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## Practical Spiritualism.

A COURSE OF LECTURES  
THROUGH

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

To a Class of Spiritual Students in  
San Francisco, Cal.

With a Preface by William Emmette Coleman.

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PROLEGOMENA.

The educational and reformatory movement called Modern Spiritualism has, in its inherent many-sidedness, developed variant phases of expression and action. Coming in contact with individualities of almost every conceivable character, it has been variously interpreted and directed; and candor compels the assertion, that not at all times has the interpretation and direction given it been of the wisest and best. In some instances its facts and truths—fraught with such momentous consequence to humanity for good or ill, according to the manner of their use by those to whom they come—have been perverted to unwise or harmful ends and uses,—sometimes in ignorance, and at other times through conscious misapplication thereof for selfish or evil purposes.

One of the more conspicuous of these perversions—especially during the last decade—has been the growing tendency, on the part of a portion of the adherents of the Spiritual Philosophy, to introduce into that philosophy sundry elements pertaining to the mysticisms of ancient and modern times. Certain of the inspirational speakers, and others among the public workers for Spiritualism, together with many of its followers in the private walks of life, have been misled, to a greater or less degree, by the current idealisms, transcendentalisms, and fanciful conceits, born of crude speculations and nurtured by spurious philosophies and pseudo-science. Sound philosophy and genuine science, while in accord with the demonstrated truths of Modern Spiritualism, have neither lot nor part in any of the mutually-antagonistic and ever-conflicting forms of mysticism with which the world has been and still is cursed; including all those phases thereof with which many have sought to encumber Spiritualism.

A rational, natural, healthy, progressive, scientific Spiritualism, at one with the spirit of the age, with the trend of the most advanced modern thought, must be wholly free from the degrading and soul-stultifying theses and dogmas of the mysticisms of the day; and until everything of the latter character be eliminated from the spiritual movement, it can never hope to obtain that respect and confidence of the intelligent, thoughtful men and women of our planet to which it will be justly entitled when its complete dissociation from its present perverting encumbrances becomes an accomplished fact.

Under the general head of speculative occultism may be classed all the mysticisms of the present age; and, in contradistinction thereto, the term "Practical Spiritualism" has been aptly chosen for a volume of inspirational lectures delivered by Mr. J. J. Morse, dealing with subjects of "great pith and moment" in a sound, clear, and eminently sensible manner. For nearly twenty years [Note.—This was written seventeen years ago when this work was first published.—Ed. B. L.] Mr. Morse has been a leading trance exponent of a common-sense, scientific, non-mystical Spiritualism,—free at all times from the extravagances and perversions, the metaphysical idealisms, and the rhapsodical moonshine with which in some quarters the Spiritual Philosophy has been heavily burdened, to its sore detriment and disgrace.

Having had the pleasure of being present at the original delivery of the discourses composing this volume, I am enabled to understandingly and conscientiously commend them to the attention and study of all those interested in the topics treated; and who should not be? As the title of the work indicates, it will be found truly practical; being rich in instruction upon matters of deep import to all humanity. Its teachings concerning the Trance and Mediumship are pregnant with valuable instruction and judicious counsel. The true character of Magic, Sorcery, and Witchcraft in the light of an enlightened Spiritual Philosophy, devoid of present-day mysticisms, whether theosophic, occultic, or what not, is succinctly and graphically presented. The last three lessons will probably be found among the most interesting of the series, furnishing as they do a variety of information upon the states and conditions of the spirit world,—information much of it, I think, not generally known to the Spiritual public.

In my judgment, the lessons in this book, as a whole, are sound in doctrine; they are edifying and profitable in instruction; they are elevating and spiritualizing in tendency; and they are worthy the careful, thoughtful study of all.

William Emmette Coleman.  
San Francisco, Cal., December, 1887.

### FIRST LECTURE.

The Trance as the Doorway to the Occult. Its Magnetic, Natural, and Spiritual Forms of Induction.

Our topic is the "Trance as the Doorway to the Occult," dealing with it in its natural, magnetic, and spiritual methods of induction, and endeavoring, as a consequence, to show you what a wondrous and marvelous doorway into the unseen there is treasured within the life possibilities of all humanity; for we hold it as one of the cardinal principles of being, that the constitution of humanity at large is practically a unit in its character,—that there is no possibility pertaining to any one of the children of earth that is not also latent in all other of earth's children. The variousness of development, the peculiarities and

idiosyncrasies of individual character, and the opportunities of exercise, alone constitute the differentiating conditions which give to one a seeming excess of development, and to another no apparent manifestation at all. But, by and by, in the progress of humanity, when the laws of being are more correctly and truly understood, it will be found how each and all of you, within the measure of your capacities, in accordance with your possibilities, and in relation to your requirements, will be able to develop all the possibilities that are latent in humanity, collectively as well as individually. Then mystery, and all the results of ignorance and superstition, shall be banished from the pathway, and the unseen and spiritual life of man, with all its qualities and attributes, shall stand revealed as plainly and as clearly to the understanding as do your surroundings in the external universe today.

The Trance condition is the warrant of death and the prophecy of futurity; it is, in its revelation of the higher capacities of human nature, the measure and certain indication, the hand-post, as it were, upon the highway of eternal life, pointing to the mountains of wisdom that lie, perhaps, still enshrouded by the mists of ignorance, and thereby concealed from the understanding of humanity today. We are aware that this is a great and somewhat startling claim, but yet we think the matters we are about to present will more than justify it; for you will bear in mind that if death be an impassable gulf over which the spirit can never return to mortality, there can be no sort of evidence presented in this world that can tell you what is upon the other side of that gulf. But if there can be a miniature representation of, or a correspondence to, that phenomenon which is called death, then there is a vindication of death, an interpretation of its issues, an explanation of its consequences; and if that miniature representation can be experienced by the individual and he return to human life and consciousness again, two ends are gained; first, the realization of an existence of himself apart from his external and material body with its outward consciousness; secondly, his ability to triumph over the limitations of his material environment, and then return to all its possessions in their fullness and entirety.

Thus you see that virtually the Trance, which is this miniature representation of death, gives you the key by which you may transcend the environments of mortality and ascend into the domain of spirituality. It is, indeed, the doorway to the occult,—to that which is hidden from the ordinary investigation and outward consciousness; a passage-way from the realm of action upon the external side of life to the realm of action upon the internal side of life; but in every case its opening depends upon your own organic constitutions, your mental, nervous, and spiritual possibilities and environments,—the means upon which you will be dependent to open this portal for yourselves.

All life, intelligence, and conscious action, so far as man is concerned, is, as you know, a duality; it has its outward expression upon the plane of physical existence, as well as its interior or spiritual expressions of which you alone are conscious. All that your fellows outside of yourself can know of you is that amount of your spiritual self which expresses itself in your actions and your speech; but even these are cumbered, covered up, obscured, and diverted, by the external causes impinging upon your actions and life from day to day. Therefore it is possible that one may grasp your hand, gaze into your eyes, and hear your voice day after day for years, and be no nearer knowing you than had you never met. But could you find a way by which you could enter into each other's essential nature, by which you could spiritually come in rapport, then, perchance, it might be discovered that you were altogether different kind of people beneath the outward seeming,—that you had altogether a different identity; that there was a better part of you,—a more wonderful part, a part removed from the external life, a spiritual part that was struggling and striving, imperfectly, alas! in many cases, to make itself known through the outward manifestations of sense and thought and action. Some there are (more perhaps than might be expected) whose inner natures flash and glow through the outward forms of life and conduct; and these royal souls are among the leaders, heroes, and the nobler sorts of men; and when you clasp their hands you feel the power of this inward something magnetically beating upon your own pulses, echoing in the chambers of your mind, and flashing before the windows of your own souls. But, alas! these better sorts of people are, in the main, few and far between today, for this reason: the outward cares of life often blunt and dull the finer sensibilities of human nature, so that but little of this better part of man can find expression in the daily life of humanity at large.

But there is this doorway to your better selves. Not only is it true that you are sometimes as sealed books to your fellows, but you are also sealed books to a larger extent to yourselves. Let us illustrate the point. You are engaged in a harsh round of toil; duty presses heavy upon you and weighs your spirit down, and you have no time or leisure for reflection or meditation; every moment of your day is occupied, and at night when you seek your couch for rest, brain and body are alike too tired to think or meditate, and you welcome as the best relief the oblivion sleep can give. But, by and by, there comes a time when your affairs change and you can rest, and then you begin to think; reflection asserts her power, meditation becomes frequent, loving influences brood upon your soul; and straightway you begin to realize there are faculties, powers and possibilities in your nature that you have scarcely ever dreamed of before. Instinctively there is borne into your consciousness the understanding of a better part, and you wonder how it is that this spiritual part has been voiceless for all the preceding years. Sometimes this voice is called forth by what is called religious conviction; sometimes it arises simply out of enthusiasm for a noble purpose, or an interest in some

great cause may kindle it into action. With nearly all mankind there is some time in their lives when this part asserts itself. Let us urge you by every power of persuasion not to hide this better part, but to obey its impulses, to cultivate its powers, and seek henceforth to run your lives intelligently in harmony therewith.

What is meant by the statement that the Trance is the doorway to the Occult? It is really the method by which you are enabled to solve the problem of death without dying, to come face to face with the realities of the immortal life without actually becoming an entity living therein. Is this true? Our answer is yes; for experience abundantly substantiates it.

The methods of induction by which the trance can be established relate to the possibilities of a person inducing that state in themselves by themselves; to the possibility of that state being induced by another person upon them; and lastly, to the possibility of that state being induced by persons not living in the world wherein the entranced person lives. These give us, as you will see, the natural, magnetic, and spiritual forms of induction. The last form might be disputed by those who are unacquainted with spiritual, psychological, or occult matters; because, they will urge, how can it be possible that a being living in another grade of life altogether invisible and unseen to us can induce a psychological condition upon a person living in this world; there is no relationship, and therefore there can be no influence exerted. This argument is fallacious; it discloses ignorance rather than knowledge; for if, as we shall presently see, there is this other part of man just referred to, this spiritual side of his nature, then that spiritual side must of necessity be related to, and will present a plane or point of contact for, the unseen inhabitants of the inner life, when they desire to produce the outward physiological effect denominated the trance.

What are the first conditions to create that receptive and responsive condition in the human structure by which the trance in any form is rendered possible? In the first place, let us turn our glance to the physical conditions. The trance depends much more upon this than is usually supposed. It is generally thought that you must be willing to be entranced and desire it, but this is not all the question. It depends also to a large extent upon the physical conditions; and if those conditions are in a state of irritation, that irritation will certainly react upon the mental condition, and the passivity requested will be to that extent destroyed. Therefore, the first condition we would insist upon is the nearest possible approach to physical healthfulness. We know it is commonly urged that the trance is an abnormal condition, and that therefore the subject should be more or less in an abnormal condition of health; it is pointed out that numbers of the magnetic and spiritual subjects are persons whose health would not be considered good, and from that has arisen the argument that all subjects must necessarily be persons of abnormal health. This, as a general proposition, however, is radically wrong; that it is so in many cases today we are prepared to admit; but, we repeat, it is radically wrong. The highest requirements of the human organism can only be attained when that organism is in its highest condition of health, and when harmoniously operating in every department. The highest condition of health does not mean a gross physical man where all the mental and spiritual growth is sacrificed to a splendid animal body. A perfect condition of physical health is cleanliness and harmoniousness in every department. Therefore the stomach, the liver, the various departments of the internal viscera, the circulation of the blood, the blood itself, the heart and lungs, and all the vital organism should be in that perfectly clean and healthy state wherein the individual realizes the fullest and completest benefits from being alive. When this is established the first step has been taken. We need not remind you that all that would befoul and clog the system must be avoided; that you must pay the closest attention to personal sanitation and do everything that pertains to the well-being of the human organism. If you wish to pass through the doorway of the Trance into the domain of the Occult, you must be prepared to make some sacrifices in order to gain the privileges you desire. But, remember, that, after all, these sacrifices are mostly of conventional forms; you must be prepared to sacrifice many of the enjoyments and privileges that conventional civilization accords to you, and we frankly tell you that a great many of these privileges are a bane to you, rather than a blessing.

Then the next question is the mental state; for physical health, harmony, and cleanliness are but stepping-stones to mental cleanliness and harmony. Without this condition of the mentality, the desired end will, generally, be more or less defeated.

Sometimes it is necessary to temporarily surrender even the senses, also your likes and dislikes, to school yourself for the time to submission. The apprentice has to submit to the guidance of a master hand, that he may be taught to accomplish the results that the training of the master will enable him to reach. So you, as apprentices in the occult, must temporarily be learners, must be pupils, must subject yourselves to the greater will and experience. Therefore the mind must be calm, harmonious, and submissive; and when the positive part of the mind and the will are thus in a passive condition, the spiritual forces will be conditioned in like manner; and you will find that all the vital forces, instead of vibrating with the intense activities that characterize their movement when the individual is acting for himself, or when all the forces of the body are in full sway, will be reduced to the lowest rate of vibratory movement. In some places the vibratory movement can scarcely be detected, being as the imperceptible movement of still waters in a pool. Then we find the pulsing of the superior forces in the brain becomes calm, the beautiful light suffusing this organ loses the intensity of its brilliancy and activity, and settling as a golden glory it seems as if waiting for something to occur; then this light ap-

pears like the sweet summer haze settling over the field before the evening breeze begins to stir. But if we look a little deeper we shall find there is a movement beginning to express itself; and that movement commences directly the first attempt is made to induce the trance by the aid of human magnetism when the operator concentrates his mind upon the subject, and either by his gaze or the passage of his hands discharges from him that vital fluid which bears the name of human magnetism. That fluid impinges upon the external magnetic sphere of the subject and produces a commotion therein, which motion is taken up by the muscular and nervous forces, and is by them carried to the stomach, the lungs, and the superior organ, the brain. The reaction from the stomach and the lungs produces a singular disturbance in the lower brain or cerebellum, and the disturbance of this lower brain exerts a sort of excitation which, in its operation, affects the upper or superior portions of the brain, and seems temporarily to excite it and the forces therein. This commotion, besides being an excitation proceeding from the lower to the upper brain, creates also a further reaction upon the entire viscera of the subject; for the excitement of the brain is communicated to the internal organs through the various ganglia and the great sympathetic nerve. Frequently this reaction produces a feeling of nausea of the stomach, followed by a species of spasm or convulsion that runs through the entire nervous system. Hence you will observe the subject gasp and yawn, the face becomes flushed, tears flow from the eyes, the breathing becomes heavy, and there will be indications of sickness and spasms, excitement and hysteria,—all because of this reactive influence of the lower brain operating upon the sympathetic nerve and ganglia, and through those descending into the internal organs producing reactions there.

You will have observed that some magnetizers find it best to direct the magnetic force to the pit of the stomach, while others find it best to direct it to the heart and lungs, others to look into the eye, others to merely operate upon the frontal brain at first, others between the shoulders and upon the nape of the neck, where they place the fingers to discharge the magnetic fluid into the system. No operator will confine himself to any one particular method, and it may be that the necessities of certain subjects will demand that the operator shall proceed in none of the ways we have just referred to. But in any case the result obtained is the same, and is precisely identical whatever method to induce it is pursued. That result is the withdrawal of the action of the muscular and nervous forces from their external centres of operation and sensation, and the concentration of them upon the brain itself for the purpose of effecting an awakening of the interior powers.

The Trance, of course, presupposes (by an artificial compelling shall we call it) a cessation of external sensation and a withdrawal of all the ordinary methods of expression, and an opening of the interior perception belonging to the spiritual nature.

When all these results have been carried forward to a certain degree, the subject will be induced into the magnetic state, or mesmeric trance, which represents approximately that condition the human structure will be in when it is finally dead. Then a further process is required. To put a body to sleep, to lock up its senses in the embrace of an artificial death, to seal up the ears and mouth and eyes, is, after all, but a poor process, without the ultimate result of awakening the consciousness upon the inner plane. But when such awakening is accomplished, then the individual becomes clairvoyant. The spiritual counterparts of the physical senses are then awakened, so that the spiritual eye will see spiritual things, the spiritual ear will receive the vibrations of the spiritual atmosphere, the spiritual brain will respond to the thoughts of the spiritual realm, and the individual being thus partially enfranchised, partially inducted through the doorway into the occult realms,—into the realms concealed from the outer senses,—will see and hear and know and have a rational understanding of the conditions belonging to that which is called the Occult realm of life.

Can the knowledge of these things be transmitted to the outer consciousness, and be retained and remembered by the individual, when the magnetic process is reversed and the locked forces of the body are again sent upon their usual mission? Yes, by the will of the magnetizer the experiences of the sleeping subject (to use the familiar phrase) can be directed to the channels of the mind, to the chambers of the memory, through which, and in which, these interior experiences can be stored; so that, when the individual is brought back again to the normal state, slowly, as the mind clears, and he is able again to handle the machinery of his outer consciousness, he can bring to memory the facts and experiences of his interior state and tell you what he saw, what he did, and where he went.

But you will ask here—though scarcely necessary—how are we to know that, when the individual is thus inducted magnetically into the trance state, he really has seen and heard and known things that do not belong to this outward state of ours? When he tells you, as he can and does many times, of those whom the world has lost sight of for years, who, perhaps, have been mourned as gone forever,—when he brings you some fact that upon further inquiry clearly proves he has seen the world wherein departed humanity exists,—the testimony must be accepted just the same as the testimony of the traveler who visits a distant country and returns to tell you of its people and its nature.

(Continued next week.)

We can become related to all that is beautiful in the world, through the Law of Attraction, through a mental process, regardless of what our exterior surroundings may be.



sudden flash of light was revealed from one who proved to be a detective, and who sat directly in front of the medium, and but two or three removes from where I sat. What was the result. Those in front saw the counterpart of the medium—his spirit body—standing apparently on top of his chair, with outstretched hands, holding aloft the guitar, which instantly dropped to the table, and the materialized spirit or figure, really or apparently, sank immediately within the form of the medium, which all the while was seated in the chair, the only one present seemingly unconcerned at the episode. Those who saw only the materialized figure, dressed as was the medium, violently denounced the manifestations as palpable fraud.

Those who had better opportunities, saw the whole proceeding, knew that nothing could have better demonstrated the genuineness of the mediumship. He was found bound hand and foot, intact, while his pulse was the same as before anything took place.

In each hand all of these cases, the "cry of fraud" publicly followed these wondrously endowed mediums. Without personal warrants or knowledge, others took up the cry, and re-echoed it over the land and seas.

If only those cried would be greatly lessened. If every case of actual fraud were promptly and justly dealt with, its manufacture would soon cease.

Of the mediums herein referred to, one died shortly after these public charges were made. One, out of self-respect, was unwilling to constantly serve as a target for treatment irrational as it was persistent, voluntarily abandoned his glorious mission; and one was imprisoned on the charge of obtaining money under false pretenses. Comment is unnecessary.

George A. Bacon.

Washington, D. C., Aug., 1904.

## Do the Dead Come Back?

Mrs. E. A. Budd.

It was a terrible night, the wind howled dismally and the storm which had been raging for days, and piled the streets full of snow, had now turned to sleet which stung like needles and covered everything it touched with a mass of ice.

Near the center of a small country village, far back from the street, stood a large, old-fashioned house—one might almost call it a mansion—and although the snow was drifted high over hedge and shrub and clung covered with ice to every eave and balcony, one could see it had been and still was a beautiful place.

Tall old trees towered above its stately roof, and in summer cast a pleasant shade over the spacious grounds. But tonight it was dreary indeed, and the wailing of the wind through the ice-laden branches sounded like the shrieks of some unseen spirit still clinging to the old walls.

Inside, however, at least in one room, all seemed cheerful; a bright fire glowed in the large open grate and gave a delicious warmth to the long low ceiling room, with its heavy carved rails overhead and the paneled wainscoting which skirted its walls, and reflected in its polished surface the light and beauty of its surroundings.

A soft light fell from a silver lamp which stood upon a cozy round table, set with rare china and silver; a large cut glass dish held grapes, oranges and other sub-tropical fruits, while delicately cooked birds and flaky white biscuit stood in near proximity to the fire as if being kept warm for a late but still expected guest.

Here and there about the room were scattered growing plants, and a beautiful palm spread out its branches over vases of fragrant wood violets and other sweet-smelling flowers. Beautiful pictures adorned the walls. One an exquisite engraving of the Madonna on white satin in a gilded golden frame, hung by a wide golden ribbon from one of the carved rails close to the side ceiling. Here and there were fine pieces of statuary, caught perhaps against a panel or drape of crimson velvet. At one side of the room, and partly facing the glowing grate, stood a crimson couch, and upon it was piled in artistic confusion pillows of all sorts, making a truly luxurious resting place.

Crimson silk curtains smothered, and subdued by elegant draperies of lace covered the windows, and a tall screen of peacocks' feathers stood in artistic nearness to a huge growing chrysanthemum whose large yellow blossoms with their curled petals added to the color scheme of this artistic apartment.

Across one corner of the room stood a harp with every string broken, suggesting that the hand that was used to play it was far away. Upon an easel stood an unfinished picture, a man's head with blue grey eyes, in which rested a dreamy charm; the features were clear cut and handsome. The hair a brilliant auburn.

The lower half of the face was as stern as the eyes were tender, and if the likeness was perfect one would say a strong will which could dominate everything but death, held mastery there.

In front of the picture, with a photograph in her hand stood the only occupant of the room, and indeed of the house, for this strangely beautiful woman had sent away the only servant she could endure about the place, telling her she was in no mood for supper at present, and as the storm was growing fiercer she must delay no longer, so on this wild night she was alone. She stood for some time looking at the picture, then with a heavy sigh she turned away.

"I fear I shall never get it right," she said. "It eludes me at every stroke of the brush." She clasped her hands while the tears came into her eyes and rolled down her cheeks as she murmured: "Oh if I could only see his face once more. If I could read aside for one moment the veil that hides my earthly eyes from that spirit world which he inhabits. I would search every lineament of that loved face and transfix it past all forgetting in this heart of mine."

"Oh, my husband, I would give all I possess for one glimpse of your face, one sound of your voice, one kiss from your lips. Why did you die? Why did you leave me alone, alone, alone?"

She threw herself upon the couch, and after a few moments of convulsive sobbing, she drew from beneath the pillows a letter, and read it slowly. Then with a gesture of impatience, she stretched out her hand as if to throw it upon the coals in the grate, but she did not do so.

"How am I to go away from here?" she cried. "How can I leave this place, where he is most likely to come back to me? Day after day and night after night I have waited for some sign that he still remembers me. I place his chair at the table; his slippers at the fireside, all things as he liked best to have them. I strive to catch a glimpse of even his shadow, but it eludes me. Or a whisper of his voice, and sometimes I almost think I can feel his presence, and if I but stretch out my hand I shall touch him, but alas he is not here. I have thought to catch from memory that fine exquisite expression of his face which was so dear to me, and transfer it to canvas, but my brush is a traitor, or is it my brain? Oh, my husband! my husband! Come to me! look at me! comfort me! How can I give up these dear hopes and memories and go away into the cold world?"

"Here alone is all the comfort I have. Here

where his dear feet have trod, where his loved head has rested." She smoothed the pillows again and again, letting her hand rest lovingly on them as a mother would caress a child.

"I cannot, I will not leave them and go," she said vehemently. "He may be dead to others, but to me he lives here in this old house. Oh, my darling, there can be no stronger duty than the memories which bind me to you. While I live I must cling to this old place, where we loved and lived together."

She arose and laid the letter upon the mantel above the couch, then raising her hands above her head as if in supplication, she walked slowly up and down the room.

At last she stopped before a window, and holding back the rich draperies, looked out into the darkness.

No sign of life showed itself in the wild and dreary night; the weird branches hung themselves as if in angry remonstrance at their icy burdens. She shivered and turned away from the window, saying:

"I could not expect to see him come out of a night as black as that. He liked light and color and brightness." She stepped from one part of the room to the other, adjusting the various pretty things as if getting ready for some one. Some one who loved order, and all the luxurious things of life. Then she threw herself again upon the couch, her pale face looked like some rare cameo against the silken pillows; her dark hair in its curling masses fell in rich lengths to the floor. Her dark eyes burned like stars, and her slender hands with their delicate fingers were sparkling with rubies and diamonds.

Her soft white robe and long crimson shawl which hung half-trailed across her form and down onto the white fur rug at her feet made a picture too beautiful to be alone and unloved. She was indeed a woman created to be loved, a woman of high artistic temperament and too loving a heart to give up without a struggle a love or an ideal. And so she was stranded here alone, clinging to the shadow of a dead and past happiness.

In a far city she had a sister who had written the letter which was so distasteful to her. Of a more matter-of-fact turn of mind, she had insisted that she leave her loneliness behind her and come to the city. Her words seemed heartless, and in some ways they were. She had said: "Isabel, I think you are making a fool of yourself. Turn the key on that old house, and come here with us. You will be insane brooding there alone. Come and shake hands with the world once more. You are too young a woman to sacrifice all the best years of your life to a dead love or a dead husband. You are in the world, try to be of it. I shall look for you immediately; do not disappoint me."

It was two weeks since she received the letter, but still it was unanswered—neither could she bring herself to go—and now this wild storm was raging. Oh, if she could only pass out on the wings of it and meet that dear loved one who had gone so mysteriously into the great unknown. She started up with a fixed look on her white face; the dark eyes lit up for a moment with a stern resolve. Then she laid down again with a low moan, "I cannot, cannot do it," she said. "He would not wish me to do a thing like that, even to be with him. Oh, God, take me to Thyself, before I am tempted more than I can bear."

Slowly out of the shadows of the room came the dim figure of a man. Tall and strongly built, he looked the shade of some knight of a kingly race. As he came into the circle of light he seemed more of earth. He glanced lingeringly about the room and its pleasant appointments. A smile of sweet sadness lit up the fine face. The eyes of a bluish grey, with a tender light in their clear depths, fastened themselves upon the form stretched in all the abandonment of grief upon the couch. He laid his hand for a single moment upon the fair brow of the woman, then passing around to the front of the couch he sat down by her side.

He took the delicate hands in his, stroking them fondly, and turning the glittering rings round upon the slender fingers, smiling sadly as he did so, as if from tender memories. Then his eyes looked into hers, lovingly, pityingly, and he said in a low sad voice: "Dearest, you will go, it is best so. Duty to yourself demands it, and also a duty to others, which cannot be set aside. Do not shrink from the voice which calls you—the real work in the world. When it is all over you will find me waiting for you."

He arose and stepping towards the mantel, lifted the letter which lay there, and wrote softly for a moment with a pencil which he took from the same place; then laying them back as he had found them he stooped and kissed the white face upon the pillows and vanished again into the shadows.

For some moments all was still, except as a coal dropped from the grate to the hearth, and the clock chimed out the half hour after midnight.

Slowly the woman raised her head and looked around the room. "I have not been asleep," she said. "And yet I dreamed. It was all so real I almost feel his presence yet." She softly stroked her hand as he had done, turning the rings upon her fingers with a happy smile. She thought of the kisses just now pressed so warm and sweet upon her lips, a half-drowsy sensation seemed to possess her. She softly stroked her hand as he had done, upon which he had sat, and a strange quick flush spread over her face, as she saw that the wrinkles remained in it. A sudden chill struck her, a horror of something she knew not what, seemed like an icy hand clutching her heart. She was afraid, and glanced hurriedly from one part of the room to the other, as she peered into the shadows behind her, and sprang from the couch clasping her hands to her head, while she said in half-smothered tones: "I surely must have dreamed it. I am not so foolish as to believe I really saw"—she hesitated an instant, as if to collect her thoughts, and then grasped wildly for the letter upon the mantel.

Across the face of the envelope, and directly over her own name, was written in a hand she knew so well, the name of her dead husband, written as only he ever wrote it, and the words "Do not forget January 19th, 1894."

Whither then the drifted snow outside her door she clutched at the mantel for support while great drops of perspiration stood upon her forehead. Wave after wave of horror went over her as she staggered toward a chair. She had prayed that he might return, why this awful fear? Vainly she strove to still her quivering nerves, and sank insensibly to the floor.

When she regained consciousness the daylight was streaming in at the windows, and her servant returned with the morning, was bending over her. At her urgent inquiries as to the cause of so violent an attack of illness she made no explanation, but the first conveyance which passed over the drifted country roads carried her to the nearest railroad station.

The shock was extreme, and for weeks her mind hung in the slenderest balance. But one thing she seemed determined upon, through it all, and that was to seek some healthy and active duty in the world, and pray no more for the return of those who have once passed the ken of mortal eye.

One day, some years after, while talking with a friend upon the subject she said: "I do not like to think of that time, for I never have found any satisfactory explanation to the occurrence. If it had not been for the letter I should long ago have come to the conclusion that it was the dream of a heart-

broken and nervous woman. But when I see that,"—and she drew from her bosom a little case in which lay the writing of which she spoke, "when I see that," she hesitated and grew deathly pale, "oh, I do not know. The strangest part of it is that one should be so afraid."

## A Cure for Asthma.

Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases (with a record of 90 per cent, permanently cured), and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis and nervous diseases, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail. Address with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

## Conversion of a Popular Preacher.

Mr. John Lobb, F. R. G. S., the well-known writer on religious subjects, a member of the City Corporation of the City of London, and a popular preacher in Nonconformist circles, has joined the ranks of Spiritualists, we learn from the Daily Express of that city, which paper has recently interviewed Mr. Lobb, who readily stated that he was a Spiritualist, and, further than this, that he was proud to be one.

"For three years," said Mr. Lobb, "I wrote continuous articles in an evening paper entitled 'A Look Round the Churches,' and occasionally I mentioned the want of a revival of spiritual religion. These paragraphs brought me invitations to visit spiritualistic meetings, and at last I went to one."

"There were present seven people, and the proceedings opened with Newman's hymn, 'Lead, kindly light.' Meanwhile the medium had fallen back into his chair into what appeared to be a deep sleep."

"Our hands were interlinked, and we had not long to wait before a bright starlike light flitted about the room; and a stringed instrument, which was lying on the table, was taken up and carried over the heads of the sitters by spirit hands. The instrument was then passed through the ceiling, and, coming down, was taken through the flooring without breaking the ceiling or the flooring or injuring the musical instrument."

"I ventured to ask the spirit control whether spirits had the power to pass and re-pass articles through matter. 'Matter is no barrier to us in the spirit world,' said the spirit."

"The spirit control attracted me very much as he came on the scene materialized, and appeared to be on friendly terms with my host, a Mr. Lacy."

"You have a powerful voice, Mr. King," I said to the spirit, "and must have been a big man when on earth." "Yes, I was a big man," was his reply, and, rising from the chair, he looked well over six feet."

"I then asked him how long it was since he departed this earth-life. 'I was on your side in the time of the Georges,' was his reply."

"Shortly after this incident one of the sitters was confronted with a departed friend materialized."

"Then it was my turn, for I heard a voice saying, 'John,' I knew that voice. It was my brother's, and he had been dead for twenty-eight years. Then I saw his face and talked with him. Suddenly he vanished, but not before he had said, 'God bless you!'"

"This, my first weird experience, took place at the end of last year. Since then I have every week attended a seance or a circle, and have talked face to face with many of my old friends."

"These include Dr. Talmage, whose sermons I published for a period of thirty years, and whose Life I edited."

"Dr. Talmage greeted me with these words: 'John, I am glad to see you again, and to know you are carrying on the good work.'"

"On one occasion I saw my mother, and asked her to tell me something of the great world beyond."

"She said that those who when on earth had led good lives entered immediately into a new world of everlasting peace and joy, but those who had sinned entered into purgatory."

"Another man whom I knew very well when he was alive was a well-known publisher, who owed me about \$500 when he died. I saw and talked to him the other day, and the fact that he owed me money seemed to worry him."

"We are good friends, are we not, John?" he asked.

"Of course we are," was my reply, as I shook him by the hand."

Mr. Lobb then said that Christians cannot ignore the fact that the scriptures are clear and definite on the possibility of personal contact with disembodied spirits—materialized."

"Moses and Elijah, after an absence of centuries, returned to this earth and talked," he said.

"Then we have the cases of Abraham, Lot, Jacob, Joshua, Gideon, and Elijah. They were seen and heard by the shepherds on the Plain of Bethlehem."

"It is the Christian spirit which must be infused into the present religious life of the people. We are already living in the spiritual world of the myriads who have left this planet. All of them are alive, awake and active. Clairvoyant eyes can see them. Clairaudient ears can hear them."

"During the past few months," continued Mr. Lobb, "I have been closely engaged in investigating these matters, and I have talked freely with the spirits on the subject."

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## 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. 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.

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

Parkland Heights Spiritualists' Home and Campmeeting will open on Sunday, July 3d, and continue until further notice. Elizabeth M. Fish, secretary, Parkland, Eden P. O., Pa.

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

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.

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## THE CELESTIAL MOMENT.

I am only a sigh of the Infinite Powers,  
Only God's breath on a glass,  
Only one pulse of the endless hours,  
Only a breeze on the grass.

I am only the spray on a poisoning wave,  
A catarract's foam and froth,  
A mushroom springing by night on a grave,  
The dust on the wings of a moth.

I am only the flight of a sweet, swift dream,  
The shadow cast by a cloud,  
A seed that is dropped by a Hand Supreme  
In the heart of a field unploughed.

And yet do you pity the butterfly  
That his hour so quickly goes,  
If over him swoons the passionate sky  
And under him faints the rose?

O turn to me, lean to me, lips that I love!  
One moment of merciful bliss—  
Ere my shade shall be borne to those stars  
above

Where only the ghosts may kiss—  
Back to the stars from whence I came—  
Over a blindfold way,  
Far, oh far, like a spark to its flame,  
I who have lived my day—

Who have lived my day, when I flash and  
poise  
The rose of the world above,  
Then home, like a joy, to the source of joys,  
A love that is lost in Love.

A wise man will not contend with the foolish.  
He will silently love them and seal his  
mouth.—A. Z.

All a man's weaknesses and sins and falls  
take their rise in his own heart, and he alone  
is responsible for them. It is true there are  
tempters and provokers, but temptations and  
provocations are powerless to him who re-  
fuses to respond to them. Tempters and pro-  
vokers are but foolish men, and he who gives  
way to them is become a willing co-operator  
in their folly; he is unwise and weak, and  
the source of his troubles is in himself. The  
pure man cannot be tempted; the wise man  
cannot be provoked.

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

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

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

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

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### The N. S. A. Declaration of Principles.

The following represents the principles  
adopted by the 1899 national convention of  
the Spiritualists of America, and reaffirmed  
at the national convention held at Washing-  
ton, 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."

### Notice.

As Monday last, Labor Day, was a legal holiday the "Banner" forms were necessarily prepared a day in advance. This has prevented the appearance of several local items, the absence of which is due to the cause stated above.

### Brevities.

Farewell!  
It is good at times to look backwards.  
Counting our treasures and considering what we have done.

The poorest of us make friends, most of us make enemies, so the world runs away!

Farewell to the summertime, during which many have spent happy hours in the forest, woods, mountains, and beside the lakes, streams and sandy beaches, east and west, north and south. Some have spent the season in needful rest, others in tiring rushes here and there so as to boast of the distances traveled, a most unwise method of spending a vacation.

Some in the quiet seclusion of the woods and groves—nature's Academies—have rested and read and pondered and thus benefited physically, mentally, and spiritually.

Farewell, the past happy weeks of golden sunshine, and all their incidents, are now fled away in memory's chambers, and added to whatever else we have placed therein in days that have flown. Let it be hoped that our life's records will contain nothing worse than the memories of the harmless pleasures of our vacation times, then we can look back upon our earthly career as a good and happy summertime, the recollections of which will be happy and inspiring.

Let us purify the Cause. By all means, but how? Nay more, from what? By exposing and prosecuting every fake medium in the land? This is the regular formula for "purifying" the movement! But how is it we have such things among us? If the evil is so widespread and rampant as some would have us believe it can only be so because it like jealousy, "has grown on what it feeds upon," and certainly that food has in part, at least, come from Spiritualists which turns the allegations of the sensation mongers into a charge against the Cause at large!

By all means denounce and legally prosecute fake media and secure their punishment rather than fill the papers with innuendoes, assertions and "hot air" denunciations. Such method would impart an air of reality to the yards of condemnatory writing one sees so much of. But when this course is suggested the reply is, caveat emptor, or, in the vulgarism of the day, "I won't butt in," so the rascals escape and smile at the denunciations in the press for they know they are but "Words, words, interminable words."

Another cry is we must purify the Cause spiritually. We must cast out evil spirits, demons, devils, and what not other creatures besides. Obsession becomes a cry, and the dangers of mediumship are dilated upon by many who know nothing of what mediumship really is, but who prate about it and claim their ability to drive out obsessing spirits and even urge that much of physical disease is due to the influence of obsessing controls! But if we are pure spirit, why do we think either here or hereafter, cancers, boils, or blains into our own or other people's bodies? We know there is some truth in the claim that earthbound souls can and do affect sensitive people in the flesh, but we have grave doubts that the ancient incubi and succubi tales have any equivalent in our experiences, or even that all the curious can read about such affairs were actually and literally exact statements of fact.

Why make mountains out of moleholes? Are there no spirit police to watch the spiritual frontiers and do something to restrain these wandering spiritual hobos from breaking bounds? Let us be sober in all things, and particularly when likely to be overcome either by the emotions of love or fear. The surest way to render obsession possible in many cases is to descend upon its dangers, and so set up a condition of negativism—receptivity (?)—and thus open the door for the undesirable influence to enter by. If you are afraid of meeting spirits lest you are influenced by evil ones keep away from Spiritualism, you are not strong minded enough for our ranks. How to cure obsession. Spirit aid is the most efficacious, mental healing comes next, but in any case a determination to say, and mean it, "Satan, get thee behind me," is the best means of all.

Our societies, local, state and national have a clear duty here. To employ doubtful people because they draw a full house is poor spiritual policy. Yet it is too often done, or has been done. So long as doubtful people are officially recognized by societies, as is the case, when continually employed by them, only half the work of purifying the Cause is done. As Hudson Tuttle says, the appeal is to the public and if our public supports workers without consideration then the cry for clean platforms does not receive any great amount of recognition in quarters where it is most needed. Cease to hire for societies, to patronize for consultation, and drop out of sight the names of any known to be fraudulent pretenders to mediumship, or tricksters, among professional mediums, and in a single year more will have been accomplished for "purifying" the Cause than the years of semi-hysterical denunciations seem to have accomplished. But it must always be remembered that mediumship is quite different to any ordinary avocation, that it depends upon a wide variety of delicate conditions which few people thoroughly understand, and the critic of mediumship usually least of any one. The higher work and aspect of our Cause is further dealt with in the editorial on "White Spiritualism" which we commend to our readers careful attention.

Arrangements have been made with W. J. Colville to send the "Banner," for some weeks to come, a regular letter each week from St. Louis, giving an account in brief of the various interesting episodes that come under his notice. Briefly and crisply done as they will be, these letters should prove interesting to our friends and readers.

The commencement of "Practical Spiritualism" is presented to our readers upon the front page of the "Banner" this week. As the work proceeds our subscribers will find it deals with some notable points in the philosophy of Spiritualism, and throws not a little light upon the problems discussed.

The "Wonder Wheel" articles contributed each week by Prof. Henry, are eliciting considerable attention in all parts of the country. The aim of the Professor is to simplify astrological science and he certainly succeeded in so doing as we can testify from several interesting conversations with him recently. The table at the head of his contributions is easily understood with a very small amount of effort, while the "polywog" looking characters of the usual chart simply confuse the plain man who tries to understand their meaning.

Mr. W. J. Colville in writing from Anderson, Ind., says the Spiritualists of enterprising city of about 30,000 inhabitants, own a fine Temple, in a good neighborhood, and the edifice, which seats 500 people, is usually well equipped and entirely free from debt. Mr. Colville adds that he gave four lectures, which were well attended and highly appreciated.

### A Handsome Tribute to a Noble Book.

Some one asks how can a sum of money, say One Thousand Dollars, do the most good for the cause of Spiritualism? We are almost at a loss to advise how a thousand dollars might be used, there are so many urgent needs. The N. S. A. doubtless has a score of ways to utilize even ten times the amount in its publishing, missionary and philanthropic departments, and really so few Spiritualists think of giving while alive, or bequeathing at their transition, a thousand dollars to the Cause "they love so dearly" that one looks with some surprise when any of

our people consider their wealth and the needs of our Cause.

At least we have just one answer to the opening question by a Spiritualist, who modestly desires to remain incognito. He read a copy of the Arcana of Spiritualism, by Hudson Tuttle, and was so well pleased that he sent for copies to be mailed to several eminent college professors. Then he had a further supply sent to the most noted public libraries, after which he ordered copies sent to every official at the World's Fair at St. Louis. Then he selected a score or so more of college professors, doctors and ministers, and has continued to select libraries where he thinks the book will do the most good, and eminent persons whom he expects to interest.

As Hudson Tuttle's book represents Spiritualism at its highest this unknown friend is presenting the subject to those who otherwise would not know of it apart from its opposers. He is placing it before the best intellects and in the most conspicuous places. May it not be said, What better use could he make of his money, or from which he could gain more satisfaction? Truly it can be asserted no book on Spiritualism has gained such a circulation, or appealed to such a royal audience.

No one can truthfully reiterate the oft repeated assertion that Spiritualism has given the world no new truth, or revealed anything in science, after reading this book, and we believe the subject will under its influence henceforth be treated in a different manner.

What a difference in their sermons might be produced if a copy of the Arcana of Spiritualism could be placed in the hands of every clergyman in this country!

### White Spiritualism.

The ancient students of psychical and spiritual phenomena (for prudential reasons applied to themselves the terms Alchemists, Occultists, and similar appellations—including that of Rosicrucians—that they might pursue their studies unhindered by the ignorant prejudices of the mob on the one side, and priestly bigotry on the other side), studied under many difficulties unknown to the students and enquirers of today. Those old time difficulties having passed away the need for shrouding the investigation of spiritual matters in the garment of secrecy has departed. Why, then, revert to a state of affairs no longer needed, and attempt, as some do still, to surround the enquiry into man's spiritual nature with a mysteriousness utterly needless in this age of daylight enquiry into every question mundane or human, mortal or spiritual. Where, secrecy is, too often there is superstition; where pretension is, there look for ignorance. No one mind holds the key of all knowledge, for the ability to acquire truth is inherent in us all.

In the period above indicated the student adopted a certain set of dividing lines to mark off the character of the territory he was surveying. He imparted to those sections a certain moral or spiritual character, and those divisions and their characters have come down to us today. But how far they are correct and warranted as to fact, or whether they arose out of a limited observation and a consequent lack of broader applications are questions which may be answered when the nature of the conclusions our former fellow students arrived at are understood.

The divisions referred to above divided the phenomena of the unseen into "black" "red" and "white" magic, the first named the lowest form, the last the highest, and the intermediate bordering more or less on red and white as circumstances determined. Now let us clear up one point here. That is the use of the word "magic," which sounds so distastefully to many cultured ears. The practices of magic are not to be confounded with the merely red or black wonder workers, for really they were graduates of the Magi, or educated and experienced teachers of the temples, which in early days in India, Egypt and Greece were about the only places where any real learning—i. e., knowledge—existed. These men were theurgists as well as teachers, they were theophrastus, for they healed the sick, bodily and mentally, they were to a considerable extent acquainted with astronomy, chemistry, physiology, and psychology as the present day Spiritualist uses that much abused word. Undoubtedly they understood much concerning hypnotism, and they had a large amount of information concerning the embodied and disembodied man and his life in the hereafter. The caves at Elephanta in India, the Temples and pyramids in Egypt, and the Grecian "mysteries" all show this to have been the case.

Unfortunately for the modern world the men of the past felt it necessary, as already stated, to shroud their knowledge in mystery for prudential reasons, but equally unfortunately another reason must also be reckoned with, which was what is described as the pride of scholarship and intellect. Those who were learned contracted a contempt for the unlearned, and considered that the common multitude could not be trusted with the knowledge possessed by the experienced few. While, in still later times, the fear of emperors, princes and kings, and over zealous clerical bigots, contrived to render secrecy still more necessary if the student was to avoid suspicion of plotting against the state, or daring to dabble in things forbidden by the church. Happily, as said above, those days are gone and now only the timid discountenance the study of the problems of the unseen, or those who are imbued with the idea that the divisions mentioned are real instead of arbitrary, and hence fear to touch the matter because of assumed dangers which would wholly disappear if light was thrown upon the whole subject.

Now, to the divisions in question. The world has practically discarded the intermediate classification—mainly it may be stated because the church has done so since that body only recognizes "good" and "bad" spiritual influences—so we need only incidentally touch upon the "red" aspect of the case, and presently. Now what is meant by "black" magic? Simply, when divested of all the

mystery and mummary ascribed to its operations, the evil (i. e. injurious to others) use of psychic forces and spirit assistance, combined with appeals to the imagination and fears of those against whom such actions are to be directed. The raising "up" of the spirits of the dead is absurd, for there are no "dead" to be raised. The summoning of elementals, ogres, fairies, gnomes, kobolds, beastly monsters from the "upper spaces," of master spirits of evil—nondescript creatures, alike non-human and non-natural—the summoning of these creatures or any of them by "incantations," the burning of aromatic or stinking compounds, all belong to an age of superstition, for today the experienced Spiritualist knows that he can come into contact with the lower strata of the spirit world by the use of the natural laws which connect this plane with the next. Cut away all the flummery and the simple fact remains that the misuse of the relationships between the two states is all there is to "black" magic, the lowest modern travesty of which was the absolutely absurd and silly "Satan Worship" in Paris some four years ago. We say the simple facts, we mean the facts alone, free from adventitious association. But in themselves the facts are quite serious. Just as is small-pox, diphtheria, typhoid and all physiological aberrations. If there is any great psychological crime it is the willful utilization of physical knowledge and spirit assistance to the detriment of our fellows.

Red magic may be described as the dilapidated dabbling in these matters or the doing so with neither real aim nor purpose, and the results from which are more likely to be unsatisfactory and unpleasant than beneficial or useful to anybody.

The matter of "white" magic then now remains. This is the earnest and intelligent study of the phenomena of the unseen universe and the nature and powers of the unseen man. The obtaining of knowledge regarding the certainty of that universe and that man, and the possible amount of connection between the two and the outer or visible world and the external man. To what extent it can be proven that death is but a doorway into the unseen life, and not a portal to a tomb of eternal silence. To the understanding of how far the infinite forces of the universe affect us, and how best we may order our personal and collective life in accord therewith for our highest mental, moral and spiritual unfoldment. To what extent we may submit ourselves to the guidance and teaching of the ascended minds in the unseen state and how we may not so much "rise above ourselves" as round out our powers and duly co-ordinate them in our own lives and toward the lives of others. The above, in brief, represents a condensation of the essence of "white" magic stripped, as in the case of its opposite, of all the superfluous drappings in which it is usually swathed, in fact made so plain "that a way-faring man may read and not err therein."

But why "magic" and "magi" or "magians"? A better and more familiar word is ready to hand, and one which absolutely stands for all written above. That word is Spiritualism, and at its best and sweetest it is as "white" as the highest form of magian thought ever was, and freer from some of the peculiarities which were perhaps necessarily, associated with the pursuit of spiritual studies in the past. Let us emphasize our "white" Spiritualism at all times—it stands for knowledge, progress, virtue, love, brotherhood, immortality and God—the universal power for good.

### Let Us Unmake Ministers.

The discussion as to whether Spiritualism is a Philosophy, Science or Religion still merrily pursues its course, and no final decision is apparently in sight. Something depends upon the country in which the topic is discussed, for national habits of thought play no small part in deciding our opinions upon many questions. While temperament sways us all more than many are willing to admit, the mental habit is an important factor, also, in our method of treating topics, while downright prejudice is not infrequently a determining power affecting our judgments and opinions; so each takes one side or other as seems best, and the settlement of the question seems as far off as ever.

But if Spiritualism is to be organized as a religion, it follows that the machinery of a religious body will be required, and we shall need our churches, priests, deacons, rituals and set ceremonies, in fact all the paraphernalia of ecclesiastical institutions, with property belonging to the church and vested in the priest, and, of course, creeds and doctrines, and in the course of time traditions, from all of which it will be heresy to dissent from. We have already some who are pleased to wear the title of minister or reverend. Our National Association has, we understand, issued and approved, or adopted, a form of "ordination" for the ministry of Spiritualism, which form is permissive, we believe, not mandatory? The presumption is that Spiritualism does not stand for any form of Christianity, and to the multitude and to the law, if we mistake not, the Christian religion is the only form of belief to which the term religion can be applied, nor will the law allow a Spiritualist minister to act in the matter of marrying in this state in exactly the same way as a regularly ordained Christian minister is permitted to do. To have the empty honor of the title and not the legal substance of the office is not what our "reverend" speakers want, is it? But to become truly ministers, in a legal sense, the minister of a recognized form of Christian faith must do the ordaining, in which case the ordained one is not ordained a minister of Spiritualism but of the denomination of the officiating minister though we seriously question whether any denominational minister would undertake to conduct such a peculiar ceremony. We have heard of a proposal to obtain such an ordination upon the part of an aspirant for the use of the Reverend but it would be futile for the ordained one would be ordained by a Unitarian cleric, which body is not at all a Spiritualist denomination. The fact appears

largely to be that did not the railroads allow ordained ministers reduced rates of transportation our movement would more than likely never have heard anything about ordinations.

Ordination is the acceptance of the candidate for a ministry after careful study, faithful preparation and due examination by some properly constituted authority. We can comply with none of such conditions today, nor would our people recognize any such authority with its necessary inquisitions into character, fitness and ability. We have no legal power to enforce such authority if we possessed it, and its adverse decisions would fall by reason of there being no power behind them. While, if we are to stupidly fall back and re-establish a priesthood, with all that such an institution has entailed upon man in the past, we do not deserve to be called a progressive people. Besides, if a worker can only command attention because of being made into a priest the work he or she can do is of small value to us, or the world. So much then for the secular and worldly side of the case.

Now on the spiritual side. The true priest is one whose mind is illumined by the glory of the spiritual life, whose soul is inspired by the lives and presences of the spiritual beings around us, whose psychic gifts are unfolded and beneficently used in the service of humanity. He must be pure in life, thought and word. Able to learn as well as to teach. Spiritually discerning, sympathetic to the sad, suffering and sick. Such a one cannot be made to order, or by ordination, but he may be acknowledged by the brethren if he has shown signs of possessing these qualifications, and practicing them in his life will show that he has them. And when our people grow to acknowledge that only such shall minister to them as teachers, or stand between their loved in spirit land and themselves, then there will be no need to ordain, the work and the life will have done that, and we shall reverence them without making them a present of a vain title.

It is a blessed sight in the Christian world today, in the broad and liberal portions of it, that ministers are rising above the bounds of their title and striving to command the confidence and esteem of their people as men first, last and all the time. Let us then unmake ministers and make men, let us like men pay full price for whatever we need, and avoid mixing the material and spiritual, for some may think because the X. Y. Z. R. gave them half rates they ought to vote for Mr. So-and-So, if he stands for some petty office. Suppose St. Peter had lived in our times and had traveled on a half rate ticket from Joppa to Jerusalem on the J. & J. R. R., and after his death became doorkeeper at the Heavenly City, and one day he saw the president of the aforesaid road coming along looking a trifle dubious as to his entering, why the saint might say, "You gave me half rates on earth, for the balance of the money slip in, no one is looking." The moral? Well, fix it as you may.

### Frank Cochrane.

We lately received a pleasant call from the above named gentleman, who has just arrived in Boston from London, England. Mr. Cochrane was for some years private secretary to the former Postmaster General of Great Britain, only resigning the position when the distinguished gentleman went to the front in the late Boer war. He has also served as an expert to the New York and London branches of the Remington Typewriter Company with eminent success. Recently he has taken up the work of Magnetic and Mental Healing and Osteopathic treatments with marked ability and success, in a fashionable district in London, and is now in this country on a visit and proposes to devote part of his time to ministering to any who may stand in need of the assistance he is prepared to offer them. He is a young man of pleasing address, filled with healing power, and by temperament and disposition equipped with those attributes which are so necessary to success in his particular vocation. Should any wish to avail themselves of his aid, which can only be secured by appointments duly made, he can be addressed at 196 Dartmouth St., Boston.

### Movements of Platform Workers.

W. J. Colville writes under recent date: After spending a few days in Anderson, I began a period of work in St. Louis, Sunday, September 4. I am a delegate to the Peace Convention, New Thought Federation and several other bodies. I am ready to co-operate with all workers in the cause of human progress and expect to learn a good deal at the Fair, besides contributing something to several conferences. My address at present is Care Louis Cohen, 2612 Lafayette Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

William E. Smith will open Odd Ladies' Hall, 446 Tremont St., Boston, on Friday, September 16th, at 2.30 p. m., for spiritual progression. The meetings will be continued all season.

J. C. F. Grumbine is now holding services every Sunday in Metaphysical Hall, Huntington Chambers, at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m.

### Review of Reviews for September.

Besides the history of the Russo-Japanese war, which is brought up to date in its editorial department, "The Progress of the World," the Review of Reviews for September has two articles which summarize the distinctive achievements of the Japanese armies. M. C. Sullivan shows how effectively the modern science of battlefield communication has been utilized by the Japanese signal corps, while a Japanese writer contributes a laudatory sketch of General Kuroki. A Chinaman, Mr. Chang Yow Tong, gives his views of the "Yellow Peril."

If you have any faith, give me, for heaven's sake, a share of it! Your doubts you may keep to yourself, for I have plenty of my own.—Goethe.

Wealth is just so much baggage to carry around and to be taken care of in this world, but a cultivated brain is easy to carry and a continual source of pleasure and profit.—Phillips Brooks.

Death, early death, altogether too fashionable, accompanied with extravagant funerals, is abnormal. Life, the reverse of death, is natural, and should be with us all, not only beautiful, but golden, with joy and as serene and abiding as the stars.—Dr. J. M. Peebles.

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Campmeeting News.

Lake Sunapee, N. H.

During the closing week of the season our meetings were well attended and much enjoyed alike by campers and visitors. Our workers were Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock and Mrs. Sadie L. Hand, and these dear sisters afforded us the utmost satisfaction in every respect, their addresses and phenomena appealing to all present. The annual election of officers resulted as follows: Mrs. Addie M. Stevens, president; Mrs. Marva Gow, and Mrs. Hattie Burpee as first and second vice-presidents; Mrs. Martha Davis, of Hartland, Vt., was elected secretary; and, for treasurer, Mrs. Harriett C. Comstock, of Newport, N. H. We have had a very harmonious session and it has been a success in every way. We hope to meet all again next year.—Lorenzo Worthen.

Verona Park, Me.

On Sunday, Aug. 21, Mrs. N. J. Willis, of Boston, was the speaker. This was her first visit to Verona. The day was delightful and the auditorium was well filled with attentive listeners. The forenoon discourse was by "Robert G. Ingersoll." Those who were acquainted with his gestures and peculiarities recognized unmistakably his identity. A gentleman from Hartford, Conn., was upon the ground. He had met Mr. Ingersoll many times and was acquainted with him in earth life. In the evening, at a public seance, Mr. Ingersoll extended his hand to his old friend, greeted him and entered into a long conversation concerning spirit life and his experience; also alluding to events that had transpired between them on the earth plane, of which Mrs. Willis knew nothing. It was very satisfactory and convincing. All were pleased with Mrs. Willis, and she was delighted with the place. On Monday, Edgar W. Emerson arrived, remaining through the week and giving the two final discourses, on Sunday the 28th. Echo Park, a tract of over 50 acres, adjoining Verona Park and under substantially the same control, but not connected with any religious denomination, has just been laid out by a landscape architect into drives, walks, flower gardens, cottage lots, various amusement grounds, hedges, etc., to the great delight of the managers. The architect who was never upon the grounds until two weeks ago, pronounces it the most desirable and beautiful spot he has ever seen, although he has traveled extensively in search of an ideal place to suit his fancy. Two new cottages have been erected on Echo Park this season, and several other parties are seriously contemplating the erection of fine cottages in the near future. Echo Park is sure to boom. Everything is ready for work. A wharf, where steamboats are constantly landing; a hotel and roads, all available for use. Improvements are to be made at once to add to its beauty and convenience. —F. W. Smith.

Unity Camp, Lynn, Mass.

A visit to this charming grove will amply repay one on a Sunday. The ground is thick carpeted with pine needles, while the stately trees rear their crests to the skies. The auditorium is cool and shady and roofed for shelter from the sun. Beautiful foliage and flowers adorn the platform and give one a high inspiration. Many mediums have been developed amid the harmonious conditions prevailing at this charming camp. Every Sunday there is conference at 11, short addresses and communications from various mediums at 2, and at 4 and 7 there are lectures and tests given, with a song service at 6.30. Take Cliffondale car in subway and go to the end of route—fare five cents from Boston to Saugus Centre, where camp is located. Dinner and supper may be had in the shape of clam chowder, rolls, coffee and sandwiches, cake and ice cream. It reminds me of the primal days of Onset Camp, when the country people used to drive in and hitch their horses to the trees, and Unity Camp is doing a great work in converting country skeptics to Spiritualism, the grounds being crowded every Sunday with mostly skeptics, who stand agog at the wonders heard. You can imagine the effect that a medium like Mrs. May Pepper would have on several hundred people who had never heard anything of the kind before. They were simply dazed over the fact of spirit return and their eyes grew big as saucers as they heard test after test given. I believe that Unity Camp has made more converts this summer than any one of our larger camps which has been years longer established. The "Banner of Light" is sold on the grounds. Miss Annie Nolan was a recent speaker at Unity Camp. She first heard of Spiritualism three months ago; a few days after she was controlled as a medium to give tests and has been on the platform ever since. She is a Catholic and she remarked to me, naively, "I am a Catholic still." Her family do not believe in it or say it is the work of the devil. On Sunday last the Editor of the "Banner of Light" was present at our 2 p. m. meeting and in response to an invitation from the chairman briefly addressed the large audience present. His remarks were most cordially received. Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Kates are speakers at Unity Camp during the month of September. Come one and all and receive a hearty welcome to our romantic little grove.—Eva A. Cassell.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.

Albert P. Blinn, Clerk of the Camp and Special Correspondent and Agent of the "Banner of Light."

Although the convocation closed on Sunday, August 28th, meetings are still being held here and there are a number of excellent mediums upon the grounds, among whom are Mrs. Hattie C. Mason, Dr. C. L. Willis, Miss Jennie Rhind, Mrs. B. W. Belcher, Mrs. M. C. Carbee, Mrs. E. M. Shirley, and Miss Alice Wilkins. Miss Rhind has held her Woodlawn services each day at four o'clock on the Highlands, and many have congregated there to listen and profit by the utterances and prophecies of this excellent medium. On Monday and Tuesday following the closing of the campmeeting each train bore hundreds of friends on their homeward journey but there are still nearly one hundred families here. Conferences are being held in the old grove and it recalls the days of yore when all of the meetings were held there. Mrs. A. S. Waterhouse, R. F. Churchill, Rev. W. T. McElveen and Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, in addition to the mediums already mentioned, have assisted in making the conferences of the past week very enjoyable. The Lake Pleasant Hotel retains many of its guests, and Landlord Yeaton intends to keep it open until Sept. 15. Mr. Yeaton has leased the hotel for another year.

Several successful whist parties have been held here since camp closed and the money thus raised has been utilized for new furnishings. The dancing pavilion still forms a place of attraction for our young people each evening. The time of the excursion rates on the railroad expired Sept. 1st. The electric lights went out of service on Aug. 31, but the water plant will be in operation until Sept. 15. The telegraph and express offices will be open till Oct. 1. Mrs. M. E. Martine has purchased the Stoddard-Gray cottage and is planning to make that corner one of the most attractive on the grounds. Miss F. M. Allen is having her cottage painted. Mrs. Angie Clapp has purchased the Hunt cottage and is having it renovated. The association has voted to expend \$500 in repairing its buildings this fall and improvements, under the supervision of the committee on grounds. Many donations were received during the season, totaling nearly \$1500. Beautiful Autumn weather.

Lilly Dale, N. Y.

Mrs. S. M. Kingsley, Special Correspondent of the "Banner of Light."

(Continued from last week.) On Thursday last the most violent thunderstorm that has ever visited this section passed over the City of Light. The morning audience had assembled to hear Mrs. R. B. Lillie for the last time prior to her leaving for the Michigan campmeeting. Subjects had been suggested by the audience—"Inspiration" and "Employments in the Beyond," but before the speaker was fairly launched in their presentation the skies suddenly darkened, a fierce tempest bent and swayed the tall trees, terrific thunder followed the lightning flashes and shook the very foundations. The floodgates of heaven seemed opened, and the rain fell in torrents, and, blown by the high winds, penetrated every portion of the great auditorium. The worthy custodian of our interests, Mr. Richards, rushed to the lowering of the heavy canvas curtains outside, while the people gathered closely around our flower-trimmed altar, and waited with abated breath for the storm to spend its fury. When it had partially subsided, and the artillery of the skies seemed vanishing in the distance, seats were resumed, and the speaker, remarking that she hoped the surprise matinee was over, proceeded to furnish a brief supplement to her interesting texts. She was grateful that J. Clez Wright had come to the platform to "hold the conditions." We all knew that Mr. Wright was there on quite a different mission, though he did "hold the conditions" of a pleasant life surprise—a small testimonial from Mrs. Lillie's many friends, through the agency of Miss Emma Humphrey and Mrs. Sadie Billings, which he presented as an expression of love and good-will, along with pleasant reminiscences of the past, where their life-lines had touched during the quarter of a century that lies behind. Notably, his first reception in the city of Boston, before an immense audience, when Mrs. Lillie had been prominent in voicing the words of welcome. Mr. Wright's words were filled with tender pathos as he recalled old memories and paid eloquent tribute to the unvarying loyalty and faithfulness which Mrs. Lillie had always manifested both to her inspirers and to her public and private work. Mrs. Lillie responded graciously, and said she felt the terrible hurricane meant something out of the ordinary. On Thursday evening, the ever-active Willing Workers invited all the inhabitants of the City of Light to a New England supper, which sprang like magic into existence at the auditorium before 6 o'clock. It was safe to conclude that no one sent their regrets, for every seat at the numerous tables was taken and many of them more than once. Baked beans and brown-bread, pumpkin pies and doughnuts, with all the concomitants of a genuine New England supper, made up the bill of fare. A musical and literary entertainment followed, and the proceeds are to be utilized for the providing of fire protection for Lilly Dale. Friday afternoon, Prof. Lockwood took the platform in place of Rev. W. H. Morgan, who had cancelled his engagement. Prof. Lockwood's lecture was a departure from his previous line of thought. He portrayed the shadows of events that threaten to overwhelm our country with dire vicissitudes. He had long been a student of political economy, but not a politician. His subject was the "relationship of morals to our present system and to judicial jurisprudence." The trend of our national morality shows that our system of morals has been borrowed. The crude concepts of the days of Nero obtain in the state of New York today. Unless our system of morals meets the needs of individuals it will not prove the power necessary for the upbuilding of great institutions. Altruism has been given great prominence, and friends in Washington have wanted to change the name of modern Spiritualism to Altruism. Herbert Spencer and others have admitted that the concepts of a true civilization cannot be carried out under our present system. A man with a fair share of brain and a genius for manual labor should have the right to its fruitage. "The work of a scavenger is as important to a city's welfare as an artist, but if he possesses the concept of progress, his aspirations will lead him into a higher order of thought. Plato taught that a man should always stay where nature had placed him, and this thought has been often reviled by ministers, but the desire to improve the power within is what lies behind all progress. The right to do and be, to use hand and brain, and receive the fruitage of toil—this is altruism. But when a mass of schemers combine against these rights, when men with splendid education are sweeping the streets, struggling with might and main for a mere existence, with nothing in our social system to give them a lift, then civilization is denied the possibility of expressing itself, and this is the condition of two-thirds of our population today. At the close of one of the lectures, Prof. Campbell, who is at the head of the Vitaphone College, in Cincinnati, explained his system of education, the natural methods employed without the use of drugs, and the very reasonable terms which placed the knowledge of healing within the reach of those with limited means. The professor is a hale and hearty veteran of 85 summers, and a fine representative argument in favor of his School of Therapeutics. He confided to us the fact that he had placed his large school buildings in the hands of trustees, with sufficient revenue from railroad bonds and other investments, to insure its perpetuation for humanity's benefit, when he

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## Our Home Circle.

EDITED BY  
MINNIE MESERVE SOULE.

### The Golden Fields of Harvest.

Why stand ye idle, stranger  
When there is so much to gain?  
Behold the fields around us,  
A ripe with golden grain;  
Behold the golden harvest,  
On hilltop, vale and plain.  
Let not the call for reapers,  
Fall on your ears in vain.

We have a manor, stranger,  
And want you there to come,  
To help and reap earth's bounties,  
To feed the hungry one.  
We want you at the harvest,  
And when thy work is done,  
We want you in our household  
To share with us our home.

Come join us in our household,  
No more a stranger be,  
And with us ever sharing,  
For we will share with thee,  
Our fountain for the thirsty,  
Great as the boundless sea,  
Our table for the hungry,  
Where everything is free.

—R. S. Williams.

### A Link in Our Golden Chain.

LET YOUR WORK COMFORT YOU.

"I am really very much interested in Spiritualism, and would so much like to get a message from some friend, but I will tell you frankly that if one were given to me in a public meeting I would not acknowledge it. Of course I would tell you about it afterward."

It was a woman of more than ordinary intelligence who made this statement to one of the leading workers in our ranks, and she did not seem to realize that it was either an unfair or an unkind position to assume. Evidently she thought only of herself and her own wishes in the matter. It is very easy to stand around and give advice to some one who is doing something which you cannot, and to make suggestions which you think might improve or hasten the result, and some wise man suggests that it ought to make no difference whether a message is recognized or not, that the medium's responsibility ends when the message is given.

This is true, and we hope that every one of our mediums is so well adjusted that if every one in the audience to whom a word is given, sits silent and unresponsive, there will be no faltering, no wavering, but a steadfast faith in the loving Guide and the attendant spirits. But that has little to do with a case like the one quoted. Any one who attends a Spiritualist service where messages are given and received becomes by their very presence a part of the service and an attitude of mind may be assumed which is rude, not to say ungrateful, and be as evident to the controlling spirit as a display of rude and unmannerly gestures of the body would be to the members of the assembly.

Every real spirit message is a test, and establishes the truth of communion of spirits in the mind of some one, and when a message is given and no response is made to it all sorts of counter influences are started, the incapability of the medium, the untruthfulness of the Guide, and the lack of faith in the assertion that a spirit is present.

All of these influences have their effect, not only on the audience and the medium, but the spirits themselves, and if some check is not put upon them, they will eventually spoil any manifestation which might otherwise be given.

It is because of this knowledge of the delicate and subtle influences and the need of most careful and devoted protection of them in order to insure the best results, that many lovers of the phenomena are strongly opposed to an exhibition of it in a promiscuous audience.

The sweetest words from out that other life will always be spoken where the derisive laugh cannot mar the melody of the tone, and where the word of contempt may not mock a mother's expressed love; but as long as a heart aches or a sorrowing child of man seeks admission to our meetings we cannot refuse to give them the bread which has been freely fed to us, and which has been the staff and support to our lives in times of distress and despair.

It was not the philosophy taught us by the spirits, beautiful as it is, which first brought peace to our anguished souls, but the tender, loving message from the dear ones, the heart-beats of love against our bleeding hearts, the light in the darkness, the little rappings about the room, the written message through our own hands, and the face to face conversation at the opened curtain of the Cabinet.

The curious churchman who steals away from his regular Sunday service to attend a Spiritualist meeting just to see what it is like in most instances is so busy looking for freaks or flaws that he pays little or no attention to the discourse, and if questioned about it afterward would probably say, with an air of condescension, "Oh, it wasn't half bad, but I can hear better sermons in our own church, of course."

And, perhaps he can, for the effort of the spirit teachers has been to unfold our mediums as messengers of truth, and many of them have been taken for the work before the polish of eloquence applied to the rough timber of truth made a more salable article even if less serviceable.

But to the truth-loving person nothing is so eloquent as truth. So, also, to the seeker after true eloquence, words, words and scholastic phrases will never compensate for the loss of the beautifully eloquent sermon which wells up from the simple heart of the unlettered and the unlearned when touched by the finger of the Angel of Love.

It is evident that we must still continue to give the personal message from our platforms. It is for this purpose that our teachers and guides come to us. We may at times think that we are called upon to establish a new sect in the world; that we are to found another church in the community; that we may argue ourselves right up into the front row of the religions of the world; but the truth of the matter is that there are more steeples pointing heavenward than is quite consistent with the "rags and tatters" flourishing at their base, that the brain that can theorize and guess is rather a common commodity in these days of free public schools, and that what the sad old world needs is not a lash to whip it into subjection, but love to lead it to truth.

We must, somehow, make it plain to every wanderer that strays into our gathering places that the fingers of our loved ones have unlocked the door of the chamber where the treasures of the spiritual life wait for us to claim them as our own, and that what has been done for us may be done for any and every child on earth.

The person who would or could take selfish satisfaction in receiving a message as long as they were not compromised before their neighbors or acquaintances should always have this fact brought to their attention, that it is the one who has made the effort to reach them with a message of interest and devotion that they are denying.

The modest, retiring old mother who has at last found an opportunity to speak to the daughter whom she has followed through many wanderings, who has through her fears at last found voice to murmur "My child, I am near you," must feel a crushing sense of shame for that child who dares not recognize her.

Speak the message out, brave workers for the spirits, and let the people know that it is their own who suffer through their cowardice. It is the friend of their fireside, the loved ones of their home who go away with saddened hearts and tearful eyes. You know you can afford to wait for the dawning of that day when they will blush for the exhibition of foolish pride which at most only cost you a few hours of mortification at a seeming defeat before the public, but they, they must be helped to understand that they are pushing back the hand of a dear one, extended in love to bless them.

### A Laugh in Church.

She sat on the sliding cushion,  
The dear, wee woman of four;  
Her feet, in their shiny slippers,  
Hung dangling over the floor;  
She meant to be good; she had promised;  
And so with her big, brown eyes,  
She stared at the meeting-house window  
And counted the crawling flies.

She looked far up at the preacher  
But she thought of the honey bees  
Droning away at the blossoms  
That whitened the cherry trees.  
She thought of a broken basket  
Where, curled in a dusky heap,  
Three sleek, round puppies, with fringed ears  
Lay snuggled and fast asleep.

Such soft, warm bodies to cuddle,  
Such queer little hearts to beat,  
Such swift round tongues to kiss,  
Such sprawling, cushiony feet;  
She could feel in her clasping fingers  
The touch of the satiny skin,  
And a cold wet nose exploring  
The dimples under her chin.

Then a sudden ripple of laughter  
Ran over the parted lips.  
So quick that she could not catch it  
With her rosy finger-tips.  
The people whispered, "Bless the child,"  
As each one looked on a nap;  
But the dear, wee woman hid her face  
For shame in her mother's lap.

—Baltimore News.

### A Queer Way of Telling Time.

In Malay the natives keep a record of time in the following way:  
Floating in a bucket filled with water they placed a coconut shell having a small perforation, through which by slow degrees the water found its way inside. This opening was so proportioned that it took just one hour for the shell to fill and sink. Then a watchman called out, the shell was emptied, and they began again.

Such trifles as minutes and seconds were not heeded on the peninsula. Fancy anyone asking the time in Malay and being told the coconut shell was half full!

There was a young girl of Malay  
Who inquired the time of the day.  
Said the watchman, "Well, well,  
By my coconut shell  
'Tis half afternoon, I should say."

—Exchange.

### A Pilgrim Boy.

Mime Inniss.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### JOHN CAMPS OUT.

"The stars look out, like thoughtful eyes  
Of angels calm reposing there,  
And gazing on this world of care."

—White.

It was quite one o'clock before the start had been made. The sandy bar at the harbor's mouth had not been seen before and the shallow, which was but a poor boat to manage in a rough sea, consumed an hour in getting around the bar. As soon as the harbor was cleared, the little boat ran merrily before the cold north-west gale, making good time for a craft of her proportions, considering the heavy load she bore. Master Coppin, unused to the shorter motion of so small a boat, was deathly sick and so was one of the sailors, in spite of their three months' rough experience on the ship. John felt quite proud of himself when Tom remarked:

"Jacky boy, thou and I be no fresh water chaps. We be used to the sea, hey, lad? Master Coppin there, he be nought but a gunner; no sailor he."

"Oh, Tom," said John. "I feel more like filling up my stomach than of sending food to the fishes. I am most fearfully hungry. And I brought no victuals, not knowing I was to come."

"Stow thy yawp, boy. I have snack enough for the twain and more." Tom fished about and soon from a pocket concealed somewhere in his oil suit, he pulled out two hard sea biscuits and holding them toward John, said, "Here, young hungry belly, munch these. Wet them in the drink. It will add flavor."

John, fearing some joke, replied "Their flavor is enough. I need add no more to them. Thank ye, Tom." He munched the bread in silence, gazing as did the others on board at the long stretches of sandy shore which they were skirting at no great distance.

But o-h wasn't it cold! The water, as it dashed over the travelers in spray, froze upon their coats like glistening mail and John thought he certainly would freeze his ears and his nose, not to speak of his fingers and toes. Late in the afternoon (the little shallow was a slow sailor), they got down near Eastham and John saw his first Indians. They were on the shore, ten or twelve of them, very busy about something he could not quite make out what. They seemed to be tall fellows and very dark skinned, but he looked in vain for the feathers on their heads and legs. So much engaged were they, that they seemed not to see the shallow and its load of "Pale-faces." If they did, they chose to pay no attention to them but kept at work.

As it was getting late, it was thought best to land. The shores ran far out into the water in immense flats, covered at high water and bare at low tide.

After a while they found a little channel which took them up into the land where they went ashore in a protected cove.

John was glad to get on the land again. The shore was so steep that the shallow went well up before she grounded. The water was not choppy, but the swell of the sea came up the stream to their landing place. John asked Tom to let him take the painter ashore and Tom, finding the boy could do so without wetting, permitted it.

"Wait till I tell thee when, my lad. Then jump and run up the beach. I will follow thee and together we can pull the craft up so that all may land dry shod," continued Tom. As the boat grounded, John was alert, painter in hand, the wave receded. "Jump, boy," said Tom, and both John and Tom bounded together from each side of the bow and ran up the beach, just in time to escape the return of the wave.

Tom grabbed the painter and both pulled as the shallow floated on the incoming breaker.

"Heave away, my hearty," said Tom. "Now then, Once more," as the second wave lifted the shallow again.

"Tumble out, all," said Tom, "and run up the beach."

The shallow, relieved of her load, floated more easily. All pulled and lifted, and soon had her high and dry on the beach, safe for the night.

"Now, Jacky boy, show thyself useful. Get some wood and we will kindle a fine blaze. It will get the kinks out of thy legs and the water out of our clothes." Tom thus assumed command over John, and glad enough was John to comply.

His four hours in the narrow confines of the crowded shallow had indeed put kinks into his limbs. He also wished to vindicate his presence, and to do this he must indeed show he could make himself useful.

Not far away the sailors found a small cove in the beach which seemed to suck in whatever floated near. It was fairly covered with driftwood. Much of it had to be chopped into smaller bits to be easily carried. While the men were at this John ran up towards the woods, here but a short distance above the bank, and gathered several armfuls of dry limbs of pine. With this for kindling, the larger pieces of driftwood were soon shooting up their variegated colors of flame.

To kindle this was not as easy as it now would be. The flint and steel and tinder box were called into use. Such a convenience as a match was then unknown in this entire world.

It would seem astonishing to one of us to see how quickly spark after spark was dropped into the dry tinder until it ignited. Every one stood around the tinder box, protecting it with their cloaks from the wind. The tinder once burning, it was easy to ignite some dry pine needles, which in their turn caused a few pieces of pitchy wood to catch. As this blazed the smaller twigs flashed into flame—and the fire was "made."

Master Carver, as was the custom of the day, asked a blessing on their food, and returned thanks for their successful day. Then all sat about the fire and ate their frugal meal. All but the sick ones. Each of those was disposed where he was most comfortable, covered with his blanket and given rest.

Frugal indeed was their food. There was ship's biscuit, none too good, often so alive with weevils that it had to be broken into small bits before it could be sufficiently freed from them to be eaten; salt meat which was very salt; a bit of sea food recently shot, and some dried fish. This washed down by a sip of water from the punchen carried in the boat, had to satisfy these hardy men.

Because they could see in the distance the fires of the Indians' camp, watches for the night were established by Standish, one on each side, and the big pieces of driftwood were built into a sort of palisade on the shore side of the camp. Then all arranged themselves for slumber. John lay snugly tucked in a common blanket beside the ever faithful Tom; but it was long after Tom had begun to snore before John could compose himself to sleep, this first night out of doors. He lay and watched the stars. The two sentinels stood out tall and motionless against the sky, and John felt safe from the Indians. The fire smouldered down. It grew cold, and John tucked his head, covered with its knit yarn cap, under the blanket, and—was asleep, the first boy of the white race who ever slept on the beach of Cape Cod.

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### A TRAMP ALONG SHORE.

I stand upon their ashes in thy beams,  
The offspring of another race, I stand  
Beside a stream they loved, this valley  
stream;  
And where the night-fire of the quivered  
band  
Showed the gray oaks by fits, and war song  
rung  
I teach the quiet shades the strains of this  
new tongue.

—Bryant.

When John awoke he found it colder than ever. Even the water in the little punchen was frozen a bit, and a hole had to be punched in it before it would gurgle out from the bung.

But they could not stop here. They had started out to get to the "bottom of the bay," as they called the lower parts of Cape Cod, and as soon as the slow coming daylight permitted, they were up and away again.

Captain Standish, after morning prayers had been said by Carver, and their meagre meal had been eaten, said:

"Captain Clark, for thou art a captain now, take such of thy crew as thou needest, and such of the others as desire to go with thee, and skirt the shores. I will take such as wish to follow along the shore that we may be the better see if any fitting place for habitation be here about. We will join thee at night again."

Of the ten from the ship, seven chose the shore while the sailors stayed with the shallow.

Tom declared his choice was to see the country, and therefore John cast about for a way to start with Tom. Such a thing is easy for a boy. He slid up into the forest and hid there until he saw the boat well under way from the land. Then he came forth prepared for the scolding he felt sure would be his. And it came, as he expected it would.

Standish's temper was never so low and when the soldier found this young skulker had escaped Clark's crew, and was upon his hands his anger blazed forth so hotly that John felt it scorch. But Bradford after the first outburst had subsided said:

"Let not the boy trouble thee so, good captain. He is here. Why be angry at those things we cannot gainsay? It wastes the soul and is fruitless. Tom will watch him, and I too will have a care over him. Forget his presence and be calm."

Standish, like all hot-tempered men, boiled over first and repented afterward.

He was silent for a moment after Bradford spoke. Then he said:

"In truth, William, I love thee. If I could but command my temper as thou dost thine my unruly tongue would never lead me into a tirade over a mere boy. Let us be gone. We have a long, and perchance, a dangerous day before us."

In a moment he added, "But hereafter see thou that the youngster stays by the shallow, William."

After an hour's tramp along the beach, which brought warmth to the boy's cold fingers and toes, they reached the place where the Indians had been seen. They then found that the "salvages" had been cutting up a great fish called, they afterwards learned, a "krampus."

Round and fat, it looked like a great hog of the sea. The fat around its body was two or three inches thick.

(Continued next week.)

Can't none of us help what traits we start out in life with, but we kin help what we end with.—Mrs. Wiggs.

Just to strike your gait once and to know you have struck it—think what a thing that would be. Then die if need be.—Mime Inniss.

What I want is, not to possess religion, but that religion shall possess me.—Charles Kingsley.

## SPIRIT

## Message Department.

MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUM.

SHIP OF

MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

Report of Seance held August 31, 1904. S. E. 7.

### In Explanation.

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

### To Our Readers.

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

### INVOCATION.

Again we come into this little company seeking to give the comfort from continued life to those who mourn and suffer. Again we would take them by the hand and lead them away from the distractions and the cares of material things out into the open and free life of the spirit, and there bathed in the influence of all that is good, and true, and calm, we would come back again refreshed for the work and the service of the world. How our hearts yearn for those who know not this wonderful truth! How anxious we grow at times to give them the knowledge, to make them understand something of the real life and the real beauty, and yet we know that these things must grow as the flower under the sun, and that, as the sun, we must steadily pursue our way, unfaltering, undimmed, unswerving, always with a heart attuned, always with a ready sympathy, always with an understanding of what may be for those who aspire, not only for those who suffer and wait, but for those who are living lives, unconscious of the real life. Those who stand outside the gate and know not the beauty within, to them too we would send our expression of love and tenderness, over them we would breathe our prayer of peace, and would hope that soon they too may come into the knowledge of the eternal values of the present moment. May every effort everywhere that is made for the upliftment of mankind, that is drawing man nearer to his God, be blessed with the success that is one. Amen.

### MESSAGES.

#### Charlie and Winnie Blanchard.

Omaha, Neb.

There are two spirits of a boy and a girl. The boy looks about sixteen. His eyes are brown, his face is round and full and he seems to take no particular pains about making himself look nice. His name is Charlie Blanchard, and with him is a girl who doesn't seem to be over eleven, and her name is Winnie. These two spirits come together, and they are trying to send a message to Mr. John Blanchard of Omaha, Nebraska. Charlie says, "It wouldn't be right to say that we are unhappy, for we are not. Still, we haven't forgotten anybody. It was very sad the way we came over here, but nobody seems to have any right to say just how they shall come, and I guess if they did there would nobody try to leave life and come. They would all be afraid that things were going to be worse. If they only knew how beautiful it is over here I think they'd all come together and at once. Uncle Charlie for whom I was named, is our guide and teacher. He says we must not attempt to do very much until we have learned more about spirit life and the law that governs it. He seems very wise and he lives with our grandmother, our grandmother Pease. She keeps the house and he takes care of us. Grandpa is off all the time trying to see if there isn't something he can do for somebody who has no home. He says that it's nearest like doctoring to any work he can find to do, and he always wanted to be a doctor. He has taken this up of his own accord. We didn't know that we had a little sister, but we found one and she was just as cunning and is just as fond of us as though we had had her in the home. We have both been over to Maud's house and we've seen the baby there, and O, so many times we come to you and try to make you feel that we are there. Sometimes you do feel so and you get up out of bed and walk about the room and feel sure that somebody has come into it. This is when we have come and tried to make you feel so. If you would sit down in a chair and sit quietly we could make you see us and you might feel better then. In some ways it is great fun to be here and we can have a very good time, but we'd like it better if you and the rest of the folks were with us. You know we want to send our love and so we send it through this paper. Isn't it good that we can come? Isn't it good that we are able just to send this word to you? We think it is."

#### Willie Chisholm, Taunton, Mass.

There is a spirit who comes to me this morning of a boy of about fifteen. He has brown eyes and rather light hair, and a pale face. He says his name is Willie Chisholm. He says that he lived in Taunton, and that he is very glad to be able to send a word to his mother. He doesn't look particularly anxious, but he seems more pleased that there is a way by which he can send his message of love. I am sure that he was sick quite awhile before he went to the spirit world, for he seems very weak and tired as though it was a great release for him when he finally was free from the body and came into these other conditions. With him is a woman that he calls Aunt Sadie, and she is not very old, about twenty-five or six. I should think, and she's just as nice to him and seems to take as much care as if she were his mother, and he looks up to her with a little air of confidence, and he says, "We are working together to surprise mamma when she least expects it. She doesn't know that I can come, and some day I am going to come to her in a way that she will understand, and that will make her realize that I've never been away. My father isn't very well, but I think he'll be better by and by. It doesn't look like anything serious, and my brother George, I am sure, is going through all right, the thing they are so anxious about. I wish I could say more, but I don't know what to say that will be right and helpful to them, so I will just send all the love that I

can for all, and be as often with them as I can."

#### Alex Clarke, Haverhill, Mass.

A spirit comes of a man about thirty years old. He is tall and slim, has blue eyes, dark hair and a very dark skin. He was drowned, for I see him just as he went down out of sight. He says, "My name is Alex Clarke. How strange it seems to be standing here. I don't know how to tell my story. I only know that ever since I have been over here it has seemed to me that sometime I should be able to tell something about my death. It was an accident. Not carelessness for I had made every plan and had tried every way to circumvent any such thing as happened. My whole interest now is in trying to help my mother and my sister. Sometimes when I get close to them it seems as though I must make them hear me and I know they will be glad, too, then they do not know how to put into words the feelings that come over them of my near presence. I was away from home when this happened, but I lived in Haverhill, and I want to tell you that my body was never recovered. I don't want them to feel badly about it for I don't miss it. It doesn't mean anything to me. I wouldn't know that I didn't have everything that I had before I woke in this life. I simply feel lighter and more buoyant than before. I wish I might have stayed because I was so anxious to succeed and it seemed as though I had a better chance than ever before just then, but it is one of those things that one cannot help and I am only grateful that I can come in this way. I have thought if I could tell George that I appreciated what he tried to do perhaps he would feel better, so I want to say it now. Della is often with me and says that after a while I will get over the feeling of intense anxiety and will grow stronger. I thank you for helping me and I am glad I have been able to speak."

#### Isaac Miller, New Haven, Conn.

I see a spirit of a man I should think about forty-five or six years old. He is very abrupt and almost brusque in his manner. He comes in with a little impatience and says: "Don't keep me waiting longer for I feel that I must be back to the home where I want to send this message. My name is Isaac Miller, and I am from New Haven. I have been over here about six years and have not yet been able to send any message, so I have come here to say what I can as fast as I can and then go back to Ella. What is the use of sitting down discouraged when there is help so near? That is what I want to say to her and I want to tell her that I don't see the matters that are pressing in so hard upon her now are coming to the end which she expects, but in a little while there will be a change in the other direction which will be very much for her interest and advancement. I am not able to do what I want to. If I were, I would have changed things upside down before this, and if I could get hold to Charles to tell him what I want to, I would make him feel that it is small business that he has been in. It isn't much use to say it in this way but I want him to understand that I know and perhaps there will be something better come out of the relationship. God bless you, and don't let anybody take too much into their hands or have too much to say about what you shall do or what you shall not do. I am your father just as much today as ever and I will do all I can to help you."

#### Alice Wilbur, Dedham, Mass.

There is a spirit comes to me of a woman about twenty-five years old. Her eyes and hair are dark, her face is round and she is very child-like in her manner. She says her name is Alice Wilbur and she lives in Dedham, Mass. Her desire is to go to Thomas Wilbur. "This is not my first attempt but the first effort I have made in this direction. For weeks I have been trying to make evident my presence and now I have come to seal what I have been doing with this message through your paper. I have Alma Walker with me and she is so weak it is almost impossible for her to say a word, but she wants me to send word through my people that when she is stronger she will say more and will probably be able to express at the home. I am very happy. I have no desire to get back. It is all so lovely and beautiful and I find so much to see that I don't have time to think about the old life and only regret that I cannot take everybody I ever loved with me into this life. I wish Edgar would try and see if he cannot help me to come more closely to him. Sometimes I am able to impress him but I would much rather express more fully through his hand or through his own organism in some definite way. I want mother to feel that I am contented with what she has done. It is just as well as if she had carried out every particular thing I asked for and is probably much better."

#### Belinda Clapp, Charlotte, N. C.

There is a spirit of a woman about fifty-five or six. She's quite stout, rather tall, with blue eyes, and her hair is very gray. She is nervous and seems so perturbed over the effort she is making, and she says, "It's so hard to be calm when you have so much you want to say, and it has seemed for a long time as if I would never get the opportunity that I was seeking. My name is Belinda Clapp, and I lived in Charlotte, N. C." She says, "This is so hard, but I am anxious to get to Jenny. It seems sometimes as if I must drag hold of her with so much power that she would know that there is a personality in the room with her, but she feels it and slips away from it and pays no attention. You people believe in the power of spirits, and because you do I have come here to you to ask your help to find out what I may do to save my girl from pain and trouble that I find all about her. It is incredible to me that some others can live in the spirit in faith and patience waiting for the outcome. I would as soon sit by the fire and see my child burn her hand off as to sit still in the spirit and see her doing things that I know will bring her pain. She is not bad. I would not have you think from what I say that she's doing wrong, but I see her constantly, through her impetuous nature, jumping into positions and places where I see nothing but pain ahead for her, and I believe she is responsive to the touch of the spirit. I am anxious to have her feel that I am near her, and that I love her, and that I will advise her, if I get a chance. Her father is with me and has been over here much longer than I have. He says that if I am less nervous perhaps I can do better, but I don't see how I can keep calm. If there is any way for me to express more plainly what I feel, that's the way I want to go. I have seen Arthur, and I am often with Frank, and they are both trying to help me today, but I want Jennie to understand that while she's having pretty much of her own way we are just as much a part of her life as though we were still living in the form with her. I thank you very much. I hope this will get to her because I am sure she will heed."

The unrighteous man sooner or later falls. There is only true and lasting success in righteousness.—A. Z.

The words of the orderly and wise man, who loveth God and the All, are as balm to our ill. Listen to them.—A. Z.

# Our Exchanges.

## Medical Science.

Much of the so-called medical science is both unscientific and absurd. Nearly all medicines are poison, more or less deadly, and it cannot be proven that any of these drastic tissue burning agencies effect a cure. The most that can be said is that they excite to action; Nature seems to know that unless an effort is made to eliminate the poison from the system, death must come, hence being aroused to meet the emergency, a reaction or temporary stimulation that takes place, but always at the expense of vital energy, leaving the system in a weakened and debilitated condition, and disease still the victor. Medicine succeeds medicine, failure succeeds failure, the conquering monarch reigns supreme. The medical fraternity can do little more than chronicle or note the development of the various diseases, and the people, who have waited so long and patiently, are well-nigh discouraged. The reaction is bound to come. —The Health Reporter, Kansas City.

## The Inner Life.

Living the inner life does not mean an aesthetic one, but one that is concordant with the promptings of the soul-nature—with intuition.

Who follows the latter can never go astray very far—that is, where it concerns self. The soul is often as conscious of the external in the brain is, but worldlyism is too frequently a barrier to these interior promptings.

The personality who has made a God of his stomach or of money has placed not only a thin but a thick veil between the outer and inner self. The exterior life is good enough for him—until death threatens. Then come thoughts or desires for reform. But a 20-year old habit is not overcome by a mere pledge or simple regret. A similar force to the habit engendered or humanitarian acts to the amount of selfishness indulged, will be needed as a counterbalance to neutralize the effects of this lower self—to bring the higher self into harmony with nature.—The Sunflower, Lily Dale, N. Y.

## Bishop Potter's Mistake.

We are not disposed to join in the castigation which Bishop Potter is receiving for sanctioning last week by his presence and words a "reformed" saloon termed "The Subway Tavern" in the crowded Bowery district in New York city. He has been an honored and commanding figure in our national life. He has given many proofs of his interest in and devotion to the great metropolis for whose moral welfare he has an exceptional measure of responsibility. He has lived for weeks at a time in the tenement sections of the East Side, and for what he did two years ago in the way of exposing haunts of vice and holding the police accountable for the discharge of their duties he was highly praised even by many of the persons who are now denouncing him.

The question resolves itself then, so far as a city like New York is concerned, into the number of saloons that shall be legally allowed, their location, character and management. To Bishop Potter and the projectors of this enterprise it seemed the wisest practical policy to accept the saloon as an integral part of a great modern city's life and then to make it "respectable" through bar-keepers who would have every inducement to encourage the use of the milder liquor and would permit no over-indulgence; through the offer of more and purer liquor to the buyer than he gets at the average saloon for the same sum; and through the attraction of decent and pleasant surroundings where a man might drink, in the presence of his family if he wished, without solicitation from others and without a stigma upon himself.

Such is the theory behind the Subway Tavern, and no sane and charitable Christian will question the fact that Bishop Potter had what he believed to be a Christian end in view, and that he and his friends are meeting a tremendously difficult situation with means which they think best adapted to that end. Nevertheless we differ totally from their judgment and believe that it is founded on a mistaken view of the real needs of men, on a theory of the necessity of liquor drinking by the average man which we are glad to think is losing ground. America today and especially on a misconception of the method or methods most likely in the long run to overcome the liquor evil.—The Congregationalist, Boston, Mass.

## Change the Conditions.

Spiritualists, with the aid of the supernal realms of life, have found a spirit body and have learned that earth is the first sphere of spirit life. That much, then, is secure. But this spirit body is in prison and the earth, or spirit life, is a constant warfare. To liberate the spirit body from its prison and transform the earth spirit life into peace and tranquility is the task devolving upon those who call themselves Spiritualists. How is it to be done? By education along the line of neutral service. We are magnifying weaknesses and dwarfing strength by upholding systems and institutions of competitive warfare. Governments and institutions that perpetuate unnatural life should be abolished. The Spiritualist, of all others, should know that a state of competitive warfare is unnatural and that its products and effects perpetuate the long life of abuses that dwarfed and stunted the spiritual development of the race. These conditions must be removed before there can be any decided uplift. The great trouble that besets Spiritualists is the lamentable fact that they do not appreciate what they have got.—The Light of Truth, Chicago, Ill.

## Some Experiences of a Clairvoyant.

Grace N. G. Waldren.

A short time since I called upon a friend of mine who had been indisposed for a considerable period. I was not contemplating her transition. But to my surprise, when I went into her room I saw her soul standing outside of her body. The surroundings she was in were very beautiful, like a fairy bower.

She commenced to tell me what a strange experience she had about an hour before my arrival. She said "I felt as if my bronchial tubes were dilated and extending to my feet, and that something was coming through; when it came to my waist it seemed so large I had to use both hands to help it come through to my throat. I was in a very exhausted condition, but when the invisible something came out I was much relieved and felt as if I were elongated, and I got up upon my knees, that did not seem heavy enough, I sat upon the pillows and remained there some time wondering at the strange phenomenon. I recognized it was my soul struggling to free itself from my physical body."

My friend also told me she considered her transition near and she should make all necessary arrangements. She was very cheerful, and the peacefulness that pervaded was very marked. I did not tell her then that I had seen her soul, but I described the fairy-like conditions she was in. The wall by the side of her bed was lined with very pretty moss with a good supply of palms around. The covering on the bed was knitted silk,

like honey-comb work, a very charming combination of colors, varying from blue, gold, gray to pink and white. She was very delighted with the description for she had seen it herself, with the exception of two white doves I had seen, which to me are a symbol of transition. My friend remained in a state of placidity for some days, hourly expecting the call.

During the afternoon of my next visit I saw a band of Egyptian priests who seemed to belong to a high order. Four came into the room and stood around her and poured into her what looked to me like liquid sunshine. I knew it was an elixir of life, and that she would recover. I understood from one of the priests that he would tell me later on why she was called back, after experiencing the joy of the spirit world.

A few hours later a beautiful spirit came into the room. She was like the sunshine, her flowing garments almost too bright to look at, one needed to shade one's eyes, so dazzling was the brilliance of her presence. She had a book in her hand, the covers of which were blue and gold, the title in letters of gold was "God is Love." She was turning over a few leaves at the end, and looking at the sufferer, she said: "My child, I am come to tell you that you are not coming over with us for a little time. You have a few more leaves to turn; there is something yet required for you to do; be brave and patient and make the best of everything; live one day at a time, catch the sunshine and enjoy the flowers; when your work is finished, you will have a beautiful home ready for you. With a few more loving and helpful words she bade her adieu.

The next morning the doctor pronounced her out of danger; he was very much surprised at the increase of strength, for he had given up hope of her recovery for some days. He said: "It is not allopathy or homeopathy that has done this, for she has not taken any medicine." When told of the strange phenomenon of the Egyptian priests he was much interested and said: "The first opportunity I have I will investigate this marvelous subject of Spiritualism."

It was some weeks before an opportunity occurred for the priest to come and fulfill his promise to say why my friend had been called back, when she and her immediate spirit friends had thought her transition so near. They were right in their conclusions according to their knowledge, but he, in his higher wisdom, having been in the spirit world for a longer period, knew it was a great mistake, and that it would be the greatest kindness possible to her to come back and finish her work. She would have gone over, for she had willed it so, in which she unconsciously was taking her own life. Some day she would see for herself the grievous mistake she was making and would be very thankful. They had brought to her the elixir of life, for they wanted her not to be disappointed when she crossed over into the fuller life, and that she should step into the brightness preparing for her, which was not quite complete. They wished her to have no regrets—all must be bright and glorious. She must wait patiently a little longer. The description of her spirit home was very beautiful. She could afford to wait.

'Tis but a fleeting moment in the shadow, A little season in the outer Light, Before the golden dawn, the glorious, the Never-ending morn of spirit life.

London, Eng.  
The writer and her friend are personally well known to us.—Editor B. L.

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(Continued from page 5.)

shall have answered the call to "come up higher."

Sunday was a delightful day, and brought the customary crowds from the outside to breathe the balmy air, consult the various mediums, visit the grand old woods, enjoy the exquisite music of the N. W. orchestra, and listen to the instructive lectures given at the auditorium. On Sunday morning it was the universal pleasure to hear a long procession of spiritual truths voiced in the rhythmic tones of the faithful old time worker, Lyman O. Howe. He looks physically frail, but his voice and manner have lost nothing of the fire and energy that have always characterized his platform work. He said: "We are told that thoughts are things, but I do not believe it. They are energies that vibrate through the mental ether and find their own, and often bring a mine of strength. Why are we here, and whither are we bound? We are living at the bottom of a material sea of which we know little. Fishes two miles down below the earth's surface have no eyes, and may have some way of finding out the conditions above them. The common invisible air is one of our environments. We send up kites and balloons from the sea we occupy, and gaze out on the starry canopy and see the shining moon and glittering stars, and the genius of man has figured out distances and discovered that they not only have relationships with each other, but exert an influence on mortals. If the tides of the ocean are acted upon by the moon, what can be the limit of the material universe. This earth has been in existence for millions of years, and human beings are the outcome of countless ages of progress, and always advancing. More religion, more knowledge, more money. More increasing factors that make up the qualities of harmonious development. We have a civilization where men are slaughtered more artistically and intelligently than in the past, and not as many are killed as in the long ago. Human nature is so constituted it cannot be satisfied with temporary pleasures. There is no resting place for the active mind that reaches into the moral and intellectual realm and toward the limitless prophecy that is to be. The future has had little to do with what we are, and why we came here, but it is a compelling power to move us onward and upward, reaching down and inviting us to come up higher, just as the sun whispers to the germinating seed to come out of its dark slumber and up into the magnetic warmth and life and light in the atmosphere above, and the seed sends up its shoots to catch the kisses of the morning sun, so the soul germs of the sentiments that lie dormant within us are subject to the uplifting power of the great love that comes to us from beyond."

A flute solo was the prelude to Mr. Wright's discourse in the afternoon, and seemed to cast a magic spell over the speaker. "Nature's moods are beautiful and human art is charming. The settings of our life and thought have much to do with what we are able to express. Without an ideal there would be no beauty, no religion. The highest religion is the highest expression of beauty. Something has to come and use the symbols of thought that are in the eternal consciousness of man. The Declaration of Independence could not come till human consciousness could make it. You can never have another John Wesley. John Calvin can never walk this planet again. Dead men cannot come with dead thoughts, they must come with living thoughts, with the music of the good time now. How simple and Arcadian was the life of the Nazarene. No princely panoply, no caparisoned horses, no drappings or banners, just the simple life. But the sweet thoughts born in that wondrous brain, roll on through the ages, and all the lettering of genius in music, art and poetry come to glorify the truths spoken on Calvary's mount."

On Sunday evening, Prof. Lockwood gave an hour to the illustration of phenomena produced by the application of electricity to the vacuum tubes invented by Sir Wm. Crookes, of England. He demonstrated the claim that all forms of matter are radiant. This invention originated with Michael Faraday, who was born one hundred years ahead of his time. His theories called down criticism from his contemporaries, but the facts he developed attracted the attention of Prof. Zollner, who conceived the possibility that all forms of matter, being radiant, are spiritual, and spiritual phenomena have a scientific basis. His theory was that matter had four dimensions of space, that the three—length, breadth and thickness account for what we see, but the invisible activities are in the fourth dimension. This statement called out endless criticism and caused his untimely death. Unkind criticism is a psychic dagger, as fatal as a Gatling gun. Tesla followed and he improved on Faraday. Next came Leonard, who found the cathode ray of sufficient intensity to produce a picture. Leonard built better than he knew, and Crookes accepted his development and received the idea of a high vacuum tube. The six different tubes displayed with varying degrees of vacuity revealed each a different light, and was a marvelous exposition of the forces of nature. On Monday evening, an impromptu masquerade called out a large attendance. Most of the costumes were extremely grotesque and afforded unlimited mirth and merriment. The N. W. orchestra delighted the spectators as well as the dancers.

Tuesday afternoon, C. Fanny Allen, of Stoneham, Mass., spoke at the City of Light for the first time. Mrs. Allen is as lithe and willowy, as light and graceful in form and figure, and possesses the same originality of thought and expression that was a distinguishing feature of her work 30 years ago. Subjects presented by the audience were the Soul Divine and Inspiration. The speaker was alternately grave and humorous, serious and witty, with spicy anecdotes and amusing illustrations, she proved that the soul found its highest expression of divinity, its truest inspiration in generous deeds of helpfulness to humanity, regardless of all forms of faith and narrow creeds. After the wearing of a poem from subjects suggested—"Patriotism, Sunday and Contentment," calls for Mrs. Lillie, who was on the platform, resulted, after some hesitation on the part of each, in the co-operative rendering of a poem on "The Flags of All Nations," with which the auditorium is decorated. Mrs. Lillie's contribution took the form of questioning "When right and truth should triumph; and justice conquer might?" to which Mrs. Allen made eloquent response. The alternations were unique and full of spiritual thought and encouraging prophecy.

Wednesday morning witnessed an animated conference in which Mr. J. S. Drake made some very interesting statements regarding heredity, the transmission of vice and crime, and the defective eyesight existing in such an alarming percentage among children where the fathers use tobacco freely. Mr. Drake ventured the assertion that no man of real genius could be found who was the son of a habitual tobacco consumer. Wednesday afternoon, Mrs. Tillie Reynolds made a powerful appeal for more worthy, practical, spiritual living, for the daily expression of the kindly feeling that sees and recognizes the good in every human soul, that extends the helping hand, not only to those in sorrow, but where sin has tempted the weak and they are suffering the penalty of their mistakes and need sympathetic words of strength and encouragement. It is right to expect more of Spiritualists than others, as they have been taught

the law that every unkind deed leaves a scar on the soul.

The exercises of the day were opened with Mrs. Humphrey, president of the Willing Workers, as chairman, who presided with easy grace and ability. A quartet of ladies sang "Cast thy bread upon the waters," and Mrs. Parkhurst rendered a vocal solo. Helen Campbell, the speaker of the morning, gave an intensely interesting recital of her two years' experience in Denver, Col., where she registered as a voter and went to the polls on election day, and did not encounter any of the direful results predicted by the opponents of suffrage. She recounted various amusing events in connection with this novel experience, and explained many of the benefits and advantages which were made manifest as the result of universal suffrage in Colorado. Mrs. H. S. Lillie was the first speaker of the afternoon, and referring to the exquisite beauty of surroundings, said, "Its inspiration touches not only the eye and sense, but the heart as well." She recalled the well known fact that modern Spiritualism made its first appearance in 1848, the same year the Woman's Suffrage movement was organized, and pointed to the fact that all along the lines of Spiritualistic teachings the thought had been emphasized that intellect knows no sex, that real progress for the race could never be achieved till the mothers were made free and placed on perfect equality with man.

(To be continued.)

## Onset, Mass.

J. B. Hatch, Special Correspondent and Agent for the "Banner of Light."

Sunday, Aug. 28.—The end of the summer season is approaching and all reports to the contrary, there have been more people in Onset this year than ever before. This is proven largely by the street car records and the reports of sales of papers, and they are both ahead of any previous year.

The usual band concert took place before a large audience in the Auditorium at 9.30. At 10.30 Miss Susie C. Clark spoke before a large audience, of which she is always sure at this camp, and always makes new friends when she visits us. This morning, after a selection by Miss Alice Holbrook, Miss Clark was introduced by Chairman Fuller in glowing terms and received a cordial greeting. In answer Miss Clark read a poem. After another song by Miss Holbrook, Miss Clark took for her subject "Plato's immortal precept, inscribed over the entrance of his academy, 'Man Know Thyself.'"

[The report sent by our correspondent is the same as we printed in the "Banner" last week. Ed. B. L.]

At 1 o'clock there was another concert by the band, and at 2 p. m. Mr. Willard J. Hull, of Chicago, Ill., spoke before one of the largest audiences of the season. He took for his subject, "Render to Caesar that which belongs to Caesar and to God that which belongs to God," and gave an address that was thoroughly enjoyed by the large audience. Mr. Hull preceded his address by reading from "Wisdom of the Ages." Notes from his lecture will appear later.

In the evening a large audience was in attendance in the Arcade to listen to the messages given through the mediumship of Mrs. Dr. Caird, of Lynn. This is a return engagement of Mrs. Caird, by special request.

This was the closing Sunday and a more beautiful day could not have been selected. As I have said, this has been the best season for many years, not only for the people of Onset, but for the association, as the meetings have been more largely attended. This is proven by the gate receipts, which are larger. The dances have been attended by larger numbers. Everything the association has attempted has been a great success, and everybody feels that Onset has taken on new life, and looks forward to a great and grand meeting next season, when many of the old favorites have been re-engaged and many new ones are to be engaged.

Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, that ever popular chairman, has been engaged for another season. This we know will please the visitors of Onset, as he has endeared himself to the hearts of all. A better chairman could not be found, as chairman are born, not made.

## PERSONAL.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I wish to thank you and the publishers of the "Banner of Light" for the kind and generous treatment that has been given to the reports of these meetings and for the great space that has been given to Onset. As an officer of the Onset Bay Association I voice the expression of the entire board of directors when I say we are greatly pleased with all you have done for Onset. I would feel I was not doing my duty toward the Spiritualists if I did not give a greater part of the credit of the reports of these meetings to my very able assistant reporter, Mrs. Carrie L. Hatch, who has acted as representative of your valuable paper during my occasional absences from the camp. I want also to thank the public of Onset for their liberal patronage of the Book Store. Again thanking you for your kind favors, I am, very sincerely yours,

J. B. Hatch.

## Notes from Chesterfield, Ind.

W. J. Colville.

A few miles from Anderson on the "Big Four" line between New York and St. Louis, is situated the small but pleasing village of Chesterfield, where for several years past a large and highly successful Spiritualist campmeeting has been held. The season of 1904 has been quite up to the standard of previous years, and when I visited it as a total stranger, on Saturday, August 20, I found a goodly assemblage of cottages, and a large number of genial people, including many whom it has been my good fortune to encounter at Onset, Lily Dale, Clinton, and other well-known summer meeting places in years gone by. Nature has done much for Chesterfield and its close proximity to large and thriving Anderson makes it very easy for the multitude to attend the many meetings held during August within its gates.

Sunday, August 21, was, I am told, an exception to many previous Sundays, except that a few light showers fell at intervals. The attendance was very large. An excellent orchestra discoursed sweet music. The lecture at 10.30 a. m., by Dr. C. W. Littlefield on "Lessons in Spiritualism from the Bible," gave great satisfaction. It was replete with sound philosophy and pervaded with a broad spirit of sympathy with truth, regardless of age or place. W. J. Colville's lecture at 2.30 p. m. was on "The Science of Being and Existence." The speaker discoursed on the unity of being and the variety of existence, and sought to impress the lesson upon all hearers that beauty is truly defined as unity expressed in diversity. At 4 p. m., Mrs. Walte gave very successful descriptions of spirit friends. During the evening numerous seances were held, all well attended. Monday, August 22, two lectures were given by W. J. Colville, who replied to many questions at the close of each discourse. Late in the evening a very enjoyable social entertainment took place, which included songs and dancing. Tuesday, August 23, conference at 10.30 a. m. in which many campers and visit-

ors participated. 3.30 p. m., lecture and poem by W. J. Colville. At 8 p. m., fancy dance in Recreation hall, which drew together several hundred pleasure seekers. Wednesday, August 24, conference at 10.30 a. m., which proved highly interesting. Lectures at 2.30 and 7.30 p. m. by W. J. Colville, who referred to the "Banner of Light," and especially to the important testimony recently afforded to the knowledge of spiritual manifestations possessed by John and Charles Wesley. Some excitement has been caused by the publication in the Anderson daily papers of a challenge to debate the subject of the Divinity of Christ by a Dr. Bates, who addresses himself entirely to Spiritualists, but insists that the debate shall be on a purely theological question, as between Trinitarians and Unitarians into which Spiritualism does not enter. The weather has been almost ideal. Days are warm, nights are cool. Numerous visitors have been on the grounds daily and though some campers have departed, their places have been quickly occupied by new-comers.

## 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.

Waverley Home, Aug. 28.—Patience, and an attentive and receptive interest in those things pertaining to subjective or spirit life, are the best means through which we may obtain what knowledge the human mind is capable of understanding—spiritual laws and spiritual life. As a rule, one's own being is the chief obstructor in receiving and interpreting telepathic vibrations from the spirit transmitter. The line and the law of spirit transmission between the two worlds is always open, but the receiver does not meet the requirements of spiritual laws governing the mode of transmission; only too often the receiver, by his prejudices, education and habits of life, has shut out from his own spirit all the radiant beauty and glory of things spiritual, that his soul would rejoice to possess and that the spirit world would so gladly bestow: oh, the pity of it all; that the significance and meaning of spirit commune with mortals is so little understood. Do not, I pray you, descend to frivolity and amusement when you gather together in your circles and your meetings; do not subvert a holy mission by lowering it to pander to your sordid, selfish nature; but rise to the dignity of noble, intelligent manhood and womanhood, and receive these heavenly messages in humility and with grace, that you may grow in spiritual unfoldment, in wisdom, and in truth. The above are a few of the thoughts expressed from both sides of the border line between the two worlds, in a remarkably interesting and instructive meeting held here today. Speakers and mediums with one accord, seemed to be animated with a strong desire to instruct and exemplify the truths of Spiritualism. Among those who assisted were Mrs. S. E. Hall, Mrs. Banks Scott, Mrs. George, Mr. R. A. Grieves, Mr. Foster, Mr. Marston, Mr. Chase of Lynn, conductor of music; Mrs. M. A. Bemis, presiding.

It now becomes my duty, as reporter for the meetings held here, to speak in commendable terms of the valuable services rendered to the Veteran Spiritualists' Union at Waverley, by Mrs. M. A. Bemis. Mrs. Bemis is a veteran Spiritualist, and a member of the V. S. U., and, through her genial personality and many natural gifts of mind and heart, she has endeared herself to hosts of friends that attend these meetings. Mrs. Bemis is a good speaker, an excellent test medium and a fine musician. She loves the cause and respects her calling. She makes it known that she will now answer calls from societies desiring her services, and may be addressed, Mrs. M. A. Bemis, 52 Quincy St., New Bedford, Mass.—J. H. Lewis.

Portland, Me., First Spiritual Society, Congress Hall, Sunday, Aug. 28.—Our hall was never better filled than it was tonight, and the address by Mr. Rose was the subject of considerable favorable comment. Spiritualists generally were called on to aid in supporting the Cause, and the thanks of the chair were given to those of the society who have helped carry on the social meetings this summer. Thanks were also offered to those who did not help and the society was congratulated that the collections covered expenses. Miss Ethel Wilkie, our new treasurer, is winning the good opinion of all by her energy in getting posted on the affairs of her office. Mrs. Vaughn again gave messages tonight and all were recognized. Thanks are extended to this lady for the able and disinterested way she has assisted in the work.—Cor.

Malden Progressive Spiritual Society, Louise Hall, Pleasant St., Sunday, Aug. 28th.—Lecture 1.30 p. m.; circle 3.30 p. m. for healing, developing and readings, conducted by our president, Harvey Redding. Mr. John Goddu made good remarks on "Spirit Control and Spirit Progression." Mr. Morse told of visions before him of childhood days. Mrs. R. P. Morton gave some very nice messages. Alice M. Whall, controlled by a new guide calling himself "Wah," gave very fine readings. "Golden Hair" surprised us with delineations which were most convincing. "Dinah" was also with us and gave comforting words. Evening session opened with service of song. Scripture reading and remarks by the president, subject, "The Alabaster Box of Ointment." Invocation and poem by "Cyrus the Persian" in his native tongue. Alice M. Whall and her guides gave very convincing proof of spirit return. Brief address, Mr. Kingston. Indian control "Big Dog" with his accurate messages, concluded the service.—C. L. Redding, cor. sec.

## Announcements.

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

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, September 11th, we 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, September 16, from 6 to 7 p. m. We have 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 two flights. Circle 11 a. m. Services 3 to 7 p. m. Good medium and special music every Sunday. All mediums invited.—A. M. S., Clerk.

Unity Camp, Sangus Centre, Alex. Caird, M. D., pres.—Conference, open to all, at 11. Short addresses and messages at 2. Mr. and Mrs. George W. Kates at 4 and 7. Good music. Refreshments can be procured in the grove. Admission free.

## WONDER WHEEL SCIENCE.

(July 20, Copyrighted, 1904, 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 RULES.**—For the above period, Birth Number 6 is the Ruler of the World, favorable for Numbers 2, 4, 8 and 0, to put forth their best efforts. In this period Numbers 3, 5, 9 and 12, should go slow, or, take a rest. People born within a few days of April 19, June 20, Aug. 24, Oct. 7, 21c. And Feb. 16, are promised financial ease or gain. People born between the 1st of September and the 1st of October, are promised a happy period in the above twenty-one days. We should be pleased to receive the testimony of BANNER readers as to the experiences of those whose birth numbers or dates come under the above rulings. **Prove all things; hold fast to that which is good.** Brief explanation of the Letters in the Table:—**B**, means the Beginning of Birth Number Cycle. **O**, means that the path is Open. **M**, means Kindness on the way. **D**, means a Desirable resting place. **E**, means time for Enjoyment. **G**, means Indifference, or a Questionable period. **A**, means the Making time or Mutualities. **C**, means Good Will. **A**, means Ambition. **F**, means Friendship. **P**, means Possible Good or Evil.

## Birth Numbers.

(Continued from last week.)

J. W. N., Birmingham, Ala., desires to know if the Wonder Wheel will assist in telling him what kind of stocks and grain to buy, from time to time. We are sorry to say that it will not. Nothing but one's own good sense will tell a person what kind of goods to buy at any time, but the Wonder Wheel will tell when are the times most favorable for a person to increase his worldly possessions, regardless of what he buys, or whether he buys nothing at all. It is not buying nor selling that benefits us; it is taking advantage in any kind of a way, for ourselves, at the proper times, for there is a time for all things under the sun. Material things are not under the SUN; they are under the laws of Earth. Spiritual things are under the sun. Thought, love, happiness, gratification, etc., are of the spirit, and it is in our spirit nature that we gain, and the wheel tells us when such times are, and in those times we may buy grain or leather chips, and be benefited. Get the spiritual law of the Divine right, and the material matters will take care of themselves.

C. A. M., of Attleboro, thinks four score years and ten are not enough to discourage one from learning the mysteries of life, before passing over to the other side. Why, bless your dear soul, No! of course not. The world is fast learning that there will be no "other side" by and by. It will all be one side, and always on the side that our own face is on. When we fully comprehend the great truths of nature, we will find that the other side is nothing more than turning our faces around to enjoy some new experience. What we learn, right now, we will not have to learn later on. We are all booked for a knowledge of Truth, and the quicker we learn it the sooner our agonies will be over. Sufferings are nothing but the effects of ignorance, hence it is never too late to learn.

Last week in answer to a correspondent, we stated why we call this series of articles "Wonder Wheel Science." This is strictly an Astrologic Department, and it is the intent of the one who is conducting it to make it not only strictly astrologic, but purely astrologic, with the approval of the "Banner."

Astrology, like most everything else of the present day, is mixed with a lot of stuff that is but childish nonsense and purely trash. Some of the old teachers said, "The world loves darkness rather than light." That is as true today as then. Because of that love, most every one, working solely for the dollar, does his best to give the world as the darkness, that the world calls for. They may, perhaps, forget that in dealing out darkness they have to get into the darkness themselves and before they know it they get lost in the darkness, as the churches are, and as many outside of the churches are who think they are on the track of the light. "The light shineth in the darkness, but the darkness comprehendeth it not." That is a scientific statement no matter from whence it was taken. The heavens surrounding the earth is always light. That light is not from the sun. It is from the glory of the entire heavens. Nothing is dark except when some opaque or worldly body gets between us and the light and glory of the heavens.

An opaque belt of darkness, millions of miles in breadth, surrounds the entire solar system between the planet Neptune and the nearest fixed star. Through that belt of darkness we behold the twinkling of the fixed stars. One small belt of the stars, called the "Constellations," measured by the breadth of the earth from pole to pole, is called "the zodiac." The planets, including the earth, are inside of the dark belt, and the Constellations are outside of it. Six of the Constellations are on the side of the earth towards the north pole, and the other six are on the side towards the south pole. Through the dark belt the light of these fixed stars shine and meet in the centre of our solar system, and at that point create a luminous body which we call the sun. The sun thereby furnishes us with light from the unified power of the stars, in the same manner as electric light is furnished at the centre of positive and negative forces.

Our earth always stands between our bodies and one-half of this heavenly power of constellated astral light, and our worldly minds are so darkened that we cannot see this astral light only as we see it in the night or as we see it in its unity as expressed by the sun. To us, then, the sun is the light of the world, and the savior of mankind, for without it we would be in such a condition of both mental and physical darkness that, like wild beasts, we would be preying upon each other. We do, even now, prey upon each other in all forms of commercial advantages which our intelligence has caused us through centuries of experiences to regulate as best we can, by what we know as civil laws, but when our intelligence increases to that degree that we are able to comprehend the fullness of the astral light, we will no longer be dependent upon the sun nor upon the civil laws.

We have been led to believe that Uranus and Neptune are new bodies that have recently come into our solar system and that ancient astrologic laws were deficient because these bodies were not taken into account. By investigation along these lines it will be found that these two planets are as unknown today as they ever were to the minds of some of our fellow creatures. As the mind of man advances in intelligence it beholds

more and more of the wonders of the heavens, and learns more of the operations of moving bodies, and of life in the "great beyond." No man's knowledge can go beyond that in which his mind is interested. If one's mind is interested in nothing but material gain, then he will hardly know of the moon, except as a convenient light like unto a candle, with which to seek something no higher than his head. Nevertheless, the light of that moon and of the sun and of the planets and of the astral light will be operative upon him as an atom of the universe, and will in no way lose track of him, although he is the loser of that higher enjoyment which "passeth all understandings."

Astrology is not for money-making, only to those who are able to appreciate nothing else. To them "clap-net" is the highest form of enjoyment, just as a dog takes great delight in barking at the moon. To human intelligence the act of the dog is termed "foolish," but why should we blame the dog when his understanding is no higher?

We do not believe that it is right to punish the dog because of his lack of understanding, neither do we believe that those who have gained any advanced form of knowledge should hurt the feelings of those who cannot rise above puerile matters. Like children, they enjoy that in which they are interested, and heaven is a condition of enjoyment whether it is in childish interests or interests of a more extended scope, but it is a positive crime for people of intelligence to impose upon those who place confidence in their superior knowledge.

The enjoyment of knowledge is classified into twelve departments of astral light, and in each one of these departments there were said to be Seven Heavens. These were the influences of the sun, moon and five planets upon the respective classes. By increase in the world's intelligence we have now two more heavens, making nine, but only the elect are able to enjoy the benefits of them all. Some only have one, and that one is of the earth, earthly, because their mind is not able to comprehend anything beyond the effects upon their five senses. The "Banner" is making a special effort to broaden the minds of those who are disposed to progress in the higher understanding of spirit laws, and yet it does not believe that the primary attractions which are of the first degree in spiritual knowledge should be ruthlessly denounced. It merely believes that the more illuminated minds should strive to gently assist all in their effort to advance, rather than for all to be kept in the background by an exclusive attention to the primary attractions.

In this Astrologic Department it will be our earnest endeavor to present the higher laws, while at the same time we will at any time cast as much light as we can to assist those who, attracted by the wonders in the lower laws, are as yet unable to appreciate the still greater wonders in the higher. We have had the pleasure of interesting many judges and clergymen in these wonders who today thank us for our persistence in proving to them what they had been honestly taught to believe was nothing but charlatanism and some form of hocus-pocus delusion. They are now believers in Wonder Wheel Science and are devoted to it in their life-guidance, and it in no way injures their love for God. They better appreciate that which they have so long taught to others when they failed to comprehend what they taught, viz: "Seek ye first the kingdom of the heavens, and all things else shall be added unto you." By the way, the word "kingdom" in dollars and cents, but those who are able to grasp these higher laws do not believe that the word cents is spelled "sense." When we are able to increase our findings in the enjoyment of the 10th sense, then we will have five on the physical and five on the spiritual plane, and the blending of those will give five more, making 15 degrees in the Circle of Eternity, or one 24th part of God's Day.

In the interest which is being daily increased in regard to the wonderful truths contained in the heavens, we find people carrying almanacs, etc., in their pockets in order to mark the progress of the moon from day to day. The table presented above is the table of the local moon. It gives what are termed the good and the bad days in every one's life.

If you wish to know where the moon is on any date look at the above table, and the letter "B" will tell you what sign it is in and the other letters denote the days when its good and bad aspects will be formed. Some people will never be able to see this thing for themselves, no matter how many times they might be told.

It is only the people who are blessed with a degree of enlightenment above that of their associates who see these things and that is what makes professional mediums.

(To be continued.)

Reflect upon the criticism of the masses, but never allow them to make you despair.—Plato.

This is the age when childish, trifling ways must be abandoned. Men are now called upon to think and act. If thought is of the mere theorizing order, instead of being alive with active energy, it is inconsequential and works no other purpose than perhaps being a source of mental distress; ideas are only of true value as they are in some way carried into fields of expression.