





THE BEAUTIFUL WILLAMETTE.  
—  
Sam L. Simpson.  
(Portland Exposition Hymn.)  
From the Cascades' frozen gorges,  
Leaping like a child at play,  
Winding, widening through the valley  
Bright Willamette glides away.  
Onward ever,  
Lovely river,  
Softly calling to the sea;  
Time, that scars us,  
Maims and mars us,  
Leaves no track or trench on thee.  
In thy crystal depths inverted  
Swings a picture of the sky,  
Like those wavering hopes of Aiden,  
Dimly in our dreams that lie;  
Clouded often, drowned in turmoil,  
Faint and lovely, far away—  
Wreathing sunshine on the morrow,  
Breathing fragrance round to-day,  
Love would wander  
Here and ponder,  
Hither poetry would dream:  
Life's old questions,  
Sad suggestions,  
"Whence and whither?" throng thy  
streams.  
On the roaring waste of ocean  
Soon thy scattered waves shall toss,  
Mid the surges rhythmic thunder  
Shall thy silver tongues be lost.  
Oh! thy glimmering wash of gladness  
Mocks this turbid life of mine,  
Facing to the wild Forever  
Down the sloping paths of Time.  
Onward ever,  
Lovely river,  
Softly calling to the sea;  
Time, that scars us,  
Maims and mars us,  
Leaves no track or trench on thee.

Hypnotism Explained.

Deloss Wood.

(Continued from last week.)

In post-hypnotic suggestion the following experiment will show how completely and accurately the brain will respond to suggestion. I was giving a public entertainment. There were several subjects, all young men, circled around me. Each had a long stick in his hand. In the end of the sticks were long nails. First I said to the subjects: "I want you all to strike with all your power and knock me down, sink those nails deep into my brain—but listen, not a one of you can hit me; you can come so close (measuring off a quarter of an inch) and not a bit closer. Now try your best to hit me." For a few minutes there was a perfect whirlwind of those sticks with nails in the ends around my head, each boy striking with all his power; indeed, with such force that he would often fall to the floor. The nail would just barely miss my head. If I had received a single blow it would undoubtedly have killed me instantly. No living person in the normal condition can repeatedly strike with all his power at a stationary object and stop within a quarter inch of the object and not hit it. Yet so absolute is the power of suggestion over the brain that after the operator has made the suggestion that a subject cannot hit him, it is absolutely impossible for that subject to hit the operator, but the subject's blow will result exactly as per the suggestion of the operator. Post-hypnotic suggestion will last for months. I tell a subject today to do a certain thing, or series of things, at a certain minute arrives that subject will follow out that suggestion to the letter. In my experiments with the power of suggestion I have caused a blister to come on the back of the subject's hand by simply placing a drop of cold water on the hand, telling the subject it was a strong acid. I have caused nausea in the most emphatic degree by simple suggestion, while, on the other hand, suggestion will prevent nausea taking place from the strongest emetic that any physician can prepare. The experimenter of hypnotic phenomena quickly learns that there is a constant development taking place with the subject, that he is gradually passing from one stage of development to another, from the independent trance state is reached. In this condition the subject imparts information upon different questions—questions that he never knew or heard of, tearing down, with a single blow, as it were, the very foundations of the subconscious and dual existence theorists. One of the finest subjects that I ever had reached this independent condition, and while he was in this state I found that I could control him one minute and the very next minute I could not control him. For hours at a time I have had this experience. In this case, seemingly, it was not any power of suggestion and coming to me, but it was an outside power that protected the subject that made it impossible for my positive magnetism to displace his negative magnetism. It appeared as if a third magnetism had been placed between his magnetism and mine, and that the third magnetism was of such a quality and such a strength that it was impossible for my magnetism to displace it. At all times the subject was willing and anxious that I should control him. The fact that I could control this subject one minute and could not control him the next minute shows conclusively that it was not hypnotism. When in the deep independent trance condition it must be remembered that the subject's brain no longer responds to the suggestions of his operator or to anyone's suggestions. The subject is absolutely free, absolutely independent in thought and action, thus in every respect upsetting every claim to what is known as legitimate hypnotism. But here is a bit of phenomena that ought to set honest, reasoning persons to thinking. Let us meet the facts; let us accept the facts. It is criminal to reject truths. One of the most interesting bits of phenomena was through a lady subject in my own family. This lady could take a book she never saw or heard of, place it under her pillow at night and blizzard herself, and in the morning she could repeat chapter after chapter of the book, never having looked between the covers of the book. There are today learned men of the medical profession who deny the existence of the element magnetism, yet the following experiment, which I have made hundreds of times, proves conclusively its existence: The subject while blindfolded tells instantly the location of my hand opposite of his body; wherever I may locate it. He feels the magnetism penetrating his body, sensing it the same as one senses the power from a battery. In post-hypnotic suggestions the following experiment is interesting, and is one I have made many times: Placing the subject in the hypnotic condition, I say to him: "I am going to put you to sleep; you will sleep one minute, then wake up and remain awake one minute; then you will go to sleep again and sleep one minute; then you will awake to the normal condition. You may now sleep." This suggestion would be executed by him to the very second. I would not see any timepiece during my experiment, precluding any possibility of his taking any suggestion from my mind.

Few people realize the mighty power of suggestion. A person's brain in the hypnotic condition is a thousand times more responsive than in the normal to suggestions. By this power character may be absolutely changed from bad to good, or good to bad—either way. In this alone there is an opportunity for a magnificent work for the betterment and uplifting of humanity to a higher development. A person who is a well developed sensitive is far safer from all kinds of influences than any other living person. No living hypnotist can control such a person unless he is perfectly willing. I speak of subjects in this respect who have attained the independent state. The independent state in hypnotism is that which confounds science. It is a state in which the subject passes out from under the control of the operator—sinks into a deeper hypnotic condition, subordinating to a more intensified degree the physical to the spiritual, and the phenomena of clairvoyance (seeing) and clairaudience (hearing) predominate. It is at this point that the subject's magnetism and the making of suggestions. The production of the phenomena from that point is caused by the subject's brain responding to the operator's suggestion. In the world of Christian Science magnetism can be shown to be the only agent that has effected cures. And the same is true of all forms of so-called mental healing. With this magnetic power I have placed people asleep hundreds of miles away, and have relieved most severe pains at great distances. Hypnotism proves phrenology to be a science. I have taken young boys who were absolutely ignorant of phrenology and directed magnetism over certain phrenological organs and the instant I did so phenomena corresponding to that for which the organs stood would immediately appear. To illustrate, when the influence was cast over combitiveness, the subject would fight, when cast over spirituality he would pray, when cast over time and time he would sing. This is a nut for the non-believer in phrenology to crack. And it opens up a wide field for thought. If a person has no development of time and time, no amount of study will make that person a musician. If a person has small development of the organs representing the reasoning faculties, it is impossible for that person to reason. The world will call such a person stupid, foolish, and curse him. Why should he be censured more than the person who never could be a musician? Neither one deserves censure, and hypnotism reveals the reason and truth in relation to this matter. One of the interesting experiments I have been my lot to bring out was with a young lady. The experiment was as follows: Several years before the lady had memorized a poem of some twelve or fifteen verses. This poem had faded from her memory. She could not recall a line of it. Placing her in the hypnotic condition, I placed paper and pencil in her hand and then told my own over the phrenological organs of memory. She immediately began to write, and wrote rapidly and continuously to the end, every word of the poem. Here was an experiment that is full of deep significance. What a wonderful world of possibilities the power of magnetism intelligently applied to the brain reveals. Now I am going to relate one or two incidents that, I opine, will set my readers to thinking. I have on several occasions given private lectures on hypnotism, always giving practical demonstrations. The subject whom I used was a young man who was very anxious to assist me, feeling under obligations to me, inasmuch as I had relieved him of the most severe case of rheumatism by simply placing my hands upon him. He was a perfect hypnotic subject. I have taken this young man and given the most positive demonstrations before an audience. I have made his body rigid as iron, made his flesh absolutely numb so that needles were pushed through his hand without causing pain, have had him eat red pepper for sugar with great relish, and all of these tests and many more as conclusive. And right in the midst of an experiment I have had what is called the hypnotic power leave me instantly, to my disappointment, and equally to the disappointment of my subject, who was anxious to be controlled. I have had this same, so-called, hypnotic power come and go several times during an evening's experiments. Much more might be said relative to this power coming and going—but is that hypnotism? With one of my subjects who weighed normally 125 pounds, I could, by casting the influence from his hips down his feet, increase his weight to over 200 pounds. An interesting experiment was one that I performed impromptu in a shoemaker's shop. One of my subjects happened to call at the shop at the same time that I was there. It was in the summer time and the door was open. I said to the subject, drawing my hand across the doorway: "There is a bar of magnetism across that door and you can't get out; if you try, it will knock you down." He tried, and instantly he came in touch with the imaginary line I had made with my hand he was felled to the floor with all of the lightning-like force as though he had been hit. In the force he held with an ax. Of his own volition he would not have fallen to the floor with such force. I was called once by the town officers to the town lockup, where a man was confined in a cell with the delirium tremens. The physician said he could not live unless he could get sleep. Stripped of nearly all his clothing, he looked and acted more like a wild beast in his cell than he did like a human being. The cell door was opened and I stepped in and spoke to him, once, twice; the third time he noticed me. I did not touch him, but simply said, "Sleep, sleep." And he immediately went to sleep and slept soundly until morning. His life was saved. The power of hypnotic suggestions before and after birth, by both embodied or disembodied influences, explains completely the falsity of the theological reincarnation theory. The human brain is intensely responsive to suggestions, both in the waking and sleep state. Stand by the side of the sleeper, place your hand on his forehead, think intently a picture, the dreamer will catch it. In a sense, we are all hypnotic subjects; our brains will respond to our own suggestions. We wish to arise at a certain time tomorrow morning. We place our mind upon that object, intensely so. It seldom fails to awake us at the stated time. That is genuine post-hypnotic suggestion. But sleep and think for a moment what grand possibilities there are in this power of post-hypnotic suggestion if we would apply it to all departments of life. Not only would it develop the mental faculties to a large degree, but there is a power in it to control the physical and mental to that point where deep-seated diseases and appetites can be entirely obliterated. In the production of hypnotic phenomena we

have a power known as self-hypnotism. In reality, there is no such phenomenon. True, it is, that people pass into the entranced condition, but the condition is always produced by a power outside of themselves. A true hypnotic suggestion with such a subject will satisfy anyone of this. To control one's self would be like lifting one's self by his own boot-strap. One person cannot have a negative and a positive magnetism at the same time—depends upon the displacement of a negative magnetism by a positive magnetism. The advertisements today claiming to teach hypnotism and self-hypnotism are impracticable, are fakes. Hypnotism cannot be learned. All are hypnotists; all are subjects—to someone else. If the subject of hypnotism and the laws governing it could be taken up and studied scientifically in our institutions of learning they would soon revolutionize many professions and would result in a beneficent, beneficent, uplifting influence over individual lives in the great mass of humanity. But hypnotism, touching as it does the great law of life, thus impinging upon the orthodox views of religious faiths, a mountain of prejudice and bigotry first have got to be leveled before hypnotism will ever be allowed to do the grand work within its power to accomplish for humanity.

The Dynamics of Mediumship.

Salvatore.

(Continued from last week.)

The Muscular Sense is that form of Sensation by which we are made aware of the contraction and relaxation of our own muscles. Thus, in all "inspired" spoken prophecies, the uttering of "inspired" oracles, "inspired" lectures, "inspired" messages, there is always the personal consciousness of the mechanical action of a subjective transcendental force acting apart from our will—on the muscles of articulation. Hence, this form of Sensation, which is an expression of an element of the Muscular Sense, is always felt about the muscles of the mouth. The relation of the Muscular Sense to the utterances of purported prophecy has never been referred to; or, has its psychology ever been properly explained or analyzed. In my own scientific experiments with my own body, I have always found that when purported "messages" or "prophecies" were made their exit through my own lips, that my Muscular Sense invariably told me that a subjective transcendental force—wholly apart from my will—was deliberately contracting the elevator muscle of my upper lip; was deliberately contracting the depressor muscle of my lower lip and also the sphincter muscle of my mouth, in the mechanical attempts at articulation. Moreover, that these Sensations of my Muscular Sense (about the articulatory muscles of my mouth) invariably grew more and more intense as the purported prophetic sentences—graded in their intelligibility downward from sensible concepts to jargon. As with "message" writing, the Sensations of the Muscular Sense are more violent the more scrawly and unintelligible the writing is. Now, the Sensations of the Muscular Sense—in the foregoing experiences—are a species of Sensation belonging to the sphere of Sense known as Transcendental Touch, which implies Sensations of contact, as well as of pressure. The medium's own Soul is endowed with Sense of Touch. Sensitiveness is a refinement of the power of Touch, whose primary object is to give the Soul a knowledge of its own relations with respect to transcendental and physical forces. Sensations of physical force are felt by the Soul of the medium, when the medium holds up a book; or, is resisted by a closed door; or an object falls on the medium's foot. The object of the Sensation of Touch in these instances, is to give the medium some knowledge of the Soul's relation to some form of physical force. A form of transcendental force is known to exist (by a medium) when the medium's Sense of Touch is known (by the medium) to be aroused in a transcendental way. To repeat, the medium feels a subjective pressure—wholly unwillful, and mechanical—tightening the ring of the orbital muscle about his or her own mouth, and then—wholly as unwillful, unexpected, and mechanical—a dozen intelligent sentences, suddenly escape from the medium's lips. Now, the forces—wholly unwillful by the medium—tightened the mouth-muscles on the one hand, and ejected out of the medium's mouth the sentences on the other, were transcendental forces. Among transcendental forces must be classed ether waves, God's spirits, magnetism, electricity, heat, light. The sensation felt by the medium, when he holds up a book, is a physical sensation, because the sensation was caused by a gross form of physical force. The sensation felt by the subjective sense of pressure, around the lips, when the unwillful sentences were ejected through the medium's lips, was caused by refined forms of transcendental force. Such were the subjective forms of sensation felt by the ancient Bible prophets and scribes, when uttering their prophecies. This mode of Touch is subjective and transcendental. The fear of giving offence to the popular sciences and churches of the twentieth century, is the reason why the University professors of psychology have ignored any profound experiments with or deep analysis of these elements of the Sensation of Touch, as regarded from the standpoint of the forces of transcendental physics in their relation to the special nerve centres of the Senses. The universal possibility of the sense of Touch being constantly aroused by the pressure of transcendental forces—as well as by the gross physical forces—is what by me is accepted as evidence of the existence of spirits on the one hand, and of the possibility of God acting by His Holy Spirit on the Soul, on the other. The primary object of the transcendental Sense of Touch is therefore to give the Soul a knowledge that it sustains a practical relation to forms of transcendental force; as well as a relation, to those forms of force, which are grossly physical, and ponderously material. The examination of the question of the Dynamics of Mediumship is (therefore, not primarily, a religious or moral one; but a question to be considered from a host of practical psychological comparative experiments in relation to subjective sensations as caused by transcendental forces. All the "miracles" of all religions having their origin, in forms of transcendental sensation. Out of the transcendental sensation, is then evolved a system of transcendental concepts, ideas, and thoughts, which should be the subsequent development of the rational facts, given by the previous transcendental sensation. But the mass of Spiritualists—out of a mistaken and holy reverence for spirits—stick fast in the elementary facts of such transcendental sensations, and "messages." Without any attempt to evolve such sensations into explanatory concepts, laws, philosophies, states, and ideas of psychological development. They fail to realize that only with a philos-

ophy of transcendental sensation can the Soul become at all intelligent as to the origin and development and meaning of the "messages" given by spirits, through a medium. Hence, no scientific progress has been possible in Spiritualism; frauds have sickened the moral world; and Spiritualism ceases to have a hope to become a universal philosophy as throwing helpful light on the nature of the Soul; and, assisting to create an ideal spiritual, moral, and legal order of society. It becomes neither the idealization of religion, the idealization of psychology, the idealization of sociology; or, a satisfactory explanation of the meaning of (the universe, man, or God). The illusion has been this, viz., that because the methods, ways, and transcendental means by which "messages" come from spirits are puzzlingly extraordinary—as modes of transcendental sensation—therefore, the "messages" themselves always have a uniformly extraordinary value. This is the illusion of illusions, the mirage of the mirage of the mirage; the mirage of a worse than orthodox devil and hell. Scientific induction, has had its throat cut from ear to ear by this assumption. Fifty, yes, seventy-five per cent. of the "messages" are no better than the average commonplace sermon. There is the gulf of heaven and hell between what may be an extraordinary means, with what may be an extraordinary effect. Transcendental sensation is an extraordinary means. The "message" coming by such extraordinary means, may not only be ordinary, and commonplace, but—horribly, blasphemous, intriguing and vile. A voice coming out of the leaves of a cabbage head in the garden would be extraordinary; but if the cabbage head simply gave the ordinary message: "Mary is well, and is blowing her nose," we fail to see the extraordinary value of the "message" in its relation, either to the human race as a whole, or as helpful to the development and evolution of society. But, the Spiritualist of the commonplace (and dollar a sitting type) sheds tears of holy rapture concerning this celestial message from Mary and the blowing of Mary's nose. It is certainly a wonderful and most extraordinary thing for a voice to come from a cabbage head; even if it is my own, and possibly, it is both right and proper to bow in holy awe, both to the spirit voice, and to the cabbage head, because of the extraordinary and wonderful way by which the "message" came about Mary's nasal epistole. But, to ask me to shed tears of holy rapture over the spiritual "message" concerning Mary, and to insist that I shall class it—as a "message" of wisdom—on a par, with the physiology of the nose, which I may find in any first class text book, is to ask me to commit rational suicide. Excuse me! This is why, to me, Spiritualism has the loftiest possibilities for man—simply as an ideal! For, if its psychology, and transcendental forces, were once discovered—as laws—it would mean the moral, sociological, and political reformation of the ages! A genuine Spiritualism earns its bread by the sweat of its brow; and, in self-denial, and heroic, saintly self-sacrifice. Not in mere loafings with the spirits, and in the seeking for commonplace "messages" and "jobs" with "ads" in questionable journals, as the seventh daughter of a seventh speculation; who was the seventh son of Darwin's natural selection; living in a dirty room, with a filthy fortune-telling pack of marked cards on the table, ready for the next victim. What hope is there for the intelligent evolution of a universally cultured humanity in a Spiritualism, whose violent superstitious wonder and esteem, is ready to credulously worship, with fanatical awe, and religious wonder, the lowest thoughts of the most ghastly passed-out criminal, and the meanest concept of the filthiest savage, if only such thoughts and concepts come as "messages"? In a Spiritualism, that indirectly expresses, in all the Spiritualistic press of 1906 the conviction that the most degraded of such "messages," contain more valuable wisdom for humanity, than the books of Helmholtz, Darwin, Bacon, Spencer, Marconi, Kelvin, Wallace, Kant, Hegel, Edison, Aristotle, Thomson, Maxwell, Isaac Newton, Crookes, James or Huxley. This is why Spiritualism (in its popular stage) becomes the foe of intellectual progress, science, university research, psychological philosophy, and, a loftier universal education. The reasons are: I.—Its determination to accept "inspiration" and "intuition"—not as facts—starting points for the discovery of laws—but as ends; because of the papal infallibility of the spirits. II.—Its ignorance of the psychological fact that all forms of "inspiration" and "intuition" are simply modes of sensation; out of which, the medium is expected to develop concepts, according to laws of the medium's own evolving reason. III.—The determination not to accept all "messages" as merely relative; and never absolute. Mediums would and could be of incalculable benefit to psychological science, if they would keep private journals, giving weekly accounts of the Sensations they experience in the contraction and relaxations of certain muscles—what muscles they are—when under control. The university professor, then has a basis whereby his interest is aroused in Spiritualism; by reason of the classified data it gives, in its relations to the Sensations of the Muscular Sense in Mediums. (To be continued.)

A Day at Puget Sound.

Helen Stuart-Richings.

Rat-a-tat-tat!  
"Six o'clock!"  
A sleepy fawn, a stretch, a glance toward the curtained window, a glimpse of bright, mid-day sun with a bound, for that gleam of sunshine bespeaks a fair day for our trip on Puget Sound.  
A cup of coffee, that satisfies the gastric and olfactory nerves, and we climb into the waiting omnibus, that noddily hurtles down the lily-paved street of the little town, whose chief claim to recognition lies in its possession of a beautiful harbor, and the grand views to be obtained from its hills.  
A lumbering old craft, recalling the Ohio in the early '70s, vainly trying, like a silly old woman, to hide its time-scared face under a coat of red and white paint, lies at the wharf.  
We recognize certain pieces of weather-beaten baggage being trundled across the gangway—and follow.  
Churning the water into a tumbling white wake, and tossing spray from the paddles, the stern-wheeler moves out into the bay and soon we have forgotten  
"men's moods and manners,"  
The hurly-burly of the town.  
Ducks, flying so low across the green waters they leave a dark streak behind them.  
White-plumaged gulls-circling about us, now high overhead, now swooping low, keeping pace with the steamer, their strong wings beating the air with rhythmic stroke, or cleaving it with curving lines.  
Widen, widen, shores that bring into view low-lying, distant hills, clad in forest trees and veils of purple haze.

Island shores, dowering the "waters" with long, vague moss-green lines stretching toward us—the pines, waving snake-like, their tapering tips disappearing and reappearing in the boat's bow.  
A systematic movement, too swift for the eye to catch its cause. There is nothing to be seen, save a widening circle of ruffled water. Wait! Watch! Now! See that shining black curve with a dot of white, far to the right? The rogue! How long he stayed under!  
A floating handbreadth of wood—a chip—and on it, serenely perched upon one leg, regarding us with the fearlessness born of immunity from man's cruel "sport," rides a lone sea gull, taking his siesta.  
A board floats past. It has a handful of earth and a tuft of grass on it, that have thus far escaped the hungry sea. By such "gravel trails" does nature import and export her merchandise.  
O the woods—the great green woods of April on Puget Sound!  
And there, on the gently rounded knoll, its verdant surface banked by dark old pines, stands a "temple to the Unknown God."  
"Ah! how the sunshine lies on this slope, and how the shadows stretch upward on that—straight away from us!"  
What a ravishing gold and red is that ripple-washed, sun-kissed fir log drifting by, gracefully rising and falling on our swell!—Colors to break an artist's heart!  
A patch of dead pines, bleached to silvery whiteness. Among them the living, proudly claiming kinship with the past centuries. Their spear-like points of green are lifted against the blue. In serried ranks they stand, silent and calm, awaiting the Infinite's command. So stood their forefathers ere glacial floods swept down and deluged a world.  
Month-old greenness blends with and softens that of years.  
The granite feet of the land dip in the salt waters.  
Through the vagueness of the afternoon haze—the Olympics!  
A mighty snow-topped wall the sea o'erleaps, And drops into the ocean's crimson deeps.  
The stars are stealing into the sky as our little craft rounds Point Advance, a beautifully wooded arm stretched protectingly along the east side of the cove into which we slip, and on whose western slope lies the little hamlet that is our destination.  
Twinkling lights dot the shore, and cast long, flickering reflections in the dark waters. We pull up alongside a "float," moored well out from shore on account of the tides. Here we leave our baggage, to be rocked by the waters of the sound till dawn, and are rowed ashore in a small boat.  
The tide is out and we tip-toe across the wet sands to where a ladder-like walk ascends to the road that follows the shore line.  
A spot shines with welcoming lights from windows and open doors, and presently we have passed from the chill of the oncoming night and are seated in a snug little parlor, comforted by the warmth of a wood fire in the "air-tight," and the promise of a home-like supper, given by appetizing odors from the kitchen.  
Two hours later we turn down the clean, sweet-smelling streets, put out the light and draw back the curtains.  
The tide is in, and flooded with the soft radiance of a high sailing moon. Across the cove the dark woods sleep. A single light shines like a star among the fir on the Point. It disappears and night reigns on Puget Sound.  
"OUT OF THE WORLD."  
(Letter from a Western Ranchman to a Harvard Classmate in Boston.)  
Yes, I know, I'm "out of the world" here, as you fellows say back East. For I'm fifty miles from a theatre and forty miles from a priest; And there isn't a dude within hearing, however so loud his dress; Nor a woman of fashion and folly . . . But I'm happy, nevertheless.  
I know that you can't comprehend it, you fellows who live in the Hub. You'd be horribly shocked to hear me refer to my dinner as "grub." And your specs would leap off your noses if I told you I never read Except to find out about prices of cattle and coal and feed.  
I've grown rather free and easy since I rowed in the eight on the Thames. And cribbed for examinations, and flirted with "fairies and dames." Yes, I've chucked all my Harvard culture and its steering gear overboard. Out here that sort is a luxury that most of us can't afford.  
Why, I've even forgotten my forbears—with a rugged and ruthless glee I've applied the Washington hatchet to my ancient family tree. Daddies don't count here in Kansas, where every man's measured out According to what HE amounts to—and not whence he happens to sprout.  
Yes, I've lightened my cargo of all things, except what I need for the pull. And I'm hitting a hot pace for winning, with the health and the heft of a bull. I have freedom that's independence and my claim and a cattle range. That's bigger than Massachusetts—and I tell you it's good, for a change!  
Come out here, boy, and I'll show you how wide a fellow can grow. When he severs tradition's hawyers and quits being pulled in tow. I find things here to consider that I never did find in the books. And I tell you that living "out of the world" is not half so bad as it looks.  
You fellows stick these in New England and climb your ancestral trees. And look with disdain on us heathen who reach hardly up to your knees. In the matter of family standing; but just let me give you a tip: We're as proud of ourselves as the peacocks, and the rest of it ain't worth a rip!  
Why, there's more real culture in Kansas, and more high-thinking out here (Of the nature that Emerson wrote of) in a day than you see in a year. For we're building a new boat for Progress, and we're training the crew that will win; And though we are "out of the world" now, when we want to we'll pull in!  
Robertus Love in National Magazine.  
He who serves his friends is a busy man.  
Envy, like flame, blackens that which is above it, and which it cannot reach.  
It requires less character to discover the faults of others than to tolerate them.  
Oh, square yourself for use! A stone that may sit in the wall is not left in the way.  
Territory is but the body of a nation. The people who inhabit its hills and valleys are its soul, its spirit, its life.



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WASH. D. C.



AUGUST 19, 1905.

The spirits have incessantly told us that  
on earth must be just and true in order to  
merit peace and joy in the soul-realm.  
Idealistic good intentions will not suffice but  
constant ruling of all days and hours is pos-  
sible. Amen.



## Campmeeting News.

## Onset (Mass.) Notes.

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

Saturday, August 13, 1905. Massachusetts State day. At precisely 2.30, President George A. Fuller opened the meeting. A. J. Maxham sang, "Speed Away." Carrie F. Loring, treasurer of the M. S. A., made the invocation, after which President Fuller said the M. S. A. is doing a good work. It is needed in order to carry the truths of Spiritualism into localities where they have never received it. We, as an association, are opposed to violence, vaccination and capital punishment. We also believe every person has a right to select his own physician. He was sorry that the Spiritualists were not exempt from bigotry. He believed in concerted effort.

Mrs. C. Fannie Allen said: "I hope you are here to think and talk organization. Singly we can do nothing, but together we can accomplish much."

Miss Susie C. Clark said: "What do we have the state association for? Not alone to promulgate our true religion, but to help make the perfect man and woman, to develop the divine out of the human, to gain universal brotherhood and sisterhood; that let us come together valiantly and bring the kingdom of heaven on earth."

Mr. J. B. Hatch spoke briefly. Mr. J. W. Colville said: "We can all come together and stand for liberty and freedom. Whenever any one person's liberty is assailed, then all are assailed, and we can all agree upon that."

Mrs. Kate M. Ham gave messages. Mrs. Carrie F. Loring said: "Do not believe anything ever came to this world that bore fruitage but what it was thoroughly organized."

Mrs. Carrie F. Loring, treasurer of the M. S. A., said: "Let us come together in the interest of this one thought. Then we will realize what it is to be helpful to each other."

A vote of thanks was extended to all speakers, mediums, musicians, to Dr. Prentiss for flowers and to Mr. J. B. Hatch for beautiful decorations of platform, the Onset Bay Grove Association for use of the Auditorium and to all who in any way helped to make the day a success, and to all friends for generous donations. Money and donations received up to the present time amounted to \$71.

Sunday, August 14, 1905.—A large audience gathered to listen to the address given by Miss Susie C. Clark of Cambridge. Mr. Maxham opened the meeting with a vocal selection. Miss Clark read a poem by the Rev. Henry Van Dyke. A duet followed by Miss Alice Holbrook and Mr. A. J. Maxham. Miss Clark took for her subject, "Spirituality," and it was presented on a high spiritual plane. The spiritual life must first be a healthy life. Spirituality means expansion of every faculty of the soul. An unbroken atonement with the Great Spirit of all life and love.

At 2 p. m. the largest audience of the season listened to Mr. J. W. Colville. Mr. Colville has made many friends in this country, and it is with regret that they hear of his return to his native land. Mr. Colville's subject was "The Kingdom of God and the Republic of Man." He said:

"There is but one God. God is the one light, the one everything. We should speak more of the right of humanity. Humanity is itself a divine revelation. Abraham Lincoln said when God had a work for him to do he did not send an angel to tell him to do it. There is no divine minister that steps down from heaven and writes a book and then goes back into his study. God will take care of the soul; you must take care of the body. When you go down with your love into hell, then you will find that evil gives love to good; then you will find the Kingdom of God. The world is my country, the universe my home. Let it be in sunshine when you commune with your departed ones."

At the close of the lecture, Mr. Dobson moved that we, as an audience, pass a resolution, but not as a farewell or a good-bye. He resolved that we extend our thanks for all the kindly words Mr. Colville has spoken. The resolution was carried by the audience rising. Mr. Colville said in response:

"Wherever I am, we can all be in spirit communion with each other. I thank you for making that privilege more fully mine."

Mrs. Kate M. Ham gave a message. Mr. Colville gave the benediction and then held a reception. It was a great farewell. There must have been fully 10,000 people on the grounds today.

Dr. George A. Fuller received the congratulations of all the campers on the anniversary of his natal day, August 5.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Schneider of Lawrence have been in constant attendance on the meetings during the week.

Monday, August 7, Conference Day.—Mr. Maxham presided in the absence of the president. The subject was "The Literature of Spiritualism." Mrs. Ham told why she was a Spiritualist and closed with an original poem. Mrs. Della Smith, Mrs. Nellie Putney, Dr. Huot, Mrs. Whittemore, Mrs. Sellen also spoke and gave messages.

Tuesday.—The meeting opened with singing by Mr. Maxham. Dr. Fuller introduced Rev. Cora L. V. Richmond, who was generously received. She spoke bravely for an hour. She said in part: "Spiritualism has made more impression in the last fifty years than any other religion. It has compelled a more spiritual preaching in the pulpits and less creed. The Spiritualists are a peace-loving people." An impromptu poem closed her lecture.

Wednesday, Equal Rights Day.—The Equal Rights League of Onset had charge and its president, Miss Arabella Ames, presided. The speakers were Mrs. Carrie F. Loring, Mrs. Lucinda B. Chandler of Chicago, Mrs. Dr. Sellen, Mrs. C. Fannie Allen, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond and Henry H. Blackwell. In the afternoon in the Temple the following spoke: Mrs. Annie K. Himm, Mrs. Susan Fessenden and Mr. Blackwell.

Thursday.—Mrs. Richmond answered questions at the meeting today. The questions answered were in relation to the present peace negotiations between Japan and Russia. Physical Phenomena of the Future, Christ's Mission on Earth and Reincarnation.

Friday, Conference Day.—Mrs. Mearns, Mrs. Della Smith, Mrs. Bassett, Mr. J. M. Young, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Washburn and others spoke.

Sunday, August 12.—Great crowd and fine day. Mrs. Richmond lectured in the morning on "Life on the Other Planets." Mrs. Richmond has been engaged for another year.

In the afternoon Mr. J. J. Morse spoke on "The Rescue of Humanity," followed by Mrs. Ruth A. Swift, who gave messages.

The Onset Wigan Co-Workers held their annual meeting Saturday, August 12. The following named officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. May C. Weston, Mrs. Lulu B. Eddy; second vice-president, Mrs. S. Emma Corlies; treasurer, Mrs. S. A. Currier; secretary, E. A. Blackden; directors, Miss Susie A. Tripp, W. H. Bonnerville, James B. Johnson, Mrs. Sarah E. Osborn and Edward Currier. The society is in a flourishing condition, the meetings are of a very interesting and harmonious character and the attendance daily is very large. The annual fair will be held August 24 and 25.—E. A. Blackden, secretary.

Onset, August 12, 1905.

## Lake Pleasant, Mass.

The second week of campmeeting is almost through as I take my pen in hand to indite my weekly letter to the "Banner," and interest in the welfare of the camp and success in the meetings is manifest everywhere. Mrs. T. U. Reynolds' lectures and messages gave excellent satisfaction and as vice-president of the association she is always ready for duty and responsive to the call. Mrs. Carrie E. S. Tving has attracted good audiences, and, as usual, finds lots of appreciation at our camp. Rev. May S. Pepper is our drawing card, par excellence. Her audience on last Sunday afternoon filled our large Temple, and standing room was at a premium. Mrs. Pepper's lectures were splendidly delivered and replete with instruction and interest. Her messages were marvelous manifestations of psychic power. She occupies our platform on Saturday evenings, August 19 and 20, on Sunday afternoons, August 20 and 21 and on Wednesday afternoons, August 22 and 23. On Tuesday, August 18, and Sunday, August 17, Mrs. Carrie L. Thomas will lecture and give messages, and on Tuesday evening, August 22, Mrs. Kate M. Ham will hold a test séance in the Temple. Mrs. Ham has been specially engaged for this occasion.

The band concerts which are being given every Sunday afternoon in the groves attract large crowds and are a source of much enjoyment to the music lovers. Commencing on Sunday, August 20, a band of twenty-four men will give two concerts daily on these grounds till the close of camp. The music of the Ladies' Schubert Quartet is as popular as ever and adds much to the pleasure of our meetings. A splendid concert was given in the Temple last Wednesday night by the Children's Lyceum from which about \$17 were realized. Mrs. Wightman, our conductor, is efficient and energetic and is ably supported by the other officers.

The concert opened with singing by the Lyceum children and recitations were given by Josephine Wightman, Freddie Hale, Mrs. Pense, Grace Blinn, Myrtle Provincial, Ruth Hart, Reagha Boyden, Marguerite Prevost and Evelyn Morse. Vocal selections were rendered by the Misses Lillian, Ada and Marion Rising, Little Marion Pense, Mrs. Lida Hart, Miss Flossie Merrill acting as accompanist. Little Marion Rising gave a violin solo in a splendid manner, and was heartily encouraged, and the selections from the Rising Orchestra were well received. Mr. Frank C. Bryant, played with the orchestra in the absence of Mr. Rising. We are proud of our children and this orchestra, five members of which are under 12 years of age, furnishes the march music for the Lyceum.

The dancing pavilion is well patronized and Manager Stratton is outdoing himself in creating attractions. The cake-walk last Tuesday evening filled the building with spectators. Stratton's Orchestra, noted for its good music, never played better, and the dozen couple of little children in their attractive and dainty costumes made a very pretty appearance.

A few of the more recent arrivals this week were Mrs. H. L. Leonard, Mrs. A. E. Pitcher, Mrs. Kate Blinn and Mollie and Annie Plinn. Mrs. and Mrs. Samuel Graham, Mrs. Clara E. Strong, J. C. Spring and wife, C. S. Kellogg and wife, Prof. C. E. Sargent and wife, Mrs. H. H. Draper, Mrs. Robert Sully, Mrs. S. B. Whitney, Harry Arnold, Mrs. E. B. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Tinker, Mrs. A. E. Fletcher, Mary L. Wade, Philander Wilbur, David Williams, Sarah A. Byrnes, Mrs. Ella Draper, son and daughter, and Mr. Otis A. Hand.

The Lake Pleasant Hotel is having the record year of its history.—Albert P. Blinn.

## Unity Camp, Angus Centre, Mass.

Alex. Caird, M. D. Pres. Sunday, August 20. Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond of Chicago: regular services 2 and 6; conference 11; concert 5; lunch served; cars leave Scollay square 15 minutes past and, 11 minutes of the hour, direct for camp gate.

## Camp Progress, Upper Swampscott.

Salem, Mass., Aug. 9, 1905.—A large audience was present Sunday, August 6. The people are earnest as is evidenced by their attention given to all the speakers and mediums. Today many hearts have been made glad by the sweet, comforting messages that prove life beyond the grave. The conference meeting at 11 a. m. was opened by a song service. Mrs. Johnson presiding at the organ. Mr. and Mrs. James Smith, Mr. Barker and others were the speakers. At the 2 o'clock meeting Mrs. Fox, Mr. Barker and Mrs. Abbie N. Burham, one of the veteran workers of the Cause, and fine selections by the Mowbray Park Quartet made an excellent program. Four o'clock meeting opened with a praise service followed by "The Story of the Two Glasses," by Mr. Willey. Remarks by Mrs. Nutter and Mrs. Matson. Messages and messages by Mrs. H. A. McArthur and Mrs. Annie L. Chapman. Solo, "Love that Fadeth Not Away," by Mr. W. Bonhoeffer. Selection by the quartet, "The Silent Sea." After the meeting closed a large circle was held. A public circle is held every Thursday afternoon at the grove. Mrs. Mabel Page is the medium.—Mrs. Hattie S. Gardner, sec.

## Lily Dale Camp, N. Y.

City of Light Assembly, Lily Dale.—If the assembly audience was delighted and charmed with Thomas McClary's lecture on the subject of "The Mission of Mirth," none of the admiration and enthusiasm of his audience was lost, but rather intensified an hundred fold on the occasion of his second and last lecture for this season at the City of Light Assembly. The subject was, "Sunshine in Labor." A few points sketched from the grand lessons he taught were: "How may I be happy in the lot which has fallen to me? Adaptability, get into your right place. When we get where we ought to be, all the forces of nature are on our side. How to get into your right place—do what you do until you get there; keep the object in view. No matter how irksome and unbecoming your work, do not slight it; the very knowledge of having done your best is in itself uplifting, and all the while you are peering away at the job you don't like, keep in mind the object you have in view, and by thought and strong desire aid in bringing about the conditions whereby you may attain that for which you have talent. It is not so much ability as it is adaptability. Find out the child's inclinations. What the child admires, the youth endeavors, the man acquires. Have an occupation—one of usefulness; earn an honest living—no one should accept a position which does not bring some good to humanity. Strive for a noble, selfless and sunshine will illumine the path all through life. Some of the elements of noble selfhood are: Good physical condition, good moral nature, help self by putting more intelligence into the common things of life; by diligence, economy—live within your income, play as you go, or don't go. Be temperate in all things, etc., etc." The entire lecture was interspersed with narrative, bubbling over with fun or pathetic with tears, according to the sentiment of the parts of his subject treated. All in all, Mr. McClary's work at the Assembly of Light, for its practical, helpful, uplifting thought, has never been surpassed and seldom equaled. Long may he live and may he come to us again and again, as the years roll by.

Miss Susie C. Clark in her second lecture before the Assembly on the "Evolution of the

Spiritual Life," outlined how it may be unfolded and encouraged, and how spirituality is expressed in daily action as proof of its possession. It must be a life of physical health and mental poise, life of mastery over earthly limitations, a growth that, won from the density of material consciousness and expressed in nobles service to humanity. Miss Clark gave her third and last lecture before the Assembly on Thursday, August 3. Her subject, "Weak Places in Our Armor," was handled as a master artisan might sound the material coat of mail before sending the wearer into battle. But in the pointing out of these weak places she did not leave them without giving the treatment whereby they might become more perfect—she said in part: "The churches are not our foes, but should be considered able allies to help on the cause of Spiritualism—all members of one brotherhood under different unfoldment; overcome spiritual laziness, something of yourselves, build up individuality, make something of yourselves rather than try to absorb the knowledge others have gained. It is as essential to feed the mind as it is to feed the body if we would grow mentally. Read more, investigate more in order to meet the attacks of our opponents; cultivate habits of thinking. Miss Clark said she had been told that she was a Theosophist, and then declared: "I am a Theosophist; I am an Occultist; I am a Universalist; I am anything that contains one grain of truth, but above and beyond all I am a Spiritualist!" Ladies G. Fixen, one of the most versatile characters on the public platform today, gave one of the most powerful lectures of the season on the subject, "The Problem of Human Redemption." Her inspirational thought was lofty, uplifting, in the highest degree. Gently and reverently she touched upon the (to her now) fallacious teachings of orthodoxy—for at one time her faith was founded upon them—but after much thought, investigation and use of reason in her research, she has reached that point when she can understand, declaring: "The world did not need to be saved—the world never was lost; nothing was ever wasted, nothing ever annihilated. God fills the universe. Did God create perfection and then imperfection? Each shall be his own redeemer, moved by the power that speaks in a grain of sand—the force revealed in a flower!"

Mrs. Fixen has a soul big enough to take in the universe—the good in all creeds, all expressions pertaining to the uplifting of humanity. She is vice-president of the Illinois State Association of Spiritualists, president of the Marie C. Brown W. C. T. U. at Chicago, business manager for sixteen years of the Working Women's Home Association of Chicago and is a member of the board of trustees of the City of Light Assembly. She will attend and speak at the national convention of Spiritualists at Minneapolis this fall and also attend the national meeting of the W. C. T. U. in Los Angeles, Cal. Mrs. Fixen was a co-worker with Frances Willard and the cause of temperance to her is one of vital interest.

Mrs. Georgia Gladys Cooley of Chicago has followed the lectures this week as message bearer. She is extremely sensitive and her psychic power was pronounced. She is an untiring worker and her present tour has extended from Oregon to New York. Her work at the City of Light Assembly has been very acceptable.

Mrs. Annette J. Pettengill of Boston, who preceded Mrs. Cooley two weeks, has by special invitation of President Abbie Louise Pettengill, decided to remain until the close of the assembly. In her work as a test medium Mrs. Pettengill has the advantage of education, culture and refinement, and she brings with her an atmosphere of truth and sincerity at once elevating and ennobling. An addition to the musical talent for the week has been the singing of Mrs. Jessie Star Hawkes of Warren, Pa. She has a mezzo-soprano voice with a contralto quality of tone, which, with her broad culture and fine method, produce most satisfactory results in the rendition of her selections.

A musical feature of the week was a concert given by Clarence de Vaux-Royer, assisted by Mrs. Hawkes and Prof. Arthur L'Éveillé of Toronto, Canada, a pianist of some note. Mr. de Vaux-Royer is a noted violinist, celebrated both in Europe and America for his masterful manipulation of the bow.

Among other noted visitors who at the City of Light are Dr. and Mrs. C. Walter Lynd and son, from Oakland, Cal. The former is an eminent healer and gifted psychic; the latter is a finished musician and will doubtless give an exhibition of his talent before leaving the assembly.

Along with all this intellectual pabulum is furnished higher refreshment in the weekly dances, bowling, fishing, rowing, etc. On Friday night last a minstrel show by local talent was given which would have done credit to Al G. Fields.

The children of the Lyceum are billed for an entertainment August 25. The attendance is daily increasing and the popular expression is "that no more successful season than the present was ever experienced at the City of Light Assembly."—Matilda Orr Hays, C. L. A. press correspondent.

## Grand Ledge Camp, Mich.

A HARMONIOUS SESSION OF THE OLD TIME KIND.

This is the third week of Grand Ledge campmeeting, which closes Sunday, August 20. It is an enjoyable gathering of genuine Spiritualists, Spiritualists who belong to the old time sort, who believe in the phenomena as well as in the philosophy of Spiritualism.

Many persons in camp are pioneers in the Cause, and men and women who love to recall incidents in the early years of the Cause. To these persons death has no terrors. They are ready to pass through the portals, and there are not a few among the number who are looking forward to time of death with pleasurable anticipation.

Our camp is running along smoothly—no discord—nothing to mar the harmony which has reigned supreme in this camp from opening day.

D. A. Herlick of Grand Rapids, who is now serving an engagement in the Greenville Camp in New York, closed his engagement on Thursday, August 2.

On Sunday-morning, July 30, Mr. Herlick delivered an address; the venerable Dr. Peckham assisting in the afternoon services. Mr. Herlick is a natural born orator, and he must indeed be a sleep-headed fellow who would be able to take a nap during one of his discourses.

Dr. B. F. Austin of Rochester, N. Y., who within the past five years has gained an enviable reputation as a lecturer upon the Spiritualist platform, began his engagement here on Friday, August 4.

Dr. Austin is a scholarly man and his many years of experience as a Methodist minister gives him an advantage not possessed by the average lecturer. His logic is easily within the grasp of the ordinary mind, while his language is forcible and faultless. The doctor closes his engagement tomorrow and goes to Wisconsin.

Sunday, August 6, was a red letter day in Grand Ledge Camp. The attendance was unusually large. Dr. Austin delivered two lectures, both to large audiences, and many were the complimentary remarks made by his hearers at the close of his lectures. A feature of the day was the appearance upon the platform of Mrs. Anna B. Lynne, the renowned lady cornetist, a musician declared

by some to be the greatest lady cornetist in the world. Miss Hazel Werts of Anderson, Ind., played the piano accompaniments to Mrs. Lynne's cornet solos at each service.

Mr. and Mrs. Werts and daughter furnish the music. General satisfaction is manifested by their efforts.

Mrs. Marion Carpenter begins her engagement August 12 and closes Aug. 17, giving tests from beyond at the close of each of her lectures.

Chairman Mr. Edgerly speaks twice during the present week, Thursday and Friday afternoons.

Last Sunday was a day long to be remembered in Grand Ledge.

Wm. Divine, camp manager, is much elated over Grand Ledge Camp prospects.

A missed ball composed of the campers last night was excellent. Old and young participated.

Following is a list of the mediums in camp: Mrs. C. Oswald and Mrs. Hamilton Gill of Chicago; Mrs. N. N. Russell, Grand Ledge, and Mrs. Jennie Martin of Grand Rapids, all clairvoyants; Dr. Stephenson, Bay City, magnetic healer; John Mabey, Saginaw, materializing medium; Mr. Oliver Comstock, Marcellus, the fire medium, gives his tests daily.—Rena D. Chapman.

## Movements of Platform Workers.

W. J. Colville during the past week has been lecturing to splendid audiences at Lily Dale, where everything is very brisk this season. On Wednesday, August 9, his opening lecture on "The Signs of the Times" was given to a full auditorium and widely reported next day in the papers of Dundalk and Jamestown. On Sunday, August 20, he is to speak at Lake Brady, Ohio, and then proceed to give a short course of lectures at Clinton, Iowa, before returning to New York, where his address is 125 W. 56th St.

## Dr. Sellen in New England.

## AN APPRECIATION

Among the newcomers to the Spiritualists' field of workers in New England not one promises to be of more benefit than (Mrs.) Dr. Sellen from the state of New York. It was the writer's privilege to meet her when in Onset and receive from her liberal help and assistance in the V. S. U. program presented there.

We have just learned, from a friend whose judgment we highly prize, that "Dr. Sellen's lectures are worthy of profound consideration" and the hope is expressed that Bostonians will welcome her warmly in September and insure her a generous hearing. The "Banner of Light" lends its extending cordial welcome and hopes to have the pleasure of seeing its little class room, (which is to be opened at once for such work) filled with intelligent pupils of this charming teacher.

Quoting further from our friend's estimate: "Dr. Sellen has a charming personality which has appealed to me strongly, and more than one heart to heart talk between us has revealed not only a well poised woman, but the crown of a tender, affectionate nature, which sanctifies her glorious womanhood."

"With her unselfish nature, she has worked for the good of humanity in the past, and I firmly believe, will broaden her sphere of usefulness in the near future."

"Already she is giving the proceeds of her lectures to the Spiritualists, and I sincerely hope, and know you will with others, and myself, knit the bonds of kinship between Dr. Sellen and the Spiritualists more closely."

The "Banner of Light" most cordially welcomes such workers and shares the hope of our correspondent that Dr. Sellen will at least spend the winter in Boston and her work become a prominent factor in the splendid spiritual undertakings we bespeak for the coming season.

## Minnesota Spiritualists, Wake Up!

As the time is rapidly approaching when the national convention of Spiritualists will be held, I thought it would be well to inform you of the arrangements made for the entertainment of the delegates and friends who will be here.

The First Unitarian Church has been secured to hold the sessions of the convention. It is centrally located and is one of the prettiest churches in the city. The Zumbachs, the ladies' quartet of Minneapolis, and other local talent, have been secured to furnish the music.

The official headquarters will be at the Nicollet Hotel, one of the best in the city, where rooms can be engaged at the rate of \$1 per day, each person, European plan.

It is greatly to be desired that the state of Minnesota be strongly represented at the national convention, and to that end it is necessary for every local society to have a representative at the state convention held in Minneapolis September 7, 8 and 10. It is a great honor to have Minneapolis chosen for the thirteenth annual convention of the N. S. A. of the United States and the Dominion of Canada, and we hope that every society will show its appreciation by sending a delegate to the state convention.

It is the heartfelt wish and desire of the officers of the Minnesota S. S. A. that Minnesota shall have the privilege and honor of being the first state to throw open the doors of the national convention free to the public, as this organization was and is intended to do missionary work, and one way to do that work is to have the sessions free to all, as other religious bodies do. To do this it is necessary to raise the sum of \$200 above hall rent and other incidental expenses. To help in this work the ladies of the different auxiliaries organized under the name of the ladies' entertainment committee for the N. S. S. A. will serve dinners and suppers in the commodious dining room of the church. Another way will be the badges. Are you interested in the success of the convention? If so, send \$1 to either J. S. Maxwell, president, or C. P. Follett, secretary of the Minnesota S. S. A., 164 Hennepin avenue, for a badge, and we trust that every Spiritualist in the state will buy one as a souvenir of the thirteenth annual convention of the N. S. A.

I want to urge the necessity of making an individual, as well as a united effort, to have the national convention a grand success. It rests with each and every Spiritualist in the state to make it so. Wake up and prove to the world that you appreciate the opportunity that has been given to show what Minnesota can do. Make the delegates, speakers, mediums and friends who come here from all parts of the United States and Canada, at their own expense, feel that they have been so welcome and appreciated that the remembrance of the thirteenth annual convention of the N. S. A. will always remain more than a red letter day. Yours for the Cause,

J. S. Maxwell, Pres. Minn. S. S. A.

[Let us heartily commend the fervent spirit of the Minnesota president. May his desire for free meetings be realized!—Man, Editor.]

Not unless we fill our existence with an aim do we make it life.—Reichel.

Love and courage are the spirit's wings, waiting to noble actions.—Goethe.

## THE RIPENING OF THE SOUL.

John A. Lewis.

There is something steals upon me as I dream the journey o'er  
And the vision of my childhood seems as real as of yore.  
With the lark upon the meadow and the crickets and the birds  
Every fibre in my nature with a childish gleam was stirred.  
Now my heart's attuned as tenderly tho' my childhood long has gone  
And the lark and cricket cheer me with a richer, sweeter song.  
And I read the deeper meaning of life's purpose on the scroll  
As the fading of the body marks the ripening of the soul.

All the friendships we have nurtured and the loves that we have known  
Have a richer, finer meaning when our youthful days are gone.  
When life's sunlight falls obliquely and the shadows longer grow.  
And our inner life's expanding with a warm and steady glow.

We're attuned for sweeter music than our youthful ears can hear  
There's a life awakening in us, as we feel the price is near.

And we revel in life's richness as we're drawing near the goal.  
When the fading of the body marks the ripening of the soul.

## Gleanings from Summer Gatherings.

W. J. Colville.

Though the columns of the "Banner of Light" are well filled from week to week with ample reports from many camps and other popular summer meeting places, I venture to add a few words to the ample testimony of other correspondents by way of personal tribute to the many excellencies and manifold improvements with which I am confronted wherever I may turn.

Onset never treated me more graciously and never did I see finer audiences assembled in its lofty grove, and in its spacious Temple and arcade, than during the nine, happy, bright days I was privileged to open there this season.

Dr. Fuller was so extremely kind and urgent that it was with real sorrow that I was compelled to decline a re-engagement for next August, as I feel convinced that long ere then I shall be many thousand miles from New England.

Onset impressed me this year with vigorous vitality, and did I indulge in casting horoscopes I would not hesitate to predict a bright and highly useful future for that consecrated spot which will, I am convinced, for many seasons to come, not only sustain, but add lustre to its reputation as a powerful focal center of spiritual energy.

I was delighted to meet good old friends from all over America and from far across the seas. My only regret was in being obliged to leave for Boston only a few hours before the expected arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Richmond whom I have not met for several years, owing to the fact that they have always so preceded or followed me that I had to be postponing on to the scene of a next engagement when they were arriving at a resort.

After leaving Onset and speaking at the funeral of a valued friend in Charlestown, I hastened to New York, and from there went direct to Lily Dale, where the City of Light Assembly, under the extremely efficient presidency of Mrs. A. J. Pettengill, is transcending its best achievements of bygone years.

Improvements confront the visitor at every turn, and the platform was never more richly supplied with varied talent than at present.

Mr. J. T. Little is an admirable chairman in the Auditorium. He is kind and courteous to everybody and Mrs. Little goes about like an incarnate sunshine, spreading light on the path of all.

Every speaker I have heard has interested and instructed a splendid audience, and Mrs. Gladys Cooley has been most successful in eloquent descriptions from the platform.

Both hotels are full and I have not seen a vacant cottage. The gifted lady who reports for the spiritual and secular press is doing a great missionary work with her facile pen.

Mrs. Tillmuth, the enthusiastic librarian, is energetic as ever.

The Lily Dale Lyceum is one of the best conducted I have ever seen. Entertainment, of all descriptions is plentiful and there are so many people constantly coming and going that every kind of function is liberally patronized.

The music of the orchestra, is simply superb. The band concerts are a delight to everybody.

Nature is smiling usually, but occasionally she weeps. We are glad of the tears when they fall because they perform admirable offices; they cool the air, allay dust and render grass, trees and flowers the more luxuriant.

Spiritualism is honored and advocated at Lily Dale in a manner which commands attention and respect from all the neighborhood.

The Michigan Democrat and Sturgis Times in a recent issue speaks in a most kindly way of the "Banner of Light" and bespeaks a brilliant future for the coming years.

We thank our brother who assure him we will take pleasure in printing in this issue or our next, the report of the surprise party given Mr. and Mrs. Harding.

## For Over Sixty Years

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

Look! Is ever waiting for something to turn up; labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something. Luck lies in bed and wishes; the postman would bring him the news of a legacy; labor turns out at 6 o'clock and with busy pen and ringing hammer lays the foundation of competence. Luck whines; labor whistles. Luck relies on chance, labor on character.—Richard Cobden.

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## Campmeeting News.

## Onset (Mass.) Notes.

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

Saturday, August 11, 1906, Massachusetts State day. At precisely 1.30, President George A. Fuller opened the meeting. A. J. Maxham sang, "Speed Away." Carrie F. Loring, treasurer of the M. S. A., made the invocation, after which President Fuller said the M. S. A. is doing a good work. It is needed in order to carry the truths of Spiritualism into localities where they have never received it. We, as an association, are opposed to violence, vaccination and capital punishment. We also believe every person has a right to select his own physician. He was sorry that the Spiritualists were not exempt from bigotry. He believed in concerted effort.

Mrs. C. Fannie Allen said: "I hope you are here to think and talk organization. Singly we can do nothing, but together we can accomplish much."

Miss Susie C. Clark said: "What do we have the state association for? Not alone to promulgate our true religion, but to help make the perfect man and woman to develop the divine out of the human, to gain universal brotherhood and sisterhood; then let us come together valiantly and bring the kingdom of heaven on earth."

Mr. J. B. Hatch spoke briefly. Mr. J. W. Colville said: "We can all come together and stand for liberty and freedom. Whenever any one person's liberty is assailed, then all are assailed, and we can all agree upon that."

Mrs. Kate M. Ham gave messages. Mrs. Carrie F. Pratt said: "Do not believe anything ever came to this world that bore fruitage but what it was thoroughly organized."

Mrs. Carrie F. Loring, treasurer of the M. S. A., said: "Let us come together in the interest of this one thought. Then we will realize what it is to be helpful to each other." A vote of thanks was extended to all speakers, mediums, musicians, to Dr. Prentiss for flowers and to Mr. J. B. Hatch for beautiful decorations of platform, to the Onset Bay Grove Association for use of the Auditorium and to all who in any way helped to make the day a success, and to all friends for generous donations. Money and donations received up to the present time amounted to \$71.

Sunday, August 6, 1906.—A large audience gathered to listen to the address given by Miss Susie C. Clark of Cambridge. Mr. Maxham opened the meeting with a vocal selection. Miss Clark read a poem by the Rev. Henry Van Dyke. A duet followed by Miss Alice Holbrook and Mr. A. J. Maxham. Miss Clark took for her subject, "Spirituality," and it was presented on a high spiritual plane. The spiritual life must first be a healthy life. Spirituality means expansion of every faculty of the soul. An unbroken agreement with the Great Spirit of all life and love.

At 2 p. m. the largest audience of the season listened to Mr. W. J. Colville. Mr. Colville has made many fast friends in this country, and it was with regret that they hear of his return to his native land. Mr. Colville's subject was "The Kingdom of God and the Republic of Man." He said:

"There is but one God. God is the one light, the one everything. We should speak more of the right of humanity. Humanity is itself a divine revelation. Abraham Lincoln said when God had a work for him to do he did not send an angel to tell him to do it. There is no divine minister that steps down from heaven and writes a book and then goes back into his own study. God will take care of the soul; you must take care of the body. When you go down with your love into hell, then you will find that evil gives way to good; then you will find the Kingdom of God. The world is my country, the universe my home. Let it be in sunshine when you commune with your departed ones."

At the close of the lecture, Mr. Dobson moved that we, as an audience, pass a resolution, but not as a farewell or a good-bye. Be it resolved, that we extend our thanks for the kindly words Mr. Colville has spoken. The resolution was carried by the audience rising. Mr. Colville said in response:

"Wherever I am, we can all be in spirit communion with each other. I thank you for making that privilege more fully mine."

Mrs. Kate M. Ham gave a message. Mr. Colville gave the benediction and then held a reception. It was a great farewell. There must have been fully 10,000 people on the ground today.

Dr. George A. Fuller received the congratulations of all the campers on the anniversary of his natal day, August 5.

Monday, August 7, Conference Day.—Mr. Maxham presided in the absence of the president. The subject was: "The Literature of Spiritualism." Mrs. Ham told why she was a Spiritualist and closed with an original poem. Mrs. Della Smith, Mrs. Nellie Putney, Dr. Hunt, Mrs. Whitmore, Mrs. Sellen also spoke and gave messages.

Tuesday.—The meeting opened with singing by Mr. Maxham. Dr. Fuller introduced Rev. Cora L. V. Richmond, who was generously received. She spoke impressively for an hour. She said in part: "Spiritualism has made more impression in the last fifty years than any other religion. It has compelled a more spiritual preaching in the pulpits and less creed. The Spiritualists are a peace-loving people." An impromptu poem closed her lecture.

Wednesday, Equal Rights Day.—The Equal Rights League of Onset had charge and its president, Miss Arabella Ames, presided. The speakers were: Mrs. Carrie F. Pratt; Lucinda B. Chandler of Chicago, Mrs. Dr. Sellen; Mrs. C. Fannie Allen; Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond and Henry B. Blackwell. In the afternoon in the Temple the following spoke: Mrs. Annie K. Hinnan, Mrs. Susan Pessenden and Mr. Blackwell.

Thursday.—Mrs. Richmond answered questions at the meeting today. The questions answered were in relation to the recent peace negotiations between Japan and Russia, Physical Phenomena of the Future, Christ's Mission on Earth and Reincarnation.

Friday, Conference Day.—Mrs. Mears, Mrs. Della Smith, Mrs. Bassett, Mr. J. M. Young, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Washburn and others spoke.

Sunday, August 12.—Great crowd and fine day. Mrs. Richmond lectured in the morning on "Life on the Other Planes." Mrs. Richmond has been engaged for another year. In the afternoon Mr. J. J. Morse spoke on "The Recovery of Humanity," followed by Mrs. Ruth A. Swift, who gave messages.

The Onset Wigwam Co-Workers held their annual meeting Saturday, August 12. The following named officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. May C. Weston, for the eleventh year; first vice-president, Mrs. Louis B. Elder; second vice-president, Mrs. C. Emma Cordius; treasurer, Mrs. S. A. Currier; secretary, E. A. Blackden; directors, Mrs. Susie A. Tripp, W. H. Rouseville, James B. Johnson, Mrs. Sarah E. Osborn and Edward Cutron. The society is in a flourishing condition, the meetings are of a very interesting and harmonious character and the attendance daily is very large. The annual fair will be held August 24 and 25.—E. A. Blackden, secretary.

Onset, August 12, 1906.

## Lake Pleasant, Mass.

The second week of campmeeting is almost through as I take my pen in hand to indite my weekly letter to the "Banner," and interest in the welfare of the camp and success in the meetings is manifest everywhere. Mrs. T. U. Reynolds' lectures and messages gave excellent satisfaction and as vice-president of the association she is always ready for duty and responsive to the call. Mrs. Carrie E. S. Tving has attracted good audiences, and, as usual, has lots of appreciation at our camp. Her May S. Pepper is our drawing card, par excellence. Her audience on last Sunday afternoon filled our large Temple, and standing room was at a premium. Mrs. Pepper's lectures were splendidly delivered and replete with instruction and interest. Her messages were marvelous manifestations of psychic power. She occupies our platform on Saturday evenings, August 19 and 20, on Sunday afternoons, August 20 and 21 and on Wednesday afternoons, August 16 and 22. On Tuesday, August 15, and Thursday, August 17, Mrs. Carrie L. Thomas will lecture in popular messages, and on Tuesday evening, August 22, Mrs. Kate M. Ham will hold a test seance in the Temple. Mrs. Ham has been specially engaged for this occasion.

The band concerts which are being given every Sunday afternoon in the groves attract large crowds and are a source of much enjoyment to the music lovers. Commencing on Sunday, August 20, a band of twenty-four men will give two concerts daily on these grounds all the close of camp. The music of the Ladies' Schubert Quartet is as popular as ever and adds much to the pleasure of our meetings. A splendid concert was given in the Temple last Wednesday night by the Children's Lyceum from which about \$17 were realized. Mrs. Wightman, our conductor, is efficient and energetic and is ably supported by the other officers.

The concert opened with singing by the Lyceum children and recitations were given by Josephine Wightman, Freddie Hale, Mrs. Pease, Grace Blinn, Myrtle Provincial, Ruth Hart, Roseng Boyden, Marguerite Prevost and Evelyn Morse. Vocal selections were rendered by the Misses Lillian, Ada and Marion Rising, little Marion Pease, Mrs. Lida Hart, Miss Flossie Merrill acting as accompanist. Little Marion Rising gave a violin solo in a splendid manner, and was heartily encored, and the selections from the Rising Orchestra were well received. Mr. Frank C. Bryant, played with the orchestra in the absence of Mr. Rising. We are proud of our children and this orchestra, five members of which are under 12 years of age, furnishes the march music for the Lyceum.

The dancing pavilion is well patronized and Manager Stratton is outdoing himself in creating attractions. The cake-walk last Tuesday evening filled the building with spectators. Stratton's Orchestra, noted for its good music, never played better and the dozen couple of little children in their attractive and dainty costumes made a very pretty appearance.

A few of the more recent arrivals this week were Mrs. H. L. Leonard, Mrs. A. E. Piner, Mrs. Kate Blinn and Mollie and Annie Piner, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Graham, Mrs. Clara E. Strong, J. C. Sprung and wife, C. S. Kellogg and wife, Prof. C. E. Sargent and wife, Mrs. H. H. Draper, Mrs. Robert Sully, Mrs. S. B. Whitney, Harry Arnold, Mrs. E. B. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Tinker, Mrs. A. E. Fletcher, Mary L. Wade, Philander Wilbur, David Williams, Sarah A. Byrnes, Mrs. Ella Draper, son and daughter, and Mr. Otis A. Hand.

The Lake Pleasant Hotel is having the record year of its history.—Albert P. Blinn.

## Daily Camp, Saugus Centre, Mass.

Alex. Caird, M. D. Pres. Sunday, August 20, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond of Chicago; regular services 2 and 6; conference 11; concert 5; lunch served; cars leave Saugus square 19 minutes past and 11 minutes of the hour, direct for camp gate.

## Camp Progress, Upper Swampscott.

Salem, Mass., Aug. 9, 1906.—A large audience was present Sunday, August 6. The people are earnest as is evidenced by their attention given to all the speakers and mediums. Today many hearts have been made glad by the sweet, comforting messages that prove life beyond the grave. The conference meeting at 11 a. m. was opened by a song service. Mrs. Johnson presiding at the organ. Mr. and Mrs. James Smith, Mr. Barker and others were the speakers. At the 2 o'clock meeting Mrs. Fox, Mr. Barker and Mrs. Abbie N. Burnham, one of the veteran workers of the Cause, and fine selections by the Mowerland Park Quartet made an excellent program. Four o'clock meeting opened with a praise service followed by "The Story of the Two Glasses," by Mr. Willey. Remarks by Mrs. Nutter and Mrs. Matson. Remarks and messages by Mrs. H. A. McArthur and Mrs. Annie L. Chapman. Solo, "Love that Knows No Fear," by Mr. W. Boothover. Selection by the quartet, "The Silent Sea." After the meeting closed a large circle was held. A public circle is held every Thursday afternoon at the grove. Mrs. Mabel Page is the medium.—Mrs. Hattie S. Gardiner, sec.

## Lily Dale Camp, N. Y.

City of Light Assembly, Lily Dale.—If the assembly audience was delighted and charmed with Thomas McClary's lecture on the subject of "The Assumption of Mirth," none of the admiration and enthusiasm of his audience was lost, but rather intensified an hundred fold on the occasion of his second and last lecture for this season at the City of Light Assembly. The subject was, "Sunshine in Labor." A few points sketched from the grand lessons he taught were: "How may I be happy in the lot which has fallen to me? Adaptability, get into your right place. When we get where we ought to be, all the forces of nature are on our side. How to get into your right place, do well what you do until you get there; keep the object in view. No matter how irksome and unenjoyable your work, do not neglect it; the very knowledge of having done your best is in itself uplifting, and all the while you are peering away at the job you don't like, keep in mind the object you have in view, and by thought and strong desire aid in bringing about the conditions whereby you may attain that for which you have talent. It is not so much ability as it is adaptability. Find out the child's inclinations. What the child acquires, have an occupation—one of usefulness; earn an honest living—no one should accept a position which does not bring some good to humanity. Strive for a noble, selfhood and sunshine will illumine the path all through life. Some of the elements of noble selfhood are: Good physical condition, good moral nature, help self by putting more intelligence into the common things of life; by diligence, economy—live within your income, play as you go, or don't go. Be temperate in all things, etc., etc." The entire lecture was interspersed with narrative, bubbling over with fun or pathetic with tears, according to the sentiment of the parts of his subject treated. All in all, Mr. McClary's work at the Assembly of Light, for its practical, helpful, uplifting thought, has never been surpassed and seldom equalled. Long may he live and may he come to us again and again, as the years roll by.

Miss Susie C. Clark in her second lecture before the Assembly on the "Evolution of the

Spiritual Life," outlined how it may be unfolded and encouraged, and how spirituality is expressed in daily action as proof of its possession. It must be a life of physical health and mental poise, life of mastery over earthly limitations, a growth that is won from the dross of material consciousness and expressed in nobler service to humanity. Miss Clark gave her third and last lecture before the Assembly on Thursday, August 2. Her subject, "Weak Places in Our Armor," was handled as a master artisan might sound the material coat of mail before sending the warrior into battle. But in the pointing out of these weak places she did not leave them without giving the treatment whereby they might become more perfect—she said in part: "The churches are not our foes, but should be considered able allies to help on the cause of Spiritualism—all members of one brotherhood under different unfoldment; overcome spiritual laziness, 'something' of ourselves, build up individuality, make something of yourselves rather than try to absorb the knowledge others have gained. It is as essential to feed the mind as it is to feed the body if we would grow mentally. Read more, investigate more in order to meet the attacks of our opponents; cultivate habits of thinking. Miss Clark said she had been told that she was a Theosophist, and she declared: "I am a Theosophist; I am an Occultist; I am a Universalist; I am anything that contains one grain of truth, but above and beyond all I am a Spiritualist!" Laura G. Fiken, one of the most versatile characters on the public platform today, gave one of the most powerful lectures of the season on the subject, "The Problem of Human Redemption." Her inspirational thought was lofty, uplifting, in the highest degree. Gently and reverently she touched upon the (to her now) fallacious teachings of orthodox—for at one time her faith was founded upon them—but after much thought, investigation and use of reason in her research, she has reached that point when she can understandingly declare: "The world did not need to be saved—the world never was lost; nothing was ever wasted, nothing ever annihilated. God fills the universe. Did God create perfection and then imperfection? Each shall be his own redeemer, moved by the power that speaks in a grain of sand—the force revealed in a flower!"

Mrs. Fiken has a soul big enough to take in the universe—the good in all creeds, all expressions pertaining to the uplifting of humanity. She is vice-president of the Illinois State Association of Spiritualists, president of the Marie C. Brehm W. C. T. U. at Chicago, business manager for sixteen years of the Working Women's Home Association of Chicago and is a member of the board of trustees of the City of Light Assembly. She will attend and speak at the national convention of Spiritualists at Minneapolis this fall and also attend the national meeting of the W. C. T. U. in Los Angeles. Cal. Mrs. Fiken was a co-worker with Frances Willard and the cause of temperance to her is one of vital interest. Mrs. Georgia (Gladys) Cooley of Chicago has followed the lectures this week as message bearer. She is extremely sensitive and her psychic power very pronounced. She is an untiring worker and her present tour has extended from Oregon to New York. Her work at the City of Light Assembly has been very acceptable.

Mrs. Annette J. Pettengill of Boston, who preceded Mrs. Cooley two weeks, has by special invitation of President Abbie Louise Pettengill, decided to remain until the close of the assembly. In her work as a test medium Mrs. Pettengill has the advantage of education, culture and refinement, and she brings with her an atmosphere of truth and sincerity at once elevating and ennobling. An addition to the musical talent for the week has been the singing of Mrs. Jessie Star Hawkes of Warren, Pa. She has a mezzo-soprano voice with a contralto quality of tone, which, with her broad culture and fine method, produce most satisfactory results in the rendition of her selections.

A musical feature of the week was a concert given by Clarence de Vaux-Royer, assisted by Mrs. Hawkes and Prof. Arthur Leedale of Toronto, Canada, a number of some note. Mr. de Vaux-Royer is a noted violinist, celebrated both in Europe and America for his masterful manipulation of the bow.

Among other noted visitors, now at the City of Light are Dr. and Mrs. C. Walter Lynn and son, from Oakland, Cal. The former is an eminent healer and gifted psychic; the latter is a finished musician and will doubtless give an exhibition of his talent before leaving the assembly.

Along with all this intellectual panoply is furnished lighter refreshment in the weekly dances, bowling, fishing, rowing, etc. On Friday night last a minstrel show by local talent was given which would have done credit to Al G. Fields.

The children of the Lyceum are billed for an entertainment August 25. The attendance is daily increasing and the popular expression is "that no more successful season than the present was ever experienced at the City of Light Assembly."—Matilda Orr Hays, C. L. A. press correspondent.

## Grand Lodge Camp, Mich.

A HARMONIOUS SESSION OF THE OLD TIME KIND.

This is the third week of Grand Lodge campmeeting, which closes Sunday, August 20. It is an enjoyable gathering of genuine Spiritualists, Spiritualists who belong to the old time sort, who believe in the phenomena as well as in the philosophy of Spiritualism.

Many persons in camp are pioneers in the Cause—aged men and women who love to recall incidents in the early years of the Cause. To these persons death has no terrors. They are ready to pass through the portals, and there are not a few among the number who are looking forward to time of death with pleasant anticipation.

Our camp is running along smoothly—no discord—nothing to mar the harmony which has reigned supreme in this camp from opening day.

D. A. Herick of Grand Rapids, who is now serving an engagement in the Freeville Camp in New York, closed his engagement on Thursday, August 3.

On Sunday evening, July 30, Mr. Herick delivered an address; the venerable Dr. Peggie assisting in the afternoon services. Mr. Herick is a natural born orator, and he must indeed be a sleepy headed fellow who would be able to take a nap during one of his discourses.

Dr. B. F. Austin of Rochester, N. Y., who within the past five years has gained an enviable impression as a lecturer upon the Spiritual platform, began his engagement here on Friday, August 4.

Dr. Austin is a scholarly man and his many years of experience as a Methodist minister gives him an advantage not possessed by the average lecturer. His logic is easily within the grasp of the ordinary mind, while his language is forcible and faultless. The doctor closes his engagement tomorrow and goes to Wisconsin.

Sunday, August 6, was a red letter day in Grand Lodge Camp. The attendance was unusually large. Dr. Austin delivered two lectures, both to large audiences, and many were the complimentary remarks made by his hearers at the close of his lectures. A feature of the day was the appearance upon the platform of Mrs. Anna-Berger Lynch, the renowned lady cornetist, a musician declared

by House to be the greatest lady cornetist in the world. Miss Hazel Werts of Anderson, Ind., played the piano accompaniments to Mrs. Lynch's cornet solos at each service.

Mr. and Mrs. Werts and daughter furnish the music. General satisfaction is manifested by their efforts.

Mrs. Marion Carpenter begins her engagement August 12 and closes Aug. 17, giving tests from beyond at the close of each of her lectures.

Chairman Mr. Edgerly speaks twice during the present week, Thursday and Friday afternoons.

Last Sunday was a day long to be remembered in Grand Lodge.

Wm. Divine, camp manager, is much elated over Grand Lodge Camp prospects.

A masked ball composed of the campers last night was excellent. Old and young participated.

Following is a list of the mediums in camp: Mrs. C. Oswald and Mrs. Hamilton Gill of Chicago; Mrs. N. N. Russell, Grand Lodge, and Mrs. Jennie Martin of Grand Rapids, all clairvoyants; Dr. Stephenson, Bay City, magnetic healer; John Mabey, Saginaw, materializing medium; Mr. Oliver Comstock, Marcellus, the fire medium, gives his tests daily.—Rena D. Chapman.

## Movements of Platform Workers.

W. J. Colville during the past week has been lecturing to splendid audiences at Lily Dale, where everything is very brisk this season. On Wednesday, August 9, his opening lecture on "The Signs of the Times" was given to a full auditorium and widely reported next day in the papers of Dunkirk and Jamestown. On Sunday, August 20, he is to speak at Lake Brady, Ohio, and then proceed to give a short course of lectures at Clinton, Iowa, before returning to New York, where his address is 125 W. 56th St.

## Dr. Sellen in New England.

## AN APPRECIATION

Among the newcomers to the Spiritualists' field of workers in New England not one promises to be of more benefit than (Mrs.) Dr. Sellen from the state of New York. It was the writer's privilege to meet her when in Onset and receive from her liberal heart assistance in the V. S. U. program presented there.

We have just learned, from a friend whose judgment we highly prize, that "Dr. Sellen's lectures are worthy of profound consideration" and the hope is expressed that Bostonians will welcome her warmly in September and insure her a generous hearing. The "Banner of Light" leads in extending her cordial welcome and hopes to have the pleasure of seeing its little class room, (which is to be opened at once for such work) filled with intelligent pupils of this charming teacher.

Quoting further from our friend's estimate: "Dr. Sellen has a charming personality which has appealed to me strongly, and more than one heart to heart talk between us has revealed not only a well poised woman, but the crowning of a tender, affectionate nature, which sanctifies her glorious womanhood."

"With her unselfish nature she has worked for the good of humanity in the past, and I firmly believe, will broaden her sphere of usefulness in the near future."

"Already she is giving the proceeds of her lectures to the Spiritualists, and I sincerely hope, and know you will with others, and myself, knit the bonds of kinship between Dr. Sellen and the Spiritualists more closely."

The "Banner of Light" most cordially welcomes such workers and shares the hope of our correspondent that Dr. Sellen will at least spend the winter in Boston and her work become a prominent factor in the splendid spiritual undertakings we bespeak for the coming season.

## Minnesota Spiritualists, Wake Up!

As the time is rapidly approaching when the national convention of Spiritualists will be held I thought it would be well to inform you of the arrangements made for the entertainment of the delegates and friends who will be here.

The First Unitarian Church has been secured to hold the sessions of the convention. It is centrally located and is one of the prettiest churches in the city. The Zombachs, the ladies' quarter of Minneapolis, and other local talent, have been secured to furnish the music.

The official headquarters will be at the Nicolet Hotel, one of the best in the city, where rooms can be engaged at the rate of \$1 per day, each person, European plan.

It is greatly to be desired that the state of Minnesota be strongly represented at the national convention, and to that end it is necessary for every local society to send a representative to the state convention held in Minneapolis September 7, 8, 9 and 10. It is a great honor to have Minneapolis chosen for the thirteenth annual convention of the N. S. A. of the United States and the Dominion of Canada, and we hope that every society will show its appreciation by sending a delegate to the state convention.

It is the heartfelt wish and desire of the officers of the Minnesota S. S. A. that Minnesota shall have the privilege and honor of being the first national convention free to the public, as this organization was and is intended to do missionary work and one way to do that work is to have the sessions free to all, as other religious bodies do. To do this it is necessary to raise the sum of \$300 above hall rent and other incidental expenses. To help in this work the ladies of the different auxiliaries organized under the name of the ladies' entertainment committee for the N. S. S. A. will serve dinners and suppers in the commodious dining room of the church. Another way will be the badges. Are you interested in the success of the convention? If so, send \$1 to either J. S. Maxwell, president, or C. P. Follett, secretary of the Minnesota S. S. A., 1664 Hennepin avenue, for a badge, and we trust that every Spiritualist in the state will buy one as a souvenir of the thirteenth annual convention of the N. S. A.

I want to urge the necessity of making an individual, as well as a united effort, to have the national convention a grand success. It rests with each and every Spiritualist in the state to make it so. Wake up and prove to the world that you appreciate the opportunity that has been given to show what Minnesotaans can do. Make the delegates, speakers, mediums and friends who come here from all parts of the United States and Canada, at their own expense, feel that they have been as welcome and appreciated that the remembrance of the thirteenth annual convention of the N. S. A. will always remain more than a red letter day. Yours, M. S. S. A., J. S. Maxwell, Pres., Minn. S. S. A.

(Let us heartily commend the fervent spirit of the Minnesota president, May his desire for free meetings be realized.—Man, Editor.)

Not unless we all our existence with an aim do we make it life.—Rabbi.

Love and courage are the spirit's wings, waiting to noble actions.—Goethe.

## THE RIPENING OF THE BOWL.

John A. Lowe.

There is something strange upon me as I dream the journey over And the vision of my childhood seems as real as of yore.

With the lark upon the meadow and the crickets and the birds Every fibre in my nature with a childish gleam was stirred.

Now my heart's attuned as tenderly the my childhood long has gone And the lark and cricket cheer me with a richer, sweeter song.

And I read the deeper meaning of life's purpose on the scroll As the fading of the body marks the ripening of the soul.

All the friendships we have nurtured and the loves that we have known Have a richer, finer meaning when our youthful days are gone.

When life's sunlight falls obliquely and the shadows longer grow, And our inner life's expanding with a warm and steady glow.

We're attuned for sweeter music than our youthful ears can hear There's a life awakening in us, as we feel the prize is near.

And we revel in life's richness as we're drawing near the goal When the fading of the body marks the ripening of the soul.

## Gleanings from Summer Gatherings.

W. J. Colville.

Though the columns of the "Banner of Light" are well filled from week to week with ample reports from many camps and other popular summer meeting places, I venture to add a few words to the ampler testimony of other correspondents by way of personal tribute to the many excellencies and manifold improvements with which I am confronted wherever I may turn.

Onset never treated me more graciously and never did I see finer audiences assembled in its leafy grove, and in its spacious Temple and arcade, than during the nine happy, brief days I was privileged to open there this season.

Dr. Fuller was so extremely kind and urgent that it was with real sorrow that I was compelled to decline a re-engagement for next August, as I feel convinced that long ere then I shall be many thousand miles from New England.

Onset impressed me this year with vigorous vitality, and did I indulge in casting horoscopes I would not hesitate to predict a bright and highly useful future for that consecrated spot which will, I am convinced, for many seasons to come, not only sustain, but add lustre to its reputation as a powerful focal center of spiritual energy.

I was delighted to meet good old friends from all over America and from far across the seas. My only regret was in being obliged to leave for Boston only a few hours before the expected arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Richmond, whom I have not met for several years, owing to the fact that they have always preceded or followed me that I had to be questioning on the scene of a next engagement when they were arriving at a resort.

After leaving Onset and speaking at the funeral of a valued friend in Charlestown, I hastened to New York, and from there went direct to Lily Dale, where the City of Light Assembly, under the extremely efficient presidency of Mrs. A. J. Pettengill, is transcending its best achievements of bygone years.

Improvements confront the visitor at every turn, and the platform was never more richly supplied with such varied talent than at present. Mr. J. T. Liddle is an admirable chairman in the Auditorium. He is kind and courteous to everybody, and Mrs. Liddle goes about like an incarnate sunbeam, spreading light on the path of all.

Every speaker I have heard has interested and instructed a splendid audience, and Mrs. Gladys Cooley has been most successful in clairvoyant descriptions from the platform.

Both hotels are full and I have not seen a vacant cottage. The gifted lady who reports for the spiritual and secular press is doing a great missionary work with her facile pen.

Mrs. Tillinghast, the enthusiastic librarian, is energetic as ever.

The Lily Dale Lyceum is one of the best constructed I have ever seen. Entertainment of all descriptions is plentiful and there are so many people constantly coming and going that every kind of function is liberally patronized.

The music of the orchestra is simply superb. The band concerts are a delight to everybody.

Nature is smiling usually, but occasionally she weeps. We are glad of the tears when they fall, because they perform admirable offices; they cool the air, allay dust and render grass, trees and flowers the more luxuriant.

Spiritualism is honored and advocated at Lily Dale in a manner which commands attention and respect from all the neighborhood.

The Michigan Democrat and Sturge's Times in a recent issue speaks in a most kindly way of the "Banner of Light" and bespeaks a brilliant future for the coming years.

We thank our brother and assure him we will take pleasure in printing in this issue or our next, the report of the surprise party given Mr. and Mrs. Harding.

## For Over Sixty Years

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

Look it over waiting for something to turn up, labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something. Luck lies in bed and wishes, the postman would bring him the news of a legacy; labor turns out at 6 o'clock and with busy pen and ringing hammer lays the foundation of competence. Luck whines; labor whistles. Luck relies on chance, labor on character.—Richard Cobden.

## The Approved

Effervescent

relief for

Headaches

SICK STOMACHS, INDIGESTION

Attributed to the fact that it is a most reliable remedy for all the above ailments.

For more than 60 years.

At Drug Stores, or by mail from THE TARRANT CO., 24 Hudson Street, N. Y.



## Campmeeting News.

## Onset (Mass.) Notes.

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

Saturday, August 6, 1905, Massachusetts State day.—At precisely 2:30, President George A. Fuller opened the meeting. A. J. Maxham sang, "Speed Away." Carrie F. Loring, treasurer of the M. S. A., made the invocation, after which President Fuller said the M. S. A. is doing a good work. It is needed in order to carry the truths of Spiritualism into localities where they have never received it. We, as an association, are opposed to vivisection, vaccination and capital punishment. We also believe every person has a right to select his own physician. He was sorry that the Spiritualists were not exempt from bigotry. He believed in concerted effort.

Mrs. C. Fannie Allen said: "I hope you are here to think and talk organization. Singly we can do nothing, but together we can accomplish much."

Miss Susie C. Clark said: "What do we have the state association for? Not alone to promulgate our true religion, but to help make the perfect man and woman, to develop the divine out of the human, to gain universal brotherhood and sisterhood; then let us come together valiantly and bring the kingdom of heaven on earth."

Mr. J. B. Hatch spoke briefly. Mr. J. W. Colville said: "We can all come together and stand for liberty and freedom. Whenever any one person's liberty is assailed, then all are assailed, and we can all agree upon that."

Mrs. Kate M. Ham gave messages. Mrs. Carrie P. Pratt said: "Do not believe anything ever came to this world that bore fruitage but what it was thoroughly organized."

Mrs. Carrie F. Loring, treasurer of the M. S. A., said: "Let us come together in the interest of this one thought. Then we will realize what it is to be helpful to each other." A vote of thanks was extended to all speakers, mediums, musicians, to Dr. Prentiss for flowers and to Mr. J. B. Hatch for beautiful decorations of platform, to the Onset Bay Grove Association for use of the Auditorium and to all who in any way helped to make the day a success, and to all friends for generous donations. Money and donations received up to the present time amounted to \$71.

Sunday, August 6, 1905.—A large audience gathered to listen to the address given by Miss Susie C. Clark of Cambridge. Mr. Maxham opened the meeting with a vocal selection. Miss Clark read a poem by the Rev. Henry Van Dyke. A duet followed by Miss Alice Holbrook and Mr. A. J. Maxham. Miss Clark took for her subject, "Spirituality," and it was presented on a high spiritual plane. The spiritual life must first be a healthy life. Spirituality means expansion of every faculty of the soul. An unbroken atonement with the Great Spirit of all life and love.

At 2 p. m. the largest audience of the season listened to Mr. J. W. Colville. Mr. Colville has made many fast friends in this country and it is with regret that they hear of his return to his native land. Mr. Colville's subject was "The Kingdom of God and the Republic of Man." He said:

"There is but one God. God is the one light, the one everything. We should speak more of the right of humanity. Humanity is itself a divine revelation. Abraham Lincoln said when God had a work for him to do he did not send an angel to tell him to do it. There is no divine minister that steps down from heaven and writes a book and then goes back into his own study. God will take care of the soul; you must take care of the body. When you go down with your love into hell, then you will find that evil goes away to good; then you will find the Kingdom of God. The world is my country, the universe my home. Let it be in sunshine when you commune with your departed ones."

At the close of the lecture, Mr. Dohson moved that we, as an audience, pass a resolution, but not as a farewell or a good-bye. He resolved that we extend our thanks for all the kindly words Mr. Colville has spoken. The resolution was carried by the audience, rising. Mr. Colville said in response:

"Wherever I am, we can all be in spirit communion with each other. I thank you for making that privilege more fully mine."

Mrs. Kate M. Ham gave a message. Mr. Colville gave the benediction and then held a reception. It was a great farewell. There must have been fully 10,000 people on the grounds today.

Dr. George A. Fuller received the congratulations of all the campers on the anniversary of his natal day, August 5.

Monday, August 7, Conference Day.—Mr. Maxham presided in the absence of the president. The subject was: "The Literature of Spiritualism." Mrs. Ham told why she was a Spiritualist and closed with an original poem, "Love Not Fear," by Mr. W. B. Boushove. Selection by the artist, "The Silent Sea." After the meeting closed a large circle was held. A public circle is held every Thursday afternoon at the grove. Mrs. Mabel Page is the medium.—Mrs. Hattie S. Gardiner, sec.

Tuesday.—The meeting opened with singing by Mr. Maxham. Dr. Fuller introduced Rev. Cora L. V. Richmond, who was generously received. She spoke impressively for an hour. She said in part: "Spiritualism has made more impression in the last fifty years than any other religion. It has compelled a more spiritual preaching in the pulpits and less creed. The Spiritualists are a peace-loving people." An impromptu poem closed her lecture.

Wednesday, Equal Rights Day.—The Equal Rights League of Onset had charge and its president, Miss Arabella Adams, presided. The speakers were Mrs. Carrie P. Pratt, Mrs. Lucinda B. Chandler of Chicago, Mrs. Dr. Sellen, Mrs. C. Fannie Allen, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond and Henry B. Blackwell. In the afternoon in the Temple the following spoke: Mrs. Anne K. Himmam, Mrs. Susan Fessenden and Mr. Blackwell.

Thursday.—Mrs. Richmond answered questions at the meeting today. The questions answered were in relation to the present peace negotiations between Japan and Russia, Physical Phenomena of the Future, Christ's Mission on Earth and Reincarnation.

Friday, Conference Day.—Mrs. Mears, Mrs. Della Smith, Mrs. Bassett, Mr. J. M. Young, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Washburn and others spoke.

Sunday, August 13.—Great crowd and fine day. Mrs. Richmond lectured in the morning on "Life on the Other Planets." Mrs. Richmond has been engaged for another year.

In the afternoon Mr. J. J. Morse spoke on "The Resurrection of Humanity," followed by Mrs. Ruth A. Swift, who gave messages.

The Onset Wagon Co.-Workers held their annual meeting Saturday, August 12. The following named officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. May C. Weston; for the eleventh year, first vice-president, Mrs. Lulu B. Eddy; second vice-president, Mrs. S. Emma Corlies; treasurer, Mrs. S. A. Currier; secretary, E. A. Blackden; directors, Miss Susie A. Frapp, W. H. Boushove, James B. Johnson, Mrs. Sarah E. Olsby and Edward Curran. The society is in a flourishing condition, the meetings are of a very interesting and harmonious character and the attendance daily is very large. The annual fair will be held August 24 and 25.—B. A. Blackden, secretary.

Onset, August 13, 1905.

## Lake Pleasant, Mass.

The second week of campmeeting is almost through as I take my pen in hand to write my weekly letter to the "Banner," and interest in the welfare of the camp and success in the meetings is manifest everywhere. Mrs. T. U. Reynolds' lectures and messages gave excellent satisfaction and as vice-president of the association she is always ready for duty and responsive to the call. Mrs. Carrie E. S. Tving has attracted good audiences, and, as usual, finds lots of appreciation at our camp. Rev. May S. Pepper is our drawing card, par excellence. Her audience on last Sunday afternoon filled our large Temple, and standing room was at a premium. Mrs. Pepper's lectures were splendidly delivered and replete with instruction and interest. Her messages were marvelous manifestations of psychic power. She occupies our platform on Saturday evenings, August 19 and 20, on Sunday afternoons, August 20 and 21 and on Wednesday afternoons, August 23 and 24. On Tuesday, August 15, and Thursday, August 17, Mrs. Carrie L. Thomas will lecture and give messages, and on Tuesday evening, August 22, Mrs. Kate M. Ham will hold a test seance in the Temple. Mrs. Ham has been specially engaged for this occasion.

The band concerts which are being given every Sunday afternoon in the grove attract large crowds and are a source of much enjoyment to the music lovers. Commencing on Sunday, August 20, a band of twenty-four men will give two concerts daily on these grounds till the close of camp. The music of the Ladies' Schubert Quartet is as popular as ever and adds much to the pleasure of our meetings. A splendid concert was given in the Temple last Wednesday night by the Children's Lyceum from which about \$17 were realized. Mrs. Wightman, our conductor, is efficient and energetic and is ably supported by the other officers.

The concert opened with singing by the Lyceum children and recitations were given by Josephine Wightman, Freddie Hale, Mrs. Pease, Grace Blinn, Myrtle Provincial, Ruth Hart, Reagah Boyden, Marguerite Previoso and Evelyn Morse. Vocal selections were rendered by the Misses Lillian, Ada and Marion Rising, Little Marion Pease, Mrs. Lida Hart, Miss Florence Merrill acting as accompanist. Little Marion Rising gave a violin solo in a splendid manner, and was heartily cheered, and the selections from the Rising Orchestra were well received. Mr. Frank C. Bryant, played with the orchestra in the absence of Mr. Rising. We are proud of our children and this orchestra, five members of which are under 12 years of age, furnishes the march music for the Lyceum.

The dancing pavilion is well patronized and Manager Stratton is outdoing himself in creating attractions.

The cake-walk last Tuesday evening filled the building with spectators. Stratton's Orchestra, noted for its good music, never played better and the dozen couple of little children in their attractive and dainty costumes made a very pretty appearance.

A few of the more recent arrivals this week were Mrs. H. L. Leonard, Mrs. A. E. Pitcher, Mrs. Kate Blinn and Mollie and Annie Plinn. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Graham, Mrs. Clara E. Strong, J. C. Spring and wife, C. S. Kellogg and wife, Prof. C. E. Sargent and wife, Mrs. H. H. Draper, Mrs. Robert Sully, Mrs. S. B. Whitney, Harry Arnold, Mrs. E. B. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Tinker, Mrs. A. E. Fletcher, Mary L. Wade, Philander Wilbur, David Williams, Sarah A. Byrnes, Mrs. Ella Draper, son and daughter, and Mr. Otis A. Hand.

The Lake Pleasant Hotel is having the record year of its history.—Albert P. Blinn.

## Unity Camp, Sanguis Centre, Mass.

Alex. Caird, M. D., Pres. Sunday, August 20, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond of Chicago, regular services 2 and 6; conference 11; concert 5; lunch served; cars leave Scollay square 15 minutes past and 11 minutes of the hour, direct for camp gate.

## Camp Progress, Upper Swampscott.

Salem, Mass., Aug. 9, 1905.—A large audience was present Sunday, August 6. The people are earnest, as is evidenced by their attention given to all the speakers and mediums. Today many hearts have been made glad by the sweet comforting messages that grove life beyond the grave. The conference meeting at 11 a. m. was opened by a song service, Mrs. Johnson presiding at the organ. Mr. and Mrs. James Smith, Mr. Barker and others were the speakers. At the 2 o'clock meeting Mrs. Fox, Mr. Barker and Mrs. Abbie N. Burnham, one of the veteran workers of the Cause, and fine selections by the Mowerland Park Quartet made an excellent program. Four o'clock meeting opened with a praise service followed by "The Story of the Two Glasses," by Mr. Willey. Remarks by Mrs. Nutter and Mrs. Matson. Remarks and messages by Mrs. H. McArthur and Mrs. Annie L. Chapman. Solo, "Love Not Fear," by Mr. W. B. Boushove. Selection by the artist, "The Silent Sea." After the meeting closed a large circle was held. A public circle is held every Thursday afternoon at the grove. Mrs. Mabel Page is the medium.—Mrs. Hattie S. Gardiner, sec.

## Lily Dale Camp, N. Y.

City of Light Assembly, Lily Dale.—If the assembly audience was delighted and charmed with Thomas McClary's lecture on the subject of "The Assumption of Mirth," none of the admiration and enthusiasm of his audience was lost, but rather intensified—an hundred fold on the occasion of his second and last lecture for this season at the City of Light Assembly. The subject was, "Sunshine in Labor." A few points sketched from the grand lessons he taught were: "How may I be happy in the lot which has fallen to me? Adaptability, get into your right place. When we get where we ought to be, all the forces of nature are on our side." "How to get into your right place—do what you do until you get there; keep the object in view. No matter how laborious and ungenial your work, do not slight it; the very knowledge of having done your best is in itself uplifting, and all the while you are peering away at the job you don't like, keep in mind the object you have in view, and by thought and strong desire aid in bringing about the conditions whereby you may attain that for which you have talent. It is not so much ability as it is adaptability. Find out the child's inclinations. What the child admires, the youth endeavors, the man acquires. Have an occupation—one of usefulness; earn an honest living—no one should accept a position which does not bring some good to humanity. Strive for a noble selfhood and sunshine will illumine the path all through life. Some of the elements of noble selfhood are: Good physical condition, good moral nature, help self by putting more intelligence into the common things of life; by diligence, economy—live within your income, play as you go, or don't get; Be temperate in all things, etc., etc." The entire lecture was interspersed with narrative, bubbling over with fun or pathetic with tears, according to the sentiment of the parts of his subject treated. All in all, Mr. McClary's work at the Assembly of Light for his practical, helpful, uplifting thought has never been surpassed and seldom equaled. Long may he live and may he come to us again and again, as the years roll by.

Miss Susie C. Clark in her second lecture before the Assembly on the "Evolution of the

Spiritual Life," outlined how it may be unfolded and encouraged, and how spirituality is expressed in daily action as proof of its reality. It must be a life of physical health and mental poise, life of mastery over earthly limitations, a growth that is won from the dross of material consciousness and expressed in noblest service to humanity.

Mrs. Clark gave her third and last lecture before the Assembly on Thursday, August 3. Her subject, "Weak Places in Our Armor," was handled as a master artisan might sound the material coat of mail before sending the wearer into battle. But in the pointing out of these weak places she did not leave them without giving the treatment whereby they might become more perfect—she said in part: "The churches are not our foes, but should be considered able allies to help on the cause of Spiritualism—all members of one brotherhood under different unfoldment; overcome spiritual laziness, make something of yourselves, build up individuality, make something of yourselves rather than try to absorb the knowledge others have gained. It is as essential to feed the mind as it is to feed the body if we would grow mentally. Read more, investigate more in order to meet the attacks of our opponents; cultivate habits of thinking. Miss Clark said she had been told that she was a Theosophist, and then declared: "I am a Theosophist; I am an Occultist; I am a Universalist; I am anything that contains one grain of truth; but above and beyond all I am a Spiritualist!" Laura G. Fiken, one of the most versatile characters on the public platform today, gave one of the most powerful lectures of the season on the subject, "The Problem of Human Redemption." Her inspirational thought was lofty, uplifting, in the highest degree. Gently and reverently she touched upon the (to her now) fallacious teachings of orthodox—for at one time her faith was founded upon them—but after much thought, investigation and use of reason in her research, she has reached that point when she can understandings declare: "The world did not need to be saved—the world never was lost; nothing was ever wasted, nothing ever annihilated. God fills the universe. Did God create perfection and then imperfection? Each shall be his own redeemer, moved by the power that speaks in a grain of sand—the force revealed in a flower!"

Mrs. Fiken has a soul big enough to take in the universe—the good in all creeds, all expressions pertaining to the uplifting of humanity. She is vice-president of the Illinois State Association of Spiritualists, president of the Marie C. Brehm W. C. T. U. at Chicago, business manager for sixteen years of the Working Women's Home Association of Chicago and is a member of the board of trustees of the City of Light Assembly. She will attend and speak at the national convention of Spiritualists at Minneapolis this fall and also attend the national meeting of the W. C. T. U. in Los Angeles, Cal. Mrs. Fiken was a co-worker with Frances Willard and the cause of temperance to her is one of vital interest.

Mrs. Georgia Gladys Cooley of Chicago has followed the lectures this week as message bearer. She is extremely sensitive and her psychic power very pronounced. She is an untiring worker and her present tour has extended from Oregon to New York. Her work at the City of Light Assembly has been very acceptable.

Mrs. Annette J. Pettengill of Boston, who preceded Mrs. Cooley two weeks, has by special invitation of President Abbie Louise Pettengill, decided to remain until the close of the assembly. In her work as a test medium Mrs. Pettengill has the advantage of education, culture and refinement, and she brings with her an atmosphere of truth and sincerity at once elevating and ennobling. An addition to the musical talent for the week has been the singing of Mrs. Jessie Star Hawkes of Warren, Pa. She has a mezzo-soprano voice with a contralto quality of tone, which, with her broad culture and fine method, produce most satisfactory results in the rendition of her selections.

A musical feature of the week was a concert given by Clarence de Vaux-Royer, assisted by Mrs. Hawkes and Prof. Arthur Uredale of Toronto, Canada, a pianist of some note. Mr. de Vaux-Royer is a noted violinist, celebrated both in Europe and America for his masterful manipulation of the bow.

Among other noted visitors now at the City of Light are Dr. and Mrs. C. Walter Lynn and son, from Oakland, Cal. The former is an eminent healer and gifted psychic; the latter is a gifted musician and will doubtless give an exhibition of his talent before leaving the assembly.

Along with all this intellectual panoply is furnished lighter refreshment in the weekly dances, bowling, fishing, rowing, etc. On Friday night last a minstrel show by local talent was given which would have done credit to Al G. Fields.

The children of the Lyceum are billed for an entertainment August 25. The attendance is daily increasing and the popular expression is that no more successful season than the present was ever experienced at the City of Light Assembly.—Matilda Orr Hays, C. L. A. press correspondent.

## Grand Lodge Camp, Mich.

A HARMONIOUS SESSION OF THE OLD TIME KIND.

This is the third week of Grand Lodge campmeeting, which closes Sunday, August 20. It is an enjoyable gathering of genuine Spiritualists, Spiritualists who belong to the old time sort, who believe in the phenomena as well as in the philosophy of Spiritualism.

Many persons in camp are pioneers in the Cause—aged men and women who love to recall incidents in the early years of the Cause. To these persons death has no terrors. They are ready to pass through the portals, and there are not a few among the number who are looking forward to time of death with pleasurable anticipation.

Our camp is running along smoothly—no discord—nothing to mar the harmony which has reigned supreme in this camp from opening day.

D. A. Herriek of Grand Rapids, who is now serving an engagement in the Freville Camp in New York, closed his engagement on Thursday, August 3.

On Sunday morning, July 30, Mr. Herriek delivered an address, the venerable Dr. Peoples assisting in the afternoon services. Mr. Herriek is a natural born orator, and he must indeed be a sleepy headed fellow who would be able to take a nap during one of his discourses.

Dr. R. F. Austin of Rochester, N. Y., who within the past five years has gained an enviable reputation as a lecturer upon the Spiritualist platform, began his engagement here on Friday, August 4.

Dr. Austin is a scholarly man and his many years of experience as a Methodist minister gives him an advantage not possessed by the average lecturer. His logic is easily within the grasp of the ordinary mind, while his language is forcible and faultless. The doctor closed his engagement tomorrow and goes to Wisconsin.

Sunday, August 6, was a red letter day in Grand Lodge Camp. The attendance was unusually large. Dr. Austin delivered two lectures, both to large audiences, and many were the complimentary remarks made by his hearers at the close of his lectures. A feature of the day was the appearance upon the platform of Mrs. Anna Bogue Lynch, the renowned lady cornetist, a musician declared

by some to be the greatest lady cornetist in the world. Mrs. Anna Bogue Lynch, of Anderson, Ind., played the piano accompaniments to Mrs. Lynch's cornet solos at each service.

Mr. and Mrs. Werts and daughter furnish the music. General satisfaction is manifested by their efforts.

Mrs. Marion Carpenter begins her engagement August 12 and closes Aug. 17, giving tests from beyond at the close of each of her lectures.

Chairman Mr. Edgerly speaks twice during the present week, Thursday and Friday afternoons.

Last Sunday was a day long to be remembered in Grand Lodge.

Wm. Divine, camp manager, is much elated over Grand Lodge Camp prospects. A marked ball composed of the campers last night was excellent. Old and young participated.

Following is a list of the mediums in camp: Mrs. C. Oswald and Mrs. Hamilton Gill of Chicago; Mrs. N. N. Russell, Grand Lodge; and Mrs. Jennie Martin of Grand Rapids, all c. s. v. y. Dr. Stephenson, Bay City, magnetic healer; John Mabey, Saginaw, materializing medium; Mr. Oliver Comstock, Marcellus, the fire medium, gives his tests daily.—Rena D. Chapman.

## Movements of Platform Workers.

W. J. Colville during the past week has been lecturing to splendid audiences at Lily Dale, where everything is very brisk this season. On Wednesday, August 9, his opening lecture on "The Signs of the Times" was given to a full auditorium and widely reported in the papers of Dunkirk and Jamestown. On Sunday, August 20, he is to speak at Lake Brady, Ohio, and then proceed to give a short course of lectures at Clinton, Iowa, before returning to New York, where his address is 125 W. 56th St.

## Dr. Sellen in New England.

## AN APPRECIATION.

Among the newcomers to the Spiritualists' field of workers in New England not one promises to be of more benefit than (Mrs.) Dr. Sellen from the state of New York. It was the writer's privilege to meet her when in Onset and receive from her liberal heart assistance in the V. S. U. program presented there.

We have just learned from a friend whose judgment we highly prize, that "Dr. Sellen's lectures are worthy of profound consideration" and the hope is expressed that Bostonians will welcome her warmly in September and insure her a generous hearing. The "Banner of Light" leads in extending her cordial welcome and hopes to have the pleasure of seeing its little class room, which is to be opened at once for such work, filled with intelligent pupils of this charming teacher.

Quoting further from our friend's estimate: "Dr. Sellen has a charming personality which has appealed to me strongly, and more than one heart to heart talk between us has revealed not only a well poised woman, but the crowning of a tender, affectionate nature, which sanctifies her glorious womanhood."

With her unselfish nature she has worked for the good of humanity in the past, and I firmly believe, will broaden her sphere of usefulness in the near future.

Already she is giving the proceeds of her lectures to the Spiritualists, and I sincerely hope, and know you will with others, and myself, knit the bonds of kinship between Dr. Sellen and the Spiritualists more closely.

The "Banner of Light" most cordially welcomes such workers and shares the hope of our correspondent that Dr. Sellen will at least spend the winter in Boston and her work become a prominent factor in the splendid spiritual undertakings we bespeak for the coming season.

## Minnesota Spiritualists, Wake Up!

As the time is rapidly approaching when the national convention of Spiritualists will be held, I thought it would be well to inform you of the arrangements made for the entertainment of the delegates and friends who will be here.

The First Unitarian Church has been secured to hold the sessions of the convention. It is centrally located and is one of the prettiest churches in the city. The Zumbach's ladies' quartet of Minneapolis and other local talent, have been secured to furnish the music.

The official headquarters will be at the Nicolet Hotel, one of the best in the city where rooms can be engaged at the rate of \$1 per day, each person, European plan.

It is greatly to be desired that the state of Minnesota be strongly represented at the national convention, and to that end it is necessary for every local society to have a representative at this convention held in Minneapolis September 2, 9 and 10. It is a great honor to have Minneapolis chosen for the thirteenth annual convention of the N. S. A. of the United States and the Dominion of Canada, and we hope that every society will show its appreciation by sending a delegate to the state convention.

It is the heartfelt wish and desire of the officers of the Minnesota S. S. A. that Minnesota shall have the privilege and honor of being the first state to throw open the doors of the national convention free to the public; as this organization was and is intended to do this work, and one way to do that work is to have the sessions free to all, as necessary to raise the sum of \$300 above half rent and other incidental expenses.

To help in this work the ladies of the different auxiliaries organized under the name of the ladies' entertainment committee for the N. S. S. will serve dinners and suppers in the commodious dining room of the church. Another way will be the badges. Are you interested in the success of the convention? If so, send \$1 to either J. S. Maxwell, president, or C. F. Follett, secretary of the Minnesota S. S. A., 1864 Hennepin avenue, for a badge.

And we trust that every Spiritualist in the state will buy one as a souvenir of the thirteenth annual convention of the N. S. A.—I want to urge the necessity of making an individual, as well as a united effort, to have the national convention a grand success. It rests with each and every Spiritualist in the state to make it so. Wake up and prove to the world that you appreciate the opportunity that has been given to show what Minnesota can do. Make the delegates, speakers, mediums and friends who come here from all parts of the United States and Canada, as well as welcome and appreciated that the remembrance of the thirteenth annual convention of the N. S. A. will always remain more than a red letter day. Yours for the Cause.

J. S. Maxwell, Pres. Minn. S. S. A. [Let us heartily commend the fervent spirit of the Minnesota president. May his desire for free meetings be realized.—Man. Editor.]

Not unless we fill our existence with an aim do we make it life.—Reichel.

Love and courage are the spirit's wings, waiting to noble actions.—Goethe.

## THE RIPENING OF THE SOUL.

John A. Love.

There is something steals upon me as I dream the journey over And the vision of my childhood seems as real as of yore.

With the lark upon the meadow and the crickets and the birds Every fibre in my nature with a childish glee was stirred.

Now my heart's attuned as tenderly tho' my childhood long has gone And the lark and cricket cheer me with a richer, sweeter song.

And I read the deeper meaning of life's purpose on the scroll As the fading of the body marks the ripening of the soul.

All the friendships we have nurtured and the loves that we have known Have a richer, finer meaning when our youthful days are gone. When life's sunlight falls obliquely and the shadows longer grow, And our inner life's expanding with a warm and steady glow, We're attuned for sweeter music than our youthful ears can hear.

There's a life awakening in us, as we feel the price is near, And we revel in life's richness as we're drawing near the goal When the fading of the body marks the ripening of the soul.

## Gleanings from Summer Gatherings.

W. J. Colville.

Though the columns of the "Banner of Light" are well filled from week to week with ample reports from many camps and other popular summer meeting places, I venture to add a few words to the ample testimony of other correspondents by way of personal tribute to the many excellencies and manifold improvements with which I am confronted wherever I may turn.

Onset never treated me more graciously and never did I see finer audiences assembled in its leafy grove, and in its spacious Temple and arcade, than during the my happy, brief days I was privileged to open there this season.

Dr. Fuller was so extremely kind and urgent that it was with real sorrow that I was compelled to decline a re-engagement for next August, as I feel convinced that long ere then I shall be many thousand miles from New England.

Onset impressed me this year with vigorous vitality, and did I indulge in casting horoscopes, I would not hesitate to predict a bright and highly useful future for that concentrated spot which will, I am convinced, for many seasons to come, not only sustain, but add lustre to its reputation as a powerful focal center of spiritual energy.

I was delighted to meet good, old friends from all over America and from far across the seas. My only regret was (being obliged to leave for Boston only a few hours before the expected arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Richmond) would I have not met for several years, owing to the fact that they have always so preceded or followed me that I had to be hastening on to the scene of a next engagement when they were arriving at a resort.

After leaving Onset and speaking at the funeral of a valued friend in Charlestown, I hastened to New York, and from there went direct to Lily Dale, where the City of Light Assembly, under the extremely efficient presidency of Mrs. A. L. Pettengill, is transcending its best achievements of bygone years.

Improvements confront the visitor at every turn, and the platform was never more richly supplied with varied talent than at present. Mr. J. T. Lillie is an admirable chairman in the Auditorium. He is kind and courteous to everybody and Mrs. Lillie goes about like an incarnate sunbeam, spreading light on the path of all.

Every speaker I have heard has interested and instructed a splendid audience, and Mrs. Gladys Vrelos has been most successful in clairvoyant descriptions from the platform.

Both hands are full and I have not seen a vacant cottage. The gifted lady who reports for the spiritual and secular press is doing a great missionary work with her facile pen.

Mrs. Tillagust, the enthusiastic librarian, is energetic as ever.

The Lily Dale Lyceum is one of the best constructed I have ever seen. Entertainment of all descriptions is plentiful and there are so many people constantly coming and going that every kind of function is liberally patronized.

The music of the orchestra is simply superb. The band concerts are a delight to everybody.

Nature is smiling usually, but occasionally she weeps. We are glad of the tears when they fall because they perform admirable offices; they cool the air, they dust and tender grass, trees and flowers, the most luxuriant.

Spiritualism is honored and advocated at Lily Dale in a manner which commands attention and respect from all the neighborhood.

The Michigan Democrat and Sturgis Times in a recent issue speaks in a most kindly way of the "Banner of Light" and bespeaks a brilliant future for the coming years.

We thank our brother and assure him we will take pleasure in printing in this issue or our next report of the surprise party given Mr. and Mrs. Harding.

## For Over Sixty Years

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

Luck is ever waiting for something to turn up; labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something. Luck lies in bed and wishes the postman would bring him the news of a legacy; labor turns out at 6 o'clock and with busy pen and ringing hammer lays the foundation of competence. Luck whines; labor whistles. Luck relies on chance, labor on character.—Richard Cobden.

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Effervescent  
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SICK STOMACHS, INDIGESTION  
Aspirin, which is a powerful antiseptic, is the best remedy for all the ailments of the stomach and the bowels.  
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## Our Home Circle.

EDITED BY

MINNIE RESERVE SOULE.

## The Sweeter Song.

William Brunton.

The sweeter song is the one unsung,  
With ever a promise and hope to be;  
It pleased my spirit when I was young,  
It stays like honey upon my tongue;  
But its wonderful words escape from me;  
It is a bird on a bending spray  
All ready to sing—then it flies away!

But I up and after, over the hills,  
Nor care a fig for the way it goes;  
'Tis the pleasure of the laughing rills,  
And my feet they follow where'er it wills,  
By the wood and glade where the wild rose  
grows;  
And ever before, with cadence clear,  
This beautiful song I hear and hear!

It has the most enchanting rhymes,  
As bright as waves of the golden light,  
And as sweet as echoing evening chimes,  
The eloquence pure of better times,  
Of a day so dear beyond our night;  
And it drives afar the thought of care,  
Like a child's sweet laugh or a maid-  
en's prayer!

It comes to me as morn to the sky,  
While hidden in mist soft croons the sea;  
And it startles my soul with wonders why—  
To give it a voice, I ever should try,  
For naught could equal its witchery;  
'Tis the music of the inner heart,  
Till the days are done and the years depart!

Christian Register.

## A LINK IN OUR GOLDEN CHAIN.

## MAKE PRACTICAL THE SPIRITUAL MESSAGE.

Once upon a time there lived a man, and a very good man he was, too, so his neighbors and friends told him and so he himself came to believe, for he never smoked, he never drank, he very seldom used profanity, and when he did there was always good and sufficient reason so to do, and he never yearned after the affections of any other woman than the one elected by fate, ordained by the Almighty and licensed by the law of the land to share his board and lodging.

This man was a Spiritualist, that is, he had worn the badge so long that no one disputed his right to swagger under the shadow of its banner, telling the story of his own valiant deeds in its service and incidentally to collect a salary for doing that same thing.

It is true that the story was more or less entertaining, that a message from the spirit now and then slipped in between the leaves of his manuscript and that occasionally he rose to grand flights of oratory and for one brief minute convinced his hearers that there was nothing so important as to live the spiritual life, but, like an over-inflated balloon that has bounded out and beyond the lower currents and collapses in the stronger winds that sweep the skies, he fell at the close of his peroration and landed among the rubbish heaps of greed and selfishness and calmly asserted that he must return to the "practical side of life."

The practical side of life. Which is the practical side of life?

Is it the physical side and does it seem more important because we can see and handle the body and are permitted to watch the process of decay when it lacks care and nutrition?

Is the practical side the money-getting side, and are all our dreams of the wealth of the spiritual life merely dreams and all our visions of the power of the spirit to overcome the limitations of the body merely visions that have no real and particular bearing on the life of today?

There are a few of us who have tested the power of the spirit, and, all the assertions by very wise (?) people notwithstanding, we know that the real, practical side of life is the spiritual side.

To be practical is to make use of the things and powers that are about us, and the practical men and women put the knowledge that our spirit friends are constantly giving us to some practical use.

It is quite true that spirits cannot pay our taxes and that taxes must be paid; that is a practical situation and must be met; but is the tax collector the only man we owe? Are there no other practical situations which must be met outside the realm of taxes and rent and food and clothes?

How can we separate the bodily problems and the spirit problems and call one practical and the other not?

And how can we be so sure that one must be perfectly cared for before the other may receive our attention?

Who shall say that we must have our rent assured as before we dare enlist our energies in the battle for the victory of Truth?

We may have no question about our right to steel raiment and food, and we surely ought to have no question about stealing the sustenance for our spirits, and that is what we do when we allow someone to bear the burden and the responsibility of keeping open the fountains of Truth while we devote ourselves entirely to the betterment of our own physical conditions.

If only the workers in our Spiritualist ranks could understand that it is not enough to sing the song and take the pay for it; if only the rank and file of Spiritualists would come to believe that it is not enough to listen to the story, applaud the sentiment and drop 10 cents into the collection box; if only the servant and the served could come into a realization of the unity of the spiritual necessities with the bodily demands; the practicability of the spirit message would be forever settled.

The blessed spirit guide who, through mediums all over our broad land, are spreading the gospel of the communion of spirits, are not a lot of enthusiasts who want us to forget our physical bodies and slaughter our splendid capacities, but they are calling us away from the sand gardens of our childhood, where the towers we build with muddy fingers crumble in the morning sunshine, out into the broader and busier cities of reality where, with blocks of experience, we build a house of eternal values in which the spirit may dwell forever in safety.

There are good little men, who never smoke or swear, who never carouse or fight, and yet they are so self-centered that they see nothing beyond their own doorknobs, and are content as long as they can keep their fences up and themselves safely sheltered from the sunderances of the highway.

If you pass over their thresholds you may hear them talk eloquently of the glorious republic in which they live, but let an army sweep through the land and the President call for volunteers to protect that glorious republic, and their response would be: "We cannot fight; we must stay right here and meet the demands of the daily life and the family ties; let the unpatriotic men go, or some of those who have no homes."

But the real patriot sits beside his cottage door and whispers to the little son upon his knee: "Daddy must kiss his baby and go and fight for freedom."

Tears steal down his sunbrowned face and his strong hand touches tenderly the soft tresses of the little wife as she sobs upon his breast, and between his kisses he murmurs: "It is my duty, dear; I who have felt the joy of freedom, must fight in freedom's cause."

"And she, the woman who loves him better than she loves her life, sends him forth to battle and perhaps to death that the bright glory of the broad life of freedom may shine into the lives of a people she has never known."

Such devotion to our own Spiritualism would soon make us able to give the sweet story of the life beyond to every sorrowing soul. Such loyal expression would enable us to teach the practical truths of Spiritualism among the poor and needy. Such readiness to do and dare would give us the power to endure the luxuriously idle and the self-indulgent in the service of Truth for humanity's sake.

A good little man is a good little bit of property to have about, but a good and great man, whose goodness is the goodness of Truth and whose greatness is his loyal devotion to the Truth is at once a staff and a shield, an inspiration and a leader.

Come out from behind the fences, all you who have seen the beacon light shine across your darkened way, come away from the dusty boxes where you dreamed your bread of life was stored and sup with us at the table of your friends, where the sweet bread of heaven is served without stint or measure and learn that the most practical and useful thing in the world is knowledge and that knowledge increases in power in just the ratio that we apply it to every experience of life.

## Collecting Postal Cards.

"The illustrated postal card is gaining great headway in this country," said a Broadway dealer, "and if it keeps on at the present rate it will soon be as much of a hobby as it is on the other side of the Atlantic. Some collectors already have gathered nearly 25,000 different specimens, many of them of the most beautiful character, reproducing scenes in different parts of the globe that would be hard to obtain in any other manner."

"Take the postal cards of Russia for example. Every one of the places in St. Petersburg associated with the recent riots has been photographed on postal cards. All the possessions of a good postal card album had to do was to turn to Russia, and there he had before him splendidly depicted views of the very spots referred to."

"A fairly complete collection of cards provides at least a half dozen and sometimes as many as a hundred photographs of all the principal cities of the world."

"One firm in the United States manufactures 25,000 varieties of illustrated cards. Yet the card is in its infancy here. Europe is flooded with them, but Germany is headquarters. In fact, the idea originated in Germany. The first specimen was said to have been issued by a German photographer, who printed upon a postal card a view of his native town of Passau, Germany, was also the birthplace of the ordinary postal card, which was introduced by Dr. von Stephaan, the postmaster-general, in 1865."

"There are said to be over 1,000,000,000 of illustrated postal cards sold in Germany every year. That country makes probably nine-tenths of all the cards turned out."

"So great is the craze that when a customer enters a restaurant or saloon the waiter brings a postal card album before inquiring what he will have to eat or drink."

"You will be surprised to learn that even the majority of the cards apparently issued by American photographers, reproducing scenes in this country, and even those reproducing buildings in this city, are made in Germany. The negatives taken by local photographers, are sent to the other side, prepared and returned."

"Just the other day I asked the salesman of a large American postal card firm if he had a card containing a view of Bellevue hospital. He answered:

"Well, now, that's a good idea. We have not such a card, but we ought to have it, so I'll have our photographer take a picture of the hospital, send it across and have it fixed up."

"In German cities there are stores which handle nothing else but postal cards, the prices ranging from one pfennig to one mark. Every other continental country turns out large quantities of them. France, England and Austria being among the leaders, but Italian firms enjoy the distinction of making the most artistic ones."

"Why, I dare say that if a person were to have a single one of the best types of the Italian card made to order it would cost him at the very least \$25; and yet they can be bought for 5 cents, sometimes even less. It is only by selling the cards in such great numbers that the great care that is taken with them can be afforded."

"The Italian photographs are of the most artistic nature, many of them representing famous paintings in color as well as outline. The latest examples are those imitating oil paintings of towns, cities and choice bits of scenery."

"A man in New York the other day received, from a relative in Tacoma, Wash., a richly framed view of Mt. Hood. The picture was exquisitely reproduced and colored, and to all appearances was an oil painting."

"In taking the picture out of the frame the New Yorker was surprised to learn that it was just a postal card, probably bought for 5 cents. And there are numerous other cards of the same quality, to all intents and purposes as good as paintings, and, as a matter of fact, far more accurate."

"Followers of the new hobby are going in for it with great enthusiasm, and the fever has spread to all parts of the world. A sailor came to the store not long ago with a round 5,000 specimens which he had collected in the seaports which he had visited. Some of the cards in his collection were apparently home-made, for I had never seen anything like them before."

"I usually carry in stock 500 or 1,000 different varieties, but a young Venezuelan who had just returned from a trip to Europe, where he had caught the fever, had purchased a large number of the cards, picked out enough cards from my slender supply to amount altogether to \$5.00."—New York Sun.

## You All Know Her.

MRS. "BUT."

Mrs. "But" is our next-door neighbor. Her real name is Green, but Jonas, whenever he sees her marching up the walk, remarks, "My dear, here comes Mrs. 'But.' " He is not merely to put me on my guard, for he knows our neighbor's falling. She is a bright, breezy little woman, and as long as the conversation is confined to the weather and household affairs I quite enjoy chatting with her; but the moment that a human being, living or dead, chances to be mentioned, I begin to quake.

The first time she called—it was some time after we moved into the neighborhood—I happened to say that Mrs. Goodwin, from the opposite side of the street, had been in to see me, and that she impressed me as a very lovely character.

"Oh, she is indeed," said Mrs. "But," heartily. "She is such a devoted wife, and so

good to the poor. But," she went on, lowering her voice, "there used to be a good deal of talk about her when she was a girl, and though I don't suppose half the things that were said were true, people don't seem to forget it."

What necessity there was for this drop of poison to be instilled into my mind I could not see. Mrs. Goodwin's youth was in the far past, and in the gossip concerning her in that remote period I had no interest, whatever. I was quite willing to take her as she was in her sweet, ripe womanhood.

One day when Mrs. "But" dropped in she found my little friend, Nellie Gray, at the piano. Nellie is a shy, brown-eyed girl of 15, gifted with a wonderful ear for melody, and as the Grays had no piano, I had offered her mine. "I can't help loving the child, she is such a warm-hearted little creature, and so eager for music," I said, as the door closed behind her.

My visitor gave a scarcely perceptible shrug. "Yes, Nellie seems to be a very nice girl," she admitted, "but I suppose you know that she is a poorhouse waif."

"No," I said. I knew nothing of the kind. Mrs. Gray had introduced Nellie to me as her eldest daughter, and the information volunteered by Mrs. "But" was utterly uncalculated.

One evening, on our way home from prayer meeting, Jonas remarked that he always enjoyed listening to young Spaulding, he was so devout and earnest.

"Yes, he is a very interesting speaker," said our neighbor, who had joined us as we came out of the lecture room, "and he seems very sincere, but I can't help feeling a little suspicious of him. I know him when he was a boy."

Jonas made haste to change the subject; a word of encouragement would have resulted in our hearing the whole history of the young man's boyhood.

"I've no patience," he exclaimed, "the moment we were by ourselves, 'with people who are always bringing up the past. Just imagine what heaven would be if the inhabitants were disposed to indulge in that sort of retrospection! The Angel Gabriel himself would hardly be safe from their disparaging 'but's, and the whitest robe in all the 'white-washed' world would be in danger of being smuttied."

"And yet," I said, "Mrs. 'But' evidently considers herself a Christian."

"Oh, I don't dispute her title," said Jonas, "but I can't help thinking that she might be able to read it clearer if she would rub her glasses with the thirteenth chapter of first Corinthians."—Selected.

## Forth—Lit in Sewing Class.

Virginia Baker.

My little needle, made of steel,  
Is very sharp and bright;  
And I must keep it clean and straight  
If I would sew aright.  
It only has one eye, but yet  
It always seems to see  
Just where it wants to go, as if  
It had two eyes like me.

My thread is made of cotton, white,  
Would neatly on a spool,  
I must not knot or soil it  
While sewing here in school.  
Even and short each stitch must be  
To make my work look well.  
Not crooked like the letter Z,  
Nor long like I and L.

Whenever it is time to sew,  
My thimble, bright, I slip,  
Just like a cunning little cap  
Upon my finger-tip.  
Oh, such a useful friend I'm sure  
I could not do without.  
Through hem and seam it helps me push  
My needle in and out.

My scissors, made of shining steel,  
Are very useful, too,  
Without the blades, so bright and sharp  
No sewing could I do.  
They cut the cloth, they trim the threads,  
And, as they work away,  
I think they talk to me—"Snip, snip,"  
Is what they seem to say.

My emery is made to keep  
My needle smooth and bright,  
And in my little needle-book  
My needle sleeps at night.  
My basket holds my needle-book,  
Thread, scissors, thimble, too  
My emery and cloth, when I  
No sewing have to do.

## Last of a Family of Giants.

The last of the Litts family, one of the most remarkable in New York, has gone with the passing away of Thomas, who died in Monticello recently. He died, suddenly, from the effect of the extreme heat while at work in a field near the house. He was 80 years of age, and for the last half century had been one of the most commanding and prominent figures in Sullivan county because of his size and wonderful strength. He was sergeant of the One Hundred and Forty-Third Regiment of the New York Volunteers; and was the strongest man in the regiment. Every member of the family of ten, five males and five females, was as strong as a giant, and the wonderful feats of strength performed by them won for them almost national fame.

Thomas Litts, while attending the old-time logging and haying bees, on different occasions had been known to pick up a barrel full of cider and drink from the bung-hole. A brother carried a barrel of pork on his back a mile without resting, on a wager, the pork being the wager. In the days of his young manhood Thomas Litts weighed more than 200 pounds and was an athlete.

## Fact or Fancy?

London is talking of a remarkable seance held in a private house in the suburbs, at which a number of prominent men of letters, scientists, lawyers and physicians were present—most of them in the capacity of earnest believers in Spiritualism. Among them were Sir William Crookes and Sir Oliver Lodge, the two leading scientists of the day, and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Correspondence in the newspapers reveals the fact that an unusually large number of public men are Spiritualists, and that large sums of money are spent every week in the attempt to fathom the mystery of the unknown. One of the three gentlemen named above told me in all seriousness yesterday, that at a recent seance he had discovered the important fact that the Japanese and Russian soldiers and sailors who have "passed over" are still fighting their battles and that other spirits who are forced to become unwilling spectators of the ghostly strife are very much inconvenienced and shocked thereby.

Furthermore, I am told that the new cult of Spiritualism maintains that when we "pass over" we enter a sort of floating state, in which we are totally useless, apparently unhappy and nervous, with an overwhelming desire to get into communication with our friends in the flesh by means of any medium that may happen to be handy. They say that when the spirits find out that there is to be a seance they crowd in millions to the place, and only the strongest and most energetic manage to secure lodgment in the medium.—Brooklyn Life.

## SPIRIT

## Message Department.

MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUM.

SHIP OF

MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

Report of Seance held July 22, 1905, N. H. ST.

## In Explanation.

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

## To Our Readers.

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

## INVOCATION.

With light hearts and high hopes we come into this little circle, seeking to give of our strength and our loving devotion to those who are striving to make their identity known. In a world of sorrow where the waves of despair sweep over the blinded soul, it is a joy to be able to bring some message of life and hope; it is a blessed moment when we can stand hand in hand with those who suffer and help them to understand their pain. May no help then, the possibility of the message being given unto the right life enter into the hearts of those who are striving to speak. May no concern as to the consequences of their act deter them from that high purpose of uniting themselves with their own, and may we, with something like a holy zeal, be able to stand with sweet and strong hold of them until they shall have said their say and given place to some other who will speak again. Amen.

## MESSAGES.

Frank Lane, Plymouth, Mass.

The first spirit that comes to me this morning is a young man about 25 years old. His name is Frank Lane, and he says that he lived in Plymouth, Mass. He is very strong and energetic in his spirit, but his body seems to be weak, as though he had been sick a long time and just gave up so weak that it was impossible to draw another breath. He says: "I want to go to my Aunt Fannie. She is a Spiritualist, and she tried to tell me something about this before I came over, but I was very stupid. I did not understand and I could not grasp her meaning. Now I want to thank her, for every day that passes I find me recalling something that she told me, and makes it easier for me to comprehend the life into which I have come. I never knew that I had a little sister, but I had, and I found her over here, just as eager to help me as if I had known her all my life. I am studying about spirits. Just as a child studies physiology, I study spirituality, and am understanding so much better the effect of certain things on spirit, and how to manage and control; and I think it would be good if everybody understood it while they still had their bodies, because their bodies are not alone; they have to have spirits to make their bodies any good. By the way, I have a body that I could not tell at any different from the one I left except that it is not quite so stubborn. When I wish to do anything I seem better able to do it than I ever did before. Tell Aunt Fannie that I have seen Clair and Uncle Peter. I am happy and expect to be able to do a great deal of good after I learn some more things about spirits. I thank you very much for helping me to come."

Lydia Hall, Kansas City.

There is a spirit now of a woman I should think about 45 years old. She is dark. Dark eyes and hair, and very thin. She seems to have been a great sufferer when she was in the body. She says that her name is Lydia Hall and that she lived in Kansas City. She also tells me that she died with cancer, and that she was in such a condition when she went away that it was a comfort for her folks to see her draw her last breath. She left a husband whose name is Thomas, and she says he does not know anything about this, but he would be quite willing to accept it if only the door was opened for him by somebody else. "I am so anxious to have him know not only where I am but that I am still interested in him and anxious to help him just as I would have been had I stayed. My mother is with me this morning and she says: 'Who would ever have thought that God was so much better than we believed? That He not only had a heaven and angels, but He allowed them to go back and forth to people who needed their services. It is beautiful to see spirits going back and forth to their friends. So often I have been able to see mothers shield their children from temptation, or make them strong at a time when they needed a spiritual adviser. So often I have seen this that it has made me anxious to tell everybody know how important it is to understand about the spirit life. I would like to send my love to Edith and Mary. They are both good girls, and I have nothing to worry over in their lives. I would so love to have them know that I can see them and approve of what they are doing. Thank you.'"

Sarah Brown, Fitchburg, Mass.

There is a spirit of a woman I should think about 35 or 40; blue eyes and gray hair, and a full round face, and quite stout in the body. She must have been very happy and jolly in her earth life, for she comes in with a little spat of her hand and a smile on her face, and seems as happy as she can be. She says: "Well, it is a great privilege to be able to come here. My name is Sarah Brown and I lived in Fitchburg, Mass. I had known a little about this fact of spirits returning, but I was never openly connected with the Spiritualists. I cannot tell you why unless it was because I had so many societies outside. Today it seems to me as if I could get back. I would not let one moment in getting close to them and trying to help them carry their truth into the world. I have a son named George. He has not much use for this sort of manifestation, at the same time he knows that there have been things that he could not explain any other way that have happened in his life. I was with him last week; saw what he tried to do for the wife, and believe that he will eventually be able to accomplish it. She will not die. I tell him that for his comfort. She can be made very much better.

but she must change the condition round about her first, and he can help her to do that. Little boy is with me and wants to send his love to mama and papa. I take him so often to the home and tell him that he must do everything he can to make them happy, and the dear little fellow tries.

"I have seen my sister who passed away just before I did, and she is still regretting her death because she had so many things that she wanted to do. I wish I could make her understand how easy it is to connect with the people we love. Even if they do not see us or hear us, it is a comfort for us to be able to see and hear them. I say God bless you people for making it possible for us to speak in this plain fashion. Surely a work that is so beautiful in its expression and allows so many people to enjoy the fruits of its labor, must bring forth some return in the way of help and strength in the time of need. Good bye."

George Dorr, Portsmouth, N. H.

There is a gentleman here now, tall, slim, blue eyes, black hair, black mustache and side whiskers, with just a little bit of gray mixed in. He says his name is George Dorr, and he laughs as though he thinks it is a great joke for him to surprise his people by sending them a message. He says, "I would like to send a little word to Joe and Charlie and tell them that there is not much that they can do that they can hide under cover. I have laughed many a time to see the things they have done when they thought there was nobody conscious of it. Now I am not going to give them away and tell them it is something they ought to have been ashamed of; that's not it, but a good many times they were doing little things that did not mean anything to anybody but themselves, but they were so sure they were alone it made me laugh to stand there and look at them. It is almost like being behind the door and hearing a man talk to himself; that's always funny. I used to live in Portsmouth, N. H. I am very familiar with all that country round there, and it is a pretty good country. It surprised me to find when I came over here that we had a Portsmouth in spirit just the same as we had one in earth life, and that many of the houses were unoccupied, as if the people who lived there were spending their time down in the Portsmouth by the sea, and would come some day and open up the home over here. I found a home like my own that I had left; my sister and my mother in it, and a good many things that I did not think I deserved in the way of comfort were there waiting me." But it is almost impossible to make you people understand the relations that exist between spirit and earth life, and if philosophers have not been able to do it, I am not going to try. I am just going to tell you that it is a happy moment for me to come, and that I shall be stronger to make the manifestations at home that I am anxious to see. I am like to send my love to Annie and tell her that I am watching over her and won't let any harm come to her. Thank you."

Robert Hunt, Lexington, Mass.

There is a spirit of a man now, I should think he was about 35. He has got a heavy brown mustache, blue eyes, brown hair, and is about the medium height; square shoulders, and speaks very promptly without much fuss. He says that he is Robert Hunt, and that he lived in Lexington, Mass., and he says, "Well, I came out of my body into this life about as quick as a man wants to come. I was killed, and the funny thing about it was that I did not realize it. I saw my own body prepared for the funeral, and it was a sorry-looking sight it was so broken and maimed. It did not give me a single feeling of regret or distress. At that time I was so real to me that the only source of pain was to see my friends so disturbed over my mangled corpse. I was buried by my Lodge, and many of my brothers felt sick, a deathliness that they did not usually have at a funeral, and I flattered myself it was because I was so near them, for there was a little sensation of sickness at the stomach that came to me when I first got here, and I thought it was from the suddenness of the separation; I do not know as anybody cares how I felt. I presume they care more about what I am doing, and I want to tell them that I am not traveling any more. I am staying in one place and trying to study out more definite plans of procedure. You see I have more friends in the body than I have over here, and I often feel if I could only talk with them now and then I would not mind at all being over here, but I cannot seem to awaken an interest in my direction, so I have come here today attempting to do it. If I succeed I shall feel that I have done a good deal to help some few mortals anyway. I hate mourning; I hate every semblance of it, and yet I find my people still swathed up in black bonnets and veils. My mother is here and she sends her love to the rest with me."

Lillian Murray, New York.

There is a spirit now who says her name is Lillian Murray, and she says that she lived in New York; says "that is so indefinite, and yet my friends will see the message and I hope they won't be afraid to answer. I have been to so many meetings and have tried so hard to communicate. I have been to Miss Gaul, when she was Miss Gaul, and sent a message, but my people did not understand and I had to go away. I have been to other places, but I come here now, and oh, how I wish I could get to my father and mother. I am so anxious to tell them that the headaches are all gone, the pain is all gone, and that I am happy with my grandmother and my aunt and my little brother, who is a much bigger brother than any I have alive. Edward has gone away since I came here, but he has been investigating some in Spiritualism, and I want him to see if he cannot sit and let me come in his home. I will help his little girl; I can make her stronger and better. It is not just for pleasure that we come; we sometimes feel so sure that we can make conditions better that we make great efforts to get back. I thank you so much."

## A FEW ONLY LEFT.

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