAGES.

## Hattie Bacon, Lewiston, Me.

There is a spirit here of a woman about  
twenty-three. She is very slender and grace-  
ful. She is all in white as though she was  
out away in a dress that was a very great fa-  
vorite of hers. She says her name is Hattie  
Bacon and she wants her father George Ba-  
con to know she is here. Her father is not  
well; he has been sick for some months and  
only a few days ago he had a vision of her  
which frightened him, but she says tell him  
she was not there to harm him but only to  
help him, and if there is anything she can  
do to help him more she will do it without his  
asking. "I am not sorry that I joined the  
Church, although I don't find it did for me  
much over here, but it certainly gave me a  
lot of good friends and I was happier with  
them than I was with any other friends I  
ever had. Aunt Harriet, the one for whom I  
am named, is here, too, and she says tell them  
all that she will take care of me until they  
come. I want to go to Lewiston, Me., and I  
will thank you for your effort to get the mes-  
sage to my people."

## Amos Gilbert, Rochester, N. H.

A spirit comes of an old gentleman. He has  
long white hair; the hair is longer than the  
average man wears it. He has a white beard.  
He wears a large straw hat and he is in his  
shirt sleeves. He seems to enjoy this kind of  
weather and likes to work out of doors. He  
says his name is Amos Gilbert and he is from  
Rochester, N. H. "I went from Genesee  
there a good many years ago. It was in Genesee  
that I lost Ruth and then I went to the  
other home and there I lived and died. My  
brother Simon was over here before me and  
when I got here it didn't make the place seem  
so lonesome or as though I had gone off by  
myself to enjoy a good time and leave my  
friends at home. I am very anxious, more so  
than I can tell you, to send this word to Ly-  
dia. Lydia is not well and needs just a little  
help from us that we may make her under-  
stand she is working too hard and if she will  
cease she will soon be well and strong. I  
have a son here and he is the joy of my life.  
His mother and I are pretty well taken up  
with his schemes and plans. He had been  
here so long and had so many things to show  
us that it seemed as if it could not be our boy,  
but we are growing accustomed to it now and  
are very happy indeed with him. I would like  
Horatio to do what he is planning just as  
soon as it is possible. Get it out of the way;  
it will be much better for everybody. I am  
doubtful grateful for this chance and will say  
good bye."

## Marjory Bradley, Cleveland.

I see a spirit of a girl not over eight years  
old. She says, "My name is Marjorie Brad-  
ley. I lived way off in Cleveland but know  
the paper where the spirits come. My grand-  
ma told me I could come and she said it  
would do my mother and father lots of  
good to hear from me. She wants me to tell  
them that Arthur is with me and that he  
would speak if he could, but he is not able  
today. He isn't sick but he hasn't got the  
power yet. I would like to tell my mother  
that I have seen how she feels about the kit-  
tle and I often play with it. She thinks I do  
and is afraid sometimes there is danger of the  
kittle having a fit, but she won't. It is only I  
chasing her around. I want to send a kiss to  
Bertie and one to Grace, and tell them that  
I shall never forget them although they may  
forget me. I don't have any colored woman  
to take care of me now. My own grand-  
ma takes care of me which I think is much better.  
I don't like to wear white dresses any better

now than before I came, so I have got on a  
pink one. They will know why. Goodbye,  
and I will come again if I can."

Arthur Harrington, Schenectady,  
N. Y.

A spirit comes of a man about thirty-five  
years old. He is a little above the medium  
height, slim, and has a very nonchalant man-  
ner, as though he never took things very se-  
riously but wanted to sift and weed them, and  
if they were what he wanted, he took them;  
if not, he let them slide. He stands picking  
his teeth as if it was a custom of his to have  
a toothpick in his mouth. He is very fond of  
birds and seems to make quite a study of  
taking care of them. I am inclined to think  
he was a taxidermist because all about him I  
see these birds. He says his name is Arthur  
Harrington and he is from Schenectady, N.  
Y. "This is peculiar. Before I say the words,  
and while the thoughts are still in my mind,  
I hear you speaking to the stenographer and  
I am amused to think you can interpret what  
I am thinking, but never mind, I suppose it  
is all a part of this business of sending mes-  
sages back to our friends. I cannot say I  
wish I was back, but I can say that I would  
like to come back for a little while and kind  
of touch up the friends I knew and make them  
feel they had an acquaintance over here. I  
have decided to make every effort I can to  
convince my people that not only am I alive  
but everyone else that has come out of our  
neighborhood over here. Just before I came  
I saw Julia Murdoch and she said she didn't  
believe I could get in, there was so much go-  
ing







(Continued from page 5.)

said one of the best ways for success was to work with a concerted effort for one common purpose, and if everyone in this audience would unite with the Association, a grand work could be accomplished. Mr. J. H. Foss said he believed the Spiritualists were willing to remain forever to listen to a word of their religion, always anxious to receive. He believed in organization, for he believed it was the right road to success. Mrs. Carrie F. Loring spoke briefly of the work of the State Association; said its object was to uphold, and invited all to assist in the good work. A vote of thanks was here tendered to the Onset Bay Grove Association for their kindness in placing the auditorium at the disposal of the Massachusetts State Association for their summer meeting, and for the kind advertisement upon the camp circulars; also a vote of thanks to the speakers, mediums and musicians who so kindly consented to assist at the meeting; to Mr. J. B. Hatch for decorations, and to Dr. Prentiss for flowers. All of these motions were carried unanimously.—Carrie L. Hatch, sec.

Monday, Aug. 15.—The week opened with bright blue sky, and everything was auspicious for a good meeting at the conference. After singing by Miss Alice Holbrook, Mr. Young spoke briefly of his idea and belief in Progress. He was controlled by "Father Lyon" who gave some of his experiences in the spirit world. Mr. Scott spoke of the lectures that were given on Sunday, and said he believed he was a part of God, but he was not satisfied, and did not believe he could be, as he believed in the upward progress of man, in fact, of everything. Mrs. Cahoon spoke of the development and unfoldment from within. Mrs. Ring spoke briefly and gave communications. President Fuller said he was glad he had had such an interesting meeting, that our platform was broad, and that the speakers are employed to express their ideas, not ours, and I think sometimes we grow stronger by comparing opinions. The meeting closed with singing.

Tuesday, Dr. George W. Carey took for his subject, "And there was light." It was not in the night time and asleep, but in the daytime and awake, that I had a vision of a temple. It was of stately proportions and divinely fair. I was pleased beyond measure with it, and asked aloud, "What temple is this?" and a voice from out the everywhere answered, "This is the temple of Truth." I was pleased; I had searched patiently and long to find Truth. As I approached, I saw sentences engraved upon the circular walls. I read "Peace, Joy, Love, Wisdom, Life, The Absolute, One Power, One Cause, One Life, Perfection."

I walked around the temple and, as I proceeded, a shade and mist began to dim my eyes, and my blood was chilled. On looking again I saw through the shadows the words, "Doubt, Fear, Envy, Disease, War, Hatred, Two Powers, Evil, Criticism, Imperfection." Then I was in despair and I cried aloud, "Am I deceived, for even the Temple of Truth has its negative side and my ideal forever eludes me. But as I looked, the letters vanished, and the words "Peace, Perfection, Love and Being" appeared instead, and I wondered greatly, and again I heard the voice, "The negative words that distressed you were only appearances, they are formed in the mist, and when the cloud was dissolved by the vibration of light from within, the words or appearances dissolved also. But the real words are carved in the substance of the temple, and are, therefore, one with it. This is only a page from Dr. Carey's lectures; they are in pamphlet form and may be purchased at the "Banner" office. Miss Alice Holbrook furnished the music during the afternoon.

Wednesday was conference day, but in place of the conference, Mrs. Annie Knowlton Hinman gave a lecture for the benefit of the Lyceum. It was a very able lecture; she said the perversion of our national government is caused largely by citizens failing to do their duty, and a misunderstanding of its laws. We should strive to seize each effort, no matter how small, if we arouse earnest, honorable exertion in those who seem to be drifting aimlessly, and to instill higher thoughts into those who seem to have lost ambition as a Divine mission. To walk through the Garden of Gethsemane, to drink of its dregs draws us into the atmosphere of the arch angel. With an indomitable will the sunken spiritual peaks can be reached. "When we break a law of eternal justice it echoes through the world," if we hug sin and misery to our bosom it will submerge us in the blackness of despair. We live in a superficial age and go along in a happy-go-lucky manner, and do not try to understand ourselves. "Know thyself" is a saying that we should all remember; we should act the Columbus over ourselves and discover possibilities. America is the land of opportunity, and there are supreme moments in everyone's life when they must decide for good or evil. Mrs. Dutton read a poem at the opening of the lecture.

Thursday, Mrs. Kate R. Stiles, speaker of the afternoon, read a poem, "Old and New," afterwards taking for her subject "The new interpretations of old truths, or the interpretations of 20th century Spiritualism." Those who have been careful students of our scientific philosophy of Spiritualism, as well as the phenomena, well know we place a larger interpretation upon them than we did 30 or 50 years ago; if so, do we not expect in the next 50 years we shall still have larger views of what the power of spirit will be, and we believe that all possibilities are with us awaiting for opportunities for expression. Today we declare to you we have all reverence for the past, but we have been "born again," and we are continually being born. We often hear Spiritualists say the old Spiritualism is good enough for them, but there is no new Spiritualism, only we are placing a larger interpretation upon it today. In the early days we seemed to be striving only to prove the continuity of life, to know that our loved ones did really live, and we were satisfied and became centered in the thought. It is true no other religion has done this, and if Spiritualism had done no other good than this it would be at the head of all other religions. Faith is beautiful, but knowledge is greater. I believe we are the happiest people upon the face of the earth, but is this all, this knowledge of the continuity of life, are we content? Nay, we must be discontented, and there is a healthful discontent which forces us to put forth fresh effort so we will be able to read the book of life. The 20th century is bringing to us a new light, it has a fuller message, it deals with larger possibilities; has the time not come, have we not reached that condition that we do not clamor for a sign? When we have we will learn that we do not need any outward sign, we will receive the message from within. Spiritualism is not only a comfort, it is a discomfiter; but blessed is the thought that it wounds to heal, and teaches us to weigh ourselves, and in this way we gain wisdom. The meeting closed with singing and benediction.

Friday, the conference was held in the grove; meeting opened with singing by Miss Alice Holbrook. Mr. Sampson opened the meeting by reading a poem, "How did you die?" Mrs. Curtis read a poem, "No set in Heaven." Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds spoke briefly of her progression; she was formerly a Baptist, and now we all know she is a devoted Spiritualist, and of course she has wonderfully progressed. She is now a teacher of truth, when she only, in former years, had faith that these seeming mysteries portrayed in the Bible were true; she has substituted knowledge for faith. Mrs. Annie Knowlton

Hinman read an original poem which was very beautiful. Dr. George Carey read thoughts from Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and also read a selection from Epictetus. Mrs. Kate R. Stiles spoke briefly and quoted also from Epictetus, the philosopher of past ages. Dr. Hunt spoke briefly and said he was searching for the light. He gave communications. Many others spoke at the meeting and it was one of our most spiritual conferences. Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds gave two very interesting and remarkable test seances in the arcade, for the Association. The Lyceum was held as usual, but Friday we all missed Mrs. Allyn, as she was away for the day. The Lyceum was conducted by Mrs. C. L. Hatch. Everything is beautiful here at the camp and all should take advantage of remaining weeks and visit Onset. (To be continued.)

### Verona Park, Me.

The opening meeting of this camp was on the 7th inst. The day was delightful and the number in attendance was larger than on any opening Sunday for several years.

Mrs. Katie Ham, of Haverhill, Mass., was the speaker. President A. F. Smith gave a brief and eloquent address of welcome, after which Mrs. Ham delighted the audience with a fine discourse and many excellent tests. She is very popular with our people, both as a woman and a medium. She has many calls for sittings and all are pleased with the results. The fine hotel has been much improved this season, and under the management of President Smith is a welcome and charming home for all its guests. Two new cottages have been erected of late and several lots sold for the building of others. Parties from out of the state are enjoying the beautiful scenery, the invigorating air, the cool breezes, the opportunities for boating, fishing, driving, berrying, etc. Frequent excursions are arriving from points on the lovely Penobscot above and below the camp. These grounds are becoming better known every year, and are highly appreciated for their natural beauties, the harmony prevailing, and the cordiality of the officers and members of the Association.

Mrs. Ham gave two addresses on Sunday, the 14th, each followed by convincing tests. Many persons were anxious for private sittings who could not be accommodated.—F. W. Smith.

### Announcements.

Malden.—We hold meetings every Sunday, Lyceum 1.30 p. m. Come and bring the children. Circle, 3.30 p. m., for healing, developing and readings, conducted by our president, Harvey Redding. 7.30 p. m., inspirational speaking, and messages. The best of talent always present. Sunday, August 28, 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, August 26, from 6 to 7.30 p. m. The "Banner of Light," on sale at all of our meetings.—C. L. Redding, Cor. Sec.

First Spiritual Church of Boston, Inc., Rev. Clara E. Strong, Pastor, holds services every Sunday at America Hall, 724 Washington St., up 2 flights. Circle 11 a. m.; services 3 and 7.30 p. m. All mediums invited. Special music and good speakers every Sunday.—A. M. S., Clerk.

Unity Camp, Saugus Centre, Alex Caird, M. D., president. Sunday, August 28, conference at 11. Short addresses and communications from local and visiting mediums at 2. Mrs. J. S. Scarlett at 4 and 7. Good music; lunch served; admission free.

### 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.

Malden Progressive Spiritual Society, Louise Hall, Pleasant St.—Sunday, Aug. 14. Meetings for the day: Lyceum, 1.30 p. m., circle for healing, developing and readings, conducted by our president, Harvey Redding. We had with us "Little Golden Hair," who is rapidly gaining ground in her message work. Mrs. Morton also gave proof of spirit return. Evening session opened with service of song, scripture reading and remarks by the president. Invocation and poem by "Cyrus the Persian." Mrs. Abbie Burnham gave a brief address on "the different religions," which were very much appreciated. Vocal solo, "Face to face," by Mr. Jas. Milton, with good effect. Alice M. Whittier then took the platform and, with the assistance of her guides, "Twilight" and "Prairie Flower," did very fine work, as they always do. Indian control, "Big Dog," finished the evening as usual in his own fashion. Do not forget our monthly supper, Friday, Aug. 26, 6 to 7.30 p. m. We expect to have with us Mr. J. J. Morse, editor the "Banner of Light." The "Banner of Light" on sale at all of our meetings.—C. L. Redding, cor. sec.

Waverley Home, Sunday, Aug. 14.—Very interesting and instructive were the services held here today; despite the lowering clouds and falling rain, a goodly number assembled, and were rewarded for their perseverance in braving the storm by listening to an eloquent address by Dr. Green; in illustrating the power of thought in uplifting humanity to a higher and nobler inspiration of spiritual progression, as exemplified in the life work of Theodore Parker, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Alice and Phebe Cary, and the Quaker poet, Whittier; this galaxy of noble men and women, who worked and toiled for the freedom of four millions of enslaved souls, is enshrined in the memory of all hearts today; they wrought in deed and in truth, to carry out the spirit of the Declaration of Independence, that all men shall become free, regardless of color or previous condition of servitude, until now, the broad National Flag does not cover beneath its folds, one soul in bondage. The meeting opened with singing; invocation, Mr. Smith; address, Dr. Green; remarks, Mr. Marston; poem by Mr. Webster; delineations by Mrs. Burton, Mrs. Ott, Mr. Howe and Mr. Smith; conductor of music, A. H. Lamson; pianist, Mr. Wilder; conductor of the services, George C. Clark.—J. H. Lewis.

First Spiritual Church of Boston, Inc., Rev. Clara E. Strong, pastor, Aug. 21.—Regular services were held. During the absence of the pastor, Mr. Walter I. Mason presided. Pa. 27:7 formed the subject of the morning. Miss Strong, Mrs. Davis' "White Fawn," gave communications. An inspirational poem was given by Mrs. Creighton. Excellent thoughts were given by Mrs. Davis, Mrs.

Chapman, Mr. Brewer. Rom. 15:1, "We then that are strong," was the subject for the afternoon. Communications were given by Mr. Eveleth, Mrs. Davis and Mr. Mason. Mrs. Lewis sang another of her inspired hymns. St. John 9 formed the subject for the evening. Mrs. Cutter, Mrs. Davis and Mr. Hersey gave spirit communications. "The Homeland" was sweetly sung by Miss Ramplal. Mary B. Norcross, of California, was heard with pleasure. A solo by Mrs. Lewis, and then Mr. Eveleth gave communications.—A. M. S., clerk.

Portland, Aug. 21.—First Spiritual Society, Congress Hall, 420 Congress St.—But one more Sunday remains for social meetings as we have carried them along this summer and then the season's work will commence. Mr. J. S. Scarlett will be our first speaker. Last Sunday we had a most enjoyable meeting. Mrs. Vaughan gave a number of messages and all were recognized. Tonight the president of the society, Mr. Ross, delivered an address, speaking at some length on "Man's Own Responsibility." Mrs. Vaughan again gave messages and also spoke to Spiritualists on their duty to the society. We have the "Banner" for sale at all meetings now and many are pleased to get it.—S. H. R.

### 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.]

MRS. MELINDA H. DICKERMAN, ONSET, MASS.

At a special meeting of the First Spiritualist Church of Onset, the following was enacted: Whereas: It has pleased the "Higher Intelligence" to remove from our midst our beloved Sister Melinda H. Dickerman, thus breaking a link in our fraternal chain, therefore be it Resolved: That in the transition of Sister Dickerman, our Church has lost a worthy and faithful officer, a highly respected member, a kind and loving sister whose smile and cordial greeting is missed by all.

Resolved: That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to her husband and children.

Resolved: That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family.

Resolved: That our charter be draped in mourning for thirty days, and that a copy of these Resolutions be spread on the records of our Church.

Resolved: That a copy be sent to the "Banner of Light" and Brockton Enterprise for publication.

C. D. Fuller, Susie Tripp, Mrs. S. A. Currier, committee.

The following resolutions were passed by the Onset Wigwag Association in commemoration of the departed friend referred to above:

Mrs. Melinda H. Dickerman, wife of E. E. Dickerman, who passed to spirit life from her home in Onset, Mass., Aug. 5, 1904, aged 71 years, an earnest worker in the cause of Spiritualism.

Whereas: Under the inevitable laws of Nature, our beloved sister and co-worker, Mrs. Melinda H. Dickerman has been removed from our physical sight and association, and has arisen to a more exalted sphere of existence as a spiritual being; therefore—

Resolved: That in the transition of our much esteemed co-worker, beloved sister and kind friend, the Onset Wigwag Co-Workers, as a society, has sustained an irreparable loss.

Resolved: That as an Association, we hereby extend to the afflicted husband, children and relatives of our arisen sister, our heartfelt sympathy and sorrow for them in this, their great affliction.

E. A. Blackden, Mrs. Lulu B. Eddy, George H. Goodwin, committee.  
Onset, Mass., Aug. 10, 1904.

MRS. LYDIA WESTGATE.

Resolutions passed by the Onset Wigwag Association concerning the departure of Mrs. Lydia Westgate, widow of the late Robert Westgate, who passed to spirit life April, 1904, aged 75 years, a true Spiritualist man.

Whereas: Under the inevitable laws of Nature, our much beloved and highly esteemed sister and co-worker, Mrs. Lydia Westgate, has been removed from our physical sight and association and has passed on to the higher life as a spiritual being, therefore be it

Resolved: That in the transition of our much esteemed co-worker, beloved sister and kind friend, the Onset Wigwag Co-Workers, as a society, has sustained an irreparable loss.

Resolved: That, as a Society, we hereby extend to the surviving members of the family and relatives of our departed sister, our most heartfelt sorrow and sympathy to them in their great affliction.

E. A. Blackden, Mrs. Lulu B. Eddy, George H. Goodwin, committee.  
Onset, Mass., Aug. 10, 1904.

LEVI WEAVER, BALTIMORE, MD.

Buried in London Park Cemetery, Baltimore, Md., on Aug. 14, the physical remains of Levi Weaver, under the auspices of Cassia Lodge, No. 45, A. F. and A. M. Brother Weaver was one of the oldest pioneers in Spiritualism in Baltimore. For many years he was president of the First Spiritualist Church; he was highly esteemed by all who knew him; as an evidence of his peaceful disposition it was stated at the grave by the officiating Mason, that Levi Weaver was never known to give a cross word to anyone. He attained the age of ninety years.

RACHEL SMITH, STOCKPORT, N. Y.

From Stockport, N. Y., August 13th, 1904. Rachel Smith, in her 76th year. "Aunt Rachel" was a woman of admirable qualities, and a Spiritualist for more than forty years. She possessed mediumistic powers and was in frequent communication with the world beyond. Therefore death for her had no terrors, and her transition was but a step across.—O. M. P.

### Some of the Blessed.

Blessed are the defrauded who smile and go their way in peace, for they have entered into knowledge.

Blessed are the hungry who are hungry enough to find the dinner where God has spread it.

Blessed are they who do not keep awake at night in expectation of tomorrow's bad news. These shall have good news instead of bad.

Blessed are they who can give their neighbors a lift without being dragged into the pit with them. Such are the saviors of the world.

Blessed are they who recognize unity in diversity, for they do not consider their own pattern the only desirable one. Of such is the kingdom of knowledge.

Blessed are they who, not knowing that which seemeth necessary to know, are willing to wait until they find out. This is the kingdom of the plump and the jolly.

Blessed are they who can trace the processes of progress even among the laggards and the stragglers—better known as sinners. These are possessed of the vision of God.—Eleanor Kirk.

# WONDER WHEEL SCIENCE.

(July 30, Copyrighted, 1903, by C. H. Webber.)

By C. H. Webber (Prof. Henry).

Table by which Every Individual may know his True Standing.  
From September 1 to 21, 1904, inclusive.

Birth Numbers	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
September												
1	O	B	P	F	A	G	?	M	?	E	D	K
2-3-4	K	O	B	P	F	A	G	?	M	?	E	D
4-5-6	D	K	O	B	P	F	A	G	?	M	?	E
6-7-8	E	D	K	O	B	P	F	A	G	?	M	?
8-9-10	?	E	D	K	O	B	P	F	A	G	?	M
10-11-12	M	?	E	D	K	O	B	P	F	A	G	?
12-13-14	?	M	?	E	D	K	O	B	P	F	A	G
14-15-16	G	?	M	?	E	D	K	O	B	P	F	A
17-18-19	A	G	?	M	?	E	D	K	O	B	P	F
19-20-21	F	A	G	?	M	?	E	D	K	O	B	P

### PRIMARY TABLE OF INFLUENCES.

**SPECIAL RULINGS.**—For the above period, Birth Number 6 is the Ruler of the World, favorable for Numbers 4, 8 and 9, to put forth their best efforts. In this period Numbers 3, 9, and 12, should go slow, or take a rest. People born within a few days of April 19, June 20, Aug. 24, Oct. 27, Dec. 20, and Feb. 19, are promised financial ease or gain. Brief explanation of the Letters in the Table:—A, means a happy period in the above twenty-one days. We should be pleased to receive the testimony of BARNUM readers as to experiences of those whose birth numbers or dates come under the 6 rulings. "Prove all things, hold fast to that which is good." Brief explanation of the Letters in the Table:—A, means a happy period in the above twenty-one days. We should be pleased to receive the testimony of BARNUM readers as to experiences of those whose birth numbers or dates come under the 6 rulings. "Prove all things, hold fast to that which is good." Brief explanation of the Letters in the Table:—A, means a happy period in the above twenty-one days. We should be pleased to receive the testimony of BARNUM readers as to experiences of those whose birth numbers or dates come under the 6 rulings. "Prove all things, hold fast to that which is good."

That the path is Open. K, means Kindness on the way. B, means a Desirable resting place. E, means time for Employment. T, means Indifference, or a Questionable period. M, means the Matrimonial time or Mutualities. G, means Good Will. A, means Ambition. F, means Friendships. P, means Possible Good or Evil.

### Birth Numbers.

(Continued from last week.)

Man's Sphere is never more than six feet from what is known as Terre Firma. In those six feet of space surrounding the earth are all the products of the combined action of spirit and matter in a multitude of differentiations of Form, created by the action of the heaven-wheel and the earth-wheel moving in opposite directions, making a current of Thought-Life which surrounds our globe, as the intermediate, or sonship sphere.

This belt of animal life, or the animation of spirit and matter in mutual accord, has unseen stratum (layers or belts) from surface outward; ranging in quality of life-expressions from what are represented as crawling crabs, to mountain climbing goats. Man's Heaven, is never more than six feet above his head, and his "bottomless pit" is never more than six feet below his feet.

By man, I mean Thought, or action of the mind, and not Form. The realm of Form extends to the bowels of the earth, materially, and to the head-centre of space, spiritually, but the realm of Thought is confined to nine feet above and below the navel, or centre of the abdomen, represented by the "scales" or "balances," in symbology, or by the "equinoxes" in Nature. From that centre the Human Mind is downward to the feet and below them, if material, and upward to the crown of the head and further above, if spiritual.

Beyond the nine feet downward, the Mind is purely material. Above the nine feet the Mind is purely spiritual. These are the realms of the Lords, Gods, or Powers of the Universe. They have no need of Thought in their realms. Thought, or Man, is needed only in the six feet above Earth Form, and in those six feet Man may draw material substance from the Powers beneath, or from the Powers above, provided he proceeds, in either case, in strict accordance with the laws of each realm, as governed by what are known as Time and Space.

What is the Spiritual World? It is the unseen world, and the garments of the unseen is that which it clothes itself in, in order to be seen.

Just for one moment, stop and think. The only thing that we can see in what we call the material world, is but the garments in which the unseen, or spirit world, is clothed. The seen world is nothing but the crust of the pie. The Unseen is the inside of the pie. The Seen-world is the kettle and its cover; the Unseen-world is the contents of the kettle. The Seen-world is the flesh; the blood and the bone are unseen. So, there are unseen material factors as well as unseen Spiritual Factors; a spiritual side to matter as well as a material side to spirit. The moment our eyes behold a thing whether it comes from out of the kettle, or out of our body, or out of the skies, it belongs to the World of Form. It is the Ghost (or appearance) of a spirit or a material power which stands within, behind, above, or around that ghost-form, shape, appearance (or whatever you choose to term it), to uphold it. The life of the thing is not the form, it is the unseen spirit and the unseen matter that sustains that form. The inside of the form is called body; which we do not see. The outside is called aura, which we do not see. As polarities of powers, at a given point called brain, or lungs, or heart, where the two forces meet and combust, there in their mutual laboratory they create Thought, which is called Man, or the image of the two powers at the foot, and the Man is as unseen as spirit or matter, for the only thing seen is the garment in which the man is clothed.

Possibly our readers may have become interested enough in the table presented to wonder how it individually affects them. Some, indeed, may already know, and are using it to their own advantage. We wish it to be of advantage to all, but the author can do no more than to present it and give brief hints as to its use.

The pastry cook may make a good pie, but the enjoyment of the pie is in the eating of it. If the pastry cook had also to make the hands, the mouth, the teeth, the tongue and the palate, by which pies are to be eaten, it would be a long while before the world would know whether pies are good or not? If the cook also had to give proof that the pies would satisfy hunger before any one would condescend to eat the pies, the pies would grow moldy and then would be of little use.

These tables are made for you, dear reader, and they are for daily use. The letters on the different lines are of no good to anyone after the date of the month on the same line that the letter is on.

Now, find your Birth-Number. We explained how in "Banner" of July 23. A copy of the "Wonder Wheel," or "Astrology in a Nutshell," will give the fullest explanation of the Birth-Numbers. Everybody should have one of these works. They are as useful as an Almanac, or as an ephemeris, but of course we know that it takes a long while for people to find that out when the subject is new to one's mind. Then there are many people who do not like to study a thing, or think about a matter for themselves. They want someone to tell them all about themselves, and let them believe "on faith," whether true or not.

"Knowledge is Power," and, to know a thing for ourselves is the highest order of intelligence. That which we ourselves know,

and know why we know it, is worth a hundred times more than what we "believe" because someone else has told us.

Supposing, now, I want to know how the Table affects me on any day, and suppose my Birth-Number is One, and the day of the month is the 16th. I look for the date, and find it to be the last of three days, viz:—Sept. 14, 15, 16. On that same line, under my Birth Number (1) I find the letter G. It shows me that my life on that day is under the influence of G, which means "good" (as explained in "Banner" of Aug. 30.) It shows that a good influence will be operating silently upon me, for the 14th and 15th, and still good on the 16th. This assures me that some sort of good is in my atmosphere and surrounds me for three days. When the powers ruling my life are good, then I ought to take advantage of their aid. Nothing can be very evil to me on a day marked "G." It would be contrary to Nature. Even though some things about me may be unpleasant, still they cannot be very serious on a day marked "G." This is my time to overcome these minor evils. This is a time when Nature is with me, even though all the world be against me. This is a minimum of the "Time" spoken of by Shakespeare, "which when taken at the flood leads on to victory." It does not mean that I will receive a fortune on these good days. It does not mean that everybody will fall down and worship me on these good days. It does not mean that I will most surely carry out, on these good days, anything, or everything that I wish, but it does mean that I will find things moving more smoothly on such days, or that people are more agreeable to me, or that I will be better able to get on the track of things most beneficial to either the present or the future.

One of these three days will be, to me, stronger than the others. Just which one I cannot say without the key, but there cannot possibly be any evil influence to me on those three days, on the spirit plane of my life.

There are various planes of life. Lack of knowledge of these Divine laws have caused us to forget that fact, so we are apt to mix up the influences of one plane with another, and in that way we often lose these good influences in one plane because we are looking for good on another plane, which may not at the same time be good. "There is a time for all things." The influences of this Table is the Superior Influence of our life; therefore other inferior influences cannot be very bad, when these superior influences are good. No other influences can be of the highest good when the influences of this table are bad or weak.

The Key provides for the other influences, which are the Material, the Physical, the Financial, the Affectionate, the Energetic, the Intellectual, the Passionate, and the Influences which create changes, journeys or travel in our lives. They are Inferior Influences in our life. The Key has to be special. No two Keys can be alike. By this it will be seen that our individual lives are like the Yale locks. Other people's keys will not answer for our own lives. For centuries the teachers have been trying to make one style of key fit everybody's heart. They have failed, because each heart has a special key of its own.

Now, notice how different are the spirit influences on the 16th of September to those who have a 2 than Birth Number 1.

No. 2 is 7, No. 3 is M, No. 4 is 7, No. 5 is E, No. 6 is D, No. 7 is K, No. 8 is O, No. 9 is B, No. 10 is P, No. 11 is F, No. 12 is A.

These people with different Birth Numbers cannot think as I think, nor act as I act, on the 16th; neither can I think as they think, nor act as they act. By civil laws of morality, or agreements to agree, we may pretend to think and act the same, but it is an utter impossibility to do so, for our brain nerves are differently vibrated by a law of Nature.

If the law of Nature is the same, why should it not act on all alike. It does, so far as the law is concerned, but we are each of us differently constituted, and we do not, and cannot, alike respond to the same vibration.

The same sun shines for all, but as an illustration of how differently the same influence affects different things, put a piece of butter and a piece of putty under the same sunlight, or near the same stove, and note the difference. There is as much difference in brain, nerves, muscle, blood, thought, energy, intelligence, or modes of passion, between these birth-numbers as between the butter and the putty. All are good, but all are not alike good at the same time for the same thing. This law of differences is the one and only law that makes for health, for success, for mutual enjoyments, for peace, for harmony, for affinity, for love or for war.

When our influences differ from the influences of others, then we differ from them in thought, action and feeling. We cannot help so doing. No will-power of man can overcome this law. We may be silent; we need not be disagreeable, we need not be antagonistic, but there can be no "two souls with but a single thought; two hearts that beat as one," unless these Divine influences are in harmony as laid down in the above table and in the keys.

Some people have been bold enough to deny this fact, but their denial is due to their ignorance of these laws. We challenge anyone to prove to the contrary. Certain birth-numbers agree most harmoniously with other birth-numbers, as we have stated in previous numbers of this series, and they are the people who always work together for good.

(To be continued.)