

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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A MEMORY SYSTEM.

Forget each kindness that you do
As soon as you have done it;
Forget the praise that falls to you
The moment you have won it;
Forget the slander that you hear
Before you can repeat it;
Forget each slight, each spite, each sneer,
Wherever you may meet it.
Remember every kindness done
To you, whatever its measure;
Remember praise by others won
And pass it on with pleasure;
Remember every promise made
And keep it to the letter;
Remember those who lend you aid,
And be a grateful debtor.
Remember all the happiness
That comes your way in living;
Forget each worry and distress,
Be hopeful and forgiving;
Remember good, remember truth,
Remember heaven's above you,
And you will find, through age and youth,
True joys and hearts to love you.
Priscilla Leonard.

Literary Department.

The Translation of the Deacon.

Edward Kingsbury.

I.
A country parson was praying. He was known to be famous for his prayers, that is for the length of them. Upon special occasions he had been known to pray an hour. There was a tradition that he had, at the funeral of a man who had met a violent death, prayed for an hour and a quarter. The people in this instance, it is true, had been in doubt as to whether he would have prayed so long but for the fact that as the funeral was in progress a severe thunder shower had come up, and so out of regard for the living, quite as much as for the dead, the person had prayed through the shower.

On this morning he was praying at the bedside of this dying deacon and praying that his emancipated soul might ascend, not that he had any doubt that it would. He had heard it reported that this particular deacon had frequently been told to go the other way; yet he had never himself questioned but that the good man had a clear title to a first-class suite in one of the many mansions above.

And so it came to pass that the soul did ascend, as the unctuous prayer was being made, after feeling the last little thrill through its outworn body as it caught the closing words, though no gates opened to receive it. For not long after the pulse ceased beating, a luminous mist, scarcely larger than a baby's fist, unseen by those who watched, left the body, and, passing through the tightly closed window, mounted aloft, as the spirit of the Sage of Concord is said to have done at death.

The soul, as it thus escaped, heard the friends say: "The deacon is dead;" but it wondered greatly, even as it caught the words, for it had never felt so much alive, so open to impressions from without, so free from all that cumbered and annoyed, so radiantly hopeful, so supremely joyous, so earnest and eager and anticipative.

To the deacon a great change had come. He knew that somehow it had been brought about so that he was no longer caged and confined in his old, outworn body; yet all was so strange, so different from what he had been expecting, that he did not understand himself. He was puzzled.

He was now slowly rising, so slowly that he still seemed in the midst of familiar sights and sounds. He heard the birds' caroling; and he heard also, yes, he could not be mistaken, a calf calling for its mother. This last sound gave him a start and agitated him so that he fairly danced in the sunlight, which added to his distress for the deacon had never approved of dancing. As he listened he was about to chide himself for being "so tarnal thoughtless" as to neglect his stock, when he reflected that even disembodied deacons should not be hasty nor use bad words.

While still lingering above his loved home and farm he looked across the green fields to West Mountain; and let his eye sweep around to the north, beyond the great meadows, through which the little river moved along its winding channel, to Huckle Hill and Bald Mountain. The deacon marveled over the beauty of the scene and wondered that he had not been more impressed by it when he was in the flesh.

And yet, even as he marveled and enjoyed the prospect, he rebuked himself, for there was a lingering feeling that it must be wrong to take carnal delight in the wondrous handiwork of God. Manifestly the strenuousness of the old life and its distorted conceptions could not at once be laid aside. He had been a hard existence: life had been a long work-day with scant time for meals and none for social enjoyment. Religion, too, had been something with which the deacon had girded himself, lest he relax and falter, rather than

the outreaching of his nature to all that is pure and high and ennobling, to say nothing of its being a repose of spirit in the Eternal. How different it was to be now!

And so it came to pass that the soul of this old, grizzled farmer, as a luminous mist, after taking one last fond look, rose with the swiftness and ease of light, passing beyond the confines of the earth, out of the sweep of its vast orbit, going it knew not whither. No wonder that there were some compunctions on the part of this most orthodox man who had but a few times in his life been outside his county and who had but twice visited a city of any size. A mighty lark this for one who had always been opposed to junkets and had invariably with great bitterness opposed the annual picnic of his Sunday school.

II.

The soul found itself wondering, it was possible for it to wonder, for it was sentience itself heightened apparently to its greatest power, where it was being drawn or propelled. It thought, as it reflected, that it must be to heaven, and it supposed that at any moment it might find itself before one of the gates of pearl of which the deacon had often read with little aesthetic delight, for the picture had not appealed to him as much as it would have done had the revelator spoken of pasture bars, beyond which were verdant uplands. Would he soon be cooped up in one of the many mansions of the city of gold? O how he should long for barns full of fragrant hay and grain with rows of moist-nosed cows and oxen! Yet after all the deacon was in ecstasy over the thought of nearing heaven and being with his Lord and an exclusively orthodox company.

On the mist passed, swiftly darting; but whether upward or outward it did not know, for it was all one to it. In all directions, before, behind, to the right and to the left, were distant points of light, but none of them seemed to be coming any nearer. Yet the glory and the immensity of it all and with this the feeling that though it was but a small mist it was not a puny, helpless thing, that it possessed infinite possibilities and immeasurable powers.

As the soul thus swept on, experiencing joyous sensations to which it had hitherto been a stranger, it began to wonder if it was to be given a body somewhat akin to the one it had had. The deacon recalled the words of the apostle: "God giveth it a body even as it pleased him, and to each seed a body of its own;" but even as the words came to mind, a doubt began to disturb him. What after all did Paul know of the eternal life? Was not he an earnest soul, living two thousand years ago, one who questioningly stumbled along his earthly way, foolishly trying to solve problems unsolvable to the mind of man? Had he not guessed at many of life's riddles and given us for facts the pitifully meagre results of his own speculations?

But even as it felt the doubt getting possession of it the soul blushed, that is, it visibly crimsoned. What! Could he, an orthodox deacon, question the word of an inspired apostle? Was this what was to be expected of his translation? Had he been emancipated from the body to become a free-thinker, an awful rationalist, or even to think at all? To think of doubting Paul, and that, too, while on his way to heaven! In another hour he might be standing beside the great apostle. The blush deepened, that is of course the luminous mist crimsoned the more.

The color, however, soon passed, though the doubt remained, for the soul was growing into the consciousness of the fact that it needed for the eternal life and the heavenly world nothing in the way of embodiment which it did not already possess. It was free as light and air, yes, freer, indeed, for it could go where they could not. Already it had discovered that for it space and time were nothing. It had also found that to it darkness was not; that the darkness and the light were both alike to it. These and other experiences made the mist to palpitate with joy and caused it to realize that it was supremely sentient and conscious. There could no longer be any doubt that, as it came into the presence of kindred souls, it could easily make its thoughts and feelings known, as it could in turn understand others.

III.

That it might exert its will upon things, apart from hands and feet, it knew, for it had just swept by some fragments of asteroids; and it had willed them very readily to one side, instead of passing around them. Here it was then a master of the material, a lord of creation, though but a mist. The soul therefore took heart and pressed on.

And now it seemed to be nearing some mighty solar system. Its gigantic central sun, as an orb of beauty, was shining it on without dazzling or blinding it. One by one as balls of light its planets discovered themselves. Can it be, the soul asked, that this great sun is heaven, that it, with its attendant planets, is the abode of the blessed?

The deacon recalled the fact that a theologian, who had preached one Lord's day in

his old church, has greatly annoyed him by raising questions as to the verity of John's symbolism in the Revelation, and by reminding his hearers that "heaven after all might not be a city, but might be instead a great orb at the centre of this inconceivably vast universe. Theologues had always annoyed this good deacon; but this one had proved unusually exasperating.

As now he recalled the callow youth's words he recalled also the fact that it was on the afternoon of this particular June Sabbath that he had taken his boy to the barn and horsewhipped him so terribly that his screams had disturbed all South Street. He had done this, as he came home from Sunday school, because the boy had picked and eaten by the wayside some wild strawberries, and in doing so had broken the commandment of Jehovah his God. His boy had never again, as he recalled, shown any affection for him. He had died after years of indifference to the church and religion and had gone down, as the deacon believed, to hell. There had always since his death been a secret joy, which he had not dared to confess, in the thought that he should not have to face his wayward son of his in heaven. But now, for some unaccountable reason, the mist crimsoned again, as that Sabbath of so long before was recalled. Was it because the deacon wondered if it had not been his annoyance over the sermon that had exasperated him and had led him to magnify a trivial offense and thrash his boy at a time when his hands itched to thrash the would-be preacher? It may have been; though it is likely that the soul's discomfiture was in part owing to the thought that for once a theologian had been right while he had been wrong.

IV.

But as the soul swept gloriously on engaged in these reflections it found that for some inexplicable reason it was being drawn toward one of the planets which soon began to loom before it portentously. As it caught sight of the outlines of gigantic continents, seamed with silvery streams, it found itself fearing that it was to be taken back to earth. The thought caused something akin to a chill to creep through the mist, and a faintness for a moment threatened to lessen its progress through space. It realized it had visibly whitened and had lost much of its luminosity. Yet it did not marvel at its momentary fear, for already it had become so accustomed to its new life that it shrank from being thrust back into the earthly life as an adult might loathe the thought of a return to babyhood with its crib and bottle and rattle-box.

Still it was not, it knew, a time for sad forebodings; and even as it reflected that it must not be cowardly, that it must take, as a fearless soul, what its Lord should be pleased to portion out to it, it began with joy to realize that it was not alone. Ever and anon other tiny masses of mist passed it, going hither and yon.

"The souls mounting up to God
Went by (him) like thin flames."

Yes, and went every whither as though God and heaven were wherever it pleased them to go. He thought of the old days when he had seen thistle down driven by the wind in diverse directions; yet there was, as he could perceive, a difference, for these souls moved not as airy nothings, but as creatures propelled by inner compulsions. His old boyhood days came back to him as he recalled times when life had been care-free and he had spent many an hour watching driving snowflakes and wondering how things which seemed to be moving every whither could finally reach the ground and pile themselves up in great drifts. Some of these tiny masses of mist were dark and forbidding; others differed among themselves but were on the whole far more luminous than was it. The soul was not long in discovering that there might be an infinite diversity among such apparently impalpable things as mists, that the character of a soul might easily find expression in the form and the degree of luminosity and other more subtle changes of the medium in which it dwelt.

The mists which were dark and forbidding, what were they but evil spirits, that were wandering forlornly about the universe as tramps for whom there was no home, nor any mission? And these other mists, so radiantly beautiful, what were they but the souls of those who had been made perfect by the toils and the sorrows of earth, who had been released, emancipated? He would know, for he would enter into communion with some of them.

V.

Hardly had the soul wished for such fellowship than it was enveloped by many a pulsating little mass of mist, a goodly company of kindred souls that swept on with it. As the loneliness of the soul gave way to the joy of comradeship it entered easily and naturally into converse with those about it. "Whither are you going?" it asked or inwardly questioned.

Toward yonder world which we see

ahead," was the answer which the soul received.

"Can it be that you are one who has recently been translated?" some one of the company queried.

"Yes," was the reply. "I could not understand why I was not nearing heaven. The world we are approaching appears strangely akin to the one I left behind."

"Heaven!" they all cried, or responded, in amazement; "and so here is another who knows not that there is no heaven."

The heart of the soul, hearing this, sank within it, that is, the mist veillings faded into invisibility. And so he had been misled all his life long! The deacon had lived for, and looked forward to, a heaven of apocalyptic splendor; and it was not. He was about to utter some agonizing thought when to his surprise an ineffable peace seemed to possess him; and he began to wonder if he were, or had ever been, beyond the confines of God's dwelling-places, if ever for a moment his life had been lived apart from that Life and that Love which is everywhere and always.

"I see," the soul said, "I am wrong; but strange as the thought seems, I mourn not. After all I never did pine for the life of a crowded, cosmopolitan city."

The soul probably expressed itself more simply. It is likely that it, that is the deacon, said: "After all I never did hanker for city life, where folks ye don't know, and don't want to know, hev ter tech elbows with ye;" but it is enough if we have the thought, for it is the experience of the soul beyond the bounds of earth in which we are interested.

"And pray," asked one, "to whom are you being drawn?"

"I know not," was the reply. "I supposed I was going thither to meet my Lord and Master."

"And are you also one of those who has Lords many and Gods many? Know you not that He of Galilee was a man among men; and that now he is a luminous mist like yourself?" asked the same questioner.

The soul was greatly agitated. The statement touched deeply the life of the old deacon. It was not merely, perhaps not chiefly, a question as to his own future; it was rather an intellectual matter into which he had thrown himself with ardor and upon his understanding of which he had prided himself, challenging half his little world and fiercely denouncing it at the same time he challenged it.

"What," he asked, in going, "am I wrong here also? Is not he whom I have worshipped the Eternal Word and the Mighty God, the Son, yet the co-equal of the Father?"

"Nay, he is not; yet is he one of the purest and sweetest and most blessed of all earth's sons, worthy of the homage of the millions who have been his followers."

"But may I not see him? Am I not going to him now?"

The cannie deacon would not openly question their words, for doubts were shaking him, and he was moreover losing the argumentative, self-assertive spirit of former days. Yet there were inward protests that remained unexpressed. The soul, despite its doubts, more than half believed that they were of the number of those who had been shut out of the heavenly city because their beliefs fell short of orthodox standards. It was therefore with incredulous wonder that the soul listened to their answer to its last question.

"We know not whether thou wilt find him where thou art going, so vast are our habitations, so many are the worlds among which we roam, and in which it is permitted us to dwell. But this know, that though you do not now see him you may, if you will, see him hereafter."

Having said this, they sped away. With such joyous abandon had they spoken, and with such perfect innocence and confidence, that the soul of any save an orthodox deacon might have given way utterly. The converse with them had not been, however, altogether without its compensations; it had had its delightful features in some respects, disquieting as it had proved in other directions.

VI.

The soul was greatly relieved, as it reflected after it was left alone, to find that it could communicate with other souls without discovering to them all it felt and thought. During his earthly life the deacon had often been very glad that men could not read all that he had upon mind and heart; for it would have gone hard with him if they had. So now, yet for different reasons, it was a comfort to him to perceive that only what he had willed others to know had been apprehended by them. It was not a small thing to find that the rights of personality were thus sacredly guarded in the eternal life in which he saw that he was.

The soul was now passing over a city only to feel that it was being drawn farther on toward a town by a beautiful stream. There was much about the city that appealed to it, it was so different from those it had left

behind. It appeared to be a creation of metals, softened in part by pleasing tints, rather than of wood and stone. It could not see how property or life could be insecure in such a place, where so much was done, as a few glances revealed, to guard against the elements and disease. Yet as the soul passed on it saw men toiling in the fields and coming with grimy faces from shops and stores and factories. Verily here was another world in which the blessings of toil were not denied its habitants. It could not be heaven; yet was it a goodly world, so beautiful and thrifty and prosperous that the soul almost wished it were heaven.

But it must not linger, much as it saw that appealed to it. It must yield to its compulsions. There was in it the feeling, as it was being drawn on, that it was soon to be with the mist of the wife of its youth and manhood, if not with the one for whom for years it had supposed it had yearned above all others. For its wife it did not greatly long, for it had never had for her any great fondness. It was the form the deacon had wedded, though they, Sarah and he, had lived tolerably well together.

Perhaps it would not have thought of her as drawing it if it had not often had some lingering feeling that the spirits who had met it had spoken truly.

It was upon a radiant hilltop far from any town, below a mountain and having before it a large river of majestic loveliness, that the soul found itself at its journey's end. Not long was it in discovering that the rocks and shrubbery and trees and air were peopled with an innumerable company of happy spirits, radiant mists, in seeming abandon, enjoying in groups, according to their various interests and tastes and culture, one another's society and converse.

Some had been engaged in local ministries, some had been on journeys whose reach would have appeared inconceivable to the soul newly arrived, had it not been for its own recent experience, some had been endeavoring to solve the unsolved problems of the earthly life. Ancient worthies had been found and conferred with by such; or the spirits of great historians and annalists had been bidden to reveal what they had left unsaid. The unrecognized toilers as well as the great actors on the stages of different worlds had been found. Others in their quest for knowledge of the past had visited worlds in all stages of becoming; while those whose quirkiness drove them thither had gone to dry or dead world.

Some had pursued and overtaken the wrecks of systems which had started on their headlong flight through space untold millenniums before; while others still had rushed through the cosmic fire mists of systems yet to be. Some who had read Wallace's great book had been delighted to discover the author's contentions untrue.

The converse of such furnished many points of contact with the little knowledge the soul had absorbed during its earthly life; but there were groups discussing problems of which the soul had never dreamed, problems which to it were too deep for thought, too vast for it to grasp even their simplest rudiments.

VII.

There was one group of the brightest near which the soul lingered long, impossible as it was for it to enter into its thought; for among the radiant mists was one of the most radiant which had unaccountably for it strange fascination. Surely if he must be a mist among mists, a spirit so incorporeal, that was he, its own Master and Lord. Long and rapturously it gazed. Others came and went, spirits of friends of former years, of the earthly life which now seemed far away. With some of these the soul had but little converse; with none prolonged, though all brought great comfort by their tone of quiet assurance. Time enough would there be later for fellowship with the friends of earth; now it must not lose the privilege of communing with Him, the Ineffable One, in the mere contemplation of whom it was rapturously engaged. Would He not take thought for it when the conference was over? Alas, if He were to pass to some other like concourse of the millions of such which must be within his reach!

Among the radiant mists which came was one that the soul supposed to be the spirit of its earthly wife. As mist commingled with mist, as soul blended with soul, the feeling that it had found, or rather had been found of, the redoubtable Sarah, grew into a certainty. But how much more interesting she had grown! How good it was to be with her! There were thrills of joy, as old experiences were compared, and as old scenes and incidents were recalled, but the soul experienced something akin to a shock, which by its pulsations it communicated to the other, as it discovered that it was with the spirit of Jane, the earthly wife of another. She had been an uncomely woman, but one whose views had singularly coincided with those

(Continued on page 4.)

THE VINE OF KINDNESS.

Over a winding, wayward wall,
Flagged and rough and gray,
There crept a tender, clinging vine,
Timeless day by day.
At last its mantle of softest tint
Covered with jagged seam:
The struggling wall, half broken down,
Became, with that leafy, tinted crown,
Fair as an artist's dream.

Oh, for the kindness that clings and twines
Over life's broken wall,
That blossoms above the scars of pain,
Striving to hold them all!
Oh, for the helpful, ministering hands,
Benevolent, willing feet,
That spread rich mantles of tender thought
Over life's hard places, till time has wrought
Its healing—divine, complete!

Christian Advocate.

One Sure Refuge.

Mabel Gifford.

The report of the strange case of Mrs. Denver, as narrated in the "Banner of Light" for June 3, brings again to mind the mistaken belief in the power of evil that exists in so many minds at the present day. Remember that it is the belief in the power of evil over good, that God is helpless in the presence of evil, that causes destruction. If this belief was true the human race would soon be destroyed from the face of the earth. The same thing would take place if the belief became universal. Take prayerful thought before you teach or talk or harbor a belief in the power of obsession, hypnotism, evil magnetism, etc. It is safe to teach the power of the good, but destructive to minds, bodies and morals to foster belief in the power of evil.

Anyone can easily see that Mrs. Denver innocently worked her own destruction. The man in the case might have believed in hypnotism and have experimented to develop his power, and again he might not have given a thought to Mrs. Denver, and the same thing happened to her, for she set up an image of the man in her mind and endowed it with power to influence her, being a gentle and conscientious woman with a belief in the power of one human mind over another, and a belief that this man was using such power, the case is simple.

If any undesirable thoughts or feelings come to us from any source, we are not obliged to keep them and make them our own, and endow them with power to control us. They will have just as much power as we give them. Superstition and fear, and brooding over superstitions and fears quickly unbalance a sensitive or a morbid mind. Anyone who understands the laws of mental vibration would have no superstition, no fear, but would simply reverse their thought or feeling and call up others and thus make themselves neutral, or non-conductors of the undesirable thoughts. We ignorantly make our thoughts conductors of undesirable thoughts and then do not know how to correct the error.

We have all met persons with eyes like this man's; when the owners of such eyes look at us they seem to be paying us special regard. If we are ignorant and do not know that they look at us in that way, we are flattered if we favor the person, angry if we dislike him, frightened if we are superstitious. If we know that such eyes may fix their gaze upon us intently when their owner is not even thinking of us and does not even see us, but is busy thinking of someone or something else, we do not go to work and imagine the person's thoughts or intentions. If we would make it a rule never to let ourselves imagine anything unpleasant about anyone, not to think anything about them that we did not positively know was true, what a world of trouble and suffering it would save!

It is a dreadful thing to accuse people on the strength of our imaginations and sensations; thoughts create sensations and are no proof of anything but imaginations. It was the imaginations of superstitious fears that caused the Salem witchcraft days with all their cruel and wicked works. In these days of the revival of old superstitions, and imported occultism, theosophy and psychology, minds are becoming extremely sensitive to the inundation of evil teachings that prevail. Many of these minds are but newly sprung from the old Orthodox hell and they drink up with avidity all the evil spirits, elementals, imps, goblins and devils little and big that are presented with this to them new kind of hell. Christian Science and Mental Science started out to teach that all is good and nothing else exists but man's imaginations, but they could not long do without their hell and devils so they lugged them in from out the old states they had forsaken and dressed them up in new costumes, and now they feel at home. And as fast as new cults spring up they create their own hell and devil and endow them with such power as they believe most appropriate.

Now the few who would be free from all this belief in the power of evil should they seek the one safe refuge—Truth. We do not find this refuge by meditating in or investigating evil and falsity; we lose sight of truth and good in the mire of evil and falsity; in which we immerse our minds. The Bible is a scientific book, and its statements are based on the laws of the universe. From cover to cover of this Almighty book we find that creation is good, and good is harmony, the law and order of creation. "And God saw everything that he had made, and behold, it was very good." The inharmonious and disorderly are the evil and false, the imaginations of man. There is no other way for evil and false to come into existence except by man's perversions of good and truth, harmony and love.

To enter into this one safe refuge then, we must immerse our minds in the harmonies of life; these only reveal truth. Steep your hearts in the ninety-first psalm and see what a non-conductor of evil truth it is. Every evil and falsity is but perversion of good and truth, and no man ever learned anything from evil and falsity, or received any good from it as evil and falsity, but only by reversing it in his mind, restoring it to its true condition. If anyone prefers to seek truth in this way he is at liberty to do so, but it is a slow and painful method. We are admonished to refuse the evil and choose the good, but most of the world does the opposite. It seeks truth and wisdom by saturating itself with falsity. This is the trouble with all the "ists" today, from the Divine Scientists to the material scientists; they choose to study the evil and false, they cling to their old superstitious belief in hell and the devil. That was the trouble with Eve in the Garden of all delights; she chose to gain wisdom by eating, or feeding her mind on her own imaginations instead of God's word; to violate the laws of life instead of obeying them. That is, man's love—Eve—for learning from his own imagination instead of being illuminated by truth from God. His creator, led him into all falsities and perversions of delights.

Every soul is set in the Garden of Eden, where love and truth are one flesh, one in external expression as they are in spirit, but every soul perverts love and truth by its beliefs in evil and falsity, and changes, trans-

forms the Garden into a barren wilderness of thorns and noxious things and hosts of prey and warring elements. Let us stop, and reflect that the only evil are the creations of our beliefs, and that the only power is that which our beliefs invest them with. If Mrs. Denver had known this would she have imagined or feared anything from the man with the piercing eyes? Or if she had even stopped to consider whether she believed this man's will was greater than God's, would she have feared?

On the other hand we should not boast of our security and power; our power is God, and God is not a competitor in trials of strength; he is an ever present help in times of need, and before we call he is at work protecting us. To go about maintaining that no one can influence us is vain; that attitude of mind is false; it is a challenge to the evil mind, and makes our mind a conductor of that which we wish to ignore. The devil said to Jesus, "If thou be the son of God, command that these stones be made bread; and cast thyself down from thence, for it is written that he shall give his angels charge over thee." And Jesus said, "Then shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." We are not to test God's power expressly to test it, but to call upon him in the time of need.

Neither may we study magic, and trust in our own power; these vain imaginations are forever whispering to the hearts of men; it is the same old Tempter that whispered to Eve, and that said to Jesus, "If thou wilt worship me I will give thee all power on earth." The way to the one safe refuge is not a crooked way full of schemes and magic, it is the straight and narrow way of trusting the power of the Highest; the one and only life which we are, and which surrounds us. Power is not in the earth nor in man, but in the life which creates and sustains man. If he looks to the earth or man, himself or another, he is lost in a labyrinth of delusions; if he steadily looks to the highest, which reveals itself in the earth and man, in himself and every other, he finds the one safe refuge, its door is Hope, its walls Salvation, its gates Praise. There is no night there; and sorrow and sighing are fled away; our lost Eden is regained.

Some Evidence in Re Mediums' Rights.

Geo. W. Bates.

All that I contend for in relation to mediums, is that they shall have their rights, and justice be done.

Every person who talks about mediums, also speaks of frauds.

Public auditors at Spiritualists' meetings, will always say: "But there are so many frauds, that I cannot have confidence in your medium." But, the society member says: "We have confidence, or we would not employ them." At least, that should be their reply.

Perhaps many members and officials are just as doubtful of the medium's honesty, as are the public. That is very desirable.

So rabid becomes this mania of doubt, that many mediums who give personal sittings, are often asked: "Are you honest? For, if I cannot get an honest sitting, I prefer none." Surely, they should have an honest sitting. But, failure to get what was desired, is not an indication of dishonesty. Such is often the basis of judgment, however. Lately, I heard of a person who said the medium employed by a certain society, was a fraud—because she "could not recognize the spirit and events described by the medium." But she afterwards did recognize, and yet she had branded the medium as a fraud in the presence of a number of people. Thus easily may the reputation of a medium be blasted, and often the Spiritualist official prejudiced.

A correspondent in the "Banner," issue of June 24, asks for the Spiritualists to endorse genuine mediums. These endorse themselves by their works! And thus they become entitled to society engagements and without a record or a recommendation, should not be granted platform privileges. The local societies will protect all earnest mediums, and the public also by engaging only such as may be fully confident in. And then, do not ask them to "give tests" to skeptics—but be freely permitted to give messages and descriptions to whomsoever the spirits may appear. Why should the members of local societies be entirely debarred from receiving messages? Is it that the medium may be constantly tested? At least give the spirits freedom at the Sunday morning meetings.

We do not make spirit communion of our efforts to communicate with the spirits. At all public meetings the principle is to "test the medium." This is more than, than to test the spirits.

Are we so badly off that our societies cannot proclaim positively that we have spirit communion and also have reliable mediums? No wonder that many people ask: "Who are the genuine mediums?" It is about time to proclaim these; and the fact of being placed upon the public platform should be sufficient. And when a medium is found doing wrong, or perpetrating fraud, the body-politic of Spiritualism should be informed, and all engagements denied them. Thus the gravest possible penalty would be imposed.

We as Spiritualists have no right to be held responsible for any misbehavior of persons, unless officially connected with one organized Cause. Let organization solve this question. The public can then look to our societies and their public meetings for genuine mediumship.

The mediums and professors, and the irregularly ordained will not be held before public opinion and often before police courts, as Spiritualists—nor have any title as official mediums.

A poor medium, (who is a common fortune-teller) has lately been arrested in Philadelphia. And yet she claimed to see spirits, and perhaps she did. There is no crime in that. But, such people create a public prejudice, and we do not make our Cause self-protecting. When she told the detective that she saw certain spirits, he retorted that he could not see them. And the magistrate said to her: "You are a fortune-teller. Can you read my mind and tell me what I am going to do?" She made no reply, and the magistrate held her in \$500 bail for trial.

This is another menace to mediums. None can read "mind," for no one can tell just what mind is. And mediumship must be separated from fortune-telling. At least, official mediums employed by our societies must be forever separated from all such persons as they who advertise for the gullible and promise great things, and usually succeed in getting big money from their patrons. We have no commercial mediums of such calibre. If we have, then give them no place upon the society platform!

Usually our mediums of repute do not advertise in any way, except perhaps by personal card or an announcement at the meetings. They usually charge one dollar for an hour's interview. With that they are content. And they make no positive promises! They cannot guarantee results! They can only subject themselves to the spirit possibilities.

Upon these principles, let us present mediumship—and thus investigate. Let the rights

of mediums be developed, and thus protect the rights of the public by establishing a reputable fraternity of mediums and an official recognition of their worth.

This applies of course only to the mental and spiritual phases of mediumship. The physical mediums usually hold seances, and do not appear before societies. Their case is more complex. Perhaps they must stand yet awhile longer upon their personal management, and fight their battles outside of organized protection?

But, there is much to be done by societies for the necessary physical phenomena by regular weekly official seances. Something heroic must be done! And we as Spiritualists must in justice to both mediums and spirits, seek means of protection and gain ability to present the genuine. The wisdom of morals and spirits is now needed to guide us to these very essential conditions.

Thornton, Pa.

Words Worth Remembering.

The following selections of the opinions of various able men concerning the subjects of immortality, psychic science and spiritual phenomena may prove useful when skeptics assail us because of the alleged lack of interest in these topics by able men in the ranks of science and literature.

Sir Oliver Lodge, one of the leading physicists in England, says: "If anyone cares to hear what sort of conviction has been born in upon my mind, as a scientific man, by twenty years' familiarity with these questions which concern us, I am willing to reply as frankly as I can. I am, for all personal purposes, convinced of the persistence of human existence beyond bodily death, and though I am unable to justify that belief in full and complete manner, yet it is a belief which has been produced by scientific evidence that is based upon facts and experience."

Professor Muirhead, lecturer on Mental and Moral Science, Holloway College, England, says: "As a part of a wider philosophy, the results of psychical research seem to me to be of the greatest theoretic interest, and may even turn out to be of the greatest practical importance."

Professor G. F. Stout of the University of St. Andrews, Glasgow, says: "On this subject, I have certainly no claim to speak as an expert. I approach it, therefore, with much diffidence, but I venture myself with a brief indication of my own personal attitude. It seems to me that, after all criticism is allowed for, the evidence is still decidedly impressive, and that it is sufficient to constitute a good case for further investigation. But I am not convinced by it, even as regards telepathy. I am not myself clear as to the degree of my skepticism, or what evidence would be sufficient to remove it. But at least my doubt is not dogmatic denial, and I agree with Mr. Myers that there is no sufficient reason for being peculiarly skeptical concerning communications from disincarnate spirits. I also agree with him that the alleged cases of such communication cannot be with any approach to probability explained away as mere instances of telepathy."

Arthur Balfour, now Prime Minister of England, in his presidential address before the Society for Psychical Research some years ago, said: "If I rightly interpret the results which these many years of labor have forced upon the members of this society and upon others not among our number who are associated by a similar spirit, it does seem to me that there is at least a strong ground for supposing that outside the world, as we have, from the point of science, been in the habit of conceiving it, there does lie a region, not open indeed to experimental observation in the same way as the more familiar regions of the material world are open to it, but still with regard to which some experimental information may be laboriously gleaned, and even if we cannot entertain any confident hope of discovering what laws these half-phenomena obey, at all events it will be some gain to have shown, not as a matter of speculation or conjecture, but as a matter of ascertained fact, that there are some things in Heaven and earth not hitherto dreamed of in our scientific philosophy."

Andrew Lang, than whom the English language hardly has an abler critic and skeptic, in reviewing Mr. Myers' "Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death," says: "I myself, regarding the word 'matter' and 'spirit' as mere metaphysical counters with which we pay ourselves, think (religious faith apart) that human faculty lends a fairly strong presumption in favor of the survival of human consciousness."

"To myself, after reading the evidence, it appears that a fairly strong presumption is raised in favor of a 'phantasmagoric agency' set at work, in a vague, unconscious way; by the deceased, and I say this after considering the adverse arguments of Mr. Podmore, for example, in favor of telepathy from living minds, and all hypotheses of heaving, exasperative memory, mal-observation, and so forth—not to mention the popular nonsense about 'What is the use of it?' 'Why is it permitted?' and the rest of it. 'What is the use of argon?' 'Why are cockroaches permitted?'"

"To end with a confession of opinion: I entirely agree with Mr. Myers and Hegel that we, or many of us, are in something, or that something is in us, which 'does not know the bonds of time, or feel the manacles of space.'"

Sir William Crookes, the discoverer of Crookes tubes, one of the ablest physicists in England, also says: "No incident in my scientific career is more widely known than the part I took many years ago in certain psychical researches. Thirty years have passed since I published an account of experiments tending to show that outside our scientific knowledge there exists a force exercised by intelligence differing from the ordinary intelligence common to mortals. To stop short in any research that bids fair to widen the gates of knowledge, to recoil from fear of difficulty or adverse criticism, is to bring reproach on science. There is nothing for the investigator to do but to go straight on, to explore up and down, inch by inch, with the taper of reason; to follow the light wherever it may lead, even should it at times resemble a will-of-the-wisp."

Dr. Cesare Lombroso, the physiologist and criminologist, says: "There is a great probability now given us through psychical and spiritualistic phenomena, that there is a continued existence of the soul after death, preserving a weak identity, to which the persistent soul can add new life and growth from the surrounding media."

Mr. Hurley, whose skeptical tendency no one will deny, says: "In my judgment, the actuality of this spiritual world—the value of the evidence for its objective existence and its influence upon the course of things—are matters which lie as much within the province of science as any other question about the existence and powers of the various forms of living and conscious activity."

Mr. Gladstone spoke of the work as the most important in the world, and Goldwin Smith, in an article in "The North American Review," spoke of the conclusion as affecting the whole social structure of society, as we can hardly expect man to live under the idea of human brotherhood without a belief in immortality.

Without courage there cannot be truth, and without truth there can be no other virtue.

The Constitutionality of Vaccination.

Dr. J. M. Frazier, M. D.

The newspapers are informing us—and some of them gleefully—that the United States Supreme Court has pronounced compulsory vaccination constitutional. And what of it? Constitutions are made and unmade by different legislative and congressional enactments.

In all matters of moral reform, this court is generally conceded to be about one generation behind the times. It is slow, stubborn and conservative. How vividly I remember when the United States Supreme Court handed down a decision through Judge Taney pronouncing the Fugitive Slave Law constitutional. It made a great stir in the public press. You know that this compulsory law compelled northern men to seize and send back to the South all fugitive or runaway slaves. Did the North generally do it? It did not. Personally, I helped several colored men (and the majority of them were three-fourths or seven-tenths white) make their way into Canada. This compulsory United States Fugitive Slave Law was relegated into the shades of nonentity. It is remembered now only in pity or infamy. And so with this decision of the United States Supreme Court; twenty-five or thirty years hence it will be regarded as a pitiable decision by a body of men not physicians, not scientists, nor men wholly abreast of the times.

Vaccination, that is the injection of a poisonous substance from a discharging sore on a beast into the pure blood of a child, is a most disgusting act, if not a criminal one. If the people cannot send their children to school without being vaccinated, then they will organize independent schools of themselves, as they did in San Diego, Cal., and have in other cities.

The square, straightforward truth is, that when the smallpox occurs in a community, the doctors themselves (believing in vaccination) send the first to be vaccinated.

After them, the preachers. After them, the lawyers; then the merchants, and then the hardy, daily toilers, and last of all the innocent, sportive children, because they cannot so well withstand the poison as can doctors and lawyers.—Medical Home Talk.

"God."

DERZHAVIN'S BEAUTIFUL LYRICAL SERMON.

Gabriel Romanovitch Derzhavin, a Russian lyrical poet, was born in Kasan, July 3, 1748, and died July 6, 1816. The following poem has been translated, and only into many European languages, but into those of China and Japan. It is said to have been hung up in the palace of the Emperor of China, printed in gold letters, on white satin.

O Thou eternal One, whose presence bright all space doth occupy, all motion guide; unchanged through time's all-devastating flight! thou only God—there is no God beside! Being above all beings: mighty One, whom none can comprehend and none explore; who fill'st existence with Thyself alone, embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er; Being whom we call God, and know no more!

In its sublime research philosophy may measure out the ocean deep, may count the sands of the sun's rays; but God! for Thee there is no weight nor measure; none can mount up to Thy mysteries: Reason's brightest spark, though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try to trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark; and thought is lost ere thought can soar so high, even like past moments in eternity.

A million torches lighted by Thy hand, wander unwearied through the blue abyss; Thy own Thy power, accomplish Thy command, all gay with life, all eloquent with bliss. What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light—a glorious company of golden streams—lamps of celestial ether burning bright—suns lighting systems with their joyous beams. But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

The chain of being is complete in me, in me is matter's last gradation lost, and the next step is spirit—Diety! I can command the lightning, and am dust! A monarch and a slave, a worm, a god! Whence came I here, and how so marvellously constructed and conceived? unknown! this clod lives surely through some higher energy: for from itself alone it could not be!

Creator, yes; Thy wisdom and Thy word created me; Thou source of life and good; thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord, Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude filled me with an immortal soul, to spring over the abyss of death, and bade it wear the garments of eternal day, and wing its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere, even to its source—Thee—its Author there. O, thoughts, ineffable! O, visions, blest! Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee, yet shall Thy shadow'd image fill our breast, and wait its homage to Thy Diety. God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar, thus seek Thy presence—Being wise and good! 'Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore; and when the tongue is eloquent no more the soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.—London Daily Mail.

The Theory of Tainted Money.

John Graham Brooks, the president of the American Social Science Association, which recently met in Boston, read a carefully prepared paper on this subject, and we offer below the abstract furnished to the daily papers at that time.

Four years ago, states Mr. Brooks, a committee was appointed by Bishop Potter to report upon a situation which involved whatever was contained in the term "tainted money." The committee consisted of Bishop Brent, Prof. Ashley, Prof. Scudder and myself. For reasons that need not here be given the report was not completed. My own part in it was to collect data on which one could form some opinion as to what meaning may attach to this troublesome phrase. There is a casuistry and a metaphysics on this subject that is very odd.

Four years ago I made, with some care, a list of questions which I put during some months to the wisest men and women I could reach. They were largely persons before whom this ethical question had, or might at any time, come—heads of institutions, overseers, directors, clergymen, and various kinds of ethical teachers. The first question was this, "Would you accept money from any source for the enlargement of your educational work?" Those rather noted for practical wisdom in their communities almost invariably answered this with an amused but very confident affirmative. This test was then submitted, "Would you accept the current receipts from a brothel and have it publicly known that you took the money?" The instant reply was "Of course not." I asked, "Why not?" "Because," he said, "it would create too much of a scandal." To the further inquiry, "Would you take it if it were never known?" he said, "I don't feel sure, but I am inclined to think so." The second question was, "If the Louisiana Lottery were still running, would you publicly accept a gift

from its directors to endow a chair for ethical instruction?" He said: "That kind of thing used to be done, but I question if it would be wise to do it now. No, I don't think I should take that money under those conditions."

There is to be noted in this instance the following positions: I will take gifts from any source. From some sources I will not take money; the reason why I will refuse is that it will create a moral scandal. Money that was once accepted without offence (as from lotteries) has now become at least very questionable. That some religious bodies refuse to do what they once readily did—build churches from the receipts of an organized lottery—is generally thought to indicate a more sensitive and a sounder morality.

I next asked a writer and a professor in Columbia University if he would take all money. He said, "As long as I was sane." To the first test as applied above he replied at once, "No, I would not." "But why?" "It would make too much of a row." I asked him if he would take a gift from Richard Croker to found a chapel. He said, "No, and for the same reason, that it would make too much of a row." I asked if he would take a gift from Mr. Croker to found a school for veterinary science. "Without a question," he would do that, "because it wouldn't make a row." But why should the healing of horses with Croker coins be without offence, while the devotion of these coins to a house of prayer came to him as a kind of moral shock?

In two instances I have known university trustees to discuss very hotly whether certain proposed gifts should be accepted. In both cases they were accepted, but the ground on which the protests were made was the character of the giver. I asked one of these trustees who voted to take the money if he would vote to take Addicks's money. "Not a penny of it," he replied, "because there is no doubt in his case. I would not have the Addicks stamp on anything that I valued."

If the bringer of gifts is so incontestably and so conspicuously convicted that his methods and character are an affront to the community, the way for rejection is clear. This was the one implication true of every case and of every illustration I could collect. If it is said that this does assist us very much in the really perplexing cases, I should think that very difficultly an advantage. It may help to guard us a little from that easiest sort of injustice; namely, a too hasty moral judgment on partial, doubtful, and shadowy evidence.

Spiritualism.

Anne Knowlton Hinman.

To the casual observer our philosophy appears to make some glaring statements that are entirely contradictory to truth and right. These are merely offshoots from the minds of some of the representatives of our faith, who, existing under narrow limitations adjust everything to their personal wishes and views. Spiritualism is in no way responsible for these personal misconceptions of truth.

The warp and woof of our Faith embodies the Christ Principle, and there is running through it the golden thread of love. "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you." This is an imperative command that has no exceptions, and as we fall into line our charity is broadened until we know why these misguided ones so pervert truth to their selfish ends. Subject to the laws of heredity, environment and spirit control, they have not yet learned to rise above these constraints.

On the other hand their neighbor may burst all bonds and soar into the realms of spiritual possibilities. But the one of narrow and the one of broad limitations are both standing upon the same basic principles of spiritualism, viz., continuity of life and Spirit Return, and here is one common ground upon which to fellowship. Every faith, of whatever nature, is strongly individualized, and as there are no two persons exactly alike, there must be different channels for soul expression. If we will only agree to disagree in our methods of presenting truth the ultimate end will be peace and harmony. And sometime somewhere, there will exist a stronger bond of universal brotherhood.

And we shall realize, in spite of seeming disappointments and defeats, that although we have sought truth through different channels, we have all reached the same goal.

Letters from Our Readers.

The editor is not responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents and assumes no liability for what he does not say, with the very best of presenting views that may elicit discussion.

The Brooklyn Materializations.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
I was very much interested in the article on Materialization in the issue of the "Banner" of June 17, 1905, by Chas. McArthur. As I have only been able once to witness a materializing seance, and not being entirely satisfied with the same, I wish Mr. McArthur would kindly answer me the following question through the "Banner." Was the materialization of "Pansy," when she was photographed with the other two children, materialization or etheralization? That is could you touch the spirit "Pansy" and how different did the touch feel from the other children? In my own experience I was surprised after seemingly every possible test to prevent fraud—to find upon touching one of the three spirits it appeared to be solid flesh. I do not say it was fraud. I do not know. I have been told more than once, that there is pure materialization: when the spirit can be felt; and when your hand can pass right through what you see, as the "spirit," that is etheralization. So I would be very glad to hear from Mr. McArthur, or any others, who can enlighten me on this subject. Geo. L. Lester Randall.
Marion, Mass., June 21, 1905.

A Weather Prophecy.

It was a scorching hot Sunday in July one of the record-breaking kind, and most people remained at home rather than risk a stroke by going to church. Evening services, however, had a fair attendance. At one church it was customary to hold a conference meeting Sunday evenings, and a certain old lady always availed herself of it. On this occasion she was the first to rise; turning, she faced the congregation with a look of withering scorn.

"Most of you thought you couldn't come to church this morning, because it was so hot, but I tell you, you will find there's a hotter day coming."

Everybody, including the minister laughed aloud, but the old lady heeded it not, and did not sit down until she had plainly set forth the duty of church attendance whatever the weather.

C. C. Bonney of Chicago, the originator of the parliament of religions during the World's Fair, has the reputation of being rather opinionative; so his brother clergymen are fond of quoting to him the opening sentence of one of his prayers. It is as follows: "O Lord, I presume it has not occurred to Thee, but it has occurred many times to me.—The Burlington Free Press.

The Question Bureau.

CONDUCTED BY THE EDITOR.

This department of the "Banner of Light" is not intended for personal matters, nor can the conductor undertake under any circumstances to answer questions by mail. It is intended to deal with matters of general interest, to be the means, if it be of service, to the greatest good to the greatest number.

Questions and Answers.

A Regular Reader, Amherst, Wis. Q.—I have read Hudson's Law of Psychic Phenomena, and I notice he says that in spiritualism and clairvoyant manifestations "the objective faculties must be in abeyance." I infer from this that the seeing of clairvoyant, visions when in the perfectly wide awake state is not far removed from insanity? Are mediums who perceive clairvoyantly in the normal state? Is the faculty of seeing clairvoyantly, without first passing into the trance state, or a condition bordering on the dream line considered more dangerous than the "trance method"? It seems to me that the evidence comes before the wide awake normal mind is more conclusive than remembrances brought back from a trance or dream state.

A.—The questions asked touch one or two important points. The earnest writer referred to unfortunately strained an hypothesis to the limit in an attempt to prove his case. But it is doubtful if any careful investigator today would endorse Hudson's conclusions, or his premises, in their entirety. Clairvoyance, nor the exercise of any other psychic faculty, is not in any sense a form of, or an indication of a possible form of, insanity, which condition never arises from the normal use of any faculty or organ. Clairvoyants may "see" from various causes, second sight, a purely normal form of sight; the excitation of the necessary brain organs either by intense self concentration, mesmerization, hypnotic suggestion or spirit influence. But there is the "seeing" while in the entranced condition, which would come under the head of subjective vision and apparently require for its exercise subjective faculties, and the whole theory of Hudson rests upon what he means by the subjective faculties? But, behind the objective self and the subjective self there is the user of the "self" and their faculties. We know the objective, and are aware that his organs—using the term as covering the entire objective machinery—are the vehicles through which he manifests himself and sustains his relations to objective nature. Is there a subjective side to objective faculties, or is there another organization which is within—relatively subjective to the objective one? If so, is it similar or different in character to the objective one? We affirm this second body, it is similar to functioning as to consciousness and its expressions, it is the psychic, or spiritual body we have at "death," and is more closely allied to the next plane of our phenomenal expression and the facts pertaining thereto. In familiar phrase it is related to the spiritual, and can see and hear and know upon that plane, and the question here is how can the objective man and consciousness become conscious of what the subjective organization is related to and experiencing? Here is the baffling mystery of multiple personality, for such is the nature of irregular bleeding of states of manifestation of our objective and subjective experiences and their consequent confusing expressions in the form of so-called objective and subjective personality. Suppose then an entranced medium "sees" things, how can that fact be made clear to any one else? Only by the subjective experience of the seer being translated, into the terms of objective expression, by no other method is this possible. The use of the normal faculties is required to externally utilize the so-called abnormal experiences. This shows that the use of the normal mind is utilized even when the clairvoyant is entranced. When it is natural seership, the psychic, or subjective, faculties are able to express in the regions of objective manifestation the experiences they are cognizant of in their own departments. But clairvoyance is not necessarily only producible by spirits, it can be and often is, cultivated by the women as part of the training to which the physical faculty is allied to our normal nature is susceptible.

A Chance to Make Money.

I have berries, grapes and peaches a year old, fresh as when picked. I used the California Cold Process. No pot heat or seal the fruit, just put it up cold, keeps perfectly fresh, and costs almost nothing; can put up a bushel in 10 minutes. Last year I sold directions to over 120 families in one week; anyone will pay a dollar for directions when they see the beautiful samples of fruit. As there are many people poor like myself, I consider it my duty to give my experience to such and feel confident anyone can make one or two hundred dollars a year in a few days. I will send you a sample of fruit and full directions to any of your readers for nineteen (19) 2-cent stamps, which is only the actual cost of the samples, postage, etc. Francis Casey, St. Louis, Mo.

The Believer.

Science and a Future Life. By James H. Hyslop, Ph. D., LL. D., formerly Professor of Ethics and Logic in Columbia University, pp. 372. 5 for 7 1/2 in. Herbert R. Turner & Co., Boston, 1905.

This is an epoch making book. It is one of the signal lights in the night of scientific materialism, showing the spot where dwells the rising movement of Spiritualism. It is not only one among the increasingly numerous scientific demonstrations of a future life but the ethical meaning and results of the Spiritualistic knowledge of a life beyond is dealt with in the long closing chapter in a most striking, intelligent and satisfactory way.

Prof. Hyslop's method of arriving at the belief we all hold dear is not ours, perhaps. It is the scientific way and in his case a not unfriendly scientific way. The logic of the scientific method (and the impatience with this process which so many of us feel, justifies the statement here) is something like this: here are and, for all the ages of which we have any history, always have been certain phenomena. These have been variously dubbed "devilish," "occult," "superstitions," "miracles," "oracles," "witchcraft," "sorcery" and "psychic." Whatever they may have been, their existence and persistence have been undoubted.

Now whatever their character, it is a disgrace to science that their cause has so long gone uninvestigated. When we begin their investigation we are met by certain claims which state the cause to be super-normal, or beyond consciousness, super-human or, to use the scientific term, "spiritistic." These phenomena themselves claim to emanate not from a divine, earthly source, but from a source which though living is not earthly, but is a force produced by or through the spirits

of these human beings who are commonly spoken of as the dead.

Now science says (and who can say that it is wrong or illogical in saying so?) that this claim is so unusual that more evidence is necessary to substantiate it than is required to prove ordinary phenomena; that it is so unusual that all other possible explanations must be eliminated before we adopt the spirit theory of causation.

Therefore the possible explanation of well-attested phenomena are all catalogued by Prof. Hyslop and all shown to be inadequate to the task of explanation except the spiritistic theory. Thus, after what seems to us old converts a process as ridiculous in some of its details as it is slow in all, the scientist ends by being a good Spiritualist after all. And this is just what Prof. Hyslop does. And it is just what every honest man or woman, scientist or not, does if they will but thoroughly and honestly look into the evidence. We welcome every honest investigator because we know he will soon be with us and surely we should be the last persons to object to that investigator's pursuing any method of investigation which he may choose. If he wishes to go unknown into the medium's presence, with a masked face and an assumed voice and then to address Mrs. Piper's hand, let him. We know the folly of such a course. We know the breaks which he is putting on his own wheels when he puts additional tasks upon the spirit, struggling to overcome the difficulties of the inter-world communication; but if this is his method, let him pursue it. When he is convinced he will laugh with us at his own folly.

It is also a mistake, as the scientists will sometime learn, to confine their investigations so closely to the mediumship of one phase only. Mrs. Piper is beyond question honest, but she is, equally beyond question, limited and far from being unexcelled in her powers. Had Prof. Hyslop extended his investigations, many of his alleged difficulties and nearly all the alleged limitations of intermundane communication would disappear. But let us not urge haste. The professor will yet, if he continue his interest, agree with us in all as he agrees with us now in essentials.

The scientific smashing which Telepathy receives in this book is most conclusive. The scientific accuracy of the wild imaginings of Thompson Jay Hudson is so completely demolished that it seems a good thing for Hudson that he passed into the beyond before this book came out; for now he knows what a fool he made of himself in trying to lift himself by his own boot straps.

The concluding chapter is a most interesting one and is almost a book in itself. Its value to be noted here is the connection, shown by this author as a man of science, between the phenomena of Spiritualism as mere phenomena and as evidence of ethical value and importance. So far as the writer knows this ethical side of Spiritualism has never been so fully considered by any author outside of acknowledged Spiritualistic ranks, certainly not by any of the so-called scientific treatises on Spiritualism. The argument cannot be effectively conveyed into the space permitted here, but I can assure my readers that it, as well as the whole book, is most certainly worthy of a perusal and that that perusal will with equal certainty be most profitable.—Mime Inness.

Take Piso's Cure for Consumption for Coughs, Colds and Consumption. Sold everywhere.

Acrostic to Sarah Byrnes.

Lucy Barnicot.

Strong and grand has grown the Woman,
A beacon of Truth and Power
Eaching upward for the message
Angels gave thee for thy dower.
Heart of gold and lips of silver
Breathing blessings o'er Life's page
Young in years the Spirit called you
Right in front of wrong to teach.
None can say you shirked your duty,
Ever seeking soul to reach.
So, we pen Love's rhyme to you.

The July Arena.

The July "Arena" opens the thirty-fourth volume of this standard review with a very notable table of contents. Among the features which will appeal with special interest to persons interested in civic life and duty are the following: "The Economic Struggle in Colorado," by Hon. J. Warner Mills; "Municipal Black Plague," a story of the period of utter darkness which immediately preceded the recent revolt of the people of Philadelphia, by Rudolph Blaghenburg; "How the People Should Acquire Public Utilities," by Prof. E. W. Bemis and F. F. Ingram; and a criticism of Andrew D. White's position on the railway question, by the Editor of "The Arena." There is also an admirable paper entitled "The Charm of Emerson," by Prof. J. R. Mosley, Ph. D., one of the most fascinating papers that has been written in years on the Concord philosopher; "Homer Davenport: A Cartoonist Dominated by Moral Ideals," illustrated with a number of Mr. Davenport's best drawings; "The Struggle of Autocracy with Democracy in the Mid-Era," by E. P. Powell; "Our Diplomatic Policy in Relation to the Republic of Panama," by Prof. Edwin Mackey; "The Identity of Socialism and Christianity," by James T. Van Rensselaer.

Kansas Spiritualist League.

A correspondent sends a report of the formation of the Kansas Spiritualist League, June 3, 10, and 11 being the dates of the meetings, which were held in Topeka. The resolution passed to call the League into existence was as follows: "Whereas: There is not now such an organization of Spiritualists in the State of Kansas, and
"Whereas: The demand for such an organization is urgent and coming from all parts of the State now, therefore
Be It Resolved, By the Spiritualists of Kansas, this day assembled in Topeka, That Such State Society of Spiritualists be organized and chartered; that a suitable constitution and by-laws be drafted, and to this end the following committee be by this convention chosen and instructed to prepare a charter, constitution and by-laws:

Geo. B. Moore, Cyrus Corning, H. W. Henderson, John White and Mrs. Lull.
"Be it further resolved that this association shall be called the Kansas Spiritualist League," and its officers for the first year are: President, Cyrus Corning; Topeka; 1st Vice-Pres., W. F. Sailing, Winfield; 2d Vice-Pres., B. E. Mundall, Wichita; 3d Vice-Pres., Dr. Curtis, Hutchinson; 4th Vice-Pres., Mrs. Flora Allen, Manhattan and 5th Vice-Pres., E. L. Marble, Ft. Scott; Secy., G. B. Moore; Treas., A. Markley, Topeka; Board of Directors, W. H. Henderson, chairman; Judge Thomas Archer, Topeka; Stephen Gates, Sterling; C. H. Moody, Miss May Cook, Spring Hill, Mrs. Anna Johnson, Ft. Scott; Leander Miller, Topeka. Delegates to National Convention:

Geo. B. Moore, Miss Rose Henderson, Lawrence.

Resolved, That it is the sense of this convention that Mrs. Virginia Bryan, Mrs. Kaynor, Mrs. Jaquet, Mrs. Lull, as mediums are entitled to the confidence and patronage of the Spiritualists of Kansas, and we unhesitatingly recommend them. Recommendations will be given to all worthy speakers and mediums who apply for the same when desiring to enter the field of labor in behalf of the cause of Spiritualism.
Cyrus Corning, Pres.

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UNTIL THE DAYBREAK.

Will it pain me there forever,
Will it leave me happy ever.
This weary, weary gnawing of the old dull pain?
Will the sweet, yet bitter yearning,
That at my heart is burning,
Throb on and on, forever and forever be in vain?

Oh, weary, weary longing!
Oh, sad, sweet memories thronging
From the sunset-lighted woods of the dear and holy past!
Oh, hope and faith undying!
Shall I never cease from sighing?
Must my lot among the shadows forevermore be cast?

Shall I never see the glory
That the Christ-knight of old story,
St. Galahad, my hero, saw folded round his sleep?
The full completed beauty
With which God glids dull duty
For hearts that burn toward heaven from the everlasting deep—

From that conflict ceasing never,
From the toll increasing ever,
From the hard and bitter battle with the cold and callous world?
Will the sky grow never clearer?
Will the hills draw never nearer?
Where the golden city glitters in its rainbow mists imperied?

Ah, me, that golden city!
Can God, then, have no pity?
I have sought it with such yearning for so many bitter years!
And yet the hills' blue glimmer
And the portals' golden shimmer
Fade ever with the evening, and the distance never nears!

Oh, weary, weary living,
Oh, foemen unforgiving!
Oh, enemies that meet me in the earth and in the air!
Oh, flesh that clogs my yearning!
Oh, weakness, ere returning!
Will ye never cease to trouble? Will ye never, never spare?

Will my soul grow never purer?
Will my hope be never surer?
Will the mist-veils and the cliff-gates
From my path be never rolled?
Shall I never, never gain it,
That last ecstatic minute,
When the journey's gerdon waits me behind those hills of gold?

Alas! the clouds grow darker,
And the hills loom ever starker,
Across the leaden mist-screen of the heavens dull and gray.
Thou must learn to bear thy burden,
Thou must learn to win thy gerdon,
Until the daybreak cometh and the shadows flee away!
Boston Transcript.

When Ignorance Is Bliss.

A few years ago Troy had not as good water supplied to its residents as now. At a boarding house a lady noticed that the water was highly colored and not at all tempting. She said to the waitress: "Do you filter the water, Lena?" Lena looked puzzled and answered, "No ma'am. It's just good fresh water."

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I think the first virtue is to restrain the tongue; he approaches nearest to the gods who knows how to be silent, even though he is in the right.—Cato.

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1906.

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The N. S. A. Declaration of Principles.

The following represents the principles adopted at the 18th national convention of the Spiritualists of America, and reaffirmed at the national convention held at Washington, D. C., October, 1902:

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

Brevities.

Ghosts.

Hauntings.

Earth bound Souls.

It is fortunate that in our spiritual phenomena we have the materials for rehabilitating the ghost.

Equally fortunate is that in psychometry we can find a solution of the phenomena of hauntings.

While in the facts connected with earth bound spirits, which our researches have demonstrated, we can understand just what the words Ghosts, Hauntings and earth bound spirits stand for.

After paring away all the superstitious frills attached to the infinitely numerous tales of ghosts and hauntings there remains, in all such cases which are true, a residuum of fact which shows that a one time human person is behind the phenomenon.

Ignorance of the true character of a "ghost" has caused millions of people to suffer intense mental agony. It has also resulted in all sorts of wild assertions gaining currency concerning the alleged supernatural powers of these spiritual visitors. This ignorance has enabled priests to secure influence over the weak and timid by claiming powers of exorcism, with the result that millions of people have been made to believe that ghosts must be exorcised, and consequently that they were in all cases evil in nature.

The phenomena of the spirit circle have shown us conclusively that the so called ghost is only a disincarnate human; that haunting is but the attraction which holds the departed spirit to its former sphere of associations, and that an Earthbound Soul may remain attached to earth as much from reasons of philanthropy as from motives of revenge.

The fear of the ghost has obscured the philosophy of his manifestation. As he is, though not of this world, what is the law by which he manifests his presence? If he, the ghost, haunts a place, by what cause is he compelled so to do? If, ordinarily, he is invisible under what conditions must he be when seen? Or, what makes one person a seer of ghosts and not another? Also, why is a ghost seen in one part of a residence, or ruin, and never seen in any other part?

The psychometrist senses the subtle influence (effluvia) imparted to an article and reads a history in consequence. Our aura is constantly radiated and is absorbed more or less by our surroundings—the clothes we wear, the articles we handle, the furniture we use, the very walls which enclose us.

We build our inner home by this means. They represent our likes, our loves and our hatreds. This influence is physical in nature. It links us in many cases, to certain places. We call it an "attraction" which draws us to a place, and is doubly potent over us after we leave the mortal body.

In short, there are good ghosts, indifferent ghosts, and bad ghosts. Some hauntings are more like the hovering of guardian spirits about a place or a person. Some earth bound souls are only those who, knowing nothing of any higher life than that to which they have been accustomed, simply remain on the earth plane utterly indifferent to any other. But Spiritualism helps us to comprehend the problems of the ghost's life, and place, as no other system of thought can, or does.

The July issue of the English monthly papers are to hand and each in its way is filled with matters of interest to its own class of readers. The Medium gives an interesting article on Radium and Life, also a valuable article based upon William Ellery Channing, entitled "Mustard and Cress." The editor's page, called "Mustard and Cress," is about equally divided between the mustard and the cress. The Lyceum Banner, the children's monthly, opens by a lengthy quotation from Hudson Tuttle's Review of Passing Events, which appeared in the "Banner of Light" for June 3, due credit being given to this journal. The editor's Notes and Comments gives a bird's eye view of the Lyceum events in England during the previous month. The Spiritualist, lately on much better paper than hitherto, and consequently greatly improved in appearance, commences the fifth year of its existence and has bravely held its own from the start. It was the pioneer one cent paper in England, and is now the only one published at that modest price. An interesting letter from Dr. Peebles is included in the varied and informing contents, and a kindly word for this paper is said by the editor. The ably edited and handsomely printed Psycho-Therapeutic Journal has made remarkable strides of late, and is now one of the prettiest printed exchanges which reach our table. A capital contribution from J. Stenson Hooker, M. D., etc., entitled The Trend of Modern Medicine, and some comments thereon by Dr. Peebles are especially noticeable features, which we purpose to reproduce for the benefit of the medical reformers among our readers in our next issue.

Rudyard Kipling will contribute a new story to the August Century, to be called "An Habitation Enforced," a tale, it is said, of American people and English life.

In response to notices in the different papers a party of local Spiritualists met in Universalist Hall, Monday evening, says the Daily News, Keene, N. H., for the purpose of effecting an organization for propagating work. After considerable discussion it was decided that for the present it would be better to continue the house to house meetings to be held during the winter. It is proposed to visit the different camp grounds and secure the best talent and give the people of Keene and vicinity an opportunity of attending regular meetings if they so desire.

On Monday the Editor received a pleasant call from Mr. B. B. Hill and his daughter, Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader, of Philadelphia. Our good friends should have reached the city on Sunday morning but the steamer was fog bound for a number of hours off Martha's Vineyard. It was their intention to have spent Sunday at Unity Camp. They contemplate a coast trip to Portland, Me., before returning South, and looked in splendid health.

Be Joyful.

Let us rejoice and be glad. We live in a lovely world and fair are the skies above us. Glorious the radiance of the sun, sweet the shimmer of the stars in the purple cloak of Night. Enchanting the song of the birds, inspiring the beauty and perfume of the flowers. The golden grain, the ripened fruit, are Nature's sweet gifts to her children, and even the beasts of the field, and the fishes of the waters charm us by their varied forms and beauties. The shadow of the Trust is over all.

Men and women are fashioned in the image of God, and the delights of angelic thoughts and lives thrill the world with their heavenly power. Heaven smiles in the face of the child, beauty adorns maturity and the sweet sad melodies of age accompany us down the hill to the valley at its foot. Let us be joyful for the good things pertaining to human life.

And death is beautiful, too. Gentle and kind the messenger calls for us and shows the way across the great divide, from care to peace, from pain to ease, from dark to light. Let us be joyful for death, for to many of us he is a friend indeed.

Let us be joyful for the New Thought which is old, for the optimism which is new, for the self sufficiency which we wrap around us, and the comfort, which we call happiness, but which is often but another name for selfishness.

Yes, let us be joyful, wisely if we can, ignorantly if not wisely, but joyful anyhow! The modern optimism, whether New Thought, or Christian Science, or in any other form, has been born because of the bitterness of life and the horrible struggle it has degenerated into. The pain, wrong, injustice and cruelty among men made the gospel of Jesus sound pleasantly in the ears of men two thousand years ago, and the same sad conditions, which creedal Christianity has not destroyed, call out the suffering to listen gladly to the optimism of today.

But most of all let us be reasonable. The ignoring of realities does not destroy them. To say, "I am bread and meat," when hungry will not satisfy my need for food. To say, "all is well with me," when robbed of my possessions will not prevent the robber robbing another man.

What are the flowers and their perfume, the celestial luminaries, and the whole ani-

ated nature, to those whom civilization (?) condemns to toil as the conscripts of society in mines, factories, and coarse employments, leaving them little leisure, and destroying all taste, for the finer joys of life? Fashioned in the image of God? Bent and worn, hands knotted, faces stained with the whiplash of the storms, skins tanned with the sear of the sun, forced to end life's little day subsisting upon charity, this may be a lovely world, and fair may be the skies above us, but so long as one of our brethren ends as above mentioned, optimism in any form will not set right the wrong done to him.

Fashioned in the image of God? Then how debased men have become! Think of the bankers' rows in the jails of the land, and what they mean. Millions stolen from honest toilers and careful souls. Homes ruined, lives blasted, children starved, widows and orphans subjected to the tender mercies of the world! Go on thinking "I am All Power," "I am Spirit," "I am God and All," it may please you, and comfort you, and make you sentimentally joyful, but as long as laws are evaded, as long as greed for gold, as long as craft and cunning are allowed to work their ends unchecked and unpunished, optimism is an ostrich-like hiding the head in the sands, and a wilful closing the eyes to the evils at hand.

Be joyful for death, yes, truly, for he brings about the only surcease from sorrow millions ever experience. At the worst—annihilation—let death, is a boon to the misused in mind, body, and estate, the forlorn wrecks who strew the roadway of life. Their trials are done, their pain is over. While, if the Christian tells true, one could almost be willing to be joyful for hell, since there would be the reward some deserve so well. While heaven would provide recompense for much tribulation endured on earth. But Spiritualists are not joyful because of either hell or heaven, since they know that compensation and retribution are fixed laws in the universe, and no one ever escapes from their operation.

Yes, here we may strike the note of optimism, for the Spiritualist knows that death is beautiful, and therefore something to be joyful about. He has been emancipated from the old teachings and superstitions regarding death. He knows that even for the most miserable, aye, and even for the worst, of this world death provides the possibility of ultimate happiness and unfoldment. It is the exchange of one world for another, and that other is organized, as to the life lived there by its inhabitants, upon more harmonious lines than is the case in this world. But heaven can never be established upon earth until men and women are heavenly enough in themselves to render such a condition possible. They will never succeed in building Heaven on earth until their expressed thought is made manifest in the form of public control, as well as in the form of personal realization.

Optimism is the joyfulness of the luxurious. Pessimism is the lament of the aimless and the hopeless. Individualism, allied with Altruism, is the inspiration of the positive labor of the virile man or woman who works, as well as dreams, or despairs. Mental selfishness or spiritual flabbiness, are destructive of real individuality. Let us be joyful that we can learn from our sorrows and pains, from the evils and wrongs around us, their lesson, which is that practical, positive minded individualism is not inconsistent with the purest altruism, and then, applying our knowledge to the reform of our laws, social system, trade, commerce, and politics, we may help to build up a state of life on earth for which we may truly have cause to be joyful.

Is It Any Use?

Is it any use to think upon the great problems of life and the universe? Hindoo speculations, Egyptian priests, the Sages of Greece, and the philosophers and intellectuals of later times, with the thinkers of all sorts in the present day, have dabbled in the problems of Being and left them all unsolved, after all Plato and Socrates, Buddha and Jesus and Mahomet, Ann Lee and Mary Baker Eddy have each had their say, and yet the people go on in the more or less accustomed way, and nothing seems absolutely sure except to quote the familiar phrase, "death and taxes," which are certainties alike in Republican America or Autocratic Russia.

Yet it would seem some advance must have been made. The mental labor of the world's greatest thinkers cannot be without effect or results. Animism, Materialism, Dualism, Monism, creation, evolution, miracle, law, chaos, fortuitous aggregation, matter, non-matter, these, with their antithesis, their warring schools of thought, cannot all be correct as possible interpretations of existence, nor do they, apparently, assist us to solve the question of whence came all, including our noble selves.

The subjective speculations of the orient are offset by the objective experimentalism of the occident. The mechanics of the materialist are opposed by the miracles of the Christian. The dualist encounters the monist and the materialist runs against the Spiritualist. Must we say with the man in Dickens' novel, Hard Times, "It's a muddle, it's a muddle, and no one can show the way out? Pride of intellect is a form of personality as disastrous in effect as is pride of spirit, and because we pride ourselves upon our own little knowledge, or on the knowledge of some one whom we deem a little wiser than the rest, we fall into the mistake of supposing our, or his, school of thought the only one that is of any worth. The individualization of schools of thought has led to many curious results, but the least injurious one being the attempt to make a particular school the interpreter of all topics of interest to man. As, for instance, to the Christian there is nothing but Christianity, to the chemist chemistry is all, to the physicist matter is everything, to the Spiritualist spirit is the one thing. In

each case it is the cry of the cobbler—"there's nothing like leather."

But the ever recurring question, from whence came we? where can we look for the answer which answers the enquiry? Pre-existence and reincarnation, New Thought and Christian Science, spirit communications and the so far formulated spiritual philosophy (which is still in the making) give many answers, but a concrete reply is still lacking. The emotional gush of sentimental platitudinarian would-be philosophers is as unsatisfactory as is the wooden rigidity of the regulation materialistic school, the one leads to mush and the other to darkness. The plain fact is that most of our scientific and philosophical are either empirical or pseudo in character, and this is not because the best thought is not put into experiment or speculation, but simply from the fact that man has not yet developed beyond the ability to deal with facts, and so thinks more of a particular set of facts, in which he is personally concerned, than the relation of his facts to all other facts and the underlying causes producing all facts—phenomena. We try to do the work of gods before we can accomplish the duties of sages. We try to become philosophers before we have graduated from college. It is all very well to Emersonianly "hitch our wagon to a star," but who has a rope long enough for the purpose, or a wagon strong enough in which to take the trip?

The fault of the times is we aim too high and our shots miss every time. Spiritualists may say, it is better to aim high than not at all. True, in a sense, but if you cannot hit anything why aim at all? You waste your ammunition, wear out your gun, and accomplish little or nothing for all your shooting. This is, as already suggested, a factarian age. The average man or woman is only capable of dealing with facts, the faculty of generalization is a rare one today. Those who have it see as leaders of men's thoughts. In our own movement Davis, Tuttle and Maria M. King stand out as the best examples of the matter in hand. But it is the collating and unifying of their truly remarkable labors—rather than in the criticising of them—that we shall realize the tremendous value of this brilliant trio. It is let it be said, after all, of some use to try out the question of whence came we—even if no solution is actually arrived at. The effort makes for mental muscularity and spiritual vitality. But, realizing ones limitations is the best way to prevent any one from making a fool of himself.

No surer way of showing wisdom is to be found than in the doing of small things, and, most of all, in the doing of them well and thoroughly. Why not then wait until you have rope and wagon suitable before hitching to a star, and turn your energies to the needs of the world in which you live—to its sin-sodden men and women, its mental cripples, moral and spiritual degenerates, and thus clear out the sinks and stews which craft, greed and inhuman selfishness create and uphold. When we have a truly human people on the earth, and right and justice prevail on all sides, then men may evolve those higher capabilities which will enable them to deal with the deeper questions of being. But the work above outlined must be thoroughly accomplished first. Who says Not?

The Translation of the Deacon.

(Continued from page 1.)

of the deacon; and he had ever had an unconfessed fondness for her. As Jane, with something akin to humor in her shaking mist, withdrew, the soul took delight in the thought that such blessed communion could be repeated, that after all such intercourse was as chaste as the commingling of two beams of light, as it certainly was as invigorating as ever it had found the minds which used to make their way over West Mountain.

VIII.

And now it was to be given the soul to commune with the One, for was not He turning toward it? A moment, and they were together. Oh, the joy of it! Surely this was He. Was He not saying, "Father," as though to turn his thought toward the Eternal Source, the Life which reveals not itself save through the Son? How like Him to do this! Was He not during His earthly life ever doing this very thing? Yes, again he speaks, "Father." But now, O the wonder of it! "Father, this is your wayward boy Tom."

The ineffable peace possessed the mist as it blended with that of the son in loving embrace. The music of the knowledge of the kinship, which had not been expressed in words, but had been silently covered, had given a strange thrill, which became rapturous as soul was absorbed in soul. And now, at last the new life of ineffable peace and joy had begun indeed for the emancipated spirit of the old deacon. It had begun and it had begun, as he had himself reflected, how little after all lay behind him; and how much before him! How many new and wonderful experiences were to be his! How glorious it was to discover one's self an explorer and actor on such an illimitable stage, to have solar systems for pastures, worlds for ant hills, and satellites for flowers; and to know that he could roam whither he would and absorb as he roamed the wisdom and garnered lore of multitudinous hosts of spirits, wiser and better than was he! And what blessed missions he had to perform for needy souls, many of whom were still in the thralls of the flesh or in the bitterer thralls of narrow and inadequate systems of thought! All this he could do as easily as a centre of divine effluence of creative energy, a part of the immortal God. Never to weary, never to wane, never to relax, never to cease to be and to what the laward propulsion moved him to be and do; this was to be his lot, a fate glorious beyond all its wildest dreams in the days of earthly vassalage and discipline. No longer was he to need tools; implements could be ignored. The will was to accomplish the purpose; the wish was to perform the deed. Thought itself was to be a power; yet was it to be exercised incessantly, as well as imperiously. So began the

translated deacon's new life. His reflections which enabled him to unify his sensations put him in the way of a joyous prolongation of the delightful experiences which were to be his forever and forever more.

Review of Passing Events.

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

DARK SPOTS ON THE SUN OF INTELLIGENCE.

There is a whole on exhibition in Baltimore and the Sun of that city takes occasion to preach a sermon to those who disbelieve the story of Jonah and the Whale. That story has furnished a bone of contention, and been taken seriously or humorously according to the mentality of the receivers. Understood as a Solar myth, a folk-lore story, it is a pleasing portion of the child literature of the ancient world. As a divinely inspired writing it is an amusing story from the delightfully ingenious manner with which it narrates impossible occurrences.

It appears that some visitors to the whale have expressed the thread-bare criticism that the whale's throat was too small to swallow a man, and therefore the Bible is not true. The objection is shallow, for the Bible does not say a whale swallowed Jonah, but a big fish! It is entirely gratuitous to say it was a whale.

The Writer of the Sun editorial is deeply incensed at the attempt to explain this miracle. He says it would be more difficult for God to enlarge the throat of a whale than to create "all things." He says:

"The Bible withstood triumphantly the attacks of Voltaire and Hume. Having come that, those who believe in it and love it have nothing to fear from the small fry critics who cannot see how an almighty power could prepare a fish to work his will. Upon the Bible as a sure foundation rests every hospital, every church, every institution of charity in the land."

When the editor of a great daily writes in such a strain, we call it a blot on the intelligence of his city and the age. He has been asleep ten times as long as Rip Van Winkle and has not awakened.

That all hospitals and institutions of charity are founded by the church on the Bible, is constantly reported, yet is quite untrue. These institutions are, as they should be, with few exceptions, maintained by the government.

There is no question that an infinite God could enlarge a whale's throat to allow a man to pass, and sustain that man three days in the fish's maw. He could finish a whale's stomach into a Pullman sleeper with a buffet and all modern improvements.

THE QUERY IS: DID HE DO SO?

If such rot is popular in Baltimore, it shows a dormancy of intellect quite appalling.

The conclusion is noteworthy:—"If any reader of the Sun desires to witness a miracle inestimably greater and more marvelous than that of Jonah and the Whale, let them arise early tomorrow morning at twenty minutes before five o'clock and look in the east."

If they should do as recommended, would they see a miracle? On the contrary, they would see the Supreme Activity and Power of Law, which never swerves or deviates a hair's breadth for all the prayers and intercessions of man or the interference of God.

On the other hand we have a whale, said to be in a sea which whales never enter, and God specially stretching its throat that it may swallow Jonah, because the said Jonah has offended the Supreme Ruler of the Universe!

In the density of his ignorance this editor opposes Spiritualism. It would be presumed that he would. Ignorance always opposes it.

"WHAT SAY THE SCRIPTURES ABOUT SPIRITUALISM?"

A "marvelous work" would have been accomplished had there been established a spiritual publishing house for the distribution of its literature, putting forth the efforts which characterize the "Watch Tower, Bible and Tract Society." Special efforts of this society have been made among Spiritualists. Numerous tracts and pamphlets have been so distributed. The distribution has been so wide as to be something wonderful. These attacks have been from Bible grounds, severe, unscrupulous, dishonest and intensely bigoted.

The latest, bearing the above title, is a stronger and enlarged edition. Copies have been sent to me from California, Washington and Maine, showing that the book has been widely read, and the harm it will do by its misrepresentations and falsehoods cannot be measured. It is difficult to meet such attacks. Those who read these screeds do not see the spiritual papers and remain in ignorance that any reply has been made.

The only way is by the same means—the sending out literature showing what Spiritualism really is. If some Spiritualist should be moved, like Rockefeller or Carnegie, to apply even a small fund in this direction, immeasurable good would be accomplished.

FOR HIGHER EDUCATION.

That latest gift of ten millions of dollars of Rockefeller for higher education means a great deal to the smaller colleges which have been living at a dying rate. We confess that we fail to grasp the meaning of "higher education." The highest education we comprehend is not that which stuffs the head with Greek idioms or with crumbly scientific facts; that makes boat-crews, foot-ball bullies and athletes. Rather is it a full and complete development of character into ideal womanly and manly excellence. It is an education which is loving kindness, thoughtfulness of others; not only self-helpfulness but helpfulness to those requiring aid! The highest education is a development of the spirit, and makes the curriculum of the schools secondary to its purpose. We do not suppose the authorities will sneer at the money as "tainted." It may have been wrong from the sinews of toil, or represent concrete tears of want, yet it will bring good value if rightly employed.

There is, however, always something to be thankful for. We may be greatly thankful in this case that the standard millionaire is a Protestant. We would be exceedingly glad if he were a liberal or Spiritualist, but as he is not, we rejoice that he is a Protestant and not a Catholic. If he were the latter, and taken the fact to give vast amounts to sectarian Catholic schools and other institutions, he would give an irrevocable sett to the popular content in that direction.

The possibility of such an occurrence is appalling. A vital blow might thus be struck at the freedom of the nation.

PHIETLY ADVICE.

A letter comes from a preacher, one Ogilvie, full of warning and advice, all well meant, no doubt, but in a patronizing style characteristic of such efforts. He attempts to disprove Spiritualism by the Bible. He brings forward the stock matter of the "Witch of Endor," and says she was proven an impostor, because "when God sent Samuel to put her to shame," she was "frightened nearly out of her wits." If the Bible is to be quoted as authority, it should be quoted correctly. Was the "Woman of Endor" frightened because Samuel appeared, or because

as soon as she entered the clairvoyant state she recognized that which she knew had been perverting to the death all her kind? The answer will convict the minister of the Gospel of purpose or ignorance in distorting the language of his Bible.

His Bible quotations are so prolific that they cannot be here introduced, but his conclusions are brief—

"If man seeks to receive this intercourse in forbidden ways, we may fairly presume it is Satanic aid, and for the furtherance of Satan's purposes. There is no satisfactory evidence that men talk with the departed. The effect of such efforts is sinful, being 'contrary to Scripture.'"

In conclusion he says by way of consolation—

"Christ did (converse with spirits) and probably was comforted and strengthened thereby. We may if God furnishes like occasion, otherwise we seek it at peril of our souls."

Here is a gleam of truth. Certainly Christ conversed with spirits. The disciples were ministered unto. There is not a Bible of modern mediumship not found in the phrase, "God furnishes the occasion"—in the language of theology—to us, when our departed friends come near and intensely desire to manifest their presence.

The occasion is as urgent as when Moses and Elias appeared on the Mount of Transfiguration.

After this admission, argument of his long and dependent contention appears as a waste of time.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS. Beautiful Scenery and Wonderful Works of Nature.

The White Mountains of New Hampshire are famous the country over as America's most beautiful summering section. The awe-inspiring and wonderful scenery; the magnificent grandeur of these "Crystal Hills"; the numerous handiwork of nature—interesting ravines; high mountain cliffs; wonderful, gorgeous, towering peaks; the marvelous profile in rock of the "Old Man" in Profile Notch and the figure of the White Horse of North Conway. There is something new to see every day in the mountains. The hotels range from the most palatial and sumptuous hostleries in the country to delightful boarding houses and cozy cottages and camps. Visit the mountains on your vacation! You will then realize the magnificent scenery of New England and a beautiful portfolio containing choice half-tone reproductions of the handiwork of nature scenes, entitled "Mountains of New England," will be mailed to any address by the General Passenger Department, Boston & Maine Railroad, Boston, upon receipt of six cents, and a descriptive book, profusely illustrated and containing a detailed description of the mountains, will be sent upon receipt of two cents in stamps; also a colored "Bird's Eye View of the Mountains as seen from the Summit of Mount Washington," will be sent upon receipt of six cents in stamps; or the whole for fourteen cents.

Transition of Dr. E. D. Babbitt.

The transition of Dr. Edwin Dwight Babbitt, says the Light of Truth, will come as a blow to the cause of Spiritualism. He passed away at his residence in Rochester, N. Y., June 23, aged 75 years.

Dr. Babbitt was struck by a trolley car recently, injuring him seriously, but not dangerously. A dropical tendency which had lingered about him was hastened by the accident and he succumbed. The body was taken to Dayton, Ohio, for interment.

The keynote of Dr. Babbitt's life may be taken from one of his published works. It is this: "One of my most cherished objects in life is the development of a grander manhood, a more beautiful womanhood and a happier condition of humanity as a whole."

The College of Fine Forces was founded in 1883 and Dr. Babbitt was dean of the college. We believe, from the commencement. He was a pronounced Spiritualist, a great medium; and a writer of books.

Dr. Babbitt's greatest work is "The Principles of Light and Color." Following this was his "Religion," a profound literary and historical work. Later in life he began the publication of "Human Culture and Cure," in six parts, and had completed five volumes. Numerous lesser books make up the library of useful and important information that this indefatigable worker has left as a legacy to the world.

Dr. Babbitt recently established himself and his work under the name Academy of Higher Sciences, in Rochester, N. Y. His long life and experience have made him an authority on many scientific subjects, some of which he has discovered—or, rather, his spirit guides disclosed to the world through him.

His was a scientific mind trained to exactness, lofty purpose and purity of character. As a teacher he was sympathetic though exacting, and he drew out of the pupil all there was in him, or her, imbuing the product with his own clarity and inspiring atmosphere.

To Our Patrons.

As Mr. Frank Cochran, lately in our service as stenographer and typewriter, has severed his connection with us, this is to notify all concerned that he has no authority to act for, or represent, this paper or its publishers in any capacity whatever. Signed: Irving F. Symonds, General Manager of "Banner of Light," June 10, 1905.

Movements of Platform Workers.

G. W. Kates and wife have engagements as follows:—Lake Pleasant, Mass., Camp, July 30 to August 4; Unity Camp, Saugus, Mass., August 6 to 13; Vicksburg, Mich., Camp, August 15 to 20; Tekonsha, Mich., August 22 and 23; Haslett Park Camp, Mich., August 25 to September 3; Decatur, Mich., September 10 to 12; Conestoga, Ohio, September 17 to 24; their permanent address is Thornton, Delaware Co., Pa.

W. J. Colville lectured to two good audiences in Pythian Hall, Seattle, Wash., on Sunday, July 3. On the following day he delivered the first of a short course of lectures in the hall of the Theosophical Society. After a brief visit to Victoria and Vancouver he is proceeding direct to Boston to fulfill his engagement at Onset on Sunday, July 30.

Campmeeting News.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.
Albert P. Blinn, Special Correspondent and Agent for the Banner of Light.

The warm July days make one long to leave the city and get out into the country, and as a result Lake Pleasant has had a large influx of campers during the past week. The fact that the dancing pavilion is in full operation, that all the stores, restaurants and hotels are open and that excellent meetings are being held every Sunday, all tends to bring the early visitor.

The Fourth of July passed off very pleasantly and very fortunately, for we had no accidents, though there are hosts of young people and children here. Our boys (the "Scalpers") inaugurated proceedings at 12.05 a. m. with a salute to their new club house, following it with a visit to the grounds and surrounding the various prominent camps.

Promptly at 9 a. m. with the Turners Falls Drum Corps in the lead, the "Horribles" commenced their annual parade. It certainly was something marvelous to behold—patriotic, awe inspiring, grotesque, mirth-inspiring. The costumes and make-up were of great variety and of various shades. Mrs. Blinn made an excellent "cuddled person," while Albert Valentine was an Indian of Indians. The selections by the orchestra, composed of the children of the Rising Family, were very good. The parade closed with a salute to Landlord's Yacht at the Lake Pleasant Hotel.

Dancing was enjoyed afternoon and evening in the pavilion under the direction of Manager Stratton and a splendid display of fireworks was given on the Bluff in the evening.

On Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock the Children's Lyceum held its first session for this season. Mrs. S. A. Kimball, conductor, presided and was assisted by Mrs. Jordan of Fitchburg and Mrs. Sanger of Waltham. A large number of children were present and the exercises were very interesting. It was the largest attended opening session ever held, and the officers feel that this will be the banner year for Lyceum work here.

The grounds never looked prettier and no year has ever witnessed so much being done in repairs, painting and building. The new platforms to the public walks and the painting of them are finished. The sills have been put under the verandas of the hotel. The painting of the pavilion is completed and thirty-one cottages have received dresses of new paint. Mr. McKenna is completing the work on his cottage on Broadway, which, with its additions, new piazza and fresh paint, is now one of the show places on the grounds.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Jordan have made extensive improvements on their cottage on Fifth Avenue, and Frank L. Fletcher is doing the same to his home at the foot of Lyman Street. The improved appearance of the cottage and those owned by Mr. J. W. Wheeler, Ansel Harrington, Wm. H. Flint and Mrs. J. A. Steele make the lower part of Montague Street very attractive.

The club house of the "Scalpers" has been shingled and thoroughly renovated and preparations are now being made to paint it. Our popular hair dresser and manicure artist arrived this week with his family, and is doing a thriving business in his parlors adjoining the hotel.

The meeting held on July 2d with Miss Harlow as speaker was better attended than any since on the opening Sunday of the camp for several seasons.

Among the recent arrivals were Mrs. H. V. Chapin, Mrs. and Mrs. Cooper, Mr. Charles Barron, Miss Bessie Bickford, Miss Bessie Dyon, Mr. and Mrs. Dodge, Mrs. Freeman and daughter, Dr. and Mrs. Burroughs, L. F. Crafts, Wm. C. Pomeroy, Byron Loomis, Miss Ida Wiggins, Mrs. L. J. Fields, Geo. C. Allen and family and Mrs. Van Buson.

The grocery store opened July 2 for the season with Mr. Harry Stratton in charge.

The selections rendered by Stratton's Orchestra each evening always attract a large gathering and the seats in front of headquarters are always crowded on such occasions.

The dances are well patronized. A few cottages are still for rental, also rooms—Albert P. Blinn, clerk, special correspondent and agent for the "Banner of Light."

Mount Pleasant, Clinton, Iowa.

To enjoy that peace which surpasseth all understanding an occasional change of scene is almost essential, and there is not a spot more inviting than our own Mount Pleasant Park. The meeting of new people, listening to finely framed sermons, the gaining of new subjects for thought and conversation, getting nearer to Nature's heart by listening to the "tongues in trees," has a tendency to recuperate wasted energy, and send us back to our little world with renewed hope, fresh vitality and a desire to live a better life for ourselves and a greater help to our neighbor.

The spirit of prophecy is pointing to a successful camp and the management is putting forth every effort toward the fulfilling of the prophecy.

Our program is a strong one from beginning to end. Hon. W. J. Bryan will deliver his popular lecture, "The Prince of Peace," on opening day for the benefit of the Association. As he has been styled "The most persuasive orator in all history," a rare treat is anticipated.

Transportation rates is an important factor, and we thank the Western Passenger Association that we can say to the people that a rate of fare and one-third has been granted on the certificate of purchase from all points in Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska and Missouri. Tickets must show purchase of going on July 27-August 2, inclusive, and on each Tuesday and Friday thereafter during the meeting which begins July 30 and closes August 27. Ask your agent for a certificate when purchasing ticket.

The Diamond Jo line steamers plying the "Father of Waters" between St. Louis and St. Paul has granted one-half fare transportation for round trip from all way landings. These facts reduce the expense of a summer outing very considerably, while each passing moment the scene changes and new charms break upon the raptured gaze.

We are the recipients of many letters of inquiry concerning the mediums who are to be upon the grounds this season. As before stated, the management does not engage, or make a practice of especially inviting any particular phase of mediumship aside from the test mediums that are named on the program. A cordial invitation is extended to all alike to come and be one with us—come and stand upon your own merit. There is nothing in all the world so helpful to the soul's unfoldment as the freedom of the individual. The freedom to express our conviction, for in giving we receive; the freedom to be ourselves, and not slaves to "dead men's opinions," or apes of living ones; the freedom to question everywhere and all times, concerning what we would know, and the freedom to live our own lives according to our highest ideals is the most glorious freedom of all.

I have every assurance there will be mediums at the camp this season who are ready and willing to give to hungry souls that bread of life which will nourish and sustain. Mediums through whose organism the friends from the celestial sphere will come and in communion sweet live over, as it were, many happy incidents of their earth experience. "No good thing is a failure, no evil thing a success."

For programs descriptive of the camp and its work, address: Mrs. M. B. Anderson, sec. Clarksville, Mo.

Temple Heights, Northport, Me.

The annual session of the Temple Heights Spiritual Campmeeting will convene on Saturday, August 13, and continue one week. The speakers will include Edgar W. Webster of Manchester, N. H., Mrs. Effie Webster Chapman of Cambridge, Vt., and Mrs. Julia

Yarrow of Leominster, Mass. Good music will be furnished and there is sure to be a week of pleasure to all.

Mrs. A. H. Rhoades of Rockland, who is one of the directors, and has been very seriously ill all the spring, is steadily recovering and is now occupying her cottage for the summer. She is accompanied by her niece, Mrs. W. B. Hobbs of Belfast, who will remain with her this summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George Benson and Master Paul are occupying the Pleasant View cottage and will care for many visitors to the ground this season as formerly. They have been here since early in April.

Mrs. J. P. Stearns of Lagrange has been spending several weeks at her cottage, Harmony, and will return for the month of August.

Mr. and Mrs. William Lathrop of Boston, who spent the winter here, and have made another visit of several weeks, have gone to Boston for an indefinite stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Collins McCarty of Belfast and grand-daughter, Miss Louise Webber, are at the Veterans' Home and will remain the summer. Mr. McCarty has been very ill during the winter but is in good health now.

The Bagley and Hadley cottage has been repaired and painted this season and is now looking very neat. The cottage is prettily located and will be occupied by the two families this season.

It is expected that the music this year will be furnished by a quartet of voices and an effort will be made to introduce some new features in the week's program which will be interesting.

Mrs. Henry A. Boynton of Rockport has opened her cottage and has been domiciled here some weeks. She is accompanied by Miss Nellie Haskell and Mrs. William North of Rockport who will spend the summer with her.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Black of Bucksport are occupying the small Benson cottage which they have rented for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Lower of Detroit will be among the visitors during the camp session at Temple Heights this year. They have sold their farm and this fall will go to California to make their home.

Many will be pleased to know that Mrs. Juliette Yarrow will return to grace our platform this year. Mrs. Yarrow was one of the early workers at Temple Heights and she has many friends there yet.

Sickness in the home of the writer since our return from the South in the spring has prevented earlier letters, but more will follow.

Orrin J. Dickey.

Sunapee Lake, N. H.

Will you allow me to say through the columns of the "Banner of Light" that our campmeeting will be held at the well-known Blodgett's Landing, N. H., and will commence on Sunday, July 30, and continue until August 27. The committee have made every possible arrangement for the success of the gathering by providing a list of good speakers and mediums, among whom may be mentioned Mrs. Sadie L. Hain and Edgar W. Emerson, each of whom are well-known throughout the United States. A cordial invitation is extended to all and a warm welcome will greet everyone upon arrival. Every opportunity will be presented for believers to find comfort and enquirers to investigate the truths of our beautiful philosophy. The officers desire to make this year a success in every way, but they cannot do this without the co-operation of the people, so it is hoped that old friends and new will gather to their support, and if each visitor who comes will induce another one to attend, we shall have the best campmeeting of the series. All letters of enquiry may be addressed to the undersigned at Blodgett's Landing, N. H., after July 25th, previous to which time letters may be addressed to me at Hillsboro Bridge, N. H.—Lorenzo Worthen.

Queen City Park Campmeeting will open July 30, the season probably closing the first week in September, as usual.

Dr. S. N. Gould of Randolph, Vt., arrived June 10 and opened the Pine Tree cottage. Mr. and Mrs. James Crosssett arrived June 28, opening their cottage for the season. Mr. and Mrs. John Eastwood and daughter May are occupying their cottage this season. Miss Agnes Truax has opened her cottage and will reside at the park for the present. Landlord Hatch is finishing his new nine-room cottage on North avenue, and having extensive repairs made on the foundation of the hotel.

Rev. B. F. Austin and Mrs. Reseque of Hartford are among the speaker delegates, the latter filling a number of dates after the second week in August.—Cor.

Mrs. J. G. Sargent and daughter, Gladys, from Ludlow, arrived the past week and opened their cottage for the season.

Other recent arrivals who have opened their cottages are Mrs. Susan Ferguson and daughter, Mrs. Monte Pratt of Port Henry; Mrs. P. M. Meant and daughter, Beatrice, of Lincoln; and A. A. Pelton of Rutland, who will spend the summer with Mrs. Ferguson.

It is reported on good authority that Dr. E. A. Smith is very low, and expected to pass on within a few days. He sustained a paralytic shock last spring.

Official program of the campmeeting will be issued next week.—Cor.

Onset Notes.

Many will be pleased to know that Onset will open its campmeeting in just two weeks, the first meeting being held Sunday a. m., July 23, and the speaker will be Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, president Mass. State Assn. All the members that can should avail themselves of this opportunity to hear Dr. Fuller. In the afternoon Mrs. N. J. Willis will occupy the platform. It being the first opportunity to hear this grand speaker at Onset for a long time, every seat in the large auditorium should be occupied. Her friends should give her a great reception. Let it be a grand opening day at good old Onset.

The hotels are fast filling up and the cottages are letting fast. Very few good ones remain vacant. If you are thinking of getting a cottage you ought to speak quick.

The friends of the N. S. A. will be glad to know that the secretary, Mrs. Mary T. Longley, will speak twice at Onset this year, Sunday, Aug. 20, and Friday, Aug. 24.

Everything is looking fine and the camp could open today if necessary. The management are looking forward for a fine season.

We will meet at Onset.

Letter from W. J. Colville.

While thanking the "Banner of Light" for publishing my Notes of Travel, whenever I have found time for a few jottings, I would desire to make public my sincere appreciation of the generous reception accorded to me in Portland, Oregon, during the four weeks I stayed there. Day by day, as the crowd of visitors to the Lewis and Clark Exhibition increased, and delegates to the many congresses and conventions swarmed in from all over the land, and from many countries beyond the pale of Uncle Sam's dominions, I found faces in my always highly representative audiences, meetings of old friends being quite frequent.

Mrs. Lucy Mallory, in whose Advance Thought hall and library the bulk of my meetings were held, has kept that valuable centre of operations open freely to the public for nineteen years (since 1886) and one of the truly remarkable features of the lecture room is the condition of the carpet which still looks fresh and strong despite the incessant service it has been compelled to render. From her beautiful suburban home Mrs. Mallory brings in baskets of choice flowers in great variety and with these the auditorium is always lavishly adorned.

Meetings of all descriptions of an educational and elevating character are held at 125 Sixth Street and to the reading room in the basement visitors eagerly turn for the best and newest spiritual and progressive literature. The Equal Suffrage Association meets there every Saturday and from present indications it appears that Oregon will soon unite with Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, and Utah in rendering their just dues to the female sections of its population.

The Congregational Church, which seats 1,200 persons, has been filled to the doors during the past few days to hear the stirring address of Rev. Anna Shaw, Mrs. Chapman Catt, Lucy Stone Blackwell, Charlotte Perkins Gilman and a host of other cultured and highly eloquent women, led by that brave pioneer, Susan B. Anthony, who now, at the advanced age of 84 years, has lost none of her old time charm.

The Exposition grows in beauty continually, it is now far more worth a visit than it was a month ago. And at night it is simply entrancing in loveliness. The most extraordinary novelty I witnessed is the seeing telephone. This invention promises to be one of the greatest marvels of the age for, though at present in an incomplete condition, it is quite sufficiently in working order to satisfy all reasonable demands within a limited distance. It is very easy to see the time on the dial of an ordinary watch, and to detect details of clothing, such as rings and scarf pins, worn by persons who are communicating with your verbally through this mysterious instrument.

It was with great reluctance I bade farewell to Portland and started for Seattle on Saturday, July 1, after having answered questions for three hours in the hall where numerous friends gathered at my farewell meeting and presented me with tokens of their friendship and esteem.

I find Seattle wonderfully grown and apparently very prosperous. Splendid new buildings are rapidly supplanting the unsightly structures of the old rough frontier days: Business blocks fourteen stories high almost emulate the "skyscrapers" of Eastern cities. The new library is a beautiful structure, and handsome homes charmingly situated in elevated districts have multiplied since my visit in October, 1903. July is a vacation month in Seattle and many residents are away from home. Nevertheless I have found plenty of people interested in psychic problems and general reformatory topics to furnish me with excellent audiences.

The Fourth was a noisy day as usual, but so beautiful are the parks, and so invigorating the excursion by water, in this romantic neighborhood that the populace were surely benefited by their fervid celebration of the great patriotic anniversary. I was privileged to address a splendid audience on that occasion of "Ideal Democracy."

Hoping soon to greet many "Banner" readers at Onset, and other Eastern readers, permit me to remain as ever your sincere well-wisher.

Seattle, Wash., July 4, 1905.

A Notre Dame Lady.

I will send free with full instructions, some of this simple preparation for the cure of Leucorrhoea, Ulceration, Displacements, Falling of the Womb, Scanty or Painful Periods, Tumors or Growths, Hot Flashes, Desire to Cry, Creeping feeling up the Spine, Pain in the Back, and all Female Troubles, to all sending address. To mothers of suffering daughters I will explain a Successful Home Treatment. If you decide to continue it will only cost about 12 cents a week to guarantee a cure. Tell other sufferers of it, that is all I ask. If you are interested write now and tell your suffering friends of it. Address Mrs. M. Summers, Box 337, Notre Dame, Ind.

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Seattle, Wash., July 4, 1905.

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Our Home Circle.

EDITED BY
MINNIE RESERVE SOULE.

The Water Lily.

Water Lily, Water Lily—
Sweet you are and fair,
Your petals white and heart of gold,
Which leaves of seashell tint enfold
Make a picture rare.

Dark the water is beneath you,
Swift it runs and strong,
Yet there you lie serene and still
Heeding nothing, fearing no ill,
Bucant all day long.

Each breeze that ripples the river
Stirs your leafy nest;
Currents sweep onward to the sea,
By them shaken your roots must be
Yet you lightly rest.

What is your secret, sweet Lily?
Could I but know,
Then stronger and safer I'd be,
When tossed on life's stormy sea,
And rough winds blow.

Swift came the answer from Lily,
Clear, but softly low:
"Down in the depths a river bed
Held firm the roots while up I sped
To the sun's glow.

"When first I thought of the journey
So dark seemed the way;
The work was hard, the task was great;
Of I murmured 'tis hard to wait
And grow to the day.

"And when my strength was almost gone
And great fear was mine,
Beyond the dark, above the stream
Sometimes, though dim, I caught the gleam
Of the dear sunshine.

"And when the dark shut out the light,
In night did I grope,
Up I climbed as fast as I could
After the light which had been good
With trust and with hope.

"The rushing water of the stream
But made me more strong,
And while the blossom of my life
Is above the wave, above the strife,
My life-roots are long.

"Rooted in earth my flower seed,
Sunward looking though,
Rises through mud and tangled weed,
Through rushing tides, till 'tis indeed
A perfect lily-bloom."

M. M. S.

A Link in Our Golden Chain.

OUT FROM THE HEART OF
MOTHERS THE STRONGEST RELIGIOUS
TRAINING WILL FOREVER
COME.—Rev. Howard N. Brown.

The school year is done and the days of vacation are at hand. Now the little children will people the streets of the suburbs and their merry voices will shout in play and the hot little faces will shine with delight as they revel in the luxury of freedom from teachers and tiresome books.

Now it is the mother's task to entertain and devise methods of employment for the active minds of the growing boys and girls, and many a mother dislikes the duty.

It is such a relief to some overworked mothers to know that the children are in school and that the responsibility of entertainment and care is on some one else for a few hours in the day that the long vacation is looked forward to with something akin to dread.

"Oh, dear!" cries a nervous and impatient woman, "I just hate vacations for I can't get anything done I have to watch the children so closely. I expect every minute that Johnny will be run over by an automobile or that something dreadful will happen to Willie."

To the mother who is happy in her motherhood and whose strong spirit finds joy in every moment of care bestowed on her darling, such a state of dread can hardly be understood and yet in the heart of each of those women the purpose and desire is the same.

The protection and happiness of the babies in their keeping.

One mother takes the responsibility in confidence and trust and the other with fear and impatience.

What makes the difference?

Environment, education and temperament; any one or all of these things may play a part but the result is the same, either a strong, well poised woman or a weakling. We all, especially we women who are mothers, or are interested in the children, desire the well-poised life and from time to time we wrestle with ourselves and the problems that confront us and in deep humility make promise to our souls that we will attain it.

It is certainly no unusual thing to see a woman with very many children and a very little money rise to dignity and grace through the very responsibilities of motherhood, and it is no more unusual to see a woman with wealth and one baby grow into a petulant and fractious bit of femininity because some pet plan has been interfered with through her maternity.

Money, education, or position alone will never protect any one from making into the small and mean life and poverty, pain, un-cultured surroundings or many petty cares can never force one from the high estate of spiritual peace.

A strong, beautiful woman who wears the crown of motherhood in stateliness and grace, who can rule the kingdom of her home with gentleness, patience and firmness, may be no unusual personality if only the understanding of the spiritual possibilities can be established in the mind.

Tell that woman who is yanking and jerking her little boy across the street until his little arms are in danger of being dislocated that she ought to be ashamed of her unmotherly action and she will probably tell you that it is her child and you had better mind your own business.

Dare to suggest to that mother who knows no other way to keep her little girl quiet except to constantly utter in the most injured tone, "Don't, Don't, you make mamma's head ache," that she is kindling a fire of restless activity in the life of her baby that will one day consume all the goodness left in her heart, and she will whisper out her distress and ask you what she can do when her head is so tired.

There is probably no reason to doubt the love of the mother who yanks or the mother who whines, but there are moments when the cares of life and the strain and stress of keeping things moving brings into prominence the fact that the real life, the life of the spirit, is an unreality to them.

Ah, when will women cease the starvation process of getting ahead?

When will mothers learn where the source of power lies?

Wrecked homes and wretched lives are forever telling the story of the starved and famished spirits of mankind and still the mothers who hold the nations in their bosoms move on unheeding and never lift the latch of the storehouse where rich treasure lies.

Come, mothers, with your babies and see the rich supply of heavenly manna and take without money and without price, freely and unattested of the power that moves the world.

You need not leave your homes, miserable though they may be, or perchance luxuriously adorned with wood and tapestries, for the treasure-house of the spirit is built into the life of every one and the Will unlocks the door.

Take the little people entrusted to your keeping and have a circle with them every day of this long vacation.

Make it a part of the vacation happiness for them and for you.

You will find a new joy in life as you take them by the hand and tell them about the wonderful spirit of love which encircles the universe and is expressed in leaf and flower and birds and babies.

One of the very practical results will be the better physical condition both for yourself and the children, for love creates joy and joy creates patience and patience brings peace and peace is the keynote of health.

Fifteen minutes spent close to the hearts of the children regularly and religiously every day will establish an intimate relationship between them and beautiful guardian spirits.

Fifteen minutes spent each day with the children with no secret about these good people in the other life, will make natural and sincere the relationship with spirits, and what can a mother bequeath to her children of as much value as love and loving friend whose counsels will be heeded, whose companionship will be sought?

And what will help a mother to that perfect spiritual poise so much yearned after as the knowledge that through her earnest endeavor such a friend and counselor has been found.

Don't try to do God's work and leave him without occupation; but don't expect to shut the door in the face of His angels and be flooded with the glory and joy which only their presence can bring.

What Peggy Lent.

Peggy watched Mrs. Toomey go away with a look of relief on her tired face.

"O mother," Peggy said, "I wish I could lend something to somebody, too!"

"Well, why not?" said her mother cheerily. "Truly?"

Peggy hurried to the door, but Mrs. Toomey's calico dress was just a little blur of dingy red in the distance. It was too late to call her back.

"And there isn't anybody else with seven little mites of children and a landlord," Peggy said, coming back into the kitchen slowly.

"Besides," she added, as a sudden afterthought, "I spent my money yesterday—I forgot."

Mother smiled. "Never mind, dear heart," she said, "there are other people to lend to besides Mrs. Toomey, and plenty of other things to lend besides money. Now run out on the veranda steps and eat your luncheon."

It was cool and shady out there; but just outside the reach of the great leafy branches of the lime-tree how sunny and hot! Peggy munched her cake and pitied the people going up and down the street. She made believe the avenue was the Desert of Sahara, and it really did make a good one. There was such a wide stretch of glaring white dust to cross from curb to curb. Only of course—Peggy laughed at the idea—of course there wasn't a steady procession of camels going up and down the Desert of Sa'rah! On the avenue the camels mean the horses and cars—went back and forth all day.

"There goes that blind music teacher; he's going to cross the Desert of Sa'rah," mused Peggy lazily. "He always stops a long time and listens first. I shouldn't like to cross the Desert of Sa'rah in the pitch dark either—my, no!"

Out on the curbstone the blind man waited and listened. His face was turned toward Peggy sidewise, and it looked anxious and uncertain. There were so many wheels rumbling by!

"He's going to give Tillie Simmons a music lesson."

But Peggy never finished that word. A sudden wave of pity swept over her. The next moment the blind man on the corner felt a little hand slip to his arm and a shy voice was saying something in his ear.

"It's me—I'm Peggy," it said. "I'll lead you 'cross the Desert of Sa'rah just as soon as that 'lectric car goes by—there, now!"

Together they crossed the wide, hot avenue in a whirl of dust. Peggy's bare yellow head caught the sunlight like a nugget of gold. On the further curbing she slipped away and ran across again. By and by she remembered the return trip the blind man must take.

"I'm going back there and wait for him, so's not to miss him," she decided promptly. And away she flew.

But it was hot—my!—on the other side of the avenue! There was no tree there, and Peggy thought it wouldn't be polite to sit on other people's doorsteps.

Tillie Simmons takes pretty long music lessons, she thought, with definite sympathy for Tillie and a general compassion for everybody else who had to wait around on sunny avenues without a hat on.

The return trip across the Desert of Sahara was made safely, and the blind man plodded his careful way home with a happy spot in his heart. And Peggy—Peggy went home with a glad spot too. She had never thought to be glad for her eyes before.

Mother opened the window and beckoned to Peggy. "Well, was it as nice as you thought, dear?" she said, smilingly.

"What was what as nice, mother?" asked puzzled Peggy.

"Leading things to people."

"Why—why, I haven't lended a single thing to anybody, mother!"

"No, not a single thing—two things, dear. I think you must have enjoyed it very much." Peggy looked decidedly astonished. What in the world had she lent to anybody? Two things, mother said.

"Oh!" cried Peggy, suddenly, laughing up at her mother. Then her face sobered and grew grave.

"Yes—oh, yes, I liked it," she said. Annie Hamilton Donnell.

Fortunate He Was Tall.

Mr. Michael McDonagh, in his "Irish Life and Character," gives this instance of Irish simplicity in dealing with the physician.

short step. Besides, a thrashing raises his anger, sours his disposition, and causes him to become sensitive and withdraw his confidence from his parent as well as all mankind. I believe that 50 per cent. of the criminals have been made so by the rod in childhood. I believe that if a child ever needed a thrashing the fault lay with the parent or guardians.—R. Heckle, in The Press Writer.

How a Family Was Scattered.

The beautiful gray squirrels in our large parks are a constant source of entertainment to children and grown-ups as well. The Boston Transcript gives this sketch of a harrowing experience in squirrel family life.

A large oak-tree had become rotten with age and was cut down with considerable labor. In one of the hollow branches a squirrel family had established comfortable winter quarters, and their contentment when the blows began to fall upon the base of the trunk was pathetic. They raced back and forth in wild procession, jumping from tree to tree along the row and back again, as though fully conscious of what was going to happen. After the tree was felled, an investigation of the hollow revealed a prodigious and snugly constructed accumulation of cotton and string, sawdust, leaves, bits of wool, wisps of hay, probably taken from a nearby barn, and a quantity of nuts and acorns. Later in the day, after workmen had gone and all was quiet, these stores were diligently removed to another tree hollow, all the members of the family assisting in the removal—a curious and interesting sight which was witnessed from several houses near.—Christian Register.

A Porcupine.

You cannot hurt a porcupine.
Because his sides and back
Are covered with sharp, prickly things,
As pointed as a tack.
Johnny Jones.

The Brick Oven Doll.

Susan Brown Robbins.

Isa came running in from school. "O mamma," she said, "there are some beautiful dolls at Mr. Lawton's store. You don't know how pretty they are! And what do you think? They are only twenty-five cents apiece. Won't you please give me twenty-five cents to buy one with?"

"But, Isa," said her mother, "you have so many dolls now, such a large family. Don't you think you have as many as you can take care of?"

"Oh, no!" said Isa. "I do want one more."

"Well," said her mother, "I am willing you should have it; but you must save up your pennies and pay for the doll yourself."

So for the rest of the week Isa did all the little things she could to earn money, and by Friday night she had five pennies. It was rather discouraging, for at this rate it would take a long time, to earn the other twenty cents.

Every day at noon, after she had eaten her luncheon, Isa went to Mr. Lawton's store and looked in at the show window. She had picked out the doll she wanted, and she had even named her. She was going to be Victoria Matilda, which Isa thought was a most beautiful name.

Saturday morning Isa said, "Mamma, does the junk-man come around today?"

"One comes sometimes Saturdays."

"Can I sell him any pieces of old iron and any bottles I can find?"

Isa's mother said she might, and so she put on her rubbers and went out of doors, and hunted around till she found quite a little pile of horseshoes and other pieces of iron.

Pretty soon she came into the house.

"May I look in the brick oven?" she asked.

"I think there may be something in there."

"Yes," said her mother, "but you must put on an old dress first, for you will probably get dusty."

Now it was only a short time before that Isa's father had bought this old farm-house, and her mother had not really got settled. So, after Isa had rummaged a while in the brick oven, she said to herself, "I'll clean this all out nice for mamma, and then she won't have to do it."

She got a little whisk broom and began to sweep the bottom of the oven and to dig out the corners. Pretty soon a little piece of paper came out of a crack. Isa picked it up and found it was folded into a hard little package, yellow and dust-covered.

"Now I wonder what this is," she said. And she carried it over to the table where her mother was at work doing the Saturday's baking. She picked the paper apart and began carefully to unroll it. Then in a minute she cried out, "Oh! oh! oh!" for there in her hand were two ten-cent pieces.

That afternoon Isa walked to the village carrying her two ten-cent pieces and her five pennies; and she came back, bringing Victoria Matilda with her.—Selected.

Flour Not Made from Wheat.

The Chinese took stuck the end of an ivory chopstick into a small brown biscuit.

"Taste, sir," said he.

"The biscuit was warm, crisp, rich; it was light, well salted, nutritious—a biscuit in a word, of a peculiar excellence."

"This biscuit, sir, is made of flour of lentils," said the Chinaman. "You know lentils? Little green pellets, slightly flattened, like split peas. Lentils are considered the most nutritious of all the foods of the earth. This one lentil biscuit, sir, is equal in nourishing power to a pound and a half of roast beef."

"I took from a tin a little cake."

"Again, taste," he said.

"The little cake was rich and good."

"It is made, sir, of the flour of almonds," said the cook. "Fresh, sweet almonds, ground into a white powder between two millstones. Such a flour is a finer thing than your flour of wheat, eh?"

Then he lifted a great lid and revealed some 30 or 40 compartments, one filled with a pink flour, another with a yellow one, a third with a brown one, a fourth with a white, a fifth with a pale green, a sixth with a blue, and so on.

"All these are Chinese flour," he said. "In China, sir, we make over 50 kinds of flour. We make flour out of rice, out of peanuts, out of beans, out of potatoes, out of sweet potatoes, out of peas, out of cocoanuts, out of millet, out of pulse, out of oats, out of bananas—the fact is, sir, we make flour in China out of everything but wheat, and therefore the coarse, dry, tasteless flour of wheat is useless to us."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Castles.

In Aberdeen can be found a court official who is as good a type of the canny Scot as one would meet anywhere. On a recent occasion an important witness failed to appear, and the judge was furious.

"Why isn't he here?" demanded his honor.

"It's his duty to be here. Where is he?"

The official, with true Scotch cannyness, replied, "Weel, I'll no say for that—but he's dead."—Exchange.

Precept is instruction written in the sand—the tide flows over it and the record is gone. Example is graven on the rock, and the lesson is not soon lost.—Channing.

SPIRIT
Message Department.

MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUM
REPT. OF.

MRS. MINNIE N. SOULE.

By gift of Soules held July 6, 1905, S. E. 07.

In Explanation.

The following communications are given by Mrs. Soule while under the control of her spirit 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 burden wherever it is made known to the world. In the cause of truth, kindly assist us to find those whom you believe may verify them. Many of them are not Spiritualists or subscribers to the "Banner of Light," so may we ask each of you to become a missionary for your particular locality?

INVOCATION.

Out of the shadow into the light we would step at this hour and would bathe in the glory of the Sun of Truth. Away, from all distracting cares and the complexing conditions of life we would hasten that the certainty, peace and poise of the spiritual understanding may come to us. Up from the depths of discouragement we would climb, and all the way climbing we would hold fast to the hand of some one that is steady and stronger than we, and never for an instant, however dark the way, would we loosen our hold or feel that we are strong enough to stand alone. May all the blessed angels, those who have fought the battles of life and have come out victorious and stand with peace crowned brows, be very near to us, and make us to hear their voices through the din and the sound of material things. May we be so eager to catch the message of life, so ready to obey the summons when it is whispered in the ear that we shall become great spirits even as they are. So may we become a staff, a help in time of trouble, a counselor and guide to some who are a little behind us, and who are seeking for the same strong hand that we are reaching for at this hour. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Edwin Draper, Oxbridge.

The first spirit that comes today is a man who is about 50 years old. He is rather tall and slender, eyes that are blue, and his hair is brown with some grey mixed in it. He has grey side whiskers that he has a habit of taking hold of as though he were rather nervous, and expressed it in that way. His name is Edwin Draper, and he comes from Oxbridge, and he says, "Sometimes it seems to us a very small doorway through which so many people must come one at a time only. When you stop to think of the number of men and women who are coming over into this life daily, and that only a half a dozen or so can come at each sitting, you can see what a demand there is for an opportunity to speak at this place. I want to go to Hattie Draper. I have long felt that if lines could be established between husbands and wives, that there would be something more than just the satisfaction of communication. There would be a stronger work done in the world, for the energy that is spent in mourning and suffering could be spent in some better way. I have a boy named Jack, and he will laugh at this effort of mine to come, but he who laughs last, laughs best, so I shall be the one at last to tell him something of the truth of spirit communion, and he will grieve when he knows that he has turned the spirit away so many times. I made quite a success of life if you reckon from material things but it did not count for much here except as I had learnt lessons of industry and patience and frugality. All these things helped to round out my spirit as I found out when I came over here. My mother is with me, and she is eager to tell Fred that she has been with him through his long sickness, and will make him better through the strength that she can bring him from the conditions over here. I do not want to exceed my limit or trespass on your patience, so I will just trust that these words will awaken an interest in the minds of my friends until they cannot rest until they have found out something more of spirit communion. Thank you."

Charles Rendlett, Roxbury, Mass.

There is a spirit that comes here now and he says that his name is Charles Rendlett. He is a carriage maker, or was, for I see all round him the evidences of what his work was. I should not think that he was over 40 or 42 years old. He has very light sandy hair and a reddish face, and seems almost impatient in his manner of getting to me, and he says, "How can I get to Walter and Jennie? I used to live in Roxbury, Mass., and I have many a time turned up my nose at the thought that there were spirits round me. I used to hear them rap around my house and I knew they were there, but I did not think it was worth my while to see what they wanted. If I had paid attention to them, I might have lived a long while longer, for I grew so careless that I took some chances, and I lost and was killed. Never mind. Death was not what I thought it was. It did not knock consciousness out of me, for it seemed to knock it in, for I became more conscious of my real self than I had ever been before. I used to swear and think it was smart to defy the laws of decency. Had no use for religion, no use for any of that namby-pamby sort of goodness and I thought the Spiritualists were a crazy kind of company, and so I did not believe much of anything. But if I could get back, I would give all I am worth, which is not much, according to the way the stocks are running over here. Will you please tell my friends that I would like to do something to see if I could not get into a better condition. If I could make some sort of effort to get people better, perhaps I could escape from this haunting memory of the past. I should like George Willard to know that I am awake to what he is trying to do, and I would like him to suffer what I have suffered until he makes some effort to do something better. My Aunt Mary is right here and she says, 'That is not very Christian-like,' but I told you in the first place that I was no Christian. Dying don't make people Christians any more than living does. That is all, thank you."

Amy Tasker, Ipswich.

There is a spirit here now who says that her name is Amy Tasker, and she says, "Oh,

please make it as easy for me to come as you can. I am so anxious to get to my father. My mother is with me. We used to live in Ipswich, and my father's name is George and if I could only make him understand that mama and I are with him I am quite sure that he would be a good deal happier than he is now. He thought when I died that it was awful, but when mother came over here that was much worse, and so many times she cries and wants to get to him and is just as homesick to get back to the old place as if she had gone across the water and could not get back. My father is a good man and I am sure if he could only have someone tell him about these things he would never turn his nose up at it but would be so happy to know that we came that he would do all he could to help other people to know the truth. Tell him that mama and I both love him as much as we ever did and we know of the things he has done for us. How he has tried to do everything just the same as if we were there. Sometimes he is half conscious that we will be pleased with what he does. I am studying how to come back to people here and how to influence them and how to make them know that their friends are there, and I am going to keep right on until I have made everybody that I can reach happier for my presence. I have seen Horace and Aunt Lizzie and they are together and happy. I thank you very much."

Charles and Abbie Littlefield,

Orange, Mass.

There are two spirits who come now, a man and a woman, and their names are Charles and Abbie Littlefield, and they are from Orange, Mass. This Abbie Littlefield speaks first. She is very prim and quiet and grave in her speech and she says, "Our friends will be very glad to hear from us. We came into this life very near together, and I want to say that everything was done for us to make our homecoming as pleasant and agreeable as it could be. My sister Mary met us and she had been in spirit life so long that she quite understood our needs. Now I would like to send a word to Blanche. Blanche is almost too nervous to understand at once what any manifestation might mean. She would get all sorts of notions about it, thinking perhaps that we might be trying to give her a warning of the death of someone or other or that we might be haunting a certain place, so I have taken this method of communicating with her. Tell her that the change she has made for the summer is very much for the better, and that I expect that Frank will be able to do what he is anxious to do when the fall comes. I have seen Eva many times, and she is still painting everything that she comes across in the same enthusiastic manner that she painted before. I wish that Blanche would try to take the school work easier. It is not a bit of good to fret so, and it might do a good deal of harm. That is all and I thank you."

Richard Graves, Cleveland, Ohio.

There is a spirit here who says his name is Richard Graves, and he says, "I am from Cleveland, Ohio. This is my first attempt and it is not altogether easy for me to speak. I came out of your life into this other without a moment's warning, and it took me a good while to collect myself and get into shape so that I knew where I was. Julia is my daughter, and she was so shocked at my death that she has never recovered. Many times she has felt that she would like to make some investigation, but each time her strength has given out so that she has been unable to do so. I want her to give it up. It would give her no comfort and it would only disturb me. There is nothing that could be done and what is in the past had better be forgotten. I was not as good a father as I might have been, but that is not hindering me from making every effort to bring something of peace and happiness to those I sometimes neglected, when I was nearer to them. I was interested in so many kinds of business and met so many people that it kept me pretty well confined, and my hot temper as a grain of chaff kept me from setting out of life all that I might. Jim Brown has been to see me since I came over and he told me many things that had been said about me that I did not know about because I was not able to see everybody. Jim did not believe it all and he was nearer right than those who swallowed all that was said. I am not unhappy, but I am uneasy sometimes and would give a good deal to straighten matters out, but I just want those who are the least interested in me as I am today, and if there is not something that they can do that would make it possible for me to talk to them face to face. That is all, thank you."

Harry Blaisdell, Boston, Mass.

The next spirit that comes is a man I should think about 32 or 33 years old. He is slim and pale, with eyes like balls of fire. He must have passed out with a great stress. He puts his hands up to his head as though he was practically insane when he went to the spirit world, and he says, "All my people have wondered what became of me. I would not have done what I did if I had not been out of my mind, but what is the use of staying when you are in such pain all the time? I could not see that there was any sense in going on the way I was, and so when they were all asleep, I crept out of the house and did what I did. I suppose you want to know my name. Well, it is Harry Blaisdell, and I am a Boston boy. Oh, it is horrible to live in such pain and to know that there may be no end to it unless you put an end, but the thing that seems so strange is that I find that it was a physical difficulty, that all the headache and all the strain was from the eyes. I used to think sometimes that I was going blind and then I thought it was because my brain was diseased, but it did not take me long to shake off that old condition, and it is only now when I stand here, talking about it that I feel it coming over me as I used to. I have a father here, and he took me by the hand and led me away where I would forget everything I had been through, and now I am just as much interested in bridges as I used to be. I shall do no work of the kind that I started in to do, but I do find my studies in science are helpful to me, for I can calculate and measure and get into a better understanding of the world in which I live today. Q. It is a little world you live in compared to this great one of spirit. There, I have said all I want to and now I will be better, but send my love to Hattie and tell her not to be afraid that anything will happen to her as it did to me. She is all right. Thank you."

Respect your profession, respect your business. Have your heart in your life's work, and be stout-hearted. Do something, set always and do it now. Don't be afraid. A man has been defeated by his doubts, lack of confidence. Take your risks—you cannot eliminate them, you cannot escape them. You can diminish them by dominating them.—Batten's Wedge.

It is a vain thought to flee from the work God appoints us, for the sake of finding a greater blessing to our own souls, as if we could choose for ourselves, where we shall and the fulness of the Divine Presence, instead of seeking it where alone it can be found—in loving obedience.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1906.

Societary News.

Correspondence for this department should be addressed to the Editor, and must reach this office by 4 o'clock on Monday morning, to ensure insertion the same week. We wish to publish all, but our space is limited. Use ink and write plainly.

Boston: City and District.

First Spiritual Church of Boston, Inc., Rev. Clara E. Strong, Sunday, July 9.—"Am I my Brother's Keeper?" formed the subject of the morning. After "George" had spoken, Mr. Cowan gave many messages which were well understood. Mr. Newhall spoke with great power, after which Mr. Brewer spoke. "Encouragement" was the subject of the afternoon. After "George" had spoken Mrs. Edmunds spoke and then gave messages. "Spiritual Gifts" was the subject of the evening. Our pastor having succumbed to the heat, Mrs. Lewis acted as chairman. "George" gave the opening remarks, after which Mrs. Lewis spoke, followed by Mr. Brewer. Communications were then given by different mediums. Mrs. A. Banks Scott of the First Spiritualist Church of Cambridge was heard with much pleasure.—A. M. S. clerk.

Waverly V. S. U. Home, Sunday, July 2.—"From whence we came, and whither we are going have exercised the mind of man from time immemorial," said a speaker today. The first proposition remains even today as a sealed book. No one knows, no one can tell. The second proposition of whether we are going at the change called death, has been portrayed and described in numberless ways by leaders of religious institutions. None of these religious institutions have proved entirely satisfactory because of their inadequacy in portraying the constitution and attributes of the Deity. In some religious institutions, our Heavenly Father is reduced to portray the characteristics of corporeal man, endowed with all the infirmities of the human mind, and terrorizing the world because the people do not understand Him. Pains and penalties have been assigned as emanating from God for errors committed in this life, and some of us are to be punished in the after life. Whether we are consciously aware of committing an error or no, this unsatisfactory mode of interpreting the commands of our bountiful, all loving Heavenly Father has brought confusion and despair into the world, and for lack of knowledge of spiritual laws on the part of our clergy, countless numbers do not believe that there is a God, or that there is even a future state, but that death ends all. But the saving remnant of spiritual life and light has come. Through the science philosophy and the religion of Spiritualism the light and the way are found. God's plan from the beginning was wiser and better than man knew. A future life is in store for all. There is no death, only change. Communication is open between the two worlds for him who wishes to know. God is the embodiment of everlasting life, and we, his children, are the expression of God. Those participating in the services today were Mrs. Bemis, Mrs. Morton, Mrs. Fredericks, Mr. Smith, Mr. Greenwood, Mr. Brewer, Mr. Lewis and Mr. Swan; Mrs. M. A. Bemis, musical director.—J. H. Lewis.

First Spiritual Science Church, 694 Washington Street, Mrs. M. Adeline Wilkinson, pastor, Sunday, July 9.—Although the weather was very warm a goodly audience was present. The following talent were present: Mr. Prevost, Dr. Brown, Mrs. Stanton, Mrs. Blanchard, Mr. Jackson, afternoon and evening. Mrs. Annie Banks Scott, Mr. Hale of Brighton, Mr. Hardy, Mr. Hill, Mrs. Morgan, Dr. Barker. Solos by Mrs. Hall of Brighton and Mrs. Morgan. Meetings Tuesday afternoon at three and Thursday.—Reporter.

Malden Progressive Spiritual Society, Sunday, July 2.—Mrs. Alice M. Whall, president. Afternoon circle. A goodly number were present, notwithstanding the inclement weather. Our president's opening remarks were received with pleasure, being so full of spiritual love to all. Invocation by Mrs. Morton. Mr. Milton read a piece, written by Rev. Mr. McGregory, touching on the beautiful beyond. "Prairie Flower," in her own sweet way, gave some very fine messages. "May Flower" and "Dinah" responded with love and good cheer. Many strangers were present, also many others. Mrs. Woods of Boston was with us. Miss Maggie Vaughn gave some fine astrological remarks relating to the life of our late Secretary Hay. Her remarks were very interesting and well voiced. Mrs. Morton and others finished the afternoon circle, Mr. Milton giving the benediction. Evening at 7.30. Song service and scripture reading by our president. Invocation by Mrs. Morton. Our president then introduced the speaker of the evening, Mr. Oliver Newcomb of Cambridge. He read a poem entitled, "Tell It." His remarks on our spiritual lives and the way we should live were very fine. Messages followed until 9, then "Prairie Flower" took the platform, and her pleasant and truthful manner held her large audience until 9.30. Although a stormy evening our hall was full, and we only hope that in the near future we may spread the truth to such an extent that we shall be obliged to find larger quarters. Closed with the benediction by Mr. Newcomb.—M. J. Eatog, cor. sec. pro tem.

New England States.

Portland, Me. The First Spiritual Society, July 9.—First Spiritual Society held their regular services in Myrtle Hall this evening as usual, and in spite of the warmth and many island attractions had an unusually large attendance. Mrs. Carline Adams of Waltham, Mass. was our speaker, and pleased the audience greatly. She opened the meeting by an invocation, followed by an address upon "Life is As We Make It." Then came messages, those beautiful tests of spirit return, and all readily recognized. Next Sunday we expect to hear Mrs. Kincaid of this city, with messages and lectures.—Francis W. Vaughan, clerk.

The Field at Large.

Detroit, Mich.—The closing services of the season of the Earnest Workers S.S. was held at their hall, 323 Michigan Avenue, Sunday eve, June 11. The hall was tastefully and beautifully decorated with bunting and flowers. The services were conducted by our esteemed president and Pastor Mrs. Mary Stein. A great part of the success was due to the high and soul inspiring work of Mrs. Metcalf, Mrs. Jenkins, Mrs. Pennington and Mrs. Dr. Fish, who kindly lent their aid and assistance. A fine musical program and recitations were rendered by kind and loving friends. Everything passed off in a harmonious manner and all retired feeling they had spent an enjoyable evening in communion with the angel world and sorry that

the meetings had closed. Much praise is due Mrs. Stein and the officers of the society who have raised it from almost a failure to the good tide of success. The society are so pleased with the grand work of Mrs. Stein that they have selected her as pastor for another year; and in the fall, with the blessings of the angel world, we expect to put forth greater efforts for the uplifting of humanity. The meeting was closed with a beautiful benediction and the audience singing "Our Father in Heaven."—P. M. H.

Local Announcements.

First Spiritual Church of Boston, Inc., Rev. Clara E. Strong, holds its services every Sunday at American Hall, 724 Washington Street, up two flights. Conference, 11 a. m.; services with test circles at 3 and 7.30 p. m. All are invited.—A. M. S. clerk.

First Spiritual Science Church of Boston, Inc., Mrs. M. Adeline Wilkinson, pastor, meets every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 2.30 and 7.30 p. m. in Commercial Hall, 694 Washington Street.

The First Spiritualist Church, Cambridge, Mass. (Inc.), 573 Massachusetts Avenue.—Sunday services at 7.30 p. m., Mrs. Annie Banks Scott, pastor. The afternoon service is discontinued until fall.—D. H. H. clerk.

Unity Camp, Saugus Centre, Alex. Caird, M. D., president. Sunday, July 16th, at 2 and 6 p. m. Rev. May S. Pepper. Conference at 11, concert at 5. Lunch served. Cars leave Scollay Square, Boston, at 19 minutes past and 11 minutes of the hour, direct for the camp gate. Mrs. Pepper will be present each day of the fair, from the 12th to the 15th.

Malden, Mass.—The Progressive Spiritual Society, Louise Hall, 128 Pleasant Street. Circle every Sunday at 3.30 for development and tests. Evenings at 7.30. Song service, addresses and communications. Thursday evenings, at 7.45, social circle in the rear of Brown Building. The best of talent always present.—M. J. E.

CAMPMEETINGS.

Season 1906.

Ashley, O.—August 6 to 27. Will Randolph. Camp Progress, Up. Swampscott, Mass.—June 4 to September 24. E. P. Colley, 205 Elliot Street, Boston, Mass.

Chesterfield, Ind.—July 15 to August 27. Mrs. L. Jessup, Anderson, Ind.

Freenville, N. Y.—July 23 to August 20. Miss V. C. Moore, Dryden, N. Y.

Forest Home, Mich.—July 30 to August 20. Mrs. R. Eastman, P. O. Box 69, Mancelona, Mich.

Grand Lodge, Mich.—July 23 to August 23. J. W. Ewing, Grand Lodge, Mich.

Harmony Grove, Escondido, Cal.—August 6 to 20. T. J. McPerron, 523 Fir Street, San Diego, Cal.

Island Lake, Mich.—July 23 to August 23. H. R. LaGrange, 185 Montclair Street, Detroit, Mich.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.—July 30 to August 27. Albert P. Blinn.

Lake Brady, O.—A. J. Keck, Akron, O. (No dates supplied yet.)

Madison, Me.—September 1 to 10.

Mineral Park, Cal.—June 25 to July 25.

Mount Pleasant, Clinton, Ia.—July 30 to August 27. Mrs. M. B. Anderson, Clarks-ville, Mo.

Mantua, O.—July 6 to August 27. F. H. Sherwood, Mantua Station, O.

New Era, Oregon.—July 9 to 30. Rev. G. C. Love, 354 College Street, Portland, Ore.

Natick, Conn.—June 12 to September 11.

O. Hatch, South Windham, Conn.

Onset, Mass.—July 23 to August 27. Dr. Geo. A. Fuller.

Ocean Grove, Harwich, Mass.—July 9 to 23.

Onset Wigwam, Onset, Mass.—July 15 to September 15.

Parkland, Pa.—(No dates supplied yet.)

Queen City Park, Vt.—July 30 to August 27. Dr. E. A. Smith.

Sunapee Lake, N. H.—July 30 to August 27.

Lorenzo Worthen, Hillsboro, N. H.

Tacomah, Wash.—July 30 to August 20. Geo. E. Gnowden.

Temple Heights, Northport, Me.—August 13 to 20.

Unity Camp, Lynn, Mass.—June 4 to September 24.

Verona Park, Me.—August 13 to 27. F. W. Smith, Rockland, Me.

Vicksburg, Mich.—July 30 to August 20.

Mrs. Jeanette Frayer, Vicksburg, Mich.

Winfield, Kansas.—July 15 to 26. Mrs. M. K. Gates, 807 N. Manning Street, Winfield, Kans.

Wonewoc, Wis.—August 5 to 27. M. M. Bligh, Wonewoc, Wis.

Names and addresses of secretaries inserted when sent.

PASSED TO SPIRIT LIFE.

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

MRS. EDITH HANNA, PORTLAND, OREGON.

The First Association of Spiritualists in Portland, Ore., have recently sustained, on the earthly side, a great loss, in the unexpected removal to the spiritual world of Mrs. Edith Hanna, who had for several years officiated as pianist and vocalist for the Association. On Sunday, June 18, she was in her usual place and in excellent spirits, and apparently in almost robust health. On Sunday, June 25, funeral services were conducted over her earthly body, in the presence of a numerous assembly of friends and pupils who filled a large chapel to its utmost capacity. Though an Englishwoman devoted to her native land Mrs. Hanna, who had resided for several years in America and had long taken rank as one of the leading pianists of Oregon, was in full accord with the land of her adoption and had endeared herself to multitudes by her beautiful character and her distinguished gifts. She was an earnest, conscientious Spiritualist, and a power to the Cause whose interests she ever was on the alert to serve. The flowers at the funeral service were extremely beautiful, and these were subsequently carried not to a cemetery but to Artisan's Hall where they decorated the piano she had so often played and the platform on which she had so often stood. It was the writer's privilege to conduct the services both at the chapel and the hall. Sweet songs were sung by friends of the accomplished vocalist, and the inspiration which came to the speaker was suggested by the famous line in Robert Browning's beautiful poem, Abt Vogler, "To me unconscious known." Never has it been my privilege to officiate when all feelings were so perfectly attuned in harmony.—W. J. Colville.

I know a fairy light and airy,
Who always comes to bless,
All feelings gray she'll chase away;
Her name is Cheerfulness,
I know another, 'tis her brother,
His name is Fearlessness.
Wee Wisdom.

Alphabetical Messages from the Spirit world.

A. J. Folsom.

In many Spiritualists' homes we have found the Ouija Board adopted as a ready means of seeking communications, and in nearly all instances have been surprised at the really excellent results obtained.

Although introduced in their present form only a few years ago, they have already become very popular. For some unexplained reason they were not to be obtained for a considerable period, but we find they are once again on the market and no doubt will meet with a ready sale.

It was a great surprise some few days ago, in going over some records of ancient mystical rites, to come across a splendid description of these very boards, and to find that they were used for the same purposes, and that the messages were just as mysteriously prophetic as we often find they are today, when used under good conditions. We are told that in the reign of Valens, certain Spiritualists were arrested at Antioch upon the charge of having endeavored to ascertain the name of the Emperor's successor by means of magical arts. The table which they used was brought into court, and placed before the Judges; and after two of the accused had been subjected to the torture, one of them made a confession, which showed the method they had adopted, and the message received.

A table had been constructed of laurel twigs according to the Delphic tripod. This was placed in the middle of a house which had been purged on all sides with Arabian incense. Upon this table was placed a round dish, composed of various metallic substances. On the circular rim of this dish the letters of the Alphabet had been cut with great skill, and were separated by carefully measured intervals.

After the deity who gives the responses had been propitiated by means of prescribed invocations, according to the laws of ceremonial science, a person clad in white linen, shod likewise with slippers of the same material, with a turban twisted about his head, and the boughs of an auspicious tree in his hand, stood over the tripod and balanced a ring suspended by a fine thread. This ring, which also had been subjected to mystic rites, would dart forth at intervals and strike upon particular letters; and in this manner would spell out "heroic verses" and by that means answer the questions put.

In the specific case under notice the investigators had asked who would be the successor to the reigning Emperor. This question was suggested by the previous announcement through the same method that he would be in all respects a finished character. The ring darted to the rim of the dish and had already spelled out T-h-e-o-d-o-r-e when one of those present exclaimed that "Theodorus" was indicated. So well agreed were they all that they made no further enquiry.

Although the Theodorus implied by the investigators knew nothing of this science, he was quickly seized and despatched; but this was not all that the Emperor, for many innocent persons whose names unfortunately commenced with Theod- were executed to avoid the fulfillment of prophecy. But the prediction of the ring and table was not to be falsified, for on the death of the Emperor Valens, after his defeat by the Goths at Hadrianople, the celebrated Theodorus was proclaimed Emperor of the East.

Many investigators who use the Ouija, the Planchette, or even the table, are puzzled over the readiness with which they get the word, name, or sentence immediately, the first letter has been recorded. Many are led to conclude that the spelling is therefore the operation of the investigator's own mind. They should not be deterred by this assumption. These methods of communication are excellent for developing inspiration, and intelligent Spirits are surely more willing to communicate by the method of inspiration rather than the slow one of spelling letter by letter.—The Spiritualist.

TO THE ROSE.

Mrs. Anna Dorman.

A sunbeam kissed the rose at early dawn.
Swift from its heart sweet incense filled the air.
A maiden in the dewy morning fair,
Was to its tinted beauty quickly drawn.
She plucked and placed it in her hair,—dear rose,
Such sweet repose her lover's faint would share.
Yet knew those silken meshes could ensnare,
For freedom of his heart they did enclose.
Alas! that death should wilt this bud, and
rose,
That naught again could animate its breath,
Or lure those pretty petals to unfold.
But love beholds the spirit as its source,
The glory of new birth resplendent glows,
And bids it bloom eternal—Happy Rose.

Times change. Now-a-days even persons—hem! pastors—must "hustle" if they expect to keep their positions. The following item from the San Francisco Examiner of June 27 shows how the U. P. Church treats its pastors who cannot bring in gists to the mill. "Three ministers of the United Presbyterian Church in succession have been dismissed from the pastorate of the Fresno church by the San Francisco Presbytery, because they failed to add names to the membership roll of the church. Yesterday the Rev. C. C. French preached his last sermon in the pulpit here and within a week a successor will be appointed with instructions that the church here must be built up. The first to go was the Rev. J. C. Hanley. His successor, the Rev. D. S. Welch, was removed three years ago, and the Rev. Mr. French was the man who took up the work after him. When the Rev. Mr. French took charge there were forty names on the roll. Congregations of other denominations have grown, but today the number is no more than forty in the United Presbyterian Church, for which the Presbytery holds the pastor responsible."

The way of the high-bred transgressor, says the Boston Herald, continues easy in the Fort Leavenworth penitentiary. A visitor reports that Bigelow, the Milwaukee bank embezzler, is having a more comfortable time than the majority of men who are at liberty and working for a living. He wears no prison garb, does not consort with the vulgar "common" criminals of the place, enjoys his meals at a special mess table, in company with the other aristocrats of "bankers' row," and what work he is required to do is at light and agreeable tasks. And yet learned counsel are soborly arguing that the penalty of five years' imprisonment at hard labor for bank embezzlement is a cruel and unusual punishment for soft-handed bank men.

"Only he has a good mind who does what he ought to do."
"No one sins against another, without first sinning against himself."
"Rashly to judge another's heart is sin; and to reprehend another from mere suspicion that he may have done wrong is gross injustice."—St. Augustine.

WONDER WHEEL SCIENCE.

Clary M. Cunningham, Inc., by C. E. Webster.

Daily Guidance for All, by Birth Numbers.

By Professor Henry.

According to your Month—Date of Birth, in the following is your Birth Number.

1.—March 21 to April 20.	4.—June 21 to July 21.	7.—Sept. 22 to Oct. 21.	10.—Dec. 22 to Jan. 21.
2.—April 20 to May 20.	5.—July 22 to Aug. 21.	8.—Oct. 22 to Nov. 21.	11.—Jan. 22 to Feb. 20.
3.—May 20 to June 20.	6.—Aug. 22 to Sept. 21.	9.—Nov. 22 to Dec. 21.	12.—Feb. 21 to Mar. 21.

(These Birth Numbers are otherwise explained in my books as elsewhere advertised.)

Having found your Birth Number in the above, as given for the above dates of Birth, then find that Birth Number in the Top line of Figures marked "Birth Nos." in the following Table. The Column of letters under your Birth Number is YOUR Column, and no other, unless you have a Key for other Columns. Look down your Column and see what Letters are Marked in it. The letter means your favorable days. Carry your eye on the line of the letter over to the left and there you will find the Date of your favorable days during the month.

Birth Nos.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
June 22-25-24	B	K	E	M	G	F	B					
24-25-26	B	K	E	M	G	F	B					
25-26-27-28-29	B	K	E	M	G	F	B					
29-30	F	B	K	E	M	G	F					
July 1-2	F	B	K	E	M	G	F					
3-4	G	F	B	K	E	M	G					
4-5	G	F	B	K	E	M	G					
5-6	M	G	F	B	K	E	M					
6-7	M	G	F	B	K	E	M					
7-8	M	G	F	B	K	E	M					
8-9	M	G	F	B	K	E	M					
9-10	E	M	G	F	B	K	E					
10-11-12	E	M	G	F	B	K	E					
11-12-13	E	M	G	F	B	K	E					
12-13-14	E	M	G	F	B	K	E					
13-14	K	E	M	G	F	B	K					
14-15	K	E	M	G	F	B	K					
15-16	K	E	M	G	F	B	K					
16-17-18	B	K	E	M	G	F	B					
17-18	B	K	E	M	G	F	B					
18-19-20	B	K	E	M	G	F	B					
19-20	B	K	E	M	G	F	B					

ing the days for which the Table is made. It may be one or both of these days. Take advantage of both, anyway, as best you can. The letter B shows where the Moon is each day. If the letter is E, it means that your

Chats with the Professor—No. 12.

THOUGHT.

"I think, doctor, that you will agree that Thought is a resident of the Solar System, created by combination of the nerve cells contained in the elemental compositions of the body. In our science it is called the Mercurial-Man-Estate of the Solar forces. It has no more to do with any of the parts of heaven beyond the Solar boundaries than a citizen of America has to do with Europe. Thought, per se, is the very smallest range of vision from the Solar Centre. It is of a mutual tendency and never fails to blend, harmoniously or discordantly, with every other force it meets. It is as instable as water, and has to be held under subjection, or it will run every which way. It expands under heat. It contracts under cold. It mixes with everything; is sensitive to every natural law, and will eternally get into trouble and get out again and freely hobnob with saint or devil. Such is the natural tendency of man when independent of ruler-ship. Through the orbit of Mercury, as the eye tube of his planetary telescope, the Sun sits on his central throne, and watches each planet, while he warms them with life action, as a hen warms the chickens under her wings. Mercury, or thought is the mouthpiece of the Sun. Our earthy bodies receive the message in electric currents of rapid vibration; they reach us mixed with the rags of Venus, thus making of us a social trend.

"Love, as the attribute of Venus, extends the circumference of our Spiritual thoughts, and we in mind and attention as Spirit beings have reached the third estate in the development of man, or thought and our circle of usefulness is centred in earth."

"Do you mean that we have developed from the Sun, and thence through Mercury and Venus to earth?" asked the doctor.

"And why not?" asked the professor. "Our Spirit—forces, without which we would be, in mind, body and soul, but dust of the earth, or as immovable as the Sphinx, they must come from somewhere. We see the sunlight, the rains and the air, entering into everything else on earth, why not into our bodies which are of the earth earthy? By the laws of astrology, we find that as the Sun is, so is the Basic character. As Mercury is, so are the nervous actions of our fellow creatures, and our own trend of thought. As Venus is, so we find the love forces of her subjects in a happy or a dejected state. The Character is the same all through the life: the thoughts of yesterday are not the thoughts of today. We are happy today and full of love; tomorrow we feel loveless and cheerless. Love and thought run through us like water through a sieve; sometimes in volumes sometimes scant or irregular, and sometimes our sieve or brains is dry and parched. Do we create these for our own will, or are we in some way made recipient of gifts for our eternal good, under some Lordship or guidance, towards some universal benefit which we are unable to see or appreciate?"

"Well," replied the doctor, "I must admit that I sometimes think things which I do not like to think. I sometimes do things the reason for which I am unable to account, and I sometimes love things which we are taught not to love, and well, you know how it is yourself. If we really have a will to do as we please, and can will ourselves to be successful, and all that sort of nonsense, which some of the moderns are preaching, then truly, I think that the great body of humanity is as big a chump as the ox, that it does not succeed in its individual efforts better than it does. On the whole I think your science has the best of the argument. What I like best about it is, that you do not attempt to pull other mental attitudes down in order to build your science up."

"Why, I couldn't do it, doctor, and be true to the science," replied the professor, "because the laws of the heavens teach that we are as we are made to be, and that we are miserable only when we are covetous, or desirous of making the people about us act according to the attainment of our own hard strings. Modern reformers are apt to practice ostracism, boycotting, or hypnotism and think themselves of mighty import, but Jesus, Buddha, Peter and Paul, taught by the astrologic law, which is, 'for every man be persuaded in his own mind.'"

"Ah, there comes Dr. Wilder. Certainly. Walk right in, Dr. Wilder. All people of intelligence and skill are welcomed in my den, except those who expect to find my Workshop fitted up like a lady's boudoir, or with a sort of a 'walk into my parlor' air about it." So saying, the professor, raising his handkerchief for a duster, offered his guest

conditions are Easy. If G, it means they are Good. If F, the influences about you are Friendly. If K, the influences are Kindred, or Kindly. If M, they are Mutual or Equalized. These are Spirit Forces in the Unseen World about you, and if you do not oppose them, but act with them, they help you more than anything else can. They are the Higher Spirits. Other days have other Spirit Guides about you, but they are not so favorable to your highest interests in the long run of your life. Let wisdom be your intellectual effort on these favorable days and in the long run the other matters will come your way, as sure as the rising of the Sun.

During the dates in this Table, Birth No. 4 has an Especial Rolling over the whole world. This makes Birth Numbers 6, 8, 11 and 2 more favored than others during these dates. In the Table, and Birth Numbers 7, 10 and 1 less favored than others even on the E, G, F, K and M.

For other matters such as Finance, Love, Real Estate, Literary, Occult, Law, etc., a Key will be sent for 10 cts., by which such matters may be guided by the same Table. These Tables will continue indefinitely, and the Key holds good for life. State which Matter you desire the Key for. Send full date of Birth with request to Prof. Henry, Boylston Centre, Mass. Subscribers to the "Banner" receive the Key free. Nativities, or other Astrologic work, promptly attended to. Lessons by correspondence, or any information furnished.

For list of Prof. Henry's books on Astrology see advertisement on other page. For sale by "Banner."

the best chair in the place, which chair he had resuscitated from a back attic and mended with steel nails, fish skin and pieces of a cracked box.

"I went into the village and had to walk back again," said the visitor, wiping the dew, mixed with Old Boylston dust, from his brow. "Why don't you put out a sign?"

"Afraid it would drive the ministers away," replied the professor. "They don't believe in signs, although their profession is built wholly upon signs, allegory, types and symbols. They prefer, however, to find out that fact for themselves. If they should see my sign they might think I was trying to be more conspicuous than a church steeple."

"Why don't you pay the conductors on the electric to drop your guests at the door?"

"Sh! Not so loud, doctor," said the host, "for I am known as a professor."

"What of that?" ejaculated the doctor.

"Well, some of the conductors or motormen are graduates from college, and they might think my den was headquarters for a baseball team or a boat club."

"Why do you call your place a den?" asked the doctor.

"Because," replied the professor, "once upon a time Nebuchadnezzar put a worthy astrologer into a lion's den. History sometimes repeats itself, so if I get into the den first maybe the lions will not want to come in; but, talking of history, Dr. Wilder, I heard what you said concerning what I said about the Sabbath. You intimated that history might be a little twisted."

"What do you think about it?"

"I think most people like twisted things best, in this age. If things were not twisted there would be no chance for an argument. Ministers, lawyers and doctors would be out of a job. People nowadays are made to believe that their viscera are twisted and that offers opportunity for the doctors to amputate the appendix. It is pretty difficult matter to see things straight in this age. Seems as if the world is doing its best to overcome nature and shoot around a corner."

The history of every nation, except the Chinese is twisted. Historians of all peoples, of every religious class, and of every political body, write histories to tickle the vanity of the class they cater to, and these histories stand as authority until the vanities change and then new authorities are brought forward for inspection. Old works are stored in the attic, sent to the junk shop or used for kindling wood, as in the cases of the Alexandrian library and of the Forbidden City.

The farther we get from the truth the more indispensable are the latest authorities. The historian of today knows more about earth's oldest inhabitant than E. O. H. knew himself, and God's infallible history written in the starry heavens has to take a back seat until the Judgment Day, when Gabriel, who pushes the moon around every twenty-four hours, to keep the correct tally, will blow his horn to inform us how we have persistently failed to read our titles clear to mansions in the skies."

"So you believe in Gabriel, do you?"