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NO. 2

"FROM DREAMLAND SENT."
Verses of the Life to Come by Lillian Whiting.

William Brunton.

A glad remembrance comes to me—as fair
As when the crocus in my garden shows—
And peeps in whiteness out against the
snows:
'Tis sweet as when a bird salutes the air—
And robs my heart of troublous thoughts and
care.
And paradisaic peace once more it knows—
For memory of this blent singer flows
Into my mind—and is as pure as prayer!
She is so beautiful in wit and word;
In spirit spotless as the lily white;
In her rich verse the birds of spring are
heard,
And breath of heavenly rose perfumes the
night.
The feelings unto holy moods are stirred,
And we are led into a land of light!

The Life Radiant.

Lillian Whiting.

"For love is life
And life hath immortality."

"Perish dark memories,
There's light ahead,
This world's for the living,
Not for the dead."

"Down the great currents,
Let the boat swing,
There was never winter
But brought the spring."

There are three attendant angels who walk with us and who companion us night and day, ever watchful, ever ready, ever present. We may go our way, unaware of their presence, as the blind are unaware of the sunshine; we may fail to hear their counsel, their words of sympathy and cheer and direction, as the deaf fail to hear that which is spoken, but to each and all of us God gives this divine guidance. These are the Angel of Hope, the Angel of Faith, the Angel of Love. Hope, Faith, and Love—these create the motive power of life; and the very first thing we have to do, as the initiation for achievement, fulfillment, and for personal happiness, is to recognize this trio and hold ourselves receptive to the current of energy and exhilaration and radiance, with which they inspire us. Now, when Jesus said: "Seek ye first the kingdom of righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you," He gave the most practical of counsel. What is that condition which is symbolized by "the kingdom of heaven"? The divine Word tells us it is "love, joy, peace." Love, joy and peace are conditions—not merely the conditions of personal happiness, but those of any successful endeavor, any adequate achievement. Love is energy; love is power. This trio of attendant angels—hope, faith and love, make for us the atmosphere that we may call "the kingdom of heaven"; the condition of joy and peace, which may be our perpetual daily experience, now and here; if we can meet the conditions that are involved in the result. Can we do so?

These conditions involve the recognition and the increasing comprehension of the unseen universe. It is but an infinitesimal part of it that we see. In every extension of human knowledge the most important and potential parts have to be taken on trust. The astronomer postulates a star in space, at a certain point, and it may be another century before that star is discovered. The chemist, the scientist in every direction and form of research, must extend his theories into the unseen universe, for it is there that the laws exist of whose workings we can see and demonstrate only an infinitesimal part. Obviously, if one should limit his belief strictly to the things he perceives with the physical senses, he would dwell in a hopelessly narrow world. "For the things that are seen are temporal, while those that are not seen are eternal." With equal truth could one read into this assertion, "for the things that are seen are minute and finite, while the things that are not seen are great and infinite." Science, in every branch of its pursuit, continuously demonstrates to us that the real forces of the universe are in the unseen; that we cannot see, nor hear, nor touch them; with the physical senses. Take, for illustration, that all potent and conquering force, electricity. It gives us light and heat, and coolness, and motor power for transportation and for mechanical effects. It is cleansing and it is remedial. The physician employs it as a curative agent. Its uses are constantly multiplying. Yet who has seen it? Who has touched it? We know electricity only by its effects, although it is the very mainspring of all modern life, in the domestic, the medicinal, the mechanical realms of life, as well as in those immaterial realms of supplying power and of wireless telegraphy. It is even being theoretically conjectured that electricity and mind, electricity and spirit itself are, if not identical, closely connected. Yet this

marvelously potent force eludes all human observation.

This line of argument need not be pursued in order to be accepted. The intelligence of the day recognizes this truth of unseen potencies as a matter of course. Now, after accepting—as we all do—the fact of the unseen universe with its unseen potencies as the very reservoir of infinite power from which the visible world draws all its supplies—are we for one instant to imagine that this unseen universe is not inhabited? If this mere fragment of vast space in which we live is teeming with life and with high intelligence—as it is—what an absurdity it would be to suppose for an instant that the infinite and potent realm was destitute of conscious life!

There is a simple and rational conception of life in its wholeness that cannot but commend itself to the intellect as well as to the intuition, and to which every human fact in physical science lends support. It is this: The physical senses of the physical body correspond to the physical world; the senses (or powers) of the spiritual (or the etherial) body correspond to the spiritual (or the etherial) world. Those in the physical body people the earth; those in the etherial body people the unseen universe. Now as this unseen universe is the reservoir of all the forces on which we continually draw for our motor power of living—the forces that supply us with heat, light, transit and all applied power—so is it the vast realm on which we may draw for companionship, for sympathy, guidance, direction, counsel. The friend in the physical body may be far removed; the friend who has cast off his physical body may come at the call and even without the call.

Dr. Samuel S. Wallian, a distinguished specialist of New York whose office is at No. 569 Fifth Avenue, relates this authentic incident: An officer commanding a certain division during the Civil War halted, after a day of the most weary marching in torrents of rain, and mud so deep that the soldiers could only with the greatest difficulty make any headway, and in a state of exhaustion the division encamped, as the darkness drew on, for the night. The commander had wrapped himself in a cloak and sought what shelter he could by the side of a log, and had fallen asleep. He was suddenly awakened by some unseen presence, and, opening his eyes, he saw written in letters of fire (electricity, of course,) the word "Danger," and the strong impression came to him that they must move on. He instantly acted on this conviction, called to his sleeping men to arouse themselves, to take up their march, and they struggled wearily on, in the mud and darkness and storm. Before morning a detachment of the Confederate army arrived at the spot they had left, and as they were conveying ammunition and stores to a branch of the main army at a distance, had not the warning been given—and heeded—all their supplies would have been confiscated, to an almost irreparable loss to the army division for whose use they were required. Now, in the past—and not a very remote past, either—such a story as this would have been either incredible, or, if received, would have been relegated to "the supernatural." It would have been held as of the miracle order. What is it now? Perfectly natural and even scientific. The "letters of fire" meet us in the streets of every city every night in the year. It is true that they are manipulated by the mechanism of wires and electricity of which we know, but that letters and words may be electrically produced by conscious agencies in the Unseen is no more marvelous than that they are produced by conscious agencies in this world. To the savage all the electrical phenomena of any city or town every night would seem supernatural. The man who was here yesterday and is in the etherial world today has not taken leave of his mental faculties in dropping his physical body. This physical body was the mechanism which related him to the physical world. Now that he is in the etherial world, his etherial body relates him to that plane of forces precisely as the physical body related him to the plane of forces here. The law of correspondence is as absolute and prevailing as is the law of gravitation or the law of attraction.

In reverting for a moment to this striking incident narrated by Dr. Wallian, we can but realize how the ministry and the aid of those in the unseen world must depend upon ourselves. One sees the analogy in his own human life. If we had no mutual recognition, no mutual faith in each other, it would be impossible for any one to give help or counsel or service to his friend, or for his friend to receive it. Even with Jesus, this law is the working formula, for are we not told that when He came to one city "He did no mighty works there because of their unbelief." The initial requisite to this Life Radiant which we all may enter is the power to recognize and accept the supreme truth of this extension of our present life into

the unseen realm; the truth that we are, now and here, an inhabitant of the world of the sense and of the world of spirit; that, as the poet tells us:—

"The spirit world around this world of sense
Floats like an atmosphere."

And again:—

"We see but half the causes of our deeds
Seeking them wholly in the outer life
And heedless of the encircling spirit realm
Which sows in us all germs of pure and
world-wide purposes."

The terms "etherial" and "spiritual" are not absolutely synonymous. Formerly, religion recognized two worlds: the physical and the spiritual. The general belief was that man became "a spirit" in some mysterious way by the process of death, and then entered "the spiritual world." It is almost within the past two decades that science discovered, as a fact of the universe, the existence of the etherial realm which is interpenetrated with the physical realm; as the ether fills all the finer spaces in the air. As a matter of fact, the "spiritual" world is a comprehensive term that includes the entire universe. There are degrees of spirit. Matter is spirit, potentially. It is on its evolutionary way to become spirit. This physical world is a part of and is included in the spiritual world. So for clearness, it is better to use the term "etherial" to designate the condition of life just beyond this, and one which is yet interpenetrated with this life. The etherial body is not quite the same as the spiritual body; that is, it is in evolutionary process of "becoming" the spirit body. It is just here that we owe a great debt to Theosophy, which has clearly defined these several states in their evolutionary processes. Nor need we find any confusion in those terms of "the desire body," "the thought body" and others, for none of these conditions are in any sense fixed and arbitrary, but are all governed by the development of the informing spirit. To a constantly increasing degree we can spiritualize our life every day, and thus dwell more closely in touch with the etherial potencies and avail ourselves of the more intense currents of energy. In thus evolving our powers to being in correspondence with the forces of the higher plane of life beyond, we come into an increasing receptivity to its aid and inspiration in companionship as well as in its forces, as seen in our use of electricity, our use of wireless telegraphy. It is as if a savage, for instance, should gaze into modern life and appliances, and should learn to fashion for himself electric tramways and telephonic connection. But, rising to a still higher degree in himself, he discovers the people—the men and women who are doing great deeds, who are living great lives, and in whose companionship he himself enters into the realm of noble purposes and lofty ideas. Then is his participation in this new and higher world complete.

Now in precisely this way may we in the cruder physical world avail ourselves—as we are already largely doing of etherial forces and appliances, and also of the social inspirations and the beautiful and lovely companionships of those who have entered on that stage of life. Shall we, for one instant, suppose that when Phillips Brooks, or Mary A. Livermore entered on "the life more abundant" their aid to humanity ceased? On the contrary, Dr. Brooks and Mrs. Livermore and other noble and great personalities of whom others are typical were, when here, limited by the conditions of the physical world. Now they have transcended those conditions. They are far more free and far more universal. Can we ask from them counsel and aid? Most certainly, and far more largely and directly than when they were here. The recognition must lie within ourselves, and this recognition is the condition of their being more enabled to minister to us.

We stand today on the threshold of a Life Radiant. We may enter into our heavenly kingdom. We may live the heavenly life—here and now, while it is called Today. The attendant angels—Hope, Faith, and Love companion us and give us uplift and cheer.

"This world's for the living,
Not for the dead."

says the poet, in the lines quoted above. There are no dead—except those who are "dead in trespasses and sins." Evil is death, and good is life. The dropping of the physical body is the entrance on life far more abundant than this, and this world is, indeed, "for the living"—for those living in the etherial and those still living in the physical, who in the universal life of the spirit transcend difference of conditions and meet and mingle. The complete realization of this truth imparts to daily experience a new glow of ardor and of hope, a new stimulus of joy and enables us to dwell, increasingly, in the atmosphere of our beauty of faith, our sweetness of love—even the Life Radiant!

Tom's Story.

Edward Kingsbury.

(Concluded.)

Passing from these glimpses of child life they sped on their way until they came to a region of surpassing loveliness, a veritable vale of Avalon. Here, as they discovered, dwelt all those who, having found that their time of dissolution was drawing nigh, came apart to wait amidst these alluring scenes the summons of the voice which was to bid them leave behind the encumbering flesh and enter the realm of unethereal spirit. We are reminded of the remark made of the people of one of our larger New England islands. These people, untroubled by the worries and vexed by the maladies which afflict those of the continent, live to such an advanced age that friends are moved to say of them that they never die, that they simply wander off over their wind-swept moors and blow away. In the case of those whom Tom and his father said everything was done which science could suggest to alleviate their lot and even to render it pleasing. In this region which served them as a border or a Benlah land they kept in touch with their friends by means of mental telegraphy and the love tokens which were sent them. Some were occasionally visited. None looked upon life there as a banishment, for having got to where they no longer cared to either listen to or obey the call of life they were happy to withdraw to the retired spot where they might undisturbed await their dissolution in glad expectation. If one may be pardoned for so doing he may say of them in the words of William Morris' *Earthly Paradise*, slightly changed to suit the necessities of the case:

"Led by the hand of Love such took their way
Unto a vale beset with heavenly trees,
Where all the gathered gods and goddesses
Abode their coming."

"Having entered the realm of spirit as an untroubled or rather as a misguided soul," said Tom, as they turned from the region which they found was known as "the Vale of Life" or "the Happy Valley" and mounted with the swiftly moving air currents a lofty, snow-capped mountain, "I set myself in earnest to find the hell in which I conceived myself to belong, feeling all the time guilty that I was permitted to pass as a radiant mist through such entrancing scenes and explore such resplendent worlds. I met souls as I sped on moving higher and higher, with such I entered here and there into converse, receiving from many the heartiest greetings as I endeavored to ascertain the location of the woeful place I sought. All appeared to enter into my wishes though they, as I afterward discovered, conspired with one another to take my question humorously and curiously misled me. Some sent me to such worlds as this where I felt I had no right to stay. Others sent me to worlds in process of becoming, where mighty monsters, horrible to behold waded and fought each other in their slime. With loathing I turned from them relieved to find that I had not to stay where I had been sent. Others still sent me to worlds where men had not yet begun to emerge from savagery. These worlds I found even more distressing. Especially was this true of some of them where life had been so maimed and misdirected that it was evident to me that there could never evolve anything better than I saw. I was also guided to worlds vast and beautiful where men had mastered many of the arts of life, but where petty tribes warred with one another until they deluged them with blood. So too I was taken to worlds whose continents, filled with happy and prosperous peoples, were being slowly ground under the relentless advance of a new ice age. In their migrations to warmer climes such were forced to leave behind them towns and cities whose beautiful buildings and monuments were caught up and ground under gigantic masses of merciless ice.

Thus at last in my search for hell, though I was sent thither and on in my vain quest in which I saw the worst the material creation had to put before me, I was forced to resort to another expedient. As I did so I wondered it had not earlier occurred to me. I set myself to find the old pastor of our liberal society in Goodale who had died as you remember in my boyhood. The names of defaulters and outlaws and murderers occurred to me; out as I knew not but they had ere life's close repented of their wrong and escaped their doom I thought to find one of whose fate there seemed to be no doubt. So had it been dimmed into me that this misleader of the souls of men had gone to an unenviable reward that I naturally conceived of him as dwelling where I was fated sooner or later to go. By this time I had lost not a little of my rest as one who sought the place of torment. I moreover had discovered that the thoughts of God against which I had always risen up in protest were the thoughts of radiant souls, thousands of whom I had met. Having found that I could by thinking seri-

ously of any one who had entered the spirit world set in motion forces in the life of said person that would draw me to him I had but to will myself with him and straightway I was by his side, though the distance which had separated us was as vast as that which we have traversed this morning. But I failed to find the hell I sought in finding him. Rather did I find a beautiful world, there are many such, uninhabited by any form of animal life, the restful abode of many myriads of glorified spirits. Him I found to be one of the noblest and purest souls I had ever met. He has since proved my best friend and most devoted teacher. He has gone with me every whither, and has shown infinite patience in dealing with me. Seldom have I been far from him; and never since I came to know him have I been unconscious of his benign influence. The very fact that he had so little to unlearn, that he came hither with a mind untrammelled by error, quick to recognize truth and reality, has made him invaluable to me. He it was who taught me that while heaven is both a spiritual world and a spiritual state, the only hell we can know is that which we bring with us. He it was who told me why I could not be a dark and forbidding spirit; he showed me that the very intensity of my hatred of fraud and wrong was my salvation as he showed me that in my protests were lodged great affirmations. He it was who revealed to me the fact that the God against whom I had been in rebellion was the God of the old creeds which were both false and pernicious, terribly so. Under his teaching I felt my load slipping from me and I ceased to look for hell. With the ending of my quest my life began in earnest on a different plane of thought and endeavor. Now you know why you found me as you did and why I greeted you as I did. I knew to what I was welcoming you."

Tom's story left the soul of the old deacon none the less abased because it revealed what he had already surmised as he had recalled him, the substantial verity of the thought of the old liberal preacher whom for half a century he had so strenuously denounced that he had made himself despicable to many of his old townsmen whose respect he had greatly desired. But the soft thus abased was to rise as one recreated, as one who had at last come to know what truth and duty and life mean. In the few moments of repentance that swept through him he sloughed off utterly all of the old self that had remained. However much or little of darkness there had been about his etherial form hitherto there was now undimmed radiance. Old things had utterly passed away; and all things had become in the meantime new. He was now ready to live his life as a citizen of the spirit realm in some small part of which the visible universe appeared to rest as the ocean lines heave with the scorching of boundless waters upon which they are at home. He was now ready to search and explore its vast, its endless stretches, and to find his own mission in its economy of grace and beneficence. The poet may declare that

"He only earns his freedom and existence
Who daily conquers them anew."

but the soul knew to the last atom of its etherial frame that it had come unto its own and that for all time it had won its freedom. But had it? That was the question which immediately agitated it as Tom vanished and the spirit of Jane drew near the soul of the father and her mist merged with his as she imperceptibly whispered, "Come," causing his spirit, as she summoned him, to fall with hers into abysses of space that seemed incredibly deep.

"Like it, don't you?" she inquired.

"Ye—s!" was the somewhat dubious reply.

"Where are you taking me, Jane?"

"Here," she said, as they pulled up by themselves in depths of ether from which nothing could be discerned.

"Tell me why you have cast me out of heaven, Jane?" said the disconsolate soul.

"I haven't cast you out, I have only brought you down here where I could take you in hand," she replied.

"Isn't it rather late to bring up old scores against a man who repented having jilted you fifty years ago?"

"So you were sorry that you didn't marry me, were you? Found the liberal Sarah rather uncongenial, did you not?" she persisted.

"Yes, Jane, I did; but that isn't the worst of it. Sarah was right and we were both wrong."

"Ho! ho! So you've found it out have you? Well this isn't so bad after all, is it? I've something to tell you some time."

She crimsoned slightly as she intimated this, and her mate who had extricated himself and stood off at a respectful distance, was greatly gratified as he beheld her. He was about to remark how much more at home he felt to know that he was with her and that she cared for him when she forestalled him by remarking:

(Continued on page 4.)

THE MEMORIAL MARY MAPS DODGE.

Mabel J. Jones.

(Written expressly for the Banner of Light.)

Ah, fabled dreamer, without counting cost,
Sought thou the fountain of perpetual youth?
Searched thou, de Leon, vainly, while in truth
She, who now resteth, found that which thou
lost.

Thou, who Atlantic, who vast mountains
crossed,
She, widow, mother, without search or ruth,
Conquered the secret, to keep heart ever
young.

Sweetly she piped, and gaily every child
Followed the cadence, sweetest ever sung.
Even the child's saint, looking downward,
smiled.

Thus to the children did she Jesus will.
Whispered the "grown-ups," "Let's be chil-
dren still!"

Smoothing the Corners.

Mary K. Price.

Having bruised our bodies against the
sharp corners of furniture, we learn the truth
of Hogarth's theory of the correct line of
beauty, from other points of view than the
strictly artistic.

We appreciate both the beauty and utility
of the curve. But who shall smooth the
sharp angles of character which chafe and
irritate us in our contact with humanity day
by day?

There is the outspoken friend (?) who prides
himself on his truthfulness (which in reality
is only fault finding) saying, "There is no
flattery or deceit about me. I tell people just
what I think," then proceeds to tell you that
you show your age, and that never having
been beautiful, the years make you look
worse than ever; or if you consult him about
some plan, or piece of work says frankly:
"I don't think much of it. It might possibly
be carried out by some men, but now between
ourselves, you know, you haven't a great
amount of ability, and you remember you
made a failure of that scheme you took up
last year." Isn't that cheerful? How much
more would it cost him to say: "I tell you
that sounds reasonable to me. Go ahead and
try it. At the worst, you can no more than
fail."

But having laid us, figuratively speaking,
on red hot coals, and mentally flayed us alive,
he ends it all by saying: "I tell you this for
your own good, and because I am your
friend." Would that a kind fate could de-
liver us from all such friends.

Then, there is the suspicious individual
who misconstrues all our acts and motives.
Do we give to charity? It is because we
expect "to make something out of it." Are
we gay and lively? In his eyes we are madly
galloping down the road to ruin. Are we
serious? Then he is sure we "have done
something where we are afraid will be found out."
These, perhaps, are the extreme types; but all
of us meet every day those who answer a
pleasant "good morning" with a surly growl,
and others, who to our polite statement that
they are looking well, say, "You are such a
flatterer," though we state but the most
obvious fact.

The one thing that is perhaps given most
grudgingly in this world is praise. Yet is
there anything more needed?

Not flattery, which is always odious, not
verbose compliments, which simply annoy,
nor yet polite phrases which mean nothing;
but candid commendation, wherever and
whenever it can be truthfully given; and a
word of encouragement wherever we see its
need. If all people would do this it would
be like oil on troubled waters. It would be
to the sharp corners of human character like
the carpenter's plane to unshewn wood.

In these days of clubs and societies for all
sorts and conditions of men, it is almost a
wonder that some philanthropist has not
started a bearded and beribboned organiza-
tion with a Greek or Latin motto which
would read in plain English, "Speak kindly,"
or in more vigorous language, "Be decently
civil."

But while casting stones at others for these
defects, are we "without sin" ourselves?
And could not the kind word idea be carried
a step farther and include the kind expres-
sion of countenance? There are faces so for-
bidding in their sternness, sorrow or deceit
that they kill the kindest thought before it
can find utterance; and though the admoni-
tion to smile has been rather overworked,
especially in its application to women, yet I
say, smile.

This is the lesson which Nature constantly
teaches. Over the dead tree trunk she
trains the soft tissue of vine and moss, whose
tendrils hide the deep scars and fissures be-
neath; even in the sands of the desert the
cacti bloom, and over bleak rocks the wild
roses splash their vermillion.

Then let the human face wear a mask,—if
it must be a mask,—and smile.

Though the heart is aching and sorrow as-
sets his irrevocable seal upon your brow, look
out upon the world through fearless eyes, set
in a smiling face.

"By the grief which all must know,
Add not to another's woe."

Home, Sweet Home.

Elna A. Douglas.

These words signify the most beautiful
and elevating foundation in human existence.
There are mansions with marble halls and
fine architecture on the one side, while on
the other we behold dwelling places scarcely
suitable for habitation. With this great con-
trast confronting us, we imagine the inhabi-
tants in the finer mansions to be the happier;
but on pausing a moment to reflect, we are
prompted with thoughts deep in their emotion.
We quietly question ourselves the
meaning and significance of it all, asking in
what way do we really obtain the greatest
happiness. Is it from what only luxuries
supply? No, positively no. Most assuredly
the beautiful works of art and literature
adorning a home, and the pealing echoes of
sweet music resounding through the spacious
halls with seraphic strains, lend to the scene
of grandeur an enchanted dream of fairy
land.

Turning to the humble abode where simply
the bare necessities for existence in human
life are afforded, deprived of all luxuries
gained through material wealth, yet here we
find an atmosphere of spiritual contentment
within the hearts of its dwellers, and we hear
the inspiring strains of home, sweet home
thrilling the hearts with cheerfulness.

A scene such as this, in all its sweetness
and simplicity, surrounded on all sides by the
never ceasing strife for an earthly existence,
the right to live, kindles new vibrations
within the staid observer and the thought
arises, what is life really supported upon?

Why is it that people who labor in daily
toil to keep together body and soul to abide
in during their earthly experience, are en-
abled to sing home sweet home in such sin-
cerity? It is because their keynote is love,
which emanates from each member of the
family, uniting them in peacefulness of heart.
The most sublime chord in music is that

on the vibration of universal love, even as
simple that the new born babe arrives with
joyful smiles on entering the home. "He is
as little children, as of such is the kingdom
of Heaven."

Intuition teaches the little soul that it
came through the channel of love into this
mundane sphere. Realizing that he was wel-
comed into the home, he will mature in noble
character, bring to his parents and all hu-
manity an embodiment of loving service dur-
ing his earthly existence. Children born
under these conditions are priceless gems and
bring to the home what the finest art treas-
ures fail to supply. They are grander than
the richest ornaments which gold can pro-
cure. They are the inspiring keynotes to the
grandest anthems, pealing forth the sublimes-
t musical strains, filling the hearts weary
from toil with that serene contentment such
as material wealth cannot buy.

Love is the unity of your soul's harmony.
Without it you cannot attain happiness, be
your mansion ever so beautiful. It is home-
liness without love. This is the one great law
through life, and when comprehended in its
fulness, then shall we have joyous, smiling
faces in place of those marked with selfish-
ness, avarice and greed. Could man but
realize the meaning of what the Nazarene
said: "The Kingdom of Heaven is within,"
we would not then be singing of the sweet
by and by, but instead it would be the sweet-
ness that life presents here and now. Let
us briefly conceive the definition of love.
Does it interpret that we must only love chil-
dren by blood relation, neglecting the require-
ments in other lives? Ah, no! This is
wherein the monstrous error of the past is
uprooting itself, and is at present being more
clearly understood than at any other previous
time. Why? Simply that we are awakening
to the higher and diviner impulses within,
bidding us to conscientiously perceive our
duty towards our fellow beings. We keenly
apprehend that we have strayed away from
the Golden Rule, and the beautiful teachings
which Jesus ministered unto us in such sim-
plicity and purity.

Selfishness retards our soul's growth from
the ennobling power that love creates. Never
has this been depicted before our vision as
clearly as at the present time. Proving that
our spiritual natures are being attuned by
powers invisible, giving forth to man the real
music pertaining to the soul. These vibra-
tions will roll on and on, swelling the thought
waves of the wide world with one glad,
glorious song of love for all, and malice
towards none, flooding the soul with the
sublime strains of home, sweet home.

Consider in a greater degree this
powerful law of love appertains to life.
When once it is the foundation upon which
we live, there cannot be any humble homes.
How elevating to realize that the day will
surely come when love will conquer the world
and the universal song of this benevolent
spirit will be that nations shall have no more.
When all the horrible paraphernalia of war
shall be laid aside, relics of a dark and bar-
barous epoch. "Peace on earth. Good will
toward men."

The wondrous era of spiritual awakening
is here, and must enter into all sides of life
which will increase activity, affording better
conditions and a higher type of civilization.

Let each individual do his part, during the
brief sojourn on this earthly sphere, toward
bringing about the brotherhood of man.

Confidence now in the assertion that God
is love, therefore we must partake from this
universal fountain and bestow its divine
blessings on all.

Seek, and ye shall find love everywhere;
but in degrees to man's understanding, mani-
festing its power throughout the universe in
all its varied forms and manifestations in life.

"Ask and it shall be given unto you," but
make your daily duties deserving of your de-
sires. Construct now the building of your
character on love and truth, we shall have
homes, sweet homes for all.

Make the physical body a pure, sweet
temple for the soul to dwell in and its beauty
and wealth of purity in love will be God's
richest blessing, the grandest gem, the great-
est work of art to adorn the home with a
radiance divine, which is the real self, in-
destructible and eternal.

A Psychic Experience.

The following experiences are given by W.
Hubbard in The Metaphysical Magazine, cur-
rent number.

The distance from Los Angeles, California,
to Dresden, Germany, is not far from six
thousand miles, and the difference in time
between the two places is about six hours.
From fifteen to twenty days are required for
the transmission of a letter from one city to
the other.

Mrs. A., residing in Los Angeles, is a psy-
chometrist in a quiet way and delineates me-
dial characteristics and conditions by holding
a specimen of the handwriting of the person;
a lady past middle age and in no sense a pro-
fessional, her gift or faculty being only exer-
cised occasionally at the solicitation of a very
few friends; and is not known as a psychic
in the community in which she resides.

Mrs. W., residing in Dresden, is an ac-
quaintance of Mrs. A. of many years stand-
ing, and has had proof of this peculiar gift of
Mrs. A. Miss M. is a young lady in Dres-
den, an acquaintance and friend of Mrs. W.,
but entirely unacquainted with Mrs. A., but
may have heard her name mentioned by
Mrs. W.

On May 23, 1896, Miss M. wrote a note to
Mrs. W. in Dresden, about some sewing
work and signed her given name. Mrs. W.,
desiring a psychometric reading of the char-
acteristics of her young friend, Miss M., sent
the note in a letter to a friend in Los Angeles,
with a request that the note be put into the
hand of Mrs. A. for a reading. This Mrs.
W. did without the knowledge or consent of
Miss M., thinking to surprise her with the
reading when she should receive it.

On June 17, 1896, the friend received the
letter from Mrs. W. containing the note, and
on the following day, June 18, in the parlor
at the home of Mrs. A., at 9 a. m., the
friend handed the note to that lady, who,
without looking at the note or the writing,
and without a word of inquiry, placed the
note between her hands and commenced de-
lineating the characteristics of Miss M., giv-
ing her sex and other facts. She had not
proceeded far when she was interrupted by a
call. Handing the note to the friend, who
was recording the reading, she left the parlor,
and was gone about half an hour, when she re-
turned again, took the note and resumed the
delineation the whole time occupied in the
transaction being something over an hour.

The reading was of the ordinary character
of the mental, social and spiritual conditions,
which it is not necessary to detail, with per-
haps this exception: "Mrs. A. does not give
occupations or physical conditions. She only
points out possibilities but in this case she
made a departure, and when the reading was
seemingly closed, she paused, and then slowly
added: "I have said this person was in-
tense on one purpose in life. I see now it is
music. She is a singer, or is studying sing-
ing with a view to making it a profession.
She may be a pianist and probably is yes,
she is, but at present the instrumental is
subordinate to the vocal." Then, after a
pause, she added: "This person is suffering.
She has an affection of the throat or some
difficulty that is troubling her. It is more

the sense of a hurt than of sorrow. She
needs to be careful."

Now the second channel is Dresden on that
self-same day, June 18, at about 3 p.
m., the evening of June 18, at 9 a. m., at
Los Angeles, Miss M. was in her room.
What transpired there appears by the follow-
ing incident: On that day, June 18, Miss M.
went to her singing lesson at 4.30 p. m. On
her return she called on her friend, Mrs. W.,
in a state of unusual excitement. On inquir-
ing the cause of the disturbance, she said:
"Oh, Mrs. W., I have had such a strange
experience this afternoon. It has so affected
me that I could hardly get through with my
lesson! I was in my room about 2 o'clock,
when Mrs. A. of Los Angeles came in. She
stayed a little while and then went away, and
after a while came back and with me a long
time. Oh! I know it was she! She was so
close to me that I could feel her! And Mrs.
W. (in a whisper of awe), she examined my
throat and said I must be careful! Oh! what
does it mean?"

Mrs. W. was both surprised and aston-
ished, and for a moment forgetting that the
young lady was not cognizant of the sending
of the note to Mrs. A., said: "Why! maybe
Mrs. A. was holding your writing at the time!"
There! exclaimed the girl, excitedly.
"Then you don't send any note to Mrs. A."
Oh! I know now it was true! A day
or two after I sent the note to you, in the
morning a voice said to me: "Mrs. W. has
sent your note to Mrs. A." I said nothing
to you for fear you would laugh at me!"

On the same evening Mrs. W. wrote to
her friend in Los Angeles, asking: "What
was Mrs. A. doing on June 18?" And then
added: "Some singular circumstances oc-
curred here that day which I will explain
when I hear from you."

On June 19 the friend dispatched a letter to
Mrs. W., enclosing the character reading
of Miss M., and giving the date of the read-
ing. This letter she received July 10. Mrs.
W.'s letter of June 18 to her friend, was re-
ceived July 9. A letter from Mrs. W., dated
July 11, and received by her July 23, gives
the account of the occurrences in Dresden
on June 18, and also fully confirms the truth
of the two statements at the close of the de-
lineation in regard to the singing as a pro-
fession, and of the throat difficulty. The
facts and occurrences herein set forth are
veritable realities and can be fully substan-
tiated by the most ample proof.

The Dynamics of Mediumship.

Saveriano.

(Continued from last week.)

III.

Why was it, for instance, in 1896, when I
was urged (by Fred. Tuttle, Mr. Craig, the
Diebold safe agent of Sudbury Street, Bos-
ton, and other Boston men) to consider the
acceptance of the editorship of the "Banner
of Light," that I wrote declining the honor,
and also wrote to Prof. James, telling him of
my non-acceptance?

It was simply because I knew that I was
not of sufficient Hegelian force to stem the
tide of Boston influence, which had more
reverence for the silliest inspirations of the
silliest "guides" from the other side than it
had for the utterances of the greatest
geniuses in science on this side?

I should have been glad of the money for
the work of editing the "Banner," but I could
not, and would not, cater to the spiritualistic
prejudice of assuming to speak and write
solely by "guides" ninety-nine per cent. of
whom I found to be either fools, degenerates
or criminals.

I honor the sublimity of those whose ex-
alted faith in "guides" urges them to accept
the utterances of such "guides" as infallible
doctrines; and from whom there may be no
appeal save ostracism, insanity, sly persecu-
tion, or moral and intellectual death.

Their faith was, and is, greater than mine.
My holiest and most prayerful impulses,
highest and most saintly aspirations led me
for years to consult "guides," and these
"guides"—the great majority ninety-nine per
cent.—were deceivers.

What I know and write about is therefore
the result of the development of my own
thoughts by study and observation.

I never intend to mortgage my brain to a
"guide," either in order to speak or write.
The pathetic faith, the pitiful heroism, the
believing, fearful courage of those of my
large circle of spiritualistic brethren, who
hourly continue to trust such "guides," for
lectures or essays may be admired by me,
but cannot be imitated.

If such "guides" as have had the time to
learn more than myself choose—without any
consciousness on my part, or offer of my own
will, desire, or wish—choose to influence me
for good indirectly, that is their own business.
But I shall make no fuss over them, or
even suspect their existence, much less dig-
nify them with the honor of being my
"guides," or tell anyone of their existence,
until I have a most complete knowledge of
them.

My first concern now is with the laws, by
the means of which either a fraudulent
"guide" or an ignorant "guide" or a wise
"guide" can at all (consciously to me and
knowingly) influence me, or a medium, from
the other side.

And the knowledge of these laws I call
the Science of the Dynamics of Mediumship.
There is a unity of intermediary, trans-
cendental, physical causes, which as forces
—first have to be studied before we come to
the ultimate spiritual causes on the other
side. A "passed-out" friend is one thing,
a false "guide" is another. The most are false.

A thorough study of the unity of the con-
nection of all these transcendental physical
causes, which—as forces—create nerve mot-
ions or vibrations—and, therefore, expres-
sions of "passed-out," as well as personal
consciousness—in the Sense Organs, and
Organs of the Emotions, of mediums, is
therefore the first elementary condition, nec-
essary to a comprehension of the Science of
the Dynamics of Mediumship.

The possibility of a medium ever being able
at all to be the means of mediating (psy-
chologically) between a "passed-out" person
and friends is only possible in the form of an
interposing relation of Sense and Emotional
Nerve-Centres, and which nerve-centres must
be made to move and vibrate by some
force, or connection of forces, which are
brought to bear on such central nerve organs,
in order to make them move and vibrate.

A characteristic of mediumship is, there-
fore, that it is only possible in the form of a
relation between motion and force.

The molecules of the sense-nerve-centres
of the medium must be made to move; and
some force must cause the motion, otherwise
there can be no expression whatsoever of the
conditions of the consciousness of one who
has "passed out," or of the medium's own
consciousness.

The medium is, therefore, the Moved-Sub-
ject. The "passed-out" person is the Force-
Object, or influence, of which the medium is
conscious.

There can be no mediumship without the
union of a Moved-Subject and a Force-
Object. And, in this union of the Moved-Sub-
ject and Force-Object (in the mediatic rela-
tion) such exists in an uncomprehending dual-
ism; and only as the Force-Object is related
to the Moved-Subject.

The medium is a medium only to the extent
that the medium's sense-nerve-centres
—molecules—can be moved.

And the "passed-out" person is a force only
to the extent that it can make itself known
—as a force—by moving the sense-nerve cen-
tres of the medium.

Destroy the possibility of the exercise of
any form of force by those who have "passed
out" with the possibility of the exercise of
any form of nerve-motion, on the part of the
medium, and Spiritualism is an impossibility.

The Science of the Dynamics of Mediumship,
therefore, deals with the laws of trans-
cendental forces and motions in their rela-
tion to the organs of the senses and emo-
tions of mediums.

On the other hand—save in subliminal
ecstasy—monistic consciousness of the Eddy-
Colville sort is self-contradictory.

It is, of course, this conflicting spiritual-
emotional experience, at one time dualistic,
at another time monistic, which keeps up our
spiritual, philosophical and scientific wars.
As man is spiritually capable of experiencing
monistic sensations of cosmic consciousness,
of his Oneness with the Absolute or God, so
is he capable of experiencing dualistic sensa-
tions.

The writer has experienced both of these
classes of sensations, and he affirms that (as
a result of his experience), scientific, clear,
decided knowledge can only come from induc-
tions.

We cannot intellectually or spiritually con-
ceive or reason concerning the Absolute God,
the Infinite, or the Eternal, but we can ex-
perience, overwhelming monistic sensations of
our identity and inseparable oneness with
the Universal.

All of one's perceptive nature in such ex-
periences is suddenly raised to an awful
sensation of the identity of one's intellectual
being with the loftiest ideal of underlying
oneness and harmony that we are possible of
conceiving.

But as this sensation (being a sensation of
identity) fuses itself with the Absolute, it can
never prove the basis of any helpful knowl-
edge, in a scientific sense.

This is because in such sensations we
realize ourselves so completely identified (in
essence) with some ideal of the spiritually
universal, that the old relation of I and the
Universe, or I and God, vanishes.

The former experience of a "passed-out"
friend (operating as a Force-Object, on me,
as a Moved-Subject) is neglected.

No dualism is realized, only a monism.
This explains Mrs. Eddy's experience.
Mohammed realized a similar type of mon-
istic sensation.

The Science of the Dynamics of Medium-
ship in dealing with the laws of the trans-
cendental forces and motions (necessary as
conditions to this class of religious monistic
sensations) has to pursue an entirely different
course from that which it, so perseveringly
follows in its study of a "passed-out" friend,
considered as a Force-Object. In this case
the medium's experiences are of the relative
and the limited. These relative laws of force
and limited laws of motion being the sole
transcendental, physical conditions under
which the medium's sense-nerve-centres
operate.

Therefore, the laws of trans-
cendental forces and motions, in their relations
to the nervous systems of mediums, are the
first principles to be exhaustively studied.
After this study comes the study as to how,
and in what way, our "passed-out" friends
can, unconsciously, come to operate on the
medium through the laws of such forces and
motions. The Science of the Dynamics of
Mediumship is therefore the doctrine of the
motions of central-nerves as affected by trans-
cendental forces. This is the most important
doctrine in the whole of Spiritualistic
Science, as every hope and explanation of
Spiritualism must be founded on it.

Of the action of a "passed-out" spiritual
person or force in producing nerve motions;
of all the possible motions of the sense nerve-
centres of mediums; of how a transcendental
force—as of other-waves of a certain rate—
or a series of forces, can be brought to act
on the one point of hearing, or touch, or
sight, are all branches of the same science.
At this date of 1906 Spiritualism has not one
sound bit of knowledge concerning the sub-
ject.

Proofs of the existence of transcendental
forces, in their invisible wave-length and
wave-period pressure, on the moving nerve-
centres of mediums; the mutual convertibility
of other waves, and nervous work; the dis-
solution of other-force by its internal friction
with the molecular action of the medium's
nerves; the diffusion of nervous motion by
conduction; the quantity of force, in the total
radiation, from a "passed-out" friend; the
modes of the transformation of force, from
those forms of force, as known to our
"passed-out" friends; and, as known to us.
These are among the elementary problems to
be solved before Modern Spiritualism can
pass from its present stage of intellectual
sentimentalism, superstition and Sittin' Bull
"message" stage, up to the resplendent dig-
nity of its own loftiest evolution! It will rise
out of the slime of mere fetishism and lead
the world in every aspect of a broader, mod-
ern, psychological science. Instead of fight-
ing the sciences it will teach him her own
solid laws and natural truths, instead of
seeking the approval of the university psy-
chological professors, its own discoveries will
prove of such transcendent worth that the
universities will call it blessed!

The sad, and effect of the most of the lower
"message" teaching has been its unconscious
discouragement of the scientific discoveries on
this side; its general tendency to ignore the
worth of any form of scientific intelligence,
that has not "passed out;" its indirect injus-
tice to the genius of the living; the supposed
non-value of any form of intelligence that
does not hail from the other side; its con-
demnation for the induction method of Bacon;
its disdain for philosophical mediumship; its
arrogant scorn for the fruits of the patient,
scientific toil of the leaders of science; its
increase of belief that the silly inspirations of
a "passed-out" Indian savage is always of
greater wonder and help to humanity than
the living suggestions of a Morse, Watt, Mar-
coni, Kelvin, Wallace, Lincoln or Washington.
Its disdain for all the lofty series of
experiments of scientifically-trained investi-
gators. Its terrible injustice to individual
genius, because of its tendency to ascribe all
the merit due to the patient labor of indi-
vidual genius, to the suggestions of "passed-
out" spirits. There are some of the reasons
—apart from the fear of being classed with
fraudulent spiritualistic tricksters by the
community which keeps many a soul, of
lofty culture, means and enthusiasm, from
helping the Cause.

(To be continued.)

Johnny's Question.

"I'm afraid, Johnny," said the Sunday-
school teacher, rather sadly, "that I shall
never meet you in the better land."

"Why? What have you been doing now?"
Piet-Me-Up.

One secret of a sweet and happy life is
learned to live by the day. It is the long
stretching that live up. We think of life as
a whole running on for years. We cannot
carry this load until we are three-score and
ten—we cannot fight this continually for half
a century! But really there are no long
stretches. Life does not come to us all at
once; it comes only a day at a time.—Ed.

Psychic Hash as Seen by Charles Dawburn.

The glory of a photograph is its faithful
picture of the form of our friend. The sun
will give you the same careful detail for the
child as for the man; for the tramp as for the
millionaire—for the slimmer as for the stout.
We recognize every feature of the
man as we know him. But the sun is just
as careful and particular to copy the clothes
as the face, so, for the most part, the por-
trait exhibits man and maiden as they wish
to be seen.

But the sun appeals to the eye and leaves
the rest of the senses unsatisfied. By the
aid of the phonograph we can appeal to the
ear, and record just what a man said, and
how he said it. So it happens that science
and sun, working together, give us today
more of the man than his mere portrait. We
can now have something of a record of both
the form and the mind of the man. But it is
apparent that both camera and phonograph
have told all they have to tell about him.
We can do a little more than that, for we
can measure, weigh and dissect his form,
and so far as he has expressed himself in
wood or action we picture him mentally.
We recognize him as human, with form, and
mind acting and reacting on each other. So
all history can do is to tell the tale of flesh
and blood and bone, mingled with mind, and
to note how many millions of such form ex-
pressions were recorded in the last census.

Science has its two lines of investigation.
It studies form, and it studies mind. That
is to say, intelligence and substance, blended
into form by energy, are the lessons for its
students. And the most interesting discovery
of today, by these students, is that neither
the portrait nor the phonograph, and not
even the form nor the mind, give us a picture
of the man as he really is.

Every form is now known to have an ex-
tensive suggestion, for we see it compel
means that its atoms are vibrating far be-
yond all possibility of recognition by eye or
touch. At this point we recall a fact now
acknowledged, that even colors have "ultra"
rays, known only by their effect. Thus when
the vibrations of red are lowered they become
violet. And we all know what is above and
beyond violet as it is now called "the X-ray."
And a little further on comes the awful effect
we call "radio activity." We now know that
from the same raw material come heat, light,
electricity, magnetism and undoubtedly life
itself. Each and all are the effect of certain
rates of motion. In other words "energy" is
the divine creator or producer of these vari-
ous manifestations.

So much will hardly be disputed today by
any independent thinker. And since these
effects of energy really concern man more
than any other form we will push our investi-
gation on and beyond what we sense of him
in daily life. For instance, some one sees
beyond the normal sight of the rest of us. So
we call it "clairvoyance," which is merely an
effect of added vibration to certain of his
nerves. In the same manner his hearing
becomes clairaudience, which merely marks
another dance of the unit, with a little
change of time and tune. Presently the mind
itself grows more active under like stimulus,
and we then call the effect "psychometry."

Or perhaps it flashes its way to a distance,
when we exclaim, "behold the power of tele-
pathic suggestion," for we see it compel
other mind to its own sight and thought.
We now know that these sense manifesta-
tions are all merely certain vibratory move-
ments, exactly as heat, light, and life
are all effects of motion or energy. But we
must remember they are effects outside the
man we know. They all belong to his outer
form that reaches out in every direction, out
and away beyond form into illimitable space.

We speak of "the flashes of genius" and the
"startling penetration of intuition" which in
themselves often far transcend the power of
any mortal brain. We now know they are
brief manifestations of the larger manhood of
the mortal. But it has become the custom of
the believers in human immortality to HASH
this entire outer manhood and call the dish
"Spirit Return." Hence the motive for the
present article.

No one "hashes" heat, light, electricity,
magnetism, etc., although they are known
to be but different vibrations of the same
raw material. And great would be the con-
fusion if a speaker or writer were to count
them all as different manifestations of Light.
But, as a general thing, the unthoughtful
believer in "spirit return" is making and in-
cluding an absurd combination of outer and
inner manhood when he discusses the verity
of life after death, and offers certain facts
to prove it. To every one fact that by itself
is reasonable proof he offers a dozen others
that are of no value to the student of the
outer manhood, for he recognizes such facts
as merely evolved by

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1906.

Society News.

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

Boston: City and District.

First Spiritual Science Church, Mrs. M. A. Wilkinson, pastor. Mediums of the day and evening, opening speaker, Captain. Baily: Mr. Privet, Mrs. Blanchard, Mrs. Cutter, Mrs. Kemp, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Roberts, Dr. Brown, Mrs. Wilkinson, Mrs. Branch, Mr. Macrura, Mrs. Reed. Solos by Miss Baily and Prof. Clark. Tuesday afternoon, Indian Healing Circle. Thursday afternoon, psychometry.

First Spiritual Church of Boston, Inc., Rev. Clara E. Strong. "George" speaking with much interest. Messages were given by Mrs. Chapman, after which remarks were made by Messrs. Newhall, Drury and Winslow. Messages were given by Mr. Newhall and Miss Strong. "Charity of Judgment" was the subject of "George" for the afternoon. Mrs. Fogg acting as chairman. Mrs. Gutzler spoke and gave messages. Mr. Cowan also gave messages. Mrs. Moore then spoke, after which Mrs. Reed gave many communications. Circles were then formed and all enjoyed messages from loved ones. "Over There" was "George's" theme for the evening. Mrs. Richardson acting as chairman, after which messages were given by Mr. Tuttle and others present.—A. M. S., clerk.

First Spiritual Church of Boston, Inc., Rev. Clara E. Strong. Holds its services every Sunday at American Hall, 724 Washington Street, up 2 flights. Service at 11. Afternoon service at 2.30, followed by test circles under the care of different mediums. 7.30, evening service. We desire to announce that, with the fall season, we shall make a change in our Sunshine Club, having an advanced class. This will leave vacancies in our Tuesday and Thursday classes. Applications for membership should be made to our president, Rev. Clara E. Strong.

Portland, Me., Aug. 20.—The First Spiritual Society. Last week a fine harmonious social meeting occurred. Mr. Lynch not only favored the audience with vocal selections but with many fine messages from spirit. Mme. Kincade also responded in like manner, as did also Mr. John M. Todd and Mrs. Raymond of Boston in short addresses. This evening Mrs. F. W. Vaughan, well known in the city, gave a short talk and messages were recognized. The speakers were Mr. Eldridge and Mr. Todd. Solo by Mr. Lynch. The meeting was very pleasant. Tuesday next, afternoon and evening, we meet at Mr. B. F. Kulp's home for a lawn party. We have no doubt of a pleasant time.—Francis Vaughan, clerk.

Waverley V. S. U. Home, Aug. 13, 1905.—"It may truly be said," said a speaker today, "that spiritual phenomena make the solid rock upon which the philosophy of Spiritualism has been built. It has withstood the assaults of foes without, and also of the enemies within its ranks. Great tidal waves of bigotry, ignorant prejudice, and obloquy have been hurled against the solid rock of fact, concerning spiritual phenomena. Organized Christianity has been for over fifty years engaged in refined-truety towards the truths in Spiritualism, but it is all of no avail. The verities of our spiritual philosophies have been proven time and time again. The ablest minds have sought to overthrow the tenets in Spiritualism, but themselves have been converted. And one of the proofs that spiritual phenomena come from a divine source is that in human entity, or organization of human beings, never can control nor direct spirit manifestations; like the wind that cometh and goeth where it listeth." Their expressions are manifold. They began when the first form of life passed into the spirit and will continue so long as life remains upon the earth. "Spiritual manifestations are the means through which our arisen friends inform the friends of earth life of their renewed life in the world of spirit. O how grandly beautiful our ideals of our Heavenly Father grow and expand each day, when we realize His bounteous goodness in showing us the light and the way to the better land, and for us who know, there is no victory in the grave, and there is no sting in death, but a joyous, glorious reunion of our loved ones in the world beautiful. The meeting was conducted by Mr. Geo. Clark; invocation and address by Mrs. S. E. Hall; remarks and messages by Mrs. Benita, Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Fuller, Mr. Hicks, poem by Mr. Webster, duet by Mr. Lewis and Mr. Taylor; song by Mrs. Fuller, Mrs. M. A. Bemis, pianist.—J. H. Lewis.

Malden Progressive Spiritual Society, Thursday evening Circle, opened at 7.45, with a large number. Many strangers were present, showing an increased interest in our splendid religion. We had with us Mrs. Jennie Conant, Henderson, an old worker. We were pleased to see her and her guide, Sunflower, gave some very interesting communications. Golden Hair and Laughing Water also voiced messages. Mrs. Whall followed with her guide, Prairie Flower, and many were the happy faces seen when our circle closed at 10 o'clock.

Sunday afternoon, August 20. Circle opened at 2.30, with invocation by Mrs. Morton; solo by Mr. Murry, accompanied on the piano by Mrs. Chapman, followed by beautiful remarks by Mr. Higgins. Morning Dew gave communications in her childlike way, which were well received. Mrs. Chapman gave a few messages. Then our president took the balance of the afternoon in her own sweet way. Benediction by Mr. Milton.

Sunday evening found us with a well filled hall, many new members in the audience. Our services are increasing in interest every week. After song service and the invocation by Mrs. R. P. Morton and the reading of an inspired writing by her on "Spiritualism a Test of Christianity," which was very interesting a solo solo was well rendered by Mr. Murry of Chelsea. Mrs. Alice M. Whall, our president, through her guide, Prairie Flower, gave a very interesting address on her visit to the Spiritual camp at Onset, followed by communications to many, who were delighted to hear from their loved ones from the spirit side of life. Next Sunday, Mr. James S. Sealtest of Cambridge will be our speaker and test medium.—Mrs. H. J. Eaton, secretary.

At the request of the secretary we are glad to correct the name given by us last week as "George" of Boston, and make it read correctly as "George W. Seavoy of Boston." Mr. Seavoy is one of the trustees of this society and a trustee of a Spiritualist society, who, after furnishing his quota for his society, can still feel able to send flowers for special occasions, is surely entitled to be properly credited.—Man. Ed.]

Movements of Platform Workers.

W. J. Colville has arranged to spend a portion of September in New York and his address will be, while there, 125 West Fifty-sixth Street. On Sundays Sept. 3, 10, 17 and 24 he is to lecture at 2 p. m. in Genealogical Hall, West Fifty-eighth Street (near Sixth Avenue).

G. W. Kates and wife report that their camp work at Lake Pleasant and Saugus, Mass., Vicksburg and Halesett Park, Mich., have been successful and that these camps are prosperous. They are to serve at Conneaut, Ohio, Sept. 17 and 24, and at Pittsburgh, Pa., during October.

E. W. Sprague and wife, the N. S. A. missionaries, will serve the Spiritualist Society of Watertown, N. Y., during the month of September next. They would like some engagements for mid-week meetings in town within reach of Watertown. Address them at 615 Newland Ave., Jamestown, N. Y., until September 1st. After that date address Watertown, N. Y., care General Delivery.

Wellman C. Whitney would like to fill a few open dates with societies wishing a lecturer and test medium for season 1906-07. Address 368 Main St., Suite 5, Springfield, Mass.

Aug. 21 1905.—Izetta B. Sears of Boston is engaged on Friday evenings beginning Sept. 1, at Boston Psychic Conference, 605 Massachusetts Ave., Boston. Sunday, Sept. 3, she begins a series of meetings, one each month, at Worcester. Sunday, Oct. 8, her meetings begin again with the Salem society for 1905 and 1906, one Sunday each month. Two Sundays each month she is open for other engagements.

A Correction.

We are in receipt of a copy of the Official Register recently compiled by sister Laura G. Fixen. It is very nicely gotten up, and will no doubt prove very useful. On page 48 (occurring twice in the book) devoted to Missouri, we find under heading of Springfield the following erroneous statement:

"Spiritual Science Church. Own their temple. Lecturer, Maggie Garrett Shaw. President, D. C. Ashman. Secretary, Maggie Norton."

It should read: Lecturers, James Madison Allen, Mrs. M. Theresa Allen, President, Geo. W. Langdon. Secretary, H. G. Hanneman. J. Madison Allen, M. Theresa Allen, inspirational speakers and mental mediums, in charge of the Spiritual Science Church—formerly known as the "Southside Spiritualist Society"—since 1896.

J. Madison Allen. M. Theresa Allen. Springfield, Mo., Aug. 14, 1905. [The Allens are such old workers we are giving them space for their statement. Frankly we know nothing of the matters to which they refer, but assume that they do and that Mrs. Fixen will be glad of their correction.—Man. Ed.]

Letters from Our Readers.

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

Query.

Will Salvarona kindly elaborate his idea of God—position, size, attributes and strenuousness of his force in creation. Salvarona's God "creates," for I note in that ingenious bit of word painting: "Dynamics of Mediumship"—this postulate: "The ether is a substance created by God. True blue orthodoxy that."

God then, according to Salvarona and church lore, has place, since he must create from a somewhere. If God has position then surely not omnipresence, only in a circumscribed way and dwindles to a simple kingly manufacturer sending his wares into—what, how, whether?

The Old Testament says God created man in his own image. If in his own image God created man (the woman "is another story") then this God was created too. But by whom? "God created the ether," said Salvarona, and he seems to know whereof he speaks—absolutely to know "God created the ether." But how does he know "God created the ether"? Creation supposes a beginning. Now if ether was created then my conception of the universe—as uncreate, eternal, revered, infinite being, expressing in inherent formulae sexed life in the amplitude of unendingness—is a fallacy.

Julia Augusta Bunker. [We are glad to have our readers question our writers as respectfully as Miss Bunker has done. Writers are allowed latitude in the "Banner" with this understanding. It is embarrassing for us editorially to analyze specific points in different articles. And, while we would not allow our readers to be imposed upon, yet we feel a certain latitude should be allowed the writer to work out his argument, we only holding ourselves responsible for the editorial utterances. The column devoted to "Letters from Our Readers" is intended for respectful and intelligent questioning from our readers.—Man. Ed.]

Andrew Jackson Davis.

A REMINISCENCE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: The "Birthday Greeting" to our mutual friend, Andrew Jackson Davis, in "Banner of Light" of August 12, is truly commendable and reminds me of the kindness I received from him when I first arrived in this city, June, 1862. My wife and two children arrived in October. The kind advice and assistance rendered by him I shall long remember. Brother Davis was at that time publishing a weekly paper called "The Herald of Progress," and about December 1 he called attention through his paper and verbally to all liberals he came in contact with, to this important fact: "On the 1st day of January, 1863, the Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln became effective, and it would mark an epoch and that the liberals and thinkers in our city should commence a series of progressive meetings. Hon. John W. Edmonds, S. B. Britton, Charles Partridge, Dr. Robert T. Hallock, Dr. John F. Gray, Dr. Ralph Glover, Parker C. Farnsworth, Warren Sumner Barlow, Henry J. Newton and myself accepted the proposition, and Dodsworth Hall, Broadway, opposite 11th Street, adjoining Grace Church, was procured, and Sunday, January 4, 1863, meetings commenced, and the 25th of the same month the Children's Progressive Lyceum was also commenced. The meetings and Lyceum were a success; at one time there were twenty-four groups with ten to twelve members in each, until some busybodies began to call it a "Davis movement for fame." I know it was an unselfish act for the good of humanity, a constant mental effort to sustain and a pecuniary loss and no profit, but he was too sensitive to continue the work. Now I will relate what I started to write:

In February, 1864, I had a violent attack of rheumatism. A regular physician with a large practice, and is a friend of mine: "Merritt will not live a month."

Brother Davis left his office, 273 Canal Street, and, taking an hour's ride to reach my residence in 3rd Street, advised just what to do—the same as can be found in his inestimable books, "Physician" and "Harbinger of Health," which are now sold for \$1 each, and by obeying his instructions I fully recovered. Soon after I procured the two books. I was at that time 27 years of age. I am now 75—escaped rheumatism, neuralgia, and, in short, no use for physician since. His acts of kindness to myself and others are too numerous to mention.

Again, when he had a bookstore in East 4th Street, he allowed me desk room. This was about 1874 and Madame Blavatsky had a long interview with Brother Davis. She had the habit of smoking. As he did not allow such pernicious habits in his office, she was obliged to resume in the hall and smoke, and then resume conversation. Fraternally, Titus Merritt.

New Thought Convention

NEVADA, MO., SEPT. 26, 27, 28, 29.

The New Thought Federation holds its fifth annual convention at Nevada, Mo., this year in the building of the Weikner School of Healing. There are two open sessions each day. The program consists of lectures and addresses by the best New Thought speakers, representing every shade of belief that comes under that title, and musical numbers. The programs will be ready for free distribution by the first of September. No one interested in any branch of the New Thought movement can afford to miss this convention. It is the only opportunity presented to hear in one series of meetings, speakers of all the different cults. To the thoughtful student this convention will be a liberal education in New Thought, will broaden one's point of view as to amount of reading can, to come into contact with and hear from their own lips the teachings of the leaders in this movement. You can get a new insight into truth by hearing those who see most clearly its different phases, present their views. It is the opportunity of a life-time, for perhaps never again shall we be able to get together all of these speakers.

Another pleasant feature of the convention is its social side. One of the characteristic qualities of the true "New Thought" is his unflinching good humor and courtesy which make it a pleasure to meet him. Come and get acquainted with your brother workers. We have secured a low rate on many of the railroads and hope to include the rest soon. The secretary will gladly send you full information regarding railroad rates, board, etc. A word now about Nevada—It is a town of 10,000, built on one of the northern spurs of the Ozark Mountains. It has mineral wells and a beautiful park, which with its surrounding scenery and fine climate, make it one of the favorite resort towns of this section. Board is both good and cheap at hotels and private boarding houses.

We are bending every effort to make this convention a landmark in the history of the New Thought and we want every one who can and who will bring an earnest heart and true interest, to come.

Ernest Weltmer, sec.

Nevada, Mo.

PAPA'S HAND.

I ain't afraid of horses nor sweet cars nor anyfin; Nor an-tomobiles, nor th' cabs; an' onet, away las' spring, A green big hook-an-ladder fing went slaty-benthy by; An' I was purt-dear in th' way an' didn't even cry!

'Cause when I'm downtown I go round wif papa, under an'!

An' I like th' way o' nuffin' when my papa holds m' hand!

'Cause sweet cars wouldn't hurt him, an' th' horses wouldn't dare;

An' if a an-tomobile run agin 'im—he won't care!

He'll alyays keep between me an' th' fingz wif danger in—

I know so, 'cause he alyays has, list ev'rywhere we been;

An' men at night I laff myself clean into Dreamland!

An' never care how dark it is, when papa holds m' hand.

'S th' funnest fing—one night when I putted in I was 'sleep

An' papa's face was on my hand, I felt a somepin' creep

Acrost my fingz; an' it felt exactly like a tear.

But couldn't been, 'cause wasn't any cryin' 't I could hear him say, "I laff myself clean into Dreamland!"

An' when I ast my papa, he lat laughed 't he beat th' band.

But I kept wonderin' what it was that creeped on my hand.

Sometimes my papa holds of like I maybe helped him, too!

An' makes me feel most awful good, puttend in th' I do.

An' papa says—w'y papa says—w'y somepin' like that 'twould o' nuffin' when my papa holds m' hand!

He says some uvver fingz 'at I list partly understand.

But I know thiz—I'm not afraid, when papa holds m' hand.

Baltimore American.

Painting in the Dark.

Artists are known to be often eccentric in their methods, but H. Royworth Raine appears to have adopted an entirely original system of his own. While his confreres of the brush are seeking by artfully placed studios to have a steady, brilliant light upon their work, Mr. Raine retires to the seclusion of an underground London cellar, and there he paints portraits which are remarkable for their beauty and strength. The light he elects to work by can scarcely be called light at all, for often the feeble rays which filter through into the dingy studio are practically stopped by time paper and curtains. Mr. Raine recently gave an exhibition of his method at a London hotel. On four consecutive days he painted for an hour at a time in a room which was almost dark, watched eagerly the while by a committee of literary, journalistic and art critics. At the end of the four hours the light was let into the room, and a fine portrait full of power and originality was seen to have been produced.—Chambers' Journal.

The best advertisement is a promise honestly kept.

If at first you don't succeed, don't count the first time.

Don't be a photographic plate. Smile at your shadow.

WONDER WHEEL SCIENCE.

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Daily Guidance for All, by Birth Numbers.

By Professor Henry.

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

1.—March 11 to April 20.	4.—June 11 to July 21.	7.—Sept. 22 to Oct. 31.	10.—Dec. 22 to Jan. 31.
2.—April 20 to May 20.	5.—July 21 to Aug. 31.	8.—Oct. 31 to Nov. 31.	11.—Jan. 31 to Feb. 29.
3.—May 20 to June 21.	6.—Aug. 31 to Sept. 21.	9.—Nov. 22 to Dec. 31.	12.—Feb. 29 to Mar. 31.

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

Having found your Birth Number in the above, as given for the above dates of Birth, then find that Birth Number in the Top line of Figures marked "Birth Nos." in the following Table. The Column of letters under your Birth Number is YOUR Column, and no other, unless you have a Key for other Columns. Look down your Column and see what Letters are Marked in it. The letter means

Birth Nos.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Aug. 24-25	K	B	F	G	M	E						
26-27	K	B	F	G	M	E						
28-29	E	K	B	F	G	M						
30-31	E	K	B	F	G	M						
Sept. 1-2	M	E	K	B	F	G						
3-4	M	E	K	B	F	G						
5-6	G	M	E	K	B	F						
7-8	G	M	E	K	B	F						
9-10	F	G	M	E	K	B						
11-12-14	F	G	M	E	K	B						
15-16	B	F	G	M	E	K						
17-18-19	B	F	G	M	E	K						
20-21	K	B	F	G	M	E						
22-23	K	B	F	G	M	E						

your favorable days. Carry your eye on the line of the letter over to the left and there you will find the Date of your favorable days during the days for which the Table is made. It may be one or both of these days. Take advantage of both, anyway, as best you can. The letter B shows where the Moon is each day. If the letter is E, it means that your

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

During the dates in this Table, Birth No. 6 has an Especial Hailing over the whole world. This makes Birth Numbers 5, 10, 2 and 4 more favored than others during these dates in the Table, and Birth Numbers 9, 12 and 3 less favored than others even on the E, G, F, K and M.

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

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

Chats with the Professor—No. 18.

"What do you mean by our hypnotized opinions?" asked the doctor.

"I mean church lore," replied the professor. "Everybody in the churches tries to act, or to be like somebody else. This makes them all move around and around like a dog trying to catch his tail. It is thumbs up or thumbs down, just as Simon happens to say, and this Simon usually is someone who has made a slip in trying to follow someone else, and the rest of them think it is all right for them to follow, and so from one to another the hypnotic opinions are forced upon the world, and held until some other slip is made. If it were not for the slips, a hypnotized opinion would hold forever, in spite of the otherwise physical progressions."

"Do these hypnotized men remain the same from hour to hour, day to day, month to month, etc.," asked the doctor.

"No," replied the professor. "Only so far as the organized power of their association goes. Individually their opinions change under the planetary forces, the same as with other people. The hypnotized opinions are expressed only in connection with, or relative to, the upholding of their organization. The organized power is governed by a law of its own and it holds the individuals in subjection to it by the law of the Moon, which forms a square each week to the point in the heavens under which the organization was first born. Individuals have six distinct cycles, between each cycle of the organization. In those six cycles, the individual, in his home or elsewhere has filled the part, of all the Planetary men, from Saturn to the Moon man."

THE ECLIPSE.

"Did you see the eclipse of the moon on the 14th?" asked the doctor.

"No," replied the professor, "but I knew it was there."

"Does it signify anything in astrology?" asked the doctor.

"It signifies," replied the professor, "that the moon was almost exactly on the side of the earth from the Sun. The earth between the two is supposed to be casting its conical shadow upon that portion of the moon that is free from the reflected light of the sun. It is what is known in astrology as the opposition of the sun and moon. In the practice of astrology, we often speak of moon in opposition to the sun, but there never can be a true opposition only at a total eclipse of the moon. All other so-called 'oppositions' are but approximations. The thumb-rules in astrology are for the true aspect of planet to planet, measured at their exact centres. As astrologers are apt to predict by the 'thumb-rules,' from an approximated aspect, you may thereby judge why the predictions often fail. For instance, this eclipse on the 14th was called by some of the calculators, 'a 29 per cent. eclipse,' therefore, only 29 per cent. of the influence of an opposition will be felt upon the earth."

"Do you believe that an eclipse has anything to do with mundane affairs?" said the doctor.

"Why not?" asked the professor. "What in the world is it there for, if not for some purpose? Every atom in the universe has some effect upon every other atom. It is not necessary to look merely to the moon, per se, as the cause, but look at the general law that produces an eclipse. The heavens all about us are changing. Even the far distant stars are making changes corresponding to the changes in the moon. We cannot see the changes in the distant stars, but the experiences of ages inform us of them, and show us that they keep time with the moon. The moon, then, is our marker to show us how the heavens in all their grandeur and majestic powers are moving and rolling and shifting about through space, yet preserving a perfect harmony of action one body toward another. From north to south, from east to west, separating from and approaching each other, each of these bodies move, never at rest, contracting by cold, expanding by heat, extending, and withdrawing their several influences one upon another. The moon is the timekeeper, next to the revolution of our own earth which marks the day and the night. When the sun rises it denotes that our position on earth is crossing a meridional line at right angles with the horizon, and when the sun sets it denotes the same. Do these have no effect upon humanity? Our lives are measured, cycle by cycle, from the point at which the sun was in its relation to the horizon at the time of birth. Now, note: Just as the sun has a circle from east to west, and measured from the high noon meridian, so, too, the moon has a circle, from north to south, termed latitude, and which is measured from the equatorial horizon. These two circles cross each other at what are known as the Dragon's Head and Dragon's Tail, on the ecliptic.

This Dragon is the old serpent of which the Genesis speak, but we only get the True Cross of religion's note when the sun and moon arrive at those two shifting points known as the Dragon's Head and Tail. At the former, the sun is eclipsed by the moon, standing between sun and earth. At the latter, the moon is eclipsed by the earth, standing between moon and sun. If all religions are not based on these eclipses, doctor, would it not be well for some one to inform us what they are based on, and prove it?"

"Do you include the Christian religion?" asked the doctor.

"Of all others," replied the professor. "In the year 67, B. C., the Messianic expectations were based upon signs in the heavens. In the following year, 66, B. C., there were 'more signs in the skies.' On July 17, 62, B. C., Josephus speaks of the eclipse. It is marked in the gospels by Herod's persecution of the children, and the flight of Joseph with Jesus and Mary into Egypt, which were followed by the death of Herod. Paul was born a few months after, and the year 61, A. D., marks the 4000th year of the Adamic race, from which a great change came over the world known as the Christian era."

"Did the eclipse do all of these things?" asked the doctor.

"Of course not," replied the professor.

"The eclipse had no more to do with them than my watch has to do with ordering my dinner, but the eclipse is a marker in the annals of time, and it always marks some sort of change, just as the sun marks a change when it rises in the morning or sets at night, or when it crosses the equinoxes. The moon at an eclipse is crossing the ecliptic, either from north to south, or south to north. Why should there not be a change when such a movement is going on between sun and moon and earth. The birth of Christ is fixed at the Winter Solstice, 63, B. C. The resurrection on March 20, A. D. 29. Was not this a very important change in the religious world, and was it not preceded by a remarkable eclipse in which the world was darkened when the words were uttered from the cross, 'It is finished.' What was finished? The record is supposed to have finished the first 29 years of the Christian Era, which corresponds to the lunar and the Saturn cycles. By others it is supposed to have finished a 30 or a 31 year cycle, corresponding to the movement of the earth in its 12 divisions. The record of the beginning of the era, or the dates of these historical eclipses, are very much mixed by the early authorities, so that the Christian world does not dare to confess its astrologic foundation until it is able to rectify the data. Pope Gregory did the best that he could in the leap year formula, and a strict watch is being kept at every Easter to get on the right road again. Meanwhile, the people with no light at all upon these matters are going every which way for Sunday, and dispositions of every kind are practiced upon them because they have no Sabbath day of rest, and no guide but the guidance of sentimental faith, which breaks out every now and then into sensational fads or enthusiastic fumes."

"Then you do not believe that the mere eclipse portends anything?" said the doctor.

"Of course not," replied the professor.

"No true astrologer ever believed such a thing, but we cannot make the people understand just what we do believe until we are first able to overcome their own misconception of the language which we have to use. The people only catch a word here and there, and put their own construction upon the little which they interest themselves in. They measure most everything by dollars and cents, or bread and butter. It is the relative planetary positions at the moment of ecliptic conjunction or opposition of the sun and moon that are the indices of coming events. Some eclipses are good, others are evil, but good or evil, the present eclipse is but a 29 per cent. affair."

"What can be portended?" asked the doctor.

"At the present writing, the peace plenipotentiaries are at work over the Russian-Japanese war," replied the professor. "Is there not enough in that affair to warrant a change of great importance?"

"What will the outcome be?" asked the doctor.

"Nobody pays me for time devoted to such solutions. I have made no calculation of it," replied the professor. "I have enough of my own work to do without paying attention to such affairs in order to thanklessly gratify skeptical-curiosity. When people will learn how, as they easily may by Wonder Wheel Science, they can solve such problems for themselves."

Get the hope habit.

The ingenious gets his pay-check before the geules.

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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50 CENTS Per Annum,
Postage Free.

NO. 2

"FROM DREAMLAND SENT."

Verses of the Life to Come by Lillian Whiting.

William Brewster.

A glad remembrance comes to me—as fair
As when the crows in my garden show—
And peeps in whiteness out against the
snows:
"Th' sweet as when a bird salutes the air—
And robs my heart of troublous thoughts and
care,
And paradisaic peace once more it knows—
For memory of this blest singer flows
Into my mind—and is as pure as prayer!
She is so beautiful in wit and word:
In spirit spotless as the lily white:
In her rich verse the birds of spring are
heard.
And breath of heavenly rose perfumes the
night:
The feelings unto holy moods are stirred,
And we are led into a land of light!"

The Life Radiant.

Lillian Whiting.

"For love is life
And life hath immortality."

"Perish dark memories,
There's light ahead,
This world's for the living,
Not for the dead."

"Down the great currents,
Let the boat swing,
There was never winter
But brought the spring."

There are three attendant angels who walk with us and who companion us night and day, ever watchful, ever ready, ever present. We may go our way, unaware of their presence, as the blind are unaware of the sunshine; we may fail to hear their counsel, their words of sympathy and cheer and direction, as the deaf fail to hear that which is spoken, but to each and all of us God gives this divine guidance. These are the Angel of Hope, the Angel of Faith, and the Angel of Love. Hope, Faith, and Love—these create the motive power of life; and the very first thing we have to do, as the initiation for achievement, fulfillment and for personal happiness, is to recognize this trio and hold ourselves receptive to the current of energy and exhilaration and radiance with which they inspire us. Now, when Jesus said: "Seek ye first the kingdom of righteously, and all these things shall be added unto you." He gave the most practical of counsel. What is that condition which is symbolized by "the kingdom of heaven?" The divine Word tells us it is "love, joy, peace." Love, joy and peace are conditions—not merely the conditions of personal happiness, but those of any successful endeavor, any adequate achievement. Love is energy; love is power. This trio of attendant angels—hope, faith and love, make for us the atmosphere that we may call "the kingdom of heaven"; the condition of joy and peace, which may be our perpetual daily experience, now and here, if we can meet the conditions that are involved in the result. Can we do so?

These conditions involve the recognition and the increasing comprehension of the unseen universe. It is but an infinitesimal part of it that we see. In every extension of human knowledge the most important and potential parts have to be taken on trust. The astronomer postulates a star in space, at a certain point, and it may be another century before that star is discovered. The chemist, the scientist in every direction and form of research, must extend his theories into the unseen universe, for it is there that the laws exist of whose workings we can see and demonstrate only an infinitesimal part. Obviously, if one should limit his belief strictly to the things he perceives with the physical senses, he would dwell in a hopelessly narrow world. "For the things that are seen are temporal, while those that are not seen are eternal." With equal truth could one read into this assertion, "for the things that are seen are minute and finite, while the things that are not seen are great and infinite. Science, in every branch of its pursuit, continuously demonstrates to us that the real forces of the universe are in the unseen; that we cannot see, nor hear, nor touch them; with the physical senses. Take, for illustration, that all potent and conquering force, electricity. It gives us light and heat, and coolness, and motor power for transportation and for mechanical effects. It is cleansing and it is remedial. The physician employs it as a curative agent. Its uses are constantly multiplying. Yet who has seen it? Who has touched it? We know electricity only by its effects, although it is the very mainspring of all modern life, in the domestic, the medicinal, the mechanical realms of life, as well as in those immaterial realms of supplying power and of wireless telegraphy. It is even being theoretically conjectured that electricity and mind, electricity and spirit itself are, if not identical, closely connected. Yet this

marvelously potent force eludes all human observation.

This line of argument need not be pursued in order to be accepted. The intelligence of the day recognizes this truth of unseen potencies as a matter of course. Now, after accepting—as we all do—the fact of the unseen universe with its unseen potencies as the very reservoir of infinite power from which the visible world draws all its supplies—are we for one instant to imagine that this unseen universe is not inhabited? If this mere fragment of vast space in which we live is teeming with life and with high intelligence—as it is—what an absurdity it would be to suppose for an instant that the infinite and potent realm was destitute of conscious life!

There is a simple and rational conception of life in its wholeness that cannot but commend itself to the intellect as well as to the intuition, and to which every human fact in physical science lends support. It is this: The physical senses of the physical body correspond to the physical world; the senses (or powers) of the spiritual (or the ethereal) body correspond to the spiritual (or the ethereal) world. Those in the physical body people the earth; those in the ethereal body people the unseen universe. Now as this unseen universe is the reservoir of all the forces on which we continually draw for our motor power of living—the forces that supply us with heat, light, transit and all applied power—so is it the vast realm on which we may draw for companionship, for sympathy, guidance, direction, counsel. The friend in the physical body may be far removed; the friend who has cast off his physical body may come at the call and even without the call.

Dr. Samuel S. Wallian, a distinguished specialist of New York whose office is at No. 569 Fifth Avenue, relates this authentic incident: An officer commanding a certain division during the Civil War halted, after a day of the most weary marching in torrents of rain, and mud so deep that the soldiers could only with the greatest difficulty make any headway, and in a state of exhaustion the division encamped, as the darkness drew on, for the night. The commander had wrapped himself in a cloak and sought what shelter he could by the side of a log, and had fallen asleep. He was suddenly awakened by some unseen presence, and, opening his eyes, he saw written in letters of fire (electricity, of course,) the word "Danger," and the strong impression came to him that they must move on. He instantly acted on this conviction, called to his sleeping men to arouse themselves, to take up their march, and they struggled wearily on, in the mud and darkness and storm. Before morning a detachment of the Confederate army arrived at the spot they had left, and as they were conveying ammunition and stores to a branch of the main army at a distance, had not the warning been given—and heeded—all their supplies would have been confiscated, to an almost irreparable loss to the army division for whose use they were required. Now, in the past—and not a very remote past, either—such a story as this would have been either incredible, or, if received, would have been relegated to "the supernatural." It would have been held as of the miracle order. What is it now? Perfectly natural and even scientific. The "letters of fire" meet us in the streets of every city every night in the year. It is true that they are manipulated by the mechanism of wires and electricity of which we know, but that letters and words may be electrically produced by conscious agencies in the Unseen is, no more marvelous than that they are produced by conscious agencies in this world. To the savage all the electrical phenomena of any city or town every night would seem supernatural. The man who was here yesterday and is in the ethereal world today has not taken leave of his mental faculties in dropping his physical body. This physical body was the mechanism which related him to the physical world. Now that he is in the ethereal world, his ethereal body relates him to that plane of forces precisely as the physical body related him to the plane of forces here. The law of correspondence is as absolute and prevailing as is the law of gravitation or the law of attraction.

In reverting for a moment to this striking incident narrated by Dr. Wallian, we can but realize how the ministry and the aid of those in the unseen world must depend upon ourselves. One sees the analogy in his own human life. If we had no mutual recognition, no mutual faith in each other, it would be impossible for any one to give help or counsel or service to his friend, or for his friend to receive it. Even with Jesus this law is the working formula, for we are not told that when He came to one city "He did no mighty works there because of their unbelief." The initial requisite to this Life Radiant which we all may enter is the power to recognize and accept the supreme truth of this extension of our present life into

the unseen realm; the truth that we are, now and here, an inhabitant of the world of the sense and of the world of spirit; that, as this poet tells us:—

"The spirit world around this world of sense floats like an atmosphere."

And again:—

"We see but half the causes of our deeds Seeking them wholly in the outer life And heedless of the encircling spirit realm Which swells in us all germs of pure and world-wide purposes."

The terms "ethereal" and "spiritual" are not absolutely synonymous. Formerly religion recognized two worlds: the physical and the spiritual. The general belief was that man became "a spirit" in some mysterious way by the process of death, and then entered "the spiritual world." It is almost within the past two decades that science discovered, as a fact of the universe, the existence of the ethereal realm which is interpenetrated with the physical realm, as the ether fills all the finer spaces in the air. As a matter of fact, the "spiritual" world is a comprehensive term that includes the entire universe. There are degrees of spirit. Matter is spirit, potentially. It is on its evolutionary way to become spirit. This physical world is a part of and is included in the spiritual world. So for clearness, it is better to use the term "ethereal" to designate the condition of life just beyond this, and one which is yet interpenetrated with this life. The ethereal body is not quite the same as the spiritual body; that is, it is in evolutionary process of becoming the spirit body. It is just here that we owe a great debt to Theosophy, which has clearly defined these several states in their evolutionary processes. Nor need we find any confusion in those terms of "the desire body," "the thought body," and others, for none of these conditions are in any sense fixed and arbitrary, but are all governed by the development of the informing spirit. To a constantly increasing degree we can spiritualize our life every day, and thus dwell more closely in touch with the ethereal potencies and avail ourselves of the more intense currents of energy. In thus evolving our powers to being in correspondence with the forces of the higher plane of life beyond, we come into an increasing receptivity to its aid and inspiration in companionship as well as in its forces, as seen in our use of electricity, our use of wireless telegraphy. It is as if a savage, for instance, should gaze into modern life and appliances, and should learn to fashion for himself electric tramways and telephonic connection. But, rising to a still higher degree in himself, he discovers the people—the men and women who are doing great deeds, who are living great lives, and in whose companionship he himself enters into the realm of noble purposes and lofty ideas. Then is his participation in this new and higher world complete.

Now in precisely this way may we in the cruder physical world avail ourselves—as we are already largely doing of ethereal forces and appliances, and also of the social inspirations and the beautiful and lovely companionships of those who have entered on that stage of life. Shall we, for one instant, suppose that when Phillips Brooks, or Mary A. Livermore entered on "the life more abundant" their aid to humanity ceased? On the contrary, Dr. Brooks and Mrs. Livermore and other noble and great personalities of whom theirs are typical were, when here, limited by the conditions of the physical world. Now they have transcended those conditions. They are far more free and far more universal. Can we ask from them counsel and aid? Most certainly, and far more largely and directly than when they were here. The recognition must lie within ourselves, and this recognition is the condition of their being more enabled to minister to us.

We stand today on the threshold of a Life Radiant. We may enter into our heavenly kingdom. We may live the heavenly life—here and now, while it is called Today. The attendant angels—Hope, Faith, and Love companion us and give us uplift and cheer.

"This world's for the living,
Not for the dead."

says the poet, in the lines quoted above. There are no dead—except those who are "dead in trespasses and sins." Evil is death, and good is life. The dropping of the physical body is the entrance on life far more abundant than this, and this world is, indeed, "for the living"—for those living in the ethereal and those still living in the physical, who in the universal life of the spirit transcend difference of conditions and meet and mingle. The complete realization of this truth imparts to daily experience a new glow of ardor and of hope, a new stimulus of joy and enables us to dwell, increasingly, in the atmosphere of our beauty of faith, our sweetness of love, even the Life Radiant!

Tom's Story.

Edward Kingsbury.

(Concluded.)

Passing from these glimpses of child life they sped on their way until they came to a region of surpassing loveliness, a veritable vale of Avalon. Here, as they discovered, dwelt all those who, having found that their time of dissolution was drawing nigh, came apart to wait amidst these alluring scenes the summons of the voice which was to bid them leave behind the encumbering flesh and enter the realm of untrammelled spirit. We are reminded of the remark made of the people of one of our larger New England islands. These people, untroubled by the worries and untroubled by the maladies which afflict those of the continent, live to such an advanced age that friends are moved to say of them that they never die, that they simply wander off over their wind-swept moors and blow away. In the case of those whom Tom and his father said everything was done which science could suggest to alleviate their lot and even to render it pleasing. In this region which served them as a border or a Baulah land they kept in touch with their friends by means of mental telegraphy and the love tokens which were sent them. Some were occasionally visited. None looked upon life there as a banishment, for having got to where they no longer cared to either listen to or obey the call of life they were happy to withdraw to this retired spot where they might undisturbed await their dissolution in glad expectation. If one may be pardoned for so doing he may say of them in the words of William Morris' Earthly Paradise, slightly changed to suit the necessities of the case:

"Led by the hand of Love such took their way
Unto a vale beset with heavenly trees,
Where all the gathered gods and goddesses
Abode their coming."

"Having entered the realm of spirit as an untroubled or rather as a misguided soul," said Tom, as they turned from the region which they found was known as "the Vale of Life" or "the Happy Valley" and mounted with the swiftly moving air currents a lofty, snow-capped mountain, "I set myself in earnest to find the hell in which I conceived myself to be living, feeling all the time guilty that I was permitted to pass as a radiant mist through such entrancing scenes and explore such resplendent worlds. I met souls as I sped on moving thither and you; with such I entered here and there into converse, receiving from many the heartiest greetings as I endeavored to ascertain the location of the woeful place I sought. All appeared to enter into my wishes though they, as I afterward discovered, conspired with one another to take my question humorously and curiously misled me. Some sent me to such worlds as this where I felt I had no right to stay. Others sent me to worlds in process of becoming, where mighty monsters, horrible to behold waded and fought each other in their slime. With loathing I turned from them relieved to find that I had not to stay where I had been sent. Others still sent me to worlds where men had not yet begun to emerge from savagery. These worlds I found even more distressing. Especially was this true of some of them where life had been so maimed and misdirected that it was evident to me that there could never evolve anything better than I saw. I was also guided to worlds vast and beautiful where men had mastered many of the arts of life, but where petty tribes warred with one another until they deluged them with blood. So too I was taken to worlds, whose continents, filled with happy and prosperous peoples, were being slowly ground under the resistless advance of a new ice age. In their migrations to warmer climes such were forced to leave behind their towns and cities whose beautiful buildings and monuments were caught up and ground under gigantic masses of merciless ice."

"Thus at last in my search for hell, though I was sent thither and you in my vain quest in which I saw the worst material creation had to put before me, I was forced to resort to another expedient. As I did so I wondered it had not earlier occurred to me. I set myself to find the old pastor of our liberal society in Goodale who had died as you remember in my boyhood. The names of defaulters and outlaws and murderers occurred to me; but as I knew not but they had ere life's close repented of their wrong and escaped their doom I thought to find one of whose fate there seemed to be no doubt. So had it been dimmed into me that this misleader of the souls of men had gone to an unenviable reward that I naturally conceived of him as dwelling where I was fated sooner or later to go. By this time I had lost not a little of my zest as one who sought the place of torment. I moreover, had discovered that the thoughts of God against which I had always risen up in protest were the thoughts of radiant souls, thousands of whom I had met. Having found that I could by thinking earn-

estly of any one who had entered the spirit world set in motion forces in the life of said person that would draw me to him I had but to will myself with him and straightway I was by his side, though the distance which had separated us was as vast as that which we have traversed this morning. But I failed to find the hell I sought in finding him. Rather did I find a beautiful world, there are many such, uninhabited by any form of animal life, the restful abode of many myriads of glorified spirits. Him I found to be one of the noblest and purest souls I had ever met. He has since proved my best friend and most devoted teacher. He has gone with me every whither, and his shown infinite patience in dealing with me. Seldom have I been far from him; and never since I came to know him have I been unconscious of his benign influence. The very fact that he had so little to learn, that he came hither with a mind untrammelled by error, quick to recognize truth and reality, has made him invaluable to me. He it was who taught me that while heaven is both a spiritual world and a spiritual state, the only hell we can know is that which we bring with us. He it was who told me why I could not be a dark and forbidding spirit; he showed me that the very intensity of my hatred of fraud and wrong was my salvation as he showed me that in my protests were lodged great affirmations. He it was who revealed to me the fact that the God against whom I had been in rebellion was the God of the old creeds which were both false and pernicious, terribly so. Under his teaching I felt my load slipping from me and I ceased to look for hell. With the ending of my quest my life began in earnest on a different plane of thought and endeavor. Now you know why you found me as you did and why I greeted you as I did. I knew to what I was welcoming you."

Tom's story left the soul of the old deacon none the less abased because it revealed what he had already surmised as he had recalled him, the substantial verity of the thought of the old liberal preacher whom for half a century he had so strenuously denounced that he had made himself despicable to many of his old townsmen whose respect he had greatly desired. But the soul thus abased was to rise as one recreated, as one who had at last come to know what truth and duty and life mean. In the few moments of repentance that swept through him he sloughed off utterly all of the old self that had remained. However much or little of darkness there had been about his ethereal form hitherto there was now undimmed radiance. Old things had utterly passed away; and all things had become in the meantime new. He was now ready to live his life as a citizen of the spirit realm in some small part of which the visible universe appeared to rest as the ocean lies heave with the scorching of boundless waters upon which they are at home. He was now ready to search and explore its vast, its endless stretches, and to find his own mission in its economy of grace and beneficence. The poet may declare that

"He only earns his freedom and existence
Who daily conquers them anew."

but the soul knew to the last atom of its ethereal frame that it had come unto its own and that for all time it had won its freedom. But had it? That was the question which immediately agitated it as Tom vanished and the spirit of Jane drew near the soul of the father and her mist merged with his as she imperatively whispered, "Come," causing him, as she summoned him, to fall with hers into abysses of space that seemed incredibly deep.

"Like it, don't you?" she inquired.
"Yes—!" was the somewhat dubious reply.
"Where are you taking me, Jane?"
"Here," she said, as they pulled up by themselves in depths of ether from which nothing could be discerned.
"Tell me why you have cast me out of heaven, Jane?" said the disconsolate soul.
"I haven't cast you out, I have only brought you down here where I could take you in hand," she replied.
"Isn't it rather late to bring up old scores against a man who repented having killed you fifty years ago?"
"So you were sorry that you didn't marry me, were you? Found the liberal Sarah rather uncongenial, did you not?" she persisted.
"Yes, Jane, I did; but that isn't the worst of it. Sarah was right and we were both wrong."

"Ho! ho! So you've found it out have you? Well this isn't so bad after all, is it? I've something to tell you some time."
She cringed slightly as she intimated this, and her mate who had extricated himself and stood off at a respectful distance, was greatly gladdened as he beheld her. He was about to remark how much more at home he felt to know that he was with her and that she cared for him when she forestalled him by remarking:

(Continued on page 3.)

THE MEMORIAL MARY HAPPS DODGE.

Miss Emma.

(Written expressly for the Banner of Light.)
Ah, futile dreamer, without counting cost,
Sought then the fountain of perpetual youth?
Reached then, de Leon, vainly, while in truth
She, who now resteth, found that which thou
lost.

Then, who Atlantic, who vast mountains
crossed.
She, widow, mother, without search or ruth
Conquered the secret, to keep heart e'er
young.

Sweetly she piped, and gaily every child
Followed the cadence, sweetest ever sung.
Even the child's saint, looking downward,
smiled.

Thus to the children did she Jesus will,
Whispered the "grown-ups," "Let's be chil-
dren still!"

Smoothering the Corners.

Mary K. Price.

Having bruised our bodies against the
sharp corners of furniture, we learn the truth
of Hogarth's theory of the correct line of
beauty, from other points of view than the
strictly artistic.

We appreciate both the beauty and utility
of the curve. But who shall smooth the
sharp angles of character which chafe and
irritate us in our contact with humanity day
by day?

There is the outspoken friend (?) who prides
himself on his truthfulness (which in reality
is only fault-finding) saying: "There is no
flattery or deceit about me. I tell people just
what I think," then proceeds to tell you that
you show your age, and that never having
been beautiful, the years make you look
worse than ever; or if you consult him about
some plan, or piece of work says frankly:
"I don't think much of it. It might possibly
be carried out by some men, but now between
ourselves, you know, you haven't a great
amount of ability, and you remember you
made a failure of that scheme you took up
last year." Isn't that cheerful? How much
more would it cost him to say: "I tell you
that sounds reasonable to me. Go ahead and
try it. At the worst, you can no more than
fail."

But having laid us, figuratively speaking,
on red hot coals, and mentally flayed us alive,
he ends it all by saying: "I tell you this for
your own good, and because I am your
friend." Would that a kind fate could deliv-
er us from all such friends.

Then, there is the suspicious individual
who misinterprets all our acts and motives.
Do we give to charity? It is because, we
expect "to make something out of it." Are
we gay and lively? In his eyes we are madly
galloping down the road to ruin. Are we
serious? Then he is sure we "have done
something we are afraid will be found out."

These, perhaps, are extreme types; but all
of us meet every day those who answer a
pleasant "good morning" with a surly growl,
and others, who to our polite statement, that
they are looking well, say: "You are such a
flatterer," though we state but the most
obvious fact.

The one thing that is perhaps given most
grudgingly in this world is praise. Yet is
there anything more needed?

Not flattery, which is always odious; not
verbose compliments, which simply annoy;
but candid commendation, wherever and
whenever it can be truthfully given; and a
word of encouragement wherever we see its
need. If all people would do this it would
be like oil on troubled waters. It would be
to the sharp corners of human character like
the carpenter's plane to unwhetted wood.

In these days of clubs and societies for all
sorts and conditions of men, it is almost a
wonder that some philanthropist has not
started a bed-spread and beribboned organiza-
tion with a Greek or Latin motto which
would read in plain English, "Speak kindly,"
or in more vigorous language, "Be decently
civil."

But while casting stones at others for these
defects, are we "without sin" ourselves?
And could not the kind word idea be carried
a step farther and include the kind expres-
sion of countenance? There are faces so for-
bidding in their sternness, sorrow or deceit
that they kill the kindest thought before it
can find utterance; and though the admoni-
tion to smile has been rather overworked,
especially in its application to women, yet I
say, smile.

This is the lesson which Nature constantly
teaches. Over the dead tree trunk she
trains the soft tissue of vine and moss, whose
tendrils hide the deep scars and fissures be-
neath, even in the sand of the desert the
cacti bloom, and over bleak rocks the wild
rose splashes her vermillion.

Then let the human face wear a mask—if
it must be a mask—and smile.

Though the heart is aching and sorrow has
set his irrevocable seal upon your brow, look
out upon the world through fearless eyes, set
in a smiling face.

"By the grief which all must know,
Add not to another's woe."

Home, Sweet Home.

Eliza A. Douglas.

These words signify the most beautiful
and elevating foundation in human existence.
There are mansions with marble halls and
fine architecture on the one side, while on
the other we behold dwelling places scarcely
suitable for habitation. With this great con-
trast confronting us, we imagine the inhabi-
tants in the finer mansions to be the happier;
but on pausing a moment to reflect, we are
prompted with thoughts deep in their emo-
tion. We quietly question ourselves the
meaning and significance of it all, asking in
what way do we really obtain the greatest
happiness. Is it from what only luxuries
supply? No, positively no. Most assuredly
the beautiful works of art and literature
adorning a home, and the pealing echoes of
sweet music resounding through the spacious
halls with seraphic strains, lead to the scene
of grandeur an enchanted dream of fairy
land.

Turning to the humble abode where simply
the bare necessities for existence in human
life are afforded, deprived of all luxuries
gained through material wealth, yet here we
find an atmosphere of spiritual contentment
within the hearts of its dwellers, and we hear
the inspiring strains of home, sweet home
thrilling the hearts with cheerfulness.

A scene such as this, in all its sweetness
and simplicity, surrounded on all sides by
the never ceasing strife for an earthly existence,
the right to live, kindles new vibrations
within the soul's seer and the thought
arises, what is life really supported upon?

Why is it that people who labor in daily
toil to keep together body and soul, to abide
in during their earthly experience, are en-
abled to stay home sweet home in such sim-
plicity? It is because their keynote is love,
which emanates from each member of the
family, uniting them in perfectness of heart.
The most sublime chord in music is that

on the vibration of universal love, even so
simple that the new born babe arrives with
joyful smiles on entering the home. "The ye-
as little children, as of such is the kingdom
of Heaven."

Intuition teaches the little soul that it
came through the channel of love into this
mundane sphere. Realizing that he was wel-
comed into the home, he will mature in noble
character, bring to his parents and all hu-
manity an embodiment of loving service dur-
ing his earthly existence. Children born
under these conditions are priceless gems and
bring to the home what the finest art treas-
ures fail to supply. They are grander than
the richest ornaments which gold can pro-
cure. They are the inspiring keynotes to the
grandest anthems, pealing forth the sublimes-
est musical strains, filling the hearts weary
from toil with that serene contentment such
as material wealth cannot buy.

Love is the unity of your soul's harmony.
Without it you cannot attain happiness, be
your mansion ever so beautiful. It is home-
less without love. This is the one great law
through life, and when comprehended in its
fulness, then shall we have joyous, smiling
faces in place of those marked with selfish-
ness, avarice and greed. Could man but
realize the meaning of what the Nazarene
said: "The Kingdom of Heaven is within,"
we would not then be striving of the sweet
by and by, but instead it would be the sweet-
ness that life presents here and now. Let
us briefly conceive the definition of love.
Does it interpret that we must only love chil-
dren by blood relation, neglecting the require-
ments in other lives? Ah, no! This is
wherein the monstrous error of the past is
uprooting itself, and is at present being more
clearly understood than at any other previous
time. Why? Simply that we are awakening
to the higher and diviner impulses within,
bidding us to consistently persevere our duty
towards our fellow beings. We keenly
apprehend that we have strayed away from
the Golden Rule, and the beautiful teachings
which Jesus ministered unto us in such sim-
plicity and purity.

Selfishness retards our soul's growth from
the ennobling power that love creates. Never
has this been depicted before our vision as
clearly as at the present time. Proving that
our spiritual natures are being attuned by
powers invisible, giving forth to man the real
music pertaining to the soul. These vibra-
tions will roll on and on, swelling the thought
wave the wide world o'er with one glad,
glorious song of love for all, and malice
towards none, flooding the soul with the
sublime strains of home, sweet home.

Consider in a greater degree this
powerful law of love appertains to life.
When once it is the foundation upon which
we live, there cannot be any humble homes.
How elevating to realize that the day will
surely come when love will conquer the world
and the universal song of this benevolent
spirit will be that nations shall "wear no more."
When all the horrible paraphernalia of war
shall be laid aside, relics of a dark and bar-
barous epoch. "Peace on earth. Good will
toward men."

The wondrous era of spiritual awakening
is here, and must enter into all sides of life
which will increase activity, affording better
conditions and a higher type of civilization.
Let each individual do his part, during the
brief sojourn on this earthly sphere, toward
bringing about the brotherhood of man.

Commence now in the assertion that God
is love, therefore we must partake from this
universal fountain and bestow its divine
blessings on all.

Seek, and ye shall find love everywhere;
but in degrees to man's understanding, mani-
festing its power throughout the universe in
all its varied forms and manifestations in life.

"Ask and it shall be given unto you," but
make your daily duties deserving of your de-
sires. Construct now the building of your
character on love and truly we shall have
homes, sweet homes for all.

Make the physical body a pure, sweet
temple for the soul to dwell in and its beauty
and wealth of purity in love will be God's
richest blessing, the grandest gem, the great-
est work of art to adorn the home with a
radiance divine, which is the real self, inde-
structible and eternal.

A Psychic Experience.

The following experiences are given by W.
Hubbard in The Metaphysical Magazine, cur-
rent number.

The distance from Los Angeles, California,
to Dresden, Germany, is not far from six
thousand miles, and the difference in time
between the two places is about six hours.
From fifteen to twenty days are required for
the transmission of a letter from one city to
the other.

Mrs. A., residing in Los Angeles, is a psy-
chometrist in a quiet way and delineates men-
tal characteristics and conditions by holding
a specimen of the handwriting of the person;
a lady past middle age and in no sense a pro-
fessional, her gift or faculty being only exer-
cised occasionally at the solicitation of a very
few friends; and is not known as a psychic
in the community in which she resides.

Mrs. W., residing in Dresden, is an ac-
quaintance of Mrs. A. of many years stand-
ing, and has had proof of this peculiar gift of
Mrs. A. Miss M. is a young lady in Dres-
den, an acquaintance and friend of Mrs. W.,
but entirely unacquainted with Mrs. A., but
may have heard her name mentioned by
Mrs. W.

On May 28, 1896, Miss M. wrote a note to
Mrs. W. in Dresden, about some sewing
work and signed her given name. Mrs. W.,
desiring a psychometric reading of the char-
acteristics of her young friend, Miss M., sent
the note to a friend in Los Angeles, with
a request that the note be put into the
hand of Mrs. A. for a reading. This Mrs.
W. did without the knowledge or consent of
Miss M., thinking to surprise her with the
reading when she should receive it.

On June 17, 1896, the friend received the
letter from Mrs. W. containing the note, and
on the following day, June 18, in the parlor
at the home of Mrs. A., at 9 a. m., the
friend handed the note to that lady, who,
without looking at the note or the writing,
and without a word of inquiry, placed the
note between her hands and commenced de-
lineating the characteristics of Miss M., giv-
ing her sex and other facts. She had not
proceeded far when she was interrupted by a
call. Handing the note to the friend, who
was recording the reading, she left the parlor,
and was gone about half an hour, when she
returned again, took the note and resumed the
delineation the whole time occupied in the
transaction being something over an hour.
The reading was of the ordinary character
of the mental, social and spiritual conditions,
which it is not necessary to detail, with per-
haps this exception: Mrs. A. does not give
occupations, or physical conditions. She only
points out possibilities but in this case she
made a departure, and when the reading was
nearly closed, she paused, and then slowly
added: "I have said this person was in-
tense on one purpose in life. It is studying
music. She is a singer, and is studying sing-
ing with a view to making it a profession.
She may be a pianist and probably is yes,
she is, but at present the instrumental is
subordinate to the vocal." Then, after a
pause, she added: "This person is suffering.
She has an affection of the throat or some
difficulty that is troubling her. It is more

the source of a hurt than of sorrow. She
needs to be careful."

Now the same changes in Dresden on that
self-same day, June 18, 1896, at about 3 p.
m., the corresponding time of 9 a. m. at
Los Angeles, Miss M. was in her room.
What transpired there appears by the follow-
ing incident: On that day, June 18, Miss M.
went to her singing lesson at 4.30 p. m. On
her return she called on her friend, Mrs. W.,
in a state of unusual excitement. On inquiry
the cause of the disturbance, she said:
"Oh, Mrs. W., I have had such a strange
experience this afternoon. It has so affected
me that I could hardly get through with my
lesson! I was in my room about 3 o'clock,
when Mrs. A. of Los Angeles came in. She
stayed a little while and then went away,
and after a while came back and was with me a
long time. Oh! I know it was she! She
was so close to me that I could feel her! And
Mrs. W. (in a whisper of awe), she exam-
ined my throat and said I must be careful!
Oh! what does it mean?"

Mrs. W. was both surprised and aston-
ished, and for a moment forgotting that the
young lady was not cognizant of the sending
of the note to Mrs. A., said: "Why! maybe
Mrs. A. was holding your writing at the
time!" "There!" exclaimed the girl, excitedly.
"Then you did send my note to Mrs.
A. Oh! I know now it was true! A day
or two after I sent the note to you, in the
morning a voice said to me: 'Mrs. W. has
sent your note to Mrs. A.' I said nothing
to you for fear you would laugh at me!"

On the same evening Mrs. W. wrote to
her friend in Los Angeles, asking: "What
was Mrs. A. doing on June 18?" And then
added: "Some singular circumstances oc-
curred here that day which I will explain
when I hear from you."

On June 19 the friend dispatched a letter to
Mrs. W., enclosing the character reading
of Miss M., and giving the date of the read-
ing. This letter she received July 10. Mrs.
W.'s letter of June 18 to her friend was re-
ceived July 8. A letter from Mrs. W., dated
July 11, and received by her July 23, gives
the account of the occurrences in Dresden
on June 18, and also fully confirms the truth
of the two statements at the close of the de-
lineation in regard to the singing as a pro-
fession, and of the throat difficulty. The
facts and occurrences herein set forth are
veritable realities and can be fully substan-
tiated by the most ample proof.

The Dynamics of Mediumship.

Saturama.

(Continued from last week.)

III.

Why was it, for instance, in 1896, when I
was urged by Fred. Tittle, Mr. Craig, the
Diebold safe agent of Sudbury Street, Bos-
ton, and other Boston men) to "consider the
acceptance of the editorship of the 'Banner
of Light,' that I wrote declining the honor;
and also wrote to Prof. James, telling him of
my non-acceptance?

It was simply because I knew that I was
not of sufficient Herculean force to stem the
tide of Boston influence, which had more
reverence for the silliest inspirations of the
silliest "guides" from the other side, than it
had for the utterances of the greatest
geniuses in science on this side?

That's why!
I should have been glad of the money for
the work of editing the "Banner," but I could
not, and would not, cater to the spiritualistic
prejudice of assuming to speak and write
solely by "guides." Ninety-nine per cent.
of whom I found to be either fools, degenerates
or criminals.

I honor the sublimity of those whose ex-
alted faith in "guides" urges them to accept
the utterances of such "guides" as infallible
doctrines; and from whom there may be no
appeal save ostracism, insanity, self-persecu-
tion, or moral and intellectual death.

Their faith was, and is, greater than mine.
My holiest and most prayerful impulses,
highest and most salutary aspirations led me
for years to "great guides," and these
"guides"—the great majority ninety-nine per
cent.—were deceivers.

What I know and write about is therefore
the result of the development of my own
thoughts by study and observation.

I never intended to mortgage my brain to a
"guide," either in order to speak or write.
The pathetic faith, the pitiful heroism, the
believing, fearful courage of those of my
circle of spiritualistic brethren, who
hourly continue to trust such "guides," for
lectures or essays, may be admired by me,
but cannot be imitated.

If such "guides" as have had the time to
learn more than myself choose—without any
consciousness on my part, or offer of my own
will, desire, or wish—choose to influence me
for good indirectly, that is their own business.

But I shall make no fuss over them, or
even suspect their existence, much less dignify
them with the honor of being my
"guides," or tell anyone of their existence,
until I have a most complete knowledge of them.

My first concern now is with the laws, by
the means of which either a fraudulent
"guide" or an ignorant "guide" or a wise
"guide" can at all (consciously to me and
knowingly) influence me, or a medium, from
the other side.

And the knowledge of these laws I call the
Science of the Dynamics of Mediumship.

There is a unity of intermediary, trans-
cendental, physical causes, which as forces
—first have to be studied before we come to
the ultimate spiritual causes on the other
side. A "passed out" friend is one thing, a
false "guide" is another. The most are false.

A thorough study of the unity of the con-
nection of all these transcendental, physical
causes, which—as forces—create nerve mo-
tions or vibrations—and, therefore, expres-
sions of "passed out," as well as personal
consciousness—in the Sense Organs, and
Organs of the Emotions, of mediums, is
therefore the first elementary condition, nec-
essary to a comprehension of the Science of
the Dynamics of Mediumship.

The possibility of a medium ever being able
at all to be the means of mediating (psy-
chologically) between a "passed out" person
and friends is only possible in the form of an
interposing relation of Sense and Emotional
Nerve-Centres, and which nerve-centres must
be made to move and vibrate by some
force, or conception of forces, which are
brought to bear on such central nerve organs,
in order to make them move and vibrate.

A characteristic of mediumship is, there-
fore, that it is only possible in the form of a
relation between motion and force.

The molecules of the sense-nerve-centres
of the medium must be made to move, and
some force must cause the motion, otherwise
there can be no expression whatsoever of the
conditions of the consciousness of one who
has "passed out," or of the medium's own
consciousness.

The medium is, therefore, the Moved-Sub-
ject. The "passed out" person is the Force-
Object, or influence, of which the medium is
conscious.

There can be no mediumship without the
union of a Moved-Subject and a Force-
Object.
And in this union of the Moved-Subject,
and Force-Object (in the mediumistic rela-
tion) each exists in an unconsummable dual-
ism; and only as the Force-Object is related
to the Moved-Subject.

The medium is a medium only in the sense
that the medium's nerve-sense-centres
control can be moved.

And the "passed-out" person is a force only
to the extent that it can make itself known—
as a force—by moving the sense-nerve cen-
tre of the medium.

Destroy the possibility of the exercise of
any form of force by those who have "passed
out" with the possibility of the exercise of
any form of nerve-motion, on the part of the
medium, and Spiritualism is an impossibility.

The Science of the Dynamics of Mediumship,
therefore, deals with the laws of trans-
cendental forces and motions in their rela-
tion to the organs of the sense and emo-
tions of mediums.

On the other hand—save in subliminal
ecstasy—monistic consciousness of the Eddy-
Colville sort is self-contradictory.

It is, of course, this conflicting spiritual-
emotional experience, at one time dualistic,
at another time monistic, which keeps up our
spiritual, philosophical and scientific wars.
As man is spiritually capable of experiencing
monistic sensations, or cosmic consciousness,
so he is capable of experiencing dualistic sensa-
tions.

The writer has experienced both of these
classes of sensations, and he affirms that (as
a result of his experience) scientific, clear,
decided knowledge can only come from induc-
tions.

We cannot intellectually or spiritually con-
ceive or reason concerning the Absolute God,
the Infinite, or the Eternal, but we can ex-
perience overwhelming monistic sensations of
our indentity and inseparable oneness with
the Universal.

All of one's perceptive nature in such ex-
periences is suddenly raised to an awful
sensation of the identity of one's intellectual
being with the loftiest ideal of underlying
oneness and harmony that we are possible of
conceiving.

But as this sensation (being a sensation of
identity) fuses itself with the Absolute, it can
never prove, the basis of any helpful knowl-
edge in a scientific sense.

This is because in such sensations we
realize ourselves so completely identified (in
essence) with some ideal of the spiritually
universal, that the old relation of I and the
Universe, or I and God, vanishes.

The former experience of a "passed-out"
friend (operating as a Force-Object, on me,
as a Moved-Subject) is neglected.

No dualism is realized, only a monism.
Mrs. Eddy's experience,
Mohammed realized a similar type of monis-
tic sensation.

The Science of the Dynamics of Mediumship
in dealing with the laws of the trans-
cendental forces and motions (necessary as
conditions to this class of religious monistic
sensation) has to pursue an entirely different
course from that which it so perseveringly
follows in its study of a "passed out" friend,
considered as a Force-Object. In this case
the medium's experiences are of the relative
and the limited. These relative laws of forces
and limited laws of motion being the sole
transcendental, physical conditions under
which the medium's nerve-sense-centres
operate. Therefore, the laws of trans-
cendental forces and motions, in their relation
to the nervous systems of mediums, are the
first principles to be exhaustively studied.

After this study comes the study as to how,
and in what way, our "passed out" friends
can, unconsciously, come to operate on the
medium through the laws of such forces and
motions. The Science of the Dynamics of
Mediumship is therefore the doctrine of the
motions of central-nerve as affected by trans-
cendental forces. This is the most import-
ant doctrine in the whole of Spiritualistic
Science, as every hope and explanation of
Spiritualism must be founded on it.

Of the action of a "passed out" spiritual
person or force in producing nerve motions;
of all the possible motions of the sense nerve
centres of mediums; of how a transcendental
force—or a series of forces—can be brought to
act on the one point of hearing, or touch, or
sight, or all branches of the same science.
At this date of 1905 Spiritualism has not one
sound bit of knowledge concerning the sub-
ject.

Proofs of the existence of transcendental
forces, in their invisible wave-length and
wave-period prefigure on the moving nerve-
centres of mediums: the mutual convertibility
of ether waves, and nervous work; the dissi-
pation of ether-force by its internal friction
with the molecular action of the medium's
nerves; the diffusion of nervous motion by
conduction; the quantity of force, in the total
radiation, from a "passed out" friend; the
modes of the transformation of force, from
those forms of force, as known to our
"passed out" friends; and, as known to us.
These are among the elementary problems to
be solved before Modern Spiritualism can
pass from its present stage of intellectual
sentimentalism, superstition and Sittin' Pall
"message" stage, to the resplendent dig-
nity of its own loftier evolution. It will rise
out of the slime of mere fetishism and lead
the world in every aspect of a broader, mod-
ern, psychological science. Instead of fight-
ing the scientist, it will teach him her own
solid laws and natural truths, instead of
seeking the approval of the university psy-
chological professors, its own discoveries will
prove of such transcendent worth that the
universities will call it blessed!

The sad, sad effect of the most of the lower
"message" stage, has been its unconscious
disregardment of the scientific discoveries on
this side; its general tendency to ignore the
worth of any form of scientific intelligence,
that has not "passed out;" its indirect in-
justice to the genius of the living; the sup-
posed non-value of any form of intelligence that
does not hail from the other side; its con-
tempt for the induction method of Bacon; its
disdain for philosophical mediumship; its
arrogant scorn for the fruits of the patient,
scientific toil of the leaders of science; its
increase of belief that the silly inspirations of
a "passed out" Indian savage is always of
greater wonder and help to humanity than
the living suggestions of a Morse, Watt, Mar-
coni, Kelvin, Wallace, Lincoln or Washington.

Its disdain for all the lofty series of
experiments of scientifically-trained investi-
gators. Its terrible injustice to individual
genius, because of its tendency to ascribe all
the merit due to the patient labor of indi-
vidual genius, to the suggestions of "passed
out" spirits. These are some of the reasons
—springing from the fear of being classed with
the fraudulent spiritualistic tricksters by the
community—which keeps many a soul, of
lofty culture, means and enthusiasm, from
helping the Cause.

(To be continued.)

Johnny's Question.

"I'm afraid, Johnny," said the Sunday-
school teacher, rather sadly, "that I shall
never meet you in the better land."

"Why? What have you been doing now?"
Pick-Me-Up.

One secret of a sweet and happy life is
learning to live by the day. It is the doing
stretches that tire us. We think of life as
a union running on for years. We cannot
carry this load until we are three-score and
ten—we must fight this continually for half
a century! But really there are no long
stretches. Life does not come to us all at
once; it comes only a day at a time.—Ex.

Psychic Hash as Seen by Charles Dawburn.

The glory of a photograph is its faithful
picture of the form of our friend. The sun
will give you the same careful detail for the
child as for the man—for the tramp as for the
saint. We recognize every feature of the
man as we know him. But the sun is just
as careful and particular to copy the clothes
as the face, so, for the most part, the por-
trait exhibits man and maiden as they wish
to be seen.

But the sun appeals to the eye and leaves
the rest of the senses unsatisfied. By the
aid of the photograph we can appeal to the
ear, and record just what a man said, and
how he said it. So it happens that science
and sun, working together, give us today
more of the man than his mere portrait. We
can now have something of a record of both
the form and the mind of the man. But it is
apparent that both camera and photograph
have told all they have to tell about him.
We can do a little more than that for we
can measure, weigh and dissect his form,
and so far as he has expressed himself in
word or action we picture him mentally.

We recognize him as human, with form and
mind acting and reacting on each other. So
all history can do is to tell the tale of flesh
and blood and bone, mingled with mind, and
to note how many millions of such form ex-
pressions were recorded in the last census.
Science has its two lines of investigation.
It studies form, and it studies mind. That
is to say, intelligence and substance, blended
into form by energy, are the lessons for its
students. And the most interesting discovery
of today; by these students, is that neither
the portrait nor the photograph, and not
even the form nor the mind, give us a picture
of the man as he really is.

Every form is now known to have an ex-
tension that mortal sense cannot sense, which
means that its atoms are vibrating far be-
yond all possibility of recognition by eye or
touch. At this point we recall a fact now
acknowledged, that even colors have "ultra"
rays, known only by their effect. Thus when
the vibrations of red are lowered they become
heat. And we all know what is above and
beyond violet as it is now called "the X-ray."
And a little further on comes the awful effect
we call "radio activity." We now know that
from the same raw material come heat, light,
electricity, magnetism and undoubtedly life
itself. Each and all are the effect of certain
rates of motion. In other words energy is
the divine creator or producer of these vari-
ous manifestations.

So much will hardly be disputed today by
any independent thinker. And since these
effects of energy really concern man more
than any other form we will push our investi-
gation out and beyond what we sense of him
in daily life. For instance, some one sees
beyond the normal sight of the rest of us. So
we call it "clairvoyance," which is merely an
effect of added vibration to certain of his
nerves. In the same manner his hearing
becomes clairaudience, which merely means
another dance of the unit with a little
change of time and tune. Presently the mind
itself grows more active under like stimulus,
and we then call the effect "psychometry."
Or perhaps it flashes its way to a distance,
when we exclaim, "behold the power of tele-
pathic suggestion," for we see it compel that
other mind to its own sight and thought.

We now know that these sense manifesta-
tions are all merely certain vibratory move-
ments, exactly as heat, and light, and life
are all effects of motion or energy. But we
must remember they are effects outside the
man we know. They all belong to his outer
form that reaches out in every direction, out
and away beyond form into illimitable space.

We speak of "the flashes of genius" and the
"startling penetration of intuition" which in
themselves often far transcend the power of
any mortal brain. We now know they are
brief manifestations of the larger manhood of
the mortal. But it has become the custom of
the believers in human immortality to HASH
this entire outer manhood, and call the dish
"Spirit Return." Hence the motive for

Most fortunately for the world the actual demonstrations of human immortality by verified spirit return are sufficiently numerous to justify a reasonable certainty that death is a friend rather than a foe. But I have repeatedly felt it my duty to point out the limitations to intercourse between spirits and mortals, since only those who are unusually sensitive, on both sides, can possibly meet, or even know of each other's presence. Even then both of these sensitivities are abnormal to their present life, and therefore can only meet in what I have called "fog-land," because their communications to each other must necessarily be befogged and imperfect.

In this article I want to examine, and analyze briefly so far as I may, this outer manhood, whose faculties have been so woefully misunderstood by the votaries of spirit return, as well as by theologians the world over.

Some of my readers will remember that we once examined together what we then called "aural manhood." That, of course, was practically the same as our present "outer manhood," but we will now try to study the mystery from a different standpoint.

That everything sensed by the mortal outstretches his sense limit hardly needs demonstration in this twentieth century. The magnet has its two poles. If broken into fragments the tiniest speck has the same manifestation of this eternal truth. Man can find no explanation of this fact. He simply accepts it as an attribute of the eternal ether, from which everything, including himself, springs into manifestation. But he knows that every magnet has its field outside its form, in which field its activity continues.

Man further knows that the atmosphere around him is composed of magnetic units, for he has only to change its rate of vibration by his dynamo when he can at once determine whether it shall serve him as heat or light, or merely as power. So we have in the ether, among its other qualities, infinitesimal magnetism, capable of every manifestation desired, if only the ether is called into sufficient play. That being universal law, it applies to every form, including that of man. Man, like everything else, is just a condensation, a sort of essence, of the grand total of intelligence, energy and substance which, unmanifested, we call "ether." In other words, there is the central core composed of flesh and bone, and shaped into the form we call man. This form has a system of nerves by which it senses all other forms that are vibrating at about the same rate as itself. But, like everything else in nature, the form we see has an outward extension, we don't see it. Man, as much as a fragment of lodestone, has an outer form which is only dimly recognized by its faculties of clairvoyance, psychometry, etc.

The whole of a man, woman or child is thus very different from the form which wears clothes, and poses as a mortal in earth life. But the really important part of the man is invisible. It necessarily exists before the mortal form, and being intelligent it must largely influence so much of itself as creeps into the lower life. Like everything else manhood, or the living spark from which manhood evolved, is a condensation from the ether, and of course the earlier the condensation, the less solid the form. But, so far as we can determine, it seems as if the law of its nature is compelling its every unit to seek personality. As a human being it has become individualized. Its appearances, or in other words, its personalities, will be a mere result of vibration. The student must here carefully note that if the vibration changes there will be a different person, and the mortal form seems the lowest possible manifestation of such vibration. We must further note that only a small part of the whole manhood can condense into normal earth life. But it seems as if there were an intense longing for this lowest personation as an inherent quality of every unit. It is apparently only waiting an opportunity to enter these lower vibrations and become a mortal human being.

The many recently proved cases of multiple personality seem to be portions of the outer manhood welcoming an opportunity to personify in earth life. Such cases as Miss Beauchamp, Mollie Fancher, Rev. Hanna, and the many others now on record, are easily explained if we keep this in mind. A certain portion of the whole man may get into mortal form as a baby, and grow up through passing years from infancy to manhood. But if by accident or disease that portion loses its hold on that form, if it ceases to dominate that mortal brain, there will be eager and instant attempt by some other portion of the unseen man to occupy that form, and become a person in earth life. And thus not merely one but a number of such persons may use the same body. Each will be a distinct person, but all of them, be they many or few, will be merely differing manifestations of the one individuality which originally condensed, from the ether.

These personalities feel themselves distinct from one another. They are really distinct from one another as persons, for each has his own loves, hates, and passions because vibrating differently. But each and all are born of the same individuality. This truth is splendidly illustrated in the case of Mollie Fancher wherein a convulsion—that is to say a tremendous vibratory change—at almost regular intervals allows another personality to appear and manifest. Just so long and so often as the particular vibration is repeated the same personality will appear and reappear, with a life as rigid an effect of causes as that of the original Mollie Fancher.

The same law is exemplified by Miss Beauchamp, and even with still more striking effect by the Rev. Hanna of Connecticut. In his case his personality was broken up by accident and great bodily injury. After many interesting experiences there were left at last just two of these distinct personalities which were induced to blend with the result that the original Rev. Hanna is restored to his memories and his place among his fellow mortals.

But we must ever keep in mind that each appearance is compelled to its particular personation by certain changes of vibration which may be induced by disease, accident, or some other cause. And this means a clear demonstration to the thinker that he himself is only very partially in earth life. And yet further, that there is a great deal of him ready at a moment's notice to burst into mortal experiences, provided only that the portion now at work happens from any cause to lose its hold of the mortal form. And whether there shall be just one such personality or many is a mere matter of detail that leaves the individuality unchanged. These facts mean, yet further, that, since man is by his thought perpetually changing his vibrations, he is thus coming into contact with other portions of his own individuality. There are lives concentrated on one man, such as the accumulation of wealth or the gratification of appetite, which fail to express much of their real individuality. They do not come into active relation with any part of themselves save the one born into the earth child, and of course influenced by the laws of heredity and environment.

If this great truth be once realized we can now see how greatly it will enlarge and broaden the conception of mortality and immortality now held and taught by Spiritualists and

theologians. "Spirit-return," as we have now seen, has been not merely a conglomeration and mixture of seen and unseen manhood but a "psychic hash," but that "hash" has itself many more ingredients than we are likely to comprehend in earth life. The mysteries of manhood become more profound as we pursue our studies, for they are proofs of our relation to infinity.

All our present conceptions of manhood are based on the idea that "man is a man for a that," but in reality the remedy for most of the imperfections of manhood will only be discovered when we have learned how to give the outer man greater play in our daily life. When we learn to realize that the most fascinating personality, and still more, the most repulsive, is but a mere fragment of the true individual, we are beginning to chase truth out into the invisible. Radium and wireless telegraphy are telling us that every form is practically unlimited and this applies to man himself. His influence by thought upon his brother man a thousand miles away, not only proves this truth, but also proves that his outer self is in touch with other selves almost regardless of distance. In other words, individuality is a tremendous truth, of which personality is but a shadow.

But let us keep each truth to itself—not mix them into "psychic hash" and call it "spirit-return" of some visitor from the unseen, when in reality it is, in most cases, an emanation from the person in earth life. We will all presently find ourselves in possession of a far greater manhood than we have realized in earth life, because after the death change we shall have dropped for ever our mortal personality by merging it into our grand individuality, which alone constitutes our true manhood.

Vicksburg, Mich., Camp.

The twenty-second annual meeting of this camp, held this season, has been highly successful in every way. The attendance has been quite large and the exercises replete with interest. This grove is situated near the town of Vicksburg, on the G. R. & I. R. R. Miss Jeanette Fraser inherited the grove from her father, who had started thereon a Spiritual campground. He enjoined her to continue the camp, and she has faithfully done so. Under her management the camp has prospered. She attends to all of its management—and she provides well for every necessity. The grounds are beautiful. A nice enclosed auditorium and an open one, lodging-house and dining hall, cottages and tents, seance room, etc., give the place a prosperous appearance.

The following persons have served as speakers and mediums during the camping season of 1905: Thomas Grimshaw as chairman and speaker, B. F. Austin, G. A. Letford, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Sprague, Dr. Edson A. Titus, Mrs. Z. B. Kates and, yours fraternally, George W. Kates.

Piso's Cure for Consumption always gives relief in cases of Coughs and Colds. 25c.

AN AUGUST DAY.

Sarah Ward.

The queenly Day comes grandly up
From beds of sable gloom;
Her glories fall with equal grace
On mansion, hut and tomb.
The hills grow bright beneath her hands—
Her hands all wet with dew;
The hills a-heap so deeply green,
Afar, so sweetly blue.

The lakelet like a mirror lies
Beneath the mountain's care;
She bends her face above its wave
And knows that she is fair.
Late flowers unfold their gorgeous leaves
To meet her lovely eyes
The perfumes of a thousand fields
In silent anthems rise.

And now the long, bright afternoon,
So calm, so still, so sweet;
'Twould seem that Summer paused to list
Old Autumn's hasting feet.
A dreamy spell holds earth and sky;
Great thoughts are pressing near;
I know there's music everywhere,
Too sweet for me to hear.

The waves, an opalescent fire,
With changing beauties glow.
As once again upon their verge,
The peerless Day bends low.
With many a lingering, backward glance,
As if she'd been would stay,
Into the bosom of the Night,
Sinks now the lovely Day.

Old Bull the Patriot.

Old Bull, the wizard of the violin, is everywhere known. Old Bull, the patriot, Norway's lover and beloved, is a character less familiar to the general public. A most fascinating bit of history is the record of Old Bull's passion for his country and his share in Norway's development; and this is the subject of Margaret E. Noble's "Old Bull as a Patriotic Force," announced to appear in the September Century. "One of the world-voices," Old Bull is called, "one of those world-voices in which perfect command of a difficult technique is made, in its turn, only the instrument of a higher impulse—the heart of a whole people pressing forward to the utterance." The record of Norway gives timeliness to Miss Noble's paper.

"Taking life through and through," said a thoughtful woman the other day, "the larger part of the sadness and heartache it has known has not come through its great sorrow, but through little needless hurts and unkindnesses, not so much through the orderings of Providence as through the mis-orderings of humanity. Oh, the days that are spoiled by smaller hurts! Spoiled because somebody has a foolish spite, a wicked mood, an unreasonable prejudice that must be gratified, and have its way no matter whose rights, plans or hearts are hurt by it."—Exchange.

Lake Winnepesaukee Excursion.

September 2—\$2.00 Round Trip—Delightful Steamer Sail—Boston & Maine Railroad.
Lake Winnepesaukee, New Hampshire's ideal lake resort, delightfully situated between the foothills of the White Mountains and the scenic Merrimack valley, is indeed the premier and popular lake resort of New England; and the large and stately steamer, the "Mount Washington," which sails over the lake, covering a course of about sixty miles, affords one of the choicest trips in the East.

The Boston & Maine Railroad \$2.00 Round Trip Excursion, on Saturday, September 2, from Boston, includes this delightful sail. Special train will leave Boston at 8.30 a. m., connecting at Alton Bay with the steamer; returning, leave Alton Bay on arrival of steamer. Tickets will be on sale at Boston & Maine City Ticket Office, 322 Washington Street, up to 1 p. m., September 1, and at Union Station Ticket Office until departure of special train September 2.

Spiritualism in Japan.

A REMARKABLE JAPANESE MEDIUM.

Ehima Kasakura, aged 16 years, living at Yakko-ichi, has within the last year astounded the scientific world, and given rise to wonder even in his own mystical country by his strange powers.

The boy, it is declared, talks with inanimate objects, and reads from them the most wonderful stories of things with which they have been connected, and his seemingly miraculous powers have started among students of psychical research an investigation which, some believe, may lead to new and important discoveries.

A. M. Robinson, the well-known traveler, ran up from Yamada to visit the boy in his home and learn for himself regarding his strange powers. He tells the following story regarding his interview: "In twelve years' travel among oriental peoples I have learned not to disbelieve until I know. One cannot fathom the depths of these half mystic natures. I found an ordinary, bright-looking Japanese boy, who spoke some English, because his father was in the curio trade and he had heard the tourists talk. I spoke with him in Japanese. The wonderful stories that the natives of Yakko-ichi told concerning him made me think that perhaps he was a sort of freak, gifted with great power of deduction or a vivid imagination. Frankly, I was prepared to go further, and admit that he might possess something of occultistic insight. But I was totally unprepared for what I found. He told me that he did not know at all how he knew things.

"How do you tell?" I asked. "I look at a thing, and pictures come before me," he said. "I see the things and then I tell them." "Do you hear anything?" "No, I see the words spoken. I hear nothing. I see a man. His lips move. I know what he says, but I do not hear. Once I heard music, but that time I was just waking from a dream." "Do you dream much?" "Yes, I dream things, but the dreams are not always true. What I see is always true." "Did anyone ever tell you anything about men who had second sight?" "No. What is that?" "Is it like me?"

"Satisfied that he had never been 'boiled,' I questioned him about his education. He has little, but can read and write well and sure rapidly, as most merchants' sons can do. Withdrawing a bit of waxen pipe I put my hand into my pocket and drew forth a silver piece, two inches in diameter, which I always carry. There is a round hole in one edge, on one side are hands clasped, and on the other is the bust of James Madison. This silver piece was dug up by my grandfather in Scioto County, Ohio, years ago. There was no clue, to its origin except that in our family it was stated that the medal, or coin, was one of a dozen or more given by President James Madison to the Miami Indians. Holding this piece in my hand, I asked, 'Did you ever hear of James Madison?' 'No,' said the boy; 'who was he?' 'Do you know what an Indian is?' 'Indian—O, yes. My father gets curious from India.' 'No, I mean a North American Indian—a red man.' 'Americans are white and have much money,' he said. Then I handed him the piece. The boy held it in his hand, turned it over, examined it curiously. 'What do you see?' I asked. 'I see a big white building,' he said slowly, 'in a big city. There is a crowd of white men, and one, two, seven, nine red men.' The red man—the big red man, with the feathers in his hair—promises he will be the friend of the white mikado. The white mikado shakes hands with the red men and gives them silver pieces like this.

"Astounded, I simply sat and stared at the boy. He was still looking at the coin, and was greatly interested. 'Did you see all that in the picture?' I asked. 'I see some more,' he answered. 'The red man is dead. They have killed his horse—his little spotted horse. They have put him on a platform above the ground. All his people weep. His bow and arrow and his gun and pipe are at his side. The medal is around his neck.' 'I was dumfounded. I suddenly remembered that when a boy my grandfather told me that Yellow Horse, a chieftain, had died near our town in Ohio, and had been buried on a platform. I remembered distinctly that he described the killing of the horse—a Pinto, of which the chief was proud. I remembered that he told me there was trouble between the whites and Indians because the chief's boy was disturbed and some of his belongings taken. I had forgotten all about the story until that Japanese boy told it to me again.

"I have since learned through friends, who, at my request, investigated government records at Washington, that Yellow Horse was at the delegation of Indians that visited Washington during Madison's term, and that twelve special medals were struck in honor of the visit and presented to the chief and his followers.

Other foreigners have tested the boy, but a few weeks ago government agents held an interview with his father and stopped the exhibition of his powers, requesting the father to see that the boy reserved his gifts for the use of his country.

Recently, it is known, blank papers and small articles picked up in Kuropatnik's headquarters at Mukden have been submitted to the boy by special orders, and army officers have been in secret consultation with him at his home. Recently also he made a hurried trip to Tokyo in charge of a favored army officer, but the cause of that trip is unknown, and its results are secret.

Not one of the scientists who have seen Ehima has yet dared to formulate any distinct theory in regard to his extraordinary powers. Whether he is gifted with second sight or whether the objects from which he gets his impressions really do carry the records of their surroundings to him no one will venture to decide.

The theory that inanimate objects do retain impressions and are capable of transmitting them has been advanced by several 'dreamers' in past times, and the case of Ehima Kasakura promises to throw light on that theory which may result in great discoveries.—Chicago Tribune.

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The N. S. A. Declaration of Principles.

The following represents the principles adopted at the 1899 national convention of the Spiritualists of America, and reaffirmed at the national convention held at Washington, D. C., October, 1902:

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

"The lady doth protest too much, methinks."

"And they all began to make excuse."

We knew there was a heart at the centre of Spiritualism and sweet is your testimony, dear friends. We deserve no credit, unless one should be credited, when, apprehending the right, he dares do no other thing than the right as he sees it. If we do not acknowledge in personal letters your precious words of cheer, know this, that, while we cannot wait for them, they are sweet beyond measure.

Warm Birthday Greetings to thee, Brother Colville! May thy bright spirit for many many years remain clothed in the form our duller senses can the more readily follow.

Michigan seems to be fairly alive with Spiritualists. The State Association embraces nearly one hundred local societies—but they are each weak in effort. Strengthen your forces in members and finance, friends, and become the great power you should be in your state. Five or six successful campmeetings are annually in session in that state. Do not be summer Spiritualists, friends. There are many earnest souls giving their labor of love in your state. Join with them. Unite and co-operate.

As State Associations of Spiritualists would seem to be the best mode of co-operation, why not hasten the organization of every state? The N. S. A. owes much duty in that direction. The "Banner of Light" would like to record the condition and prospects for our Cause in each state.

The personal interests and duties of mediums are freely discussed by the Spiritualists and public. The Banner invites the mediums to send their views and create a symposium for the edification of all who do not fully understand their needs and desires.

If the person sending us cuttings from an old book, which had been marked in red ink, "Spiritualism of Roman Catholics in Boston," will send us the name of the book and its author, it will interest us. The writer had better sign the name, we will not hurt him.

The need of support for local societies of Spiritualists by the members thereof is self-evident. When this need is loyally met the financial dependence of ten cents at the door will pass away and a better spirit ensue. Members have very little personal interest, because usually very little is done to create in them a feeling of special worth to the society. With ten cents as the measure of support they do not feel like making special contributions. We are intimate with some localities where voluntary contributions have succeeded door fees and the receipts have greatly increased whilst the society spirit has wonderfully improved. The N. S. A. should set an example of free meetings at its annual conventions.

Commencing with next issue you will find a new Department in the Banner. Look for this: "The Literary World, Conducted by Lillian Whiting." You will congratulate us in securing this able critic for this work, we are sure, as we are glad to bring this added gift to our readers.

Altogether now, the fields are already white to the harvest!

The Riddle of the Bible.

The Bible is often called "The Book of Books." This is literally true, for it is an aggregation of different works to which something over sixty authors have contributed. These books were selected at various times by various people for varying reasons among which that combination of unknown and unforeseen causes commonly called chance had no small part.

Within its covers is to be found literature of almost every kind known to man. History, cosmogony, poetry, allegory, song, romance, all may be found arrayed with no reference to order, either of time or subject. That it is possible that it or any portion of it should have been inspired except in the sense that Milton or Shakespeare was inspired, cannot be shown to the satisfaction of any reasonable human mind. That every portion of it is true in the sense that history is true is an equal impossibility for it abounds in contradiction. That it is in every part good literature is not capable of demonstration according to the standards of this or any other age. That no book, which the world has ever known has so influenced the souls of men or the facts of history, is certain beyond a doubt and requires not proof but rather explanation. That for it martyrs have died, that from it generations of men have for centuries drawn the highest consolation, and that, owing to it, nations have turned bigots en masse and wars have been inspired for the alleged sake of the Prince of peace, are all historical facts.

The lives and highest efforts of the greatest intellects of earth have been expended in its study, and crimes in its name have blackened the annals of the world. The sage has often despaired of understanding the depths of its meaning and the trusting eye of ignorant faith has yet found within its pages something which "the world could neither give nor take away."

The wanderer from another planet, seeing the mighty influence and hearing for the first time the history of its potency, must indeed stand aghast at the task of interpreting the reason for the control it has for centuries exerted over the minds and fortunes of men.

Can we in this twentieth century solve this riddle? Can we interpret the meaning of the problem which has set the world agog for time beyond history's ken?

Perhaps it is simpler than we think. The Higher Criticism has robbed the book of its superstitious sacredness, but it cannot loosen the hold it possesses and always has possessed for those who study its volumes and feel its true power. Perhaps the influence it has exerted over the simplest minds as well as the highest intellects will lead us toward the true solution of the conundrum of the ages.

At bottom the minds of the sage and the child are identical. The same human instincts possess the sage and the peasant. The one touch of nature which makes the whole world kin must indeed appear within the leaves of this Book of Books.

An epitome of the life of the soul wherein the highest and the lowest may find that which suits each longing, each desire, each aspiration of humanity, is there laid bare to him who searches. It is the life of God in the soul of man; the still small voice which the consciousness of the little and the great may hear from the song this marvelous book sings: it is the humanity rather than what is called the divinity of the book which sets it apart from all other books of the world and which causes it to fill a place which nothing else conceived by the mind of man can supply; which makes the history of this book what it has been and ever will be so long as man is man.

The riddle then seems to be answered by saying that the Bible is the greatest book in the world because it is the most human book in the world; and because it best fits humanity, it is divine. For without human needs there can be nothing divine and divinity and humanity, indissolubly linked as they are, can exist neither without the other.

"Would God be God, if lacking even men?"

A Correction.

"A Day On Puget Sound," the author informs us, should be the title of Helen Stuart Riching's beautiful prose poem printed in the "Banner of Light," issue August 19, instead of "At Puget Sound" as we had it. We cannot understand how, with our vast experience, such an error could have crept in, but Mrs. Riching chooses her instruments for expression with such care we are glad to meet her wishes and correct our error, so far as we can.

Civilized Barbarism.

A distinguished physician, not now living, was one of those appointed to attend an execution for murder to determine when the prisoner was dead. The murderer was a distinguished man and the case excited great interest not only in Massachusetts, where the crime had been committed, but all over the world.

The body had hung for about twenty minutes; the physicians in attendance had declared that life was extinct; the body, taken down and laid upon a table, was cut open and lo—the heart still beat!

When this tale was told the writer, by the physician spoken of, who assisted at the operation, an ill-suppressed exclamation of horror broke from the lips of the listeners.

The doctor's reply to this was: "Oh, that was nothing. It continued to beat for some minutes after it had been taken out and laid upon the table. It was merely reflex muscular action."

Another tale. The newspapers relate that, at a recent execution by guillotine, one of the attending physicians picked up the head of the victim as soon as it fell from the body and, holding it up, called loudly in the ear the name of the executed man.

The eyes, which had been closed, upon the repetition of the shouted name, opened for a moment and then closed.

One more illustration. A murderer about to be hung told his spiritual adviser, a Catholic priest, that he would give him a test. Said he, "After my body has been jerked into the air and my neck is broken, watch my hands. After a minute I will move them twice, then once and then twice again. If I can do this, it will show you I am still conscious."

The priest did as was arranged. The body had swung scarcely a minute when the hands moved and the horrified clergyman beheld the prearranged signal!

What do these horrors teach? Clearly the first lesson is the wickedness of death legalized by the state. But to the student of psychology, to us Spiritualists who can read beyond the "life" of the body, the agony of a spirit driven forcibly and suddenly from its enwrapping physical form is hereby most emphatically accounted. A wrong is done to the individual beyond the mere destruction of his body, an attack made by the legal powers of the state upon the soul, God given and indestructible. It shows that "no death is instantaneous;" that the spirit leaves the body but slowly and that its departure cannot be compelled at the instant the state decrees that it shall.

The Chinese are called barbarous because of their ingenious methods of torture by which life is taken by degrees. How do civilized white men differ from the barbarity of the Chinamen except in degree, in the mere matter of longer or shorter? It raises the query if, after all, the release by slow methods does not wrench the departing spirit less than our falsely named instantaneous methods. Too much torture produces insensibility. It is evident that hanging and the guillotine do not at once destroy conscious life.

Spiritualism.

The "Banner of Light" represents a distinctive ism—but does not confine itself to the ipse dixit formulated by a conclave or any authority. Indeed, there is no immediate body nor appointed person who is authorized to proclaim the ultimates of Spiritualism. We are really, as yet, dealing with its primates.

The fundamentals are not fully understood. Many people think they have learned the whole truth. Facts in nature are multiple, instead of being primarily related to only one cause. Differentiation in modes of motion develops a manifold expression of effects. These great divergences create the manifold forms and forces which usher in the diversities and cause the delights and realities of generation and development. Harmonious bleedings conduce to great blessings and pleasures, whilst incongruous hybridization cause the "deletions and unpleasant. But the ferocious beast of the jungle expresses natural causation just as potently as does the human of the plains—and each are equally divinely created. Natural law is the necessary power for us to discover—but humanity has been prone to look beyond the forces inherent in materiality, in efforts to discover a designer and creator of these seemingly designed products.

Thus the theologian especially, and often the scientist has postulated superior beings such as angels and gods who had no origin in materiality—and were created perfect in the heavenly kingdoms beyond the clouds. Nature being the great producer and developer, always unfolds from the lower to the higher. Perfect forms and forces are not produced at all—and perfected development is only by the processes of evolution. Thus it becomes nearly as impossible as we can conceive, that there are conscious personalities in the spaces who did not perfect from lower or planetary powers in development. The idea of angels created in heaven is obsolete.

The comprehension of individuals incarnate in forms of expression who were exorcised from cruder materialities, is the growing cognition. Thus spirits of human people now inhabiting another plane of existence is a natural postulate. And that these individuals can communicate with the earth dwellers is a natural sequence.

Thus Spiritualism has its fundamental basis in natural law. It is at last fully revealed that there is nothing supernatural. Nothing outside of nature is a safe proposition to make. When the little children at Hydesville asserted: "It can see and it can hear and it must be somebody," the true key to the phenomena of intelligence was struck. This sentiment found a lodging in wiser brains, and became a well known fact by many people that the communication is of our family and of our loved. It also soon became known that if one could communicate with us, then all can. No law needs the an-

developed and gives him power, and prevents the wise and good. Our assimilation with these is the fulcrum around which revolves the possibilities. These bases we announce for our Spiritualism; and upon these shall we endeavor to develop the philosophy of science and religion that shall become—indeed has become—a world-wide helper of humanity to understand the way of life now and evermore.

Priests.

No real Spiritualist can be a narrow-minded bigot, for one of its pillars of faith is universal brotherhood.

A noted feature, in all religious systems in the past, has been the priest or the preacher. This has assumed various forms, from the imposing hierarchies of Brahminism down to Episcopalianism and the most democratic religious assemblies. The priesthood of the past has often earned a very unenviable reputation because, being little more than spiritual despots, but thinking, reasoning men will distinguish between the use and the abuse. The word priest seems to be a contraction of the Greek word presbys, or presbyter, which means "an ambassador," or service performed usually by an old man. From the same source is the word "presbyter," merely meaning "elder," or one older. The prominent thought involved in that age, or eminence in wisdom, are usually supposed to confer intellectual superiority and moral influence.

Priest, according to primitive usage, is simply a person qualified by superior wisdom and age to be an instructor, an assistant to the young on the lines of moral and spiritual improvement. The poet says:

"We measure age by wisdom, and not by length of years.
We count time by heart-throbs, not by figures on a dial."

There are high priests of science as well as of religion, men in colleges, laboratories and institutes able and competent to teach. These are literally priests because of their functions in teaching. We have priests of art, of beauty, of commerce and of human physical culture; and they are such by virtue of exercising a high function in benefiting humanity. Title, nor the prefix of "Reverend," nor "Reverend Sir," these do not make the priest, but the true priest is one who, in sincerity of soul and self-abnegation, has sought to know the right and to do it; one who has become cultured in the mental and moral sciences, and who has had profound experiences of the inner life.

J. M. P.

Too Much Social Life in Church.

"The American church does not seem to be much more than a social organization now. Its members spend more time developing along social lines than they do along spiritual lines," said Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, Dwight L. Moody's successor, as he was about to sail from New York to Europe.

"What the churches want is more God and less of dress and social position; more of the spirit of the Master and less of a strife for place and money, and more religion by example and life than by preaching and talking."

When Spiritualist speakers make similar statements about the church they are set upon as indulging in unwarranted criticism and fault-finding. It is a general fact that a person may criticize himself and no one else will dare do so. It is very gratifying to hear a churchman tell the truth about his associates. That the churches have "fallen from grace," is very evident to every observer. Such plain statements of fact may not correct the situation—but surely the one brave enough to utter such is to be admired. The same situation may be somewhat applied to the Spiritualists. It will at least do us good to examine our personal relation to the cause of truth and discover if we are each doing our duty. Do we exemplify spiritual truth in our lives? Are we practically applying Spiritualism? Are we waiting for social prominence and sacrificing spiritual growth? Reflect and resolve.

The Goff Will Case.

The Goff will case is disturbing the Spiritualists of Michigan. A decision has been made against the State Association as legatees. They have carried it to a higher court and desire funds to defend their interests. The N. S. A. has been asked to assist and it is a case that should be won by the Spiritualists. It is very unfortunate that such legacies must be greatly squandered in legal fights before the Spiritualists can receive the benefit conferred by a friend of their Cause. It is necessary to create every possible precedent in our favor, hence the Michigan friends should have substantial help. The better way is to give liberally to our Cause while here to do so and not trust our bequests to be faithfully fulfilled. Give now is a proper thing to do.

Banner of Light Closed

ON LABOR DAY.

We propose to march in the Labor Procession Monday and shall close the Banner Building on Labor Day. Our helpers in the printing office are ambitious in this direction also and correspondents will note that on this account matter intended for publication in the issue of Sept. 9 should be in our hands a day earlier than usual.

Take life like a man. Take it as though it was as it is—an earnest, vital, essential affair. Take it just as though you were born in the task of performing a merry part in it, as though the world had waited your coming. Take it as though it were a grand opportunity to achieve, to carry forward great and good schemes, to hold and to cheer a suffering, weary, it may be heart-broken brother—Charles H. Spurgeon.

The Seybert Commission—The Facts.

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

One of the stock arguments of opposers is the report of the Seybert Commission, and I am in constant receipt of inquiries as to the truthfulness of these assertions and as to real value of the investigations of this committee.

The following was prepared expressly to answer such questions, and can anticipate the poisonous influences of this force in the name of science.

Mr. Henry Seybert, who was an enthusiastic believer in modern Spiritualism, left to the University of Pennsylvania \$60,000 to found a chair for psychic research, or philosophy, conditioned that the university should appoint a commission to investigate "All systems of morals, religion or philosophy, which assume to represent truth, and particularly of modern Spiritualism."

The university desired the money and the commission was appointed as a matter of form, to comply with legal requirements. It was composed of Dr. Wm. Pepper, Dr. Joseph Ledy, Dr. Geo. A. Koenig, Prof. R. E. Thompson, Prof. Geo. S. Fullerton and Dr. Horace Howard Furness; and afterwards were added Mr. Coleman Sellers, Dr. J. W. White, Dr. Calvin B. Kerr and Dr. S. Win Mitchell. Dr. Furness was the acting chairman and Dr. Fullerton secretary. Without disparagement of these men, it must be acknowledged by all fair-minded persons that they were not of such character as the case demanded. They were taken because available and at hand. In their special walks, they were right enough, but in the field proposed for investigation they were incapable by force of training to comprehend the subject.

If a commission were to be appointed to investigate an astronomical subject, common sense would dictate that it should be composed of members who had given at least some attention to the study of that science, and not drawn indiscriminately, as the names of a jury from a box, the only assurance being their ignorance of the matter to be investigated. Yet this was precisely the manner in which this famous commission was made up, and investigation was entirely secondary to securing the money.

The published report of the commission says:

"The commission is composed of men whose days are already filled with duties which cannot be laid aside, and who are able, therefore, to devote but a small portion of their time to these investigations." This being the case, why did they undertake what they knew they had no time to accomplish?

Dr. Furness appears to be about all there actually was of the commission; the others were like the tail of a kite, only he was not a balancing power.

The commission brought sleight-of-hand performers before them and mediums repudiated by Spiritualists, and gave them preference to the few known and acknowledged mediums, whom they gave slight hearing.

Dr. Furness' method of investigation was peculiar. He was recommended to Coffey, a notorious fraud, often exposed. Instead of having him come before the commission, he bought "magnetized slates and paper" to the extent of "several dollars' worth," and held séances by himself.

To show the mocking spirit of the whole report, and the sneering farce enacted under the name of a "Scientific Investigation," I will make a brief quotation: "With these precious slates I sat every night at the same hour in darkness. I allowed nothing to interfere with this duty; no call of family or friends was heeded. At the end of three weeks I searched every molecule of the slate for the indication of a zig-zag line, but the surface was unscathed and a blank monotony returned stare for stare. Still hopeful and trusting, I continued, day by day and week by week. The six weeks expired, not a zig-zag line appeared. Coffey was kept busy magnetizing paper. I renewed my stock and determined to put in two months (this paper was placed on top of his head). I moved to the country and carried my slates thither wrapped in black muslin. The days and weeks rolled on. Two months passed. The slates were as when they came into my possession. I would go three months. Does not a hen set for three weeks? When a hen gives a week, should I not give a month? Is not a medium worth more than a chicken? 'Courage!' cried Coffey, with each new batch of paper: I went to the seashore and my slates went with me. Not a single evening did I break my rule, and so it went on. The three months became four, became five, became six; and then an end with absolutely virgin slates! I had used enough blotting paper, it seemed to me, to absorb a spot on the sun. I dare not calculate the number of hours I had spent in darkness."

This advice might have been sensible to Dr. Furness and hens in general; "Before you set, be sure you are setting on eggs." A hen will not only set three weeks, but six months with nothing under her but a porcelain egg, a door knob or even nothing at all! Margaret Fox came before the commission and gave two séances. Then Dr. Furness assured her that they had concluded that she made the rappings by voluntary or involuntary contraction of the muscles of some part of her body, but if she thought another seance would exonerate her they would allow of her doing so, "in that case the examination would be necessarily of the most searching description."

The intention of this "examination" is revealed in the report: "The difficulty attending the investigation of this mode of Spiritualistic manifestations (rappings) increased by the fact, familiar to physiologists, that sounds of varying intensity may be produced in almost any portion of the human body by voluntary muscular action. To determine the exact location of this muscular activity is at times a matter of delicacy."

If she was aware that the commission held such a theory when they assured her that any further investigation was to be "searching," she would have been untrue to herself to have consented to such insult.

What physiologist has made the statement that sounds can be made in various parts of the body by muscular contraction? It is an assertion made for the occasion.

Mr. Seybert contemplated investigations of the morals, religion and philosophy as well as phenomena. The initial report is that no genuine manifestations were found, and hence there is no need of investigating the morals, religion, philosophy. Nearly fourteen years have passed, and nothing more has been done by the commission. The letter of the law has been fulfilled and the money added to the treasury of the university. Nothing more was intended and nothing more will be done.

In his mistaken zeal, Mr. Seybert placed his money in the hands of the most bitter enemies of the cause he sought to uphold, and they made good use of the money. A more partisan, incompetent body never was convened, never investigation pursued more unscientifically, nor a more undignified, scornful report published.

The highest friendship cannot exist without respect. To make ourselves worthy of the best friends, we must make ourselves worthy of respect.—Aron.

Campmeeting News.

Onset (Mass.) notes.

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

This is the closing week of the camp and a most delightful one it has been. The meetings have been of the best and highest kind. Conference Monday was a very instructive one. Mr. James H. Young, Miss Clara Stowell, Mrs. O. B. Hinman, Mrs. Meers and Mrs. Smith taking part in the same. Tuesday Mr. Thomas Cross of Fall River delivered one of his able lectures, "Spiritualism as a Revelation." He handled his subject in a most masterly manner and led his audience along a pathway lined with the choicest thoughts, showing to all plainly that some of the finest revelations come in the simplest manner. Wednesday was conference day again, the closing conference of the season. It was good. All were eager to have a word to say at closing time, and a section was roped off for good thoughts, all saying that a rich harvest had been garnered from the meetings this season. The following took part: Mrs. Bryant, Mrs. Meers, Dr. Huot, Mrs. Coggeshall, Dr. Wyman of Brooklyn, Mrs. Smith, Miss Nellie Putney and Mrs. K. R. Stiles. Mrs. Maxham, who left us on this day to go to Maine for the camp, sang sweetly, as ever. Everyone was sorry to learn he was going, but glad to know he had been re-engaged again for next year. Thursday Mr. Thomas Cross gave his last lecture for this season. He gave an able discourse and had a fine audience. Mr. Cross has also been engaged for next season, and everyone is pleased to know they are to hear him again at Onset. Miss Alice Holbrook, a sweet singer, has been engaged to sing for the rest of the season. Her work was very satisfactory and all are pleased with her. The Lyceum entertainment, held Tuesday evening, was a great success and all were loud in their applause for the same. Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, conductor of the Lyceum, was at her best, and the poem given impromptu by her, "Our Lyceum," was a masterpiece. Mrs. Allyn will probably be at Onset another year to carry on this work. The children all love her and want her to come again. Friday Mrs. M. T. Longley was the speaker. Miss Alice Holbrook was the musician. She sang several beautiful selections. After a soulful invocation, Mrs. Longley took for her subject, "And the Common People Heard Him Gladly." She said: "Who are the common people? Are they those who live in marble houses, those who have advantage of money and have everything that the world affords? No, we are not apt to call these the common people, yet, if we could look into their hearts and see many of their shortcomings, we might feel as though they were, but they are not; but the great army of people, those who know suffering and who bear the burden, who have duties heaped upon them, the people whom we meet every day, the people whom we belong to. The common people heard him gladly. Who was this personage? He was an aristocrat, with purple and fine linen? Nay, only a poor creature like themselves, but endowed with spiritual beauty and strength. He shed light by the wayside, and also personal magnetism. The common people listened; they responded and welcomed them because He brought them the message of deliverance, the message of peace and good-will, and brought them into the light and everlasting truth; they appealed to Him because they knew they would not appeal in vain. His precept was to do good to humanity, even to the outcast and leper, and the common people welcomed Him, because they were ready for His message. They needed benefit and they received the light and cheer, because He was the message bearer. Jesus of Nazareth was the ministering spirit to aching hearts. He came to make the way clearer and brighter, just so with Spiritualism. It is welcomed by the common people. It has come to teach you the way to grow, to heal the wounded spirits, to comfort the weary traveler, to benefit those who are bowed down with grief and duties which seem at times almost too hard to bear. The angels are always ready to minister to human needs, and it comes to teach us how in this world to help our fellow-men. Spiritualism comes with its message of good cheer. It takes away the fear of death, and teaches us our loved ones still live." The meeting closed with benediction. After the meeting the Lyceum held its last session, and a collection was given for them. They were all loud in their praise of Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn for her work for the children this season.—H.

This, the closing day of the campmeeting, has some facts worth noting. First we had one of the pioneer speakers in the morning. In the afternoon we had as the speaker the latest descendant from the pulpit, and in the evening we had the youngest medium upon the platform in New England today; a combination that drew large audiences and made the closing Sunday a fitting closing of one of the greatest meetings held by this association for many years. There have been more people at the camp this season than in many seasons the past. The meetings, classes and sessions have been well attended. The mediums at the camp have been kept busy all the time. The cottages and rooms have about all been occupied; in fact, everything has been satisfactory to everybody. If there had been more pleasant Sundays we would have had the largest meetings ever held at the camp. The Sundays are an important factor at any camp or meeting. The management wishes to extend their thanks to all who have helped to make these meetings a success and promise next season to give the public a meeting that will even surpass this season, presenting many new speakers and mediums to the Onset audiences. They are in correspondence now with new speakers and also with Rev. F. A. Wiggin for next season. We were obliged to hold our meeting in the Temple, owing to a shower that started in the morning, but notwithstanding the rain, a large audience was in attendance. The speaker was that very popular speaker of Massachusetts, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes. Miss Alice Holbrook opened the meeting with a vocal selection, after which Mrs. Byrnes offered an invocation. She gave one of the best addresses given by her for many seasons in the past, and to do justice to the speaker a verbatim report should be given, and space will not allow of this. In the afternoon the largest audience gathered in the Temple that had been there this season. Miss Anna Foley opened with singing, after which the Rev. Wilson Fritch of Attleboro was introduced as the speaker for the afternoon, and read one of Emerson's poems. After a duet by Mr. and Miss Holbrook, Mr. Fritch took for his subject, "The suppressive and the expressive of love," and gave a lecture that was both educational and interesting. It was the first appearance of Mr. Fritch at Onset, and it will not probably be the last, as he gave great satisfaction to all, and he is welcomed upon our platform. Spiritual societies should see to it that Mr. Fritch is engaged to speak for their society during the coming season. We are sure he will please their people. Miss Anna Foley of Haverhill, Mass., made her first appearance before an Onset audience, and to say she gave great satisfaction is putting it very mildly. She gave many communications, and all were recognized. Her manner in giving communications is pleasing and are precise

and definite. Miss Foley held the last session of the season in the Arcade in the evening before a large audience and repeated her success of the afternoon. Miss Foley certainly has a great future before her. This closes the meetings of a successful campmeeting and one that will long be remembered by all who have attended during the season. Every seat in the great Temple was occupied. It was a great audience and the speakers, mediums and singers received a grand reception. Don't forget that you have not as yet subscribed for the Banner of Light, and do it now.—H.

Queen City Park.

The usual increased numbers appeared at the Sunday services on Aug. 20, hearing in the forenoon Mr. A. E. Tisdale, in the afternoon Mrs. H. P. Russeque, who explained the relations between faith and religion in her usual clear, satisfactory manner. Tuesday, Aug. 22, the forenoon was taken up with the usual conference meeting. In the afternoon Mrs. Russeque gave an interesting discourse, taking for its subject the query: "Do we, as Spiritualists, prove all truth and hold fast that which is good?" It is evident that this popular speaker has the gift of clearly expressing ideas in her normal state, which enables her guides to do the best of work when she is entranced on the platform. Aug. 23 was N. S. A. day, which was observed with the customary exercises in the afternoon. In the evening memorial services were held in the pavilion for those members of the Association who entered spirit life during the past year. It was a very pleasing idea and is worthy of adoption as a regular feature by all societies and associations. The correspondent being unable to attend, Mr. Newman Weeks very kindly prepared a full account of the occasion.

Aug. 24th, afternoon and evening, were taken up by the annual fair held by the Ladies' Aid Society. The flowers arranged for the memorial services the previous evening were still fresh and beautiful, and many of them adorned the different tables. The fair requiring the use of the pavilion, seats were arranged before the bandstand near by, from which Dr. B. F. Austin delivered a fine address at the usual hour in the afternoon. An excursion train from Rutland brought hundreds to Burlington, most of them getting off at Queen City Park; in consequence, the fair was attended by goodly numbers besides the campers. The president of the Ladies' Aid, Mrs. Abbie Crockett, and the other members were kept very busy by the crowd until the close of the evening. Everybody thoroughly enjoyed the occasion, and the net proceeds were \$105. Mr. A. F. Hubbard and Dr. S. N. Gould actively co-operated with the ladies to make the affair a success. Among the day's visitors was Mrs. H. E. Gibson of Shrewsbury, who, with her late husband, for many years did much to advance the good cause in their vicinity, and desired to continue the work.

Aug. 25th, the usual forenoon conference, and in the afternoon a good audience gathered to hear the earnest discourse by Dr. B. F. Austin, who merits the praise bestowed on his work at other places. It is to be hoped that we may gain more recruits possessing as great abilities. The lecture was followed by satisfactory tests from Mrs. Kate Ham. Mr. A. E. Tisdale furnished the music, songs and accompaniments, as he has done all the week and probably will do until the campmeeting closes. Aug. 26, Dr. Austin gave the address, which was followed by Mrs. Kate Ham with messages. Aug. 27, the forenoon lecture will be by Mrs. Russeque; afternoon, Dr. Austin has the platform. Both lectures to be followed by messages through Mrs. Hans. Aug. 29, the speaker will be Mr. Tisdale; tests by Mrs. Ham. Aug. 30, Mrs. Ham gives both lecture and messages. Aug. 31, short addresses by various speakers. Sept. 1, Mr. Tisdale lectures and Mrs. Ham will give messages. Sept. 2, different speakers will voice their sentiments. Sept. 3, morning, Mrs. Ham lectures. Afternoon, Mr. Tisdale speaks, and Mrs. Ham gives messages. The closing day.

Among the sojourners at the camp are people from various parts of New England, and even from more distant points, who will, it is hoped, come earlier and remain longer another year—and many more years. Travelers still go and come, maintaining a fair average number on the grounds. Altogether an encouraging season.—B. E. R. T.

MEMORIAL SERVICES.

Memorial services for Dr. E. A. Smith, Brandon, Vt.; Hiram Preston, Sharon, Vt.; Samuel Richardson, Roxbury, Vt.; Miss Nellie Montgomery, Moretown, Vt.; Miss Susie Stafford, Stowe, Vt.; Mrs. Sarah Patrick, East Montpelier, Vt., who have passed away during the past year, were held in the pavilion at Queen City Park, Burlington, Vt., on Wednesday evening, Aug. 23. The speakers who took part were Alonzo F. Hubbard, Abby Crockett, Dr. S. N. Gould, Mrs. Helen P. Russeque, Dr. B. F. Austin, Newman Weeks, Dr. W. B. Mills, A. E. Tisdale. The attendance was large, and the forum being filled. The beautiful flowers contributed by loving hearts and hands filled the front of the platform and two tables. Life size portraits of Dr. E. A. Smith and his beloved wife, Fannie Davis Smith, hung back of the speaker's platform. On the two sides of the hall hung life portraits of Achsa W. Sprague, Nellie Kenyon, Mr. and Mrs. Sabin Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Lucius Webb, who were among the early Spiritualists and founders of Queen City Park. Also a portrait of Dr. George Bronson of St. Albans, Vt., who was one of Vermont's greatest and most successful healers. Newman Weeks and Dr. W. B. Mills had known Dr. E. A. Smith intimately from his young manhood, all through his professional and business life. They had also well known, with very great appreciation, his wife, Fannie Davis Smith, from her commencement as a public speaker, all through her most glorious success in New England and the Middle West. High tributes were expressed by the other speakers as to Dr. Smith and his wife, Fannie, and the other good and loyal souls who had left a noble life record behind them, and who will ever be held in fond remembrance. Mrs. Russeque, Mr. Hubbard and Dr. Gould spoke earnestly of their appreciation of the fidelity and constant efforts of Dr. E. A. Smith in behalf of the cause of Spiritualism at large, and especially his love for Queen City Park and his zeal and determination that the association should succeed and be protected. A. E. Tisdale rendered two songs, one being "One By One Our Dear Friends Fall." One glorious consolation is ever with mortals, "We shall meet beyond the river."—Newman Weeks.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.

This, the closing week of camp, has been a busy time. On Sunday forenoon, Aug. 20, Mr. Albert P. Blinn occupied our platform and spoke to a large audience. In the afternoon, Mrs. May S. Pepper delivered a splendid discourse and gave many messages. The Temple was crowded to suffocation the piazzas were filled with people and hundreds were turned away. It was the biggest day we have had here since Ingersoll's time. Tuesday afternoon Mr. Fitch opened the day with a pleasant introduction, after which the Rev. Wilson Fritch of Attleboro was introduced as the speaker for the afternoon, and read one of Emerson's poems. After a duet by Mr. and Miss Holbrook, Mr. Fritch took for his subject, "The suppressive and the expressive of love," and gave a lecture that was both educational and interesting. It was the first appearance of Mr. Fritch at Onset, and it will not probably be the last, as he gave great satisfaction to all, and he is welcomed upon our platform.

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The concerts and entertainments have been well patronized and netted goodly sums to our treasury. The singing of the Schubert Quartet has been one of the most attractive features of our camp, and has added greatly to the pleasure derived from the meetings. The band concerts drew large numbers of the friends, twice each day, to the new Auditorium or to the Old Grove, and were a treat to the many music lovers upon the grounds.

The Children's Lyceum has experienced one of the most successful seasons in its history. Two splendid concerts were given by its members, from which large sums were derived. The comedy given by some of its young ladies, assisted by three of the boys, last Wednesday evening, was a decided success and very funny. Each part was well taken. The trolley ride to Greenfield, in which sixty-three children participated, was given last Saturday and everyone had a good time. Refreshments were served in the groves at Nash's Mill, while the special car was sidetracked for the purpose, and the children had a regular picnic. They all declare that the Lake Pleasant Lyceum is "all right."

Last Thursday night, 150 campers gathered at 9.30 o'clock at the Lake Pleasant Hotel and partook of a feast "fit for the gods." Landlord Yeaton had outdone himself and the tables literally groaned under the weight of good things. It was the annual banquet of the association and its friends. President Dalley was elected toastmaster, and the toasts were responded to by J. Clegg Wright, Mrs. May Pepper, Albert P. Blinn, Mrs. T. U. Reynolds, F. A. Wood, Mrs. C. F. Conant, Rev. Dr. Grover, Mrs. A. S. Waterhouse, Mr. Geo. Leighton, Dr. C. F. Burchmore, Mrs. A. E. Fletcher, R. F. Churchill, Miss Amelia Pfennig and H. T. Streeter. The quartet interspersed the responses with songs. It was the sixth annual banquet and the most enjoyable of them all.

At the annual meeting of the association, held last Monday, the officers were all re-elected, with one exception. Mr. W. W. Lee declined a re-nomination as vice-president and R. F. Churchill was elected. The officers are: A. L. Dalley, president; R. F. Churchill, Mrs. A. S. Waterhouse, Mrs. T. U. Reynolds, vice-presidents; Albert P. Blinn, clerk; Byron Loomis, treasurer; and A. H. Dalley, H. C. Douglass, L. F. Crafts, K. D. Chiles, Byron Loomis, Wm. W. Lee, H. S. Streeter, Wm. C. Pomeroy, Nathan H. Read, directors.

The Ladies' Improvement Society re-elected its officers: Mrs. T. U. Reynolds, president; Mrs. M. A. Shaw, treasurer; Miss M. M. Sheldon, secretary. Its fair was a great success and the society has donated \$200 toward the liquidation of the capital debt of the association, besides doing much in the way of improvements. We all praise and appreciate our ladies.—Albert P. Blinn, clerk.

Sunapee Lake Camp, N. H.

Aug. 15, 2.30 p. m., lecture by Mrs. Nettie Holt Harding. Aug. 16, 2.30 p. m., in hall by Mrs. Nettie Holt Harding. Tests were all recognized. Aug. 17, 1 p. m., Ladies' Aid fair, which was well attended and a success in every way. Aug. 18, 2.30 p. m., lecture and tests by Mrs. Harding. Subject: "Power and Force." Aug. 19, 2.30 p. m., lecture by Mrs. Harding. Subject: "What is God?" Aug. 20, 10.45 a. m., Annie Banks Scott, of Boston, was the speaker. She gave tests which were all recognized. 2.45 p. m., poem by Lizzie Dotten and music by Miss Bend and Mrs. Harding. Mrs. Harding spoke on "What Has Spiritualism Done for Humanity?"—Lorenzo Worthen, sec.

4.30 p. m., the Ladies' Aid Association held its annual meeting for election of officers. The officers chosen were: President, Mrs. Addie M. Stevens, Claremont, N. H.; first vice-president, Mrs. Hattie P. Burpee, Sutton, N. H.; second vice-president, Mrs. Susan E. Watson, Hillsboro, N. H.; secretary, Mrs. H. C. Newman, Washington, treasurer, Mrs. H. G. Comstock, Newport, N. H.; business committee, Mrs. Harriet C. Comstock, Newport, N. H.; Mrs. Hattie Burpee, Sutton, N. H.; Mrs. Susie E. Watson, Hillsboro, N. H.; Mrs. C. C. Davis, Hartland, Vt.; Mrs. Caroline C. Ladd, Claremont, N. H.; Miss Caroline May, Hillsboro, N. H. "Bloodlet" Landing, N. H. Aug. 21, 1905, 10.30 a. m. The annual business meeting of Sunapee Lake Spiritualist Campmeeting Association was called to order by the president, John Gage, for the election of officers for the coming year. The names of the officers elected were: President, John Gage, Henniker, N. H.; vice-president, Isaac K. Connor, Warner, N. H.; secretary, Lorenzo Worthen, Hillsboro Bridge, N. H.; treasurer, Mrs. Harriet C. Comstock, Newport, N. H.; business committee, Thomas Burpee, Sutton, N. H.; C. E. Gore, Riverdale, N. H.; Isaac H. Connor, Warner, N. H.; auditors, C. C. Davis, Hartland, Vt.; Harriet G. Newman, Washington, N. H.

Salem, Aug. 23, 1905.—Camp Progress, Upper Swampscott.—The meeting Sunday, Aug. 20, was one of the largest of the season. At the morning conference a praise service was held and remarks were made by D. Fowler, Mr. and Mrs. James Smith, G. L. Baker, Mrs. Mabel Page and others. At the 2 o'clock meeting Mrs. Page made an invocation, and a selection by the quartet, "Fear Thou Not," followed. Mrs. E. Frye, of Beverly, one of the new workers, gave an inspirational poem. An able address was made by C. E. Bakstrom, of Boston, on "Progress." Mrs. Abbie N. Burnham made an eloquent plea for Spiritualism. The 4 o'clock meeting opened with a song service. Mrs. J. D. Conant-Henderson made interesting remarks. Mr. Curtis and Mr. Jackson also made remarks. The speaker of the day was Rev. Mabel Reed Witham of Roxbury. She gave an inspiring lecture and many messages. Mr. W. Boonhoyer, of Everett, sang several solos, by request. C. E. Legrand, of Salem, sang "Signal Bells." Meeting closed by a selection from the quartet and benediction. Circle at the grove Thursday afternoon.—Mrs. Hattie S. Gardner, sec.

City of Light Assembly, Lily Dale.

Aug. 16, Woman's Day. Never more enthusiastic people than came to listen to Susan B. Anthony and Rev. Anna Shaw. The platform was handsomely decorated with Woman Suffragists colors, white and yellow, and presented a gorgeous appearance. President Abbie Louise Pettengill, with kindly grace and dignity, presented Susan B. Anthony to the audience of the morning. She reviewed briefly the work of the movement for the past fifty years. The sweet face of Susan B. Anthony, framed in the soft, silver-gray hair suitably combed in the style of the old Colonial dames, made a sweet picture. Rev. Anna Shaw paid a tribute to the hospitality of the City of Light. To her it seemed like coming home. While she did not believe all of the tenets of Spiritualism, the spirit of good fellowship she always found in coming here.

A number of questions were sent forward to the platform bearing upon the subject of Woman's Suffrage and kindred topics which Miss Shaw answered.

Define what you mean by Woman's Rights

We mean by Woman's Rights the right equal with man to say what shall or shall not be done for the best interests of ourselves, our families, the state—for humanity at large.

Will the exercise of the ballot affect the true domestic instinct of woman? No woman can take care of her family properly without she has the ballot. What is the home?

In the afternoon on the platform were Susan B. Anthony, Anna Shaw and "Aunt" Purple as central figures with President Pettengill, President Humphrey, of the Willing Workers, Mrs. Annette P. Pettengill, Mrs. Jessie Starr Hawkes and other distinguished guests on either hand.

President Humphrey introduced Susan B. Anthony as chairman. In response Miss Anthony said:

Fifty years I've been agitating this question of putting woman on an equality with man in the affairs of life.

Miss Anthony then announced a recitation entitled, "Mother," by Miss Harriette Lord, a visiting elocutionist from Jamestown; a vocal selection by Mrs. Jessie Starr Hawkes of Warren, Pa., after which Rev. Anna Shaw was again presented as the speaker of the afternoon.

Miss Shaw indulged in some spicy reminiscences concerning her co-worker, Miss Anthony, and herself and said: "I'd rather be Susan B. Anthony's lieutenant, as she calls me, than to be anything else in this world."

Miss Shaw took as her subject: "Men are Driven to Fields by Women and Children." A clipping had been sent up to her. She was irresistibly humorous so she asked: "Well, now, whose place is it to go out into the fields? Send the women and children into the fields to dig and plow and plant and reap?"

"Dr. Roosevelt—he's Dr. now—seems to think that all that is necessary is to have children to prevent race suicide, when the problem is how to keep the children alive who are already born!"

"Until man can make conditions so that children can be properly cared for, let them not talk of race suicide!" "Grover Cleveland has said: 'The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world.' Far better and more sensible to say: 'The hand that rocks the cradle shall have the power to rule the world!'"

"The best gift God ever gave to man was work! The great call of the world today is service; the highest service is the service to each other. The best service done in the home, the state, for the world, is when man and woman stand hand in hand, together."

The Woman's Day Dance Wednesday night was a most successful social function. About two hundred couples participated in the grand march, which was led by Mrs. Geo. W. Humphrey, president of "Willing Workers," and Chairman John T. Lillie.

The City of Light Assembly held the Annual Stockholders' Meeting on Monday, Aug. 21, 1905, and unanimously elected a new board of trustees. The following are the officers and trustees elected: President, Abbie Louise Pettengill; secretary, Eulalia Erystaphia; treasurer, Albert C. White; auditor, Laura C. Fitch; trustees, Abbie Louise Pettengill, Esther C. Humphrey, Annette J. Pettengill, Laura G. Fitch, Henry A. Everett, Homer Todd, Albert C. White.

The personnel of the new board gives great satisfaction to everybody, inspiring confidence that the coming year will be far superior in attraction and attendance to any record of the past. It is proposed to bring upon the rostrum the representative Spiritualists and lecturers of the country with such additions of orators and men and women of note in other lines of work for humanity as the advanced intelligence of the times demand.

Fraudulent mediumship received its death blow at Lily Dale as the trustees unanimously agreed that as through the phenomena of Spiritualism a large number of seekers receive actual proofs of the truths of Spiritualism, the same great care will be used in selecting those who present the phenomena as is used in selecting those who present the philosophy. It was decided to appoint a committee to invite such mediums to the grounds as they believe are best fitted to demonstrate the phenomena and who will approve the application of any and all mediums, astrologers, magnetic healers, and others who desire to demonstrate the phenomena or give readings for pay to visitors, thus insuring protection to the visitors, honest mediums, as well as to the assembly.

Liberal arrangements will be made to interest children and young people, and the assembly will be made attractive to young as well as old.

The work of the coming season has been divided among competent committees, thus relieving President Pettengill from the excessive burdens she has borne for the past three years, and can confidently look upon the City of Light Assembly as the success of Spiritualism, New Thought and Natural Philosophy where it will be demonstrated by the ablest exponents.

Signed (Miss) Matilda Orr Hays, C. L. A. Press Correspondent.

The Central New York Spiritualist Association, Freeville, N. Y.

The Association closed its tenth annual campmeeting Sunday, Aug. 20. It has been served by most efficient workers. Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, with her genial personality and her ever helpful sermons, gave the opening address Sunday, July 23, and remained the first week. Friday, July 28, Mrs. Twing spoke in the interest of the State Association, that day being set aside as State Day. An "Ichabod" service for the benefit of the camp was much appreciated. Dr. W. O. Knowles, of Grand Rapids, Mich., was message bearer, and also remained the following Sunday, July 30, to the satisfaction of many seeking consolation and proof of the immortality of loved ones. Mr. J. S. Scarlett, of Cambridgeport, Mass., served the society Sunday, a. m., July 30, remaining two weeks. Mrs. Scarlett, while she served the society, gave many scholarly addresses, and is a tireless worker for the cause. Friday, August 11, he spoke for the National Association. Rev. Laura G. Fitch gave an earnest address Sunday p. m., July 30, and during the week gave other addresses which held the closest attention of her audiences. Mrs. Mary M. Jennings, of Moravia, who is fast coming to the front as an earnest and efficient worker, served the society. Mrs. R. W. Adams, of Elmira, was among the corps of workers August 4 to August 14, and not only lectured, but is a pleasing message bearer. She gave two benefit sessions for the camp. D. A. Herrick served the society the two last Sundays and the intervening week. Mr. Herrick is a host within himself an eloquent lecturer, a message bearer and a trumpet medium. The demands for trumpet sessions were greater than could be met, and neighboring towns also desired his services. Mr. Herrick held sessions at Dryden and McGraw, and other adjoining towns were disappointed because there were not more days in a week.

Mrs. Clara L. Stewart spoke Thursday, August 11, for the Morris Pratt Institute, and as secretary of the school, and representative of its interests she is a most faithful and competent worker. Mrs. Albertus H. Niver, who, with her husband was present through-

out, a teacher in the department of oratory for several years past, assisted Mrs. Stewart, and the friends from east to west know that the mantle of her orator father, Moses Hall, has also enfolded the daughter. Saturday evening Mrs. Niver gave a concert for the benefit of the Morris Pratt Institute. She was assisted by her worthy husband in guitar solos, soprano solos by Miss Victoria C. Moore, and a most effective rendition of a Puritan ballad "Peter Gray" by a quartet consisting of Mrs. and Mr. Niver, Mr. A. C. Stone and Mrs. S. Comstock Ellis. Mrs. Niver's readings elicited many encores.

Mrs. Mary E. Clark, of Syracuse, assisted throughout as lecturer, message bearer, and an "all around" worker, but Mrs. Clark's most efficient work is as message bearer. In this phase of work she may excel. Mrs. Sarah A. Walters, an earnest worker for the cause, was present throughout. Her sister, Mrs. Mary Van Kannel, made a brief visit to the camp. Mrs. Hattie Mead, of Oneida, presided as organist. Miss Grace Green, of Dryden, who has a pleasing contralto voice, assisted, accompanied by Miss Alice M. Moore. Mr. C. E. Green, of Dryden, added much to the enjoyment of those present with his very superior Victor talking machine.

On the closing Sunday, Miss Marguerite Zellers of Moravia, a child soprano with a voice of wonderful range and volume, delighted her hearers.

The annual election of officers was held Saturday, Aug. 19, and the officers for the ensuing year are: W. W. Kelsey, Cortland, N. Y., president; R. L. Weaver, Dryden, N. Y., 1st vice-president; C. E. Green, Dryden, N. Y., 2d vice-president; Miss Victoria C. Moore, Dryden, N. Y., secretary; E. B. Fuller, Rochester, N. Y., treasurer.—Victoria C. Moore, sec.

American Review of Reviews.

Contents for September: President Roosevelt and the Peace Envoys of Russia and Japan, frontispiece; Record of Current Events, with portraits and other illustrations; Some Cartoons of the Month; Sergius Witte, by E. J. Dillon; European Alliances and the War, by Frederic Austin Ogg; Ryan: A New Power in Finance, by "An Observer in Wall Street," with portrait of Thomas Fortune Ryan; Denmark the Buffer State of the North, by Julius Moritzen, with portraits, maps and other illustrations; Oklahoma, a Vigorous Western Commonwealth, by Clarence H. Matson, with illustrations; The Age of Gasoline, by F. K. Grain, M. E., with illustrations; The Sea-air Treatment for New York's Bed-ridden Children, by William H. Allen, with illustrations; What the People Read in Great Britain, by Harry Jones, with portraits and other illustrations; Binding Legal Systems in the Philippines, by Charles Sumner Lobinger; The New Salaried Class, by Elisha Jay Edwards; Leading Articles of the Month, with portraits and other illustrations; Briefer Notes on Topics in the Periodicals.

Tom's Story.

(Continued from page 1.)

"Yes, I really have something to tell you sometime; and see here, William, I'm going to take you to Sarah one of these days."

As she said this, thus employing the "doms of the old life in which she had been known as an unconventional woman, her mist darted away so swiftly that before the mist of her companion could recover itself it was left alone not knowing whether it must go to overtake her spirit or to get in touch with life.

All men as well as women, like to be understood. Sympathy is their greatest help, and no woman who is self-centred, who is vain and thinks only of herself, will gain the highest regard of man. She may be exquisitely beautiful, have a crowd of admirers at her feet, but she cannot bestow that wonderful happiness a plain little woman full of sympathy gives to her husband.—Selected.

The following answer to a physiology question was written by a boy who evidently tried to "make the most of it."

Q. What are the lungs? Where are they placed? What are they used for?

A. The lungs are too in number; they are organs of the body; they are "bee-hived" in shape; they are situated in the abdomen and are used for thinking purposes. This is from a collection by Dr. MacNamara, which also contains the following:

"A short time ago," says a teacher, "I was taking a lesson on the use of the hyphen. Having written a number of examples on the blackboard, the first of which was 'bird-cage,' I asked the boys to give a reason for putting the hyphen between 'bird' and 'cage.' After a short silence one boy who is among the dunces held up his hand and said, 'It is for the bird to perch on, sir.'"

The teacher had been talking about a hen sitting on eggs, and with the incubator in his mind, asked if eggs could be hatched in any other way.

"Yes, put 'em under a duck," was the response.

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EDITED BY

MINNIE RESERVE SOULE.

Hope.

M. M. S.

Not to the mighty I sing my song,
Not to the brave, the high or the strong,—
But to the feeble who falter and fall,
To weakling, to coward, to low, I call.

Life has its music for those who win;
Sweet to the soldier in battle's din,
But to ears unused to triumph's glad note
Let the strain of my song in sweetest float.

Though you stand trembling, mocked by fate,
Though you have fallen from lofty state,
Yet shall the harmony of my strain
Give you new courage to start again.

Though to lowest your feet have slipped,
In sea of sin though you have dipped,
Still my glad song shall ring sweet and clear
And fill your sad hours with thoughts of good cheer.

Up, up, look up from the dust below!
Out, out, look out from your walls of woe!
See hands stretching down from Hope's
estate!

How clear the way, how wide the gate!

No fate can keep you from that fair domain,
Once pass through the portal, you'll rise
again.

Hope is the theme of my song today,
Hope for the weary souls, faint by the way.

O, may this melody cheer and sustain
Some one who hitherto thought life was vain;
Help one to rise to the bright light of good,
Where all come at last in one brotherhood.

A LINK IN OUR GOLDEN CHAIN.

MOTHERS, LISTEN FOR THE
HEART-BEATS OF YOUR CHILDREN.

In a little city in the far West a young woman less than twenty years old is waiting trial on the charge of a horrible crime.

In the county jail, removed from all the sympathetic influences of home and friends, she sits and sobs and for the first time in her life knows what it is to be absolutely alone with no word of hope whispered in her ear; no pressure of loving hand to encourage and no tears of sorrow at her pain.

"What chance does a fallen woman stand?" she cries in anguish, and before her haunted vision float pictures of her happy past when she was the darling of the petting, the flattered and the bewildered child among men.

"What chance does a fallen woman stand?" Out from that place where the found-out sinners sit branded by the finger of the law and waited in away from the growing influence of purity, the wall of this anguished girl quivers a moment on the still and silent air of that little town and then sweeps on and on around the world and pierces the heart of every man and woman who has ever loved a weak and sinning creature.

There are so few people in the world whose lives have not at some time been folded in with the leaves of the life of someone who has stepped aside from the conventional forms of living that it is almost a universal experience.

Mother and fathers, brothers and sisters, husbands and wives are constantly standing side by side with some dear one who has broken the law and it does not take much of a stretch of the imagination for them to see the fatal results if the warm arm of love were removed and the icy hand of the law took hold of their darlings.

That supreme affliction which reigns in a mother's heart until she follows with weary feet down the desolate paths of sin, even sitting under the shadow of his ignominious death that she may at the last consecrate his body with her tears, is in some degree manifest in everyone in the various relations of life.

Through that law of affection men and women have been redeemed from lawless lives, strength has been given to the weak and peace has restored the mind to its normal condition of usefulness and productivity.

We all know this and we have nothing but commendation for the expression of such devotion wherever it is shown, but when the law-breaker is bound to us in no natural way and the misdeed is particularly offensive to our sense of decency, we sometimes have a struggle with ourselves to even think patience and love, much less to make any manifestation of it.

The law of the land is for the protection of the saints (?) not for the salvation of the sinners, and as long as no other law is recognized the cries of girls who through infatuation have yielded to subtle influences and passions which they did not in the least understand, will drive deep, from our eyes and peace from our breasts and the very pertinent question, "What chance does a fallen woman stand?" will harass our souls.

Deeper than the social problem is the mother problem and long before a girl is let loose in a world whose standards allow secret possession and dastardly disregard of all consequences, even to the murdering of the offspring that could bear witness of the association, the mothers should have done their work so faithfully that no persuasive tones of seeming devotion could bring any response to a young girl's lips but a sturdy promise to be governed by the mother in the matter.

Are the mothers in the world gone mad, that they so indifferently place protection around their fair young daughters?

Is it such a crime for a girl to have no "beau," that a mother will allow an almost unknown acquaintance to escort her daughter to places of amusement and seashore resorts and ride through the country with the arm about her waist, as is frequently done in our street cars and public conveyances?

Are the fathers of the boys, too?

A sweet, wholesome friendship, good comradeship, and honest enjoyment between boys and girls is natural and right and ought to be encouraged and will never result in anything but the choicest and most desirable relationships—the mothers and fathers in the street cars and public conveyances?

Live so close to their young lives that an extra pulse-beat will be felt by you and you will know its meaning.

Don't watch and spy and run around and peep in windows and do a thousand things through your fear that will create a distrust for you, but inspire confidence by your confidence and let your trust create trust.

May no uncharitable thought of any of us and no fear of the expressed opinion of anyone in the great, hard world ever make it possible for any woman, whatever her sin, to cry out to us, "What chance does a fallen woman stand?"

All our energy, all our trust, all our love shall be freely given that there may be no fallen women through any fault or neglect of ours and if there still remain those who cry out to us with the same confidence and trust and love for the possibilities which we know are safely stored in the centre of every soul we will make chances for them.

Somewhere and sometime the good must spring triumphant from the soul of everyone and it may be that the sunshine of our hope will find its way through prison walls and defiant conditions and warm into expression that germ of divinity.

That is the chance a fallen woman has. Just the same chance she had at first when her pure spirit went out into the world for her experience and through bitterness and pain, learned the lesson that should have been absorbed through the home life and a wise mother's influence.—M. M. S.

Our Wee Ones.

Well, dear little folks, what are you doing this summer? Through all the long days of sunshine while the flowers are lifting their lovely heads to be kissed by the soft breezes are your little flower hearts filled with happiness and joy?

There is a little secret about being happy that a good many people do not know and I want to whisper it to you for you know I love you and I want you to get all the happiness out of life that you can.

This is the secret, put your sweet faces up to mine and listen. No one is ever really happy unless they are happy all the way through.

That means that no one can be happy unless they have happy thoughts and now comes the biggest secret of all, anybody can make thoughts grow just the same as they can make flowers and fruits grow.

If you wake up in the morning and the first thing you know your mamma asks you to do an errand for her, just as you have begun to play with some of the children, you may wish that she would not ask you to help her and you may begin to cry because you don't want to go and in a few minutes you will be very unhappy when you thought you were going to be happy.

Now of course you are not unhappy because your mamma wants you to help her, but you are disappointed because you can't do just the thing you have planned to do and because you are afraid that you won't have time to play all you want to.

But you stop and think a minute and if you say to yourself, "I'll go just because she wants me to, but I don't want to be bit, and I hate to do errands any way," you won't have a happy moment, even though you do the errand that your mamma wants you to. Now, suppose you say to yourself, "I shall be happy because I have made my mamma happy," and you jump right up from your play and do the thing she has asked you to do, and before you know it you will be as happy as a bird.

That is what I mean by making your thoughts grow.

The happy thought was not there until you forgot yourself and what you wanted to do and remembered only your mamma and what she wanted you to do. You made it grow by thinking of her and her happiness.

Most everybody is much happier when thinking of making someone else happy.

When mamma makes a cake that she knows you will like, she is as happy as she can be because she knows you will be happy when you eat it and when papa takes you out to ride he is as happy as he can be because you are happy. Mamma would not be a bit happy if she were making a cake just for herself, and papa would not care to go to ride unless you or someone who enjoyed it were there beside him.

Now you try it and see. Some day when you don't feel very happy, you do something for someone else, and just see how soon the happy thoughts will grow until you can feel the smiles on your face and the joy in your heart. If you do not find that what I tell you is true, why write and tell me all about it and maybe I shall see right away just what the matter is and can tell you what to do the next time to have better success making your thoughts grow as happy as you would like to have them.—M. M. S.

Making Birdseye Maple.

For hundreds of years lumbermen and cabinetmakers have been studying to learn what causes maple wood to assume the mottled and spotted form known as "birds-eye." In a hundred rock maple trees perhaps one is a birdseye. Nobody can pick the specific tree out by inspecting the bark or the manner of growth. You may have to chop two hundred trees before you find one, but it is worth the sacrifice.

Fact is, the woodpeckers make all the birdseye about the woods. They come to a rock maple tree that yields a sweet sap in the season when sap is running. Most birds like sweets—woodpeckers are very fond of sugar. Having found a tree yielding a large percent of sugar the birds peck holes in the trunk and then stand against the bark and drink the sap as it oozes out.

After the sap has ceased to flow and the trees have leaved out new wood and bark form in those small holes. The pecking and sap gathering go on for years until the tree, having given up so much sap to the birds, begins to furnish fluid containing less sugar. In ten or twelve years after the birds quit a tree the holes are all grown up, and nobody can pick out the big birdseyes from other trees that the woodpeckers did not visit.—N. Y. Sun.

The Real King of Beasts.

In show talk the lion is always the king of beasts. It sounds well and makes a fine line on the posters. If he had to defend the championship in the ring, I think almost any of the larger bears could give him weight and beat him easily. The lion looks like a fighter; all his muscles show out good and strong, and he has a kind of swagger to his walk, while any bear is a clumsy creature and has a rather clownish appearance. But for sheer strength I've never known the living thing that could compare pound for pound, with Bruin in muscular power. While the circus was showing in Ohio the trick bear broke loose. Whatever set him to it I don't know. He was never vicious. Probably he just wanted to play hooky. There was nothing to prevent him but a chain and a tolerably stout shed wall. He broke the chain, tore down the wall, and went out to see the place.

In a field across the way was a cow with her calf. The bear went over to look at them. I don't suppose he meant any harm. But the calf got frightened, and the poor cow bravely put her head down and threatened the intruder. Bears are just as quick as men in resenting a threat of harm, unless fear prevents. Hearing up, the bear struck the cow a blow on the side of the head. It was what the prize ring calls a half arm-jolt. Down went the cow as if hit with an axe. She might as well have been. For her head shows in like so much cardboard. Leaving the calf to mourn over its mother, the bear set

off across the country. He knew he'd been up to mischief. Besides, there were a dozen or so after him by this time. After heading him off from open country, we got him in a barayard and put a rope around his neck. He wouldn't budge. Not that there was any fight in him. It was rather the obstinacy of fear. Perhaps he knew that there was a sound beating awaiting him. He dug his claws into the ground and stuck. As many as could lay hold of the rope put all their endeavor upon it. No use. It was anchored. From "Notes from a Trainer's Pook," by Samuel Hopkins Adams, in McClure's Magazine.

THE SHIPS OF TWO SEAS.

Belle Book.

I watch beside the sobbing sea,
The tide is coming in.
Down sinks to rest within my breast,
The world's discordant din.

I look out o'er the restless waves,
And 'long the horizon's rim;
I see the tips of freighted ships
Rise spectre-like and dim.

I see them skim along the main,
With sails a-furl in air,
Till, in the blue, they fade from view,
And other ships are there.

Fairest of all these ships at sea,
Is one that parts the wave,
With a flame of fire from Nature's pyre,
As sunset finds a grave.

With sails of purple and gold full set,
She speeds away from sight,
And o'er the deep, with a solemn sweep,
Ride up the ships of night.

With the crescent moon for her signal lamp,
And a banner set with stars,
She saileth west, till her shadows rest,
Under the flame of Mars.

Wita light hung high o'er sea and sky,
She sails for the silent shore,
And hopes she brought, and deeds she wrought,
Shall come to us no more.

Oh! fair indeed, and freighted well
Are the ships of Day and Night,
And they bear us on till the port is won
That never fades from sight.

Their burden for some life and light,
'And the joys that they invest;
For others, cares and sinful fears
Are the ships that meet abreast.

In others rideth the spectre Death,
A grim and terrible guest!
With tears for some, and for some a home
'Where the weary are at rest."

Oh! oft I dream by the sounding sea,
And think, as the tide comes in,
Of another sea, a wonderful sea,
And ships that its roadstead win.

Oh, fair, brave ships! oh, royal ships!
Freighted with soul of men,
What do ye bear from the world of care
That the heart shall find again?

Oh! when we stand on the farther shore,
And watch by the sounding sea,
For our ships to come from their earthly home,
Will they well freighted be?

Will they bear rich treasures of hope and love,
A soul from the earth set free?
A heart of youth, and the light of truth,
To guide us over the sea?

Or will they vanish away in air—
Those ships from over the sea?
As a phantom sail, or a spectre pale;
And, oh! will they empty be?

Will they be burdened with doubt and fear,
Or freighted deep with sin?
Or shall we rejoice with an echoing voice,
When the ships of our life come in?

Only the good we do on earth,
Only the truths we gain,
Shall bring us peace, and the large increase
Of joys that give no pain.

Only the love of the "pure in heart"
Gaineth the shores of rest,
For death and life are ever at strife
In the ships that meet abreast.

Only the good we do survives
The journey over the sea;
Oh! souls take heed, else poor, indeed,
Or empty your ships will be.

The September number of "The Arena" contains a rich and varied table of contents. Those interested in the present ethical awakening along politico-economic lines will be especially attracted by the bold and circumstantial revelations of the influence exerted by the dominant trusts and corporations in Colorado politics. This paper is devoted to "The Powers on the Throne," and is well calculated to awaken general discussion. "Tainted Money and the Church," by the Rev. George F. Penecost, D. D., the eminent orthodox divine who recently offended many of Mr. Rockefeller's friends by his denunciation of wealth acquired by indirection, is a strong plea for the ethics of Christianity against the assaults of apologists for world commercialism and "high finance." "Mr. Lawson's Crusade: Its Strength and Its Weakness" is the title of a striking editorial in which Mr. Flower holds that the Boston assault of the "system" is an expert diagnostician, but that he signally fails when he comes to prescribing remedies, or rather that his advice, thus far is unfortunate for the cause of peaceful progress and the vindication of the interests of the people.

"The Struggle of Apocryphal with Democracy at the Opening of the Twentieth Century" is a timely and deeply thoughtful paper by the well-known author, E. P. Powell, which should challenge the careful attention of patriotic Americans, while the calm and judicial paper by Judge C. S. Lobingier, Judge of the Court of First Instance in the Philippines, in which he answers the chief objections to direct legislation, calls for more than casual reading. These notable papers are accompanied by features which will appeal to the general readers. Especially are the contribution by Prof. Archibald Henderson on "The Theater of Edmund Rostand," the discussion by Solomon Schindler on "Dependent Children and the State," the handsomely illustrated biographical sketch of "Frank P. Stone, California's Most Gifted Sculptor," and the plea by Dr. Agnes Valentine Kelley for free schools in the rural districts of the South, worthy of special mention, while Dr. Charles C. Abbott's "Birds and Bird Interpretation," a study of recent ornithological essays, will please Nature students. There are also a number of strong and interesting editorials and book reviews. Among the former "The School City as a Factor in Civil Development" and "Centers of Light and Learning" are timely and ought to be helpfully suggestive.

Discretion is a poor peg upon which to hang any advertisement.

SPIRIT
Message Department.

MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUM.

SHIP OF

MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

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 burden wherever it is made known to the world. In the cause of truth, kindly assist us to find those whom you believe may verify them. Many of them are not Spiritualists or subscribers to the "Banner of Light," so may we ask each of you to become a missionary for your particular locality?

INVOCATION.

Again we come out into this little circle sacred to the work of the Spirit, made sweet and beautiful by the message of the spirits who feel love and a desire to express to those they have left behind. Again we give all that we have of strength and influence, of tenderness and encouragement to those who are seeking this avenue of expression. Through the weary wastes of unidentified spirit life they may have been wandering, with no hand to lead them to the light, no voice to speak the right word, no one to tell them whereto turn to give them comfort and strength, and at last they are here with their hearts full of all the old tenderness and love, seeking always to make known their identity and to reach those they love best. Oh! blessed spirits of light and love, draw very near and help them to speak plainly the word which is burning in their hearts. Give them of your strength, give them of your understanding of the law of spirit communion, that there may be no faltering in their expression, and so shall the two worlds be joined more closely together into one fabric, bound into one, uniting and embracing the people of both spheres. Amen.

MESSAGES.

John Carter, Belfast, Me.

The first spirit that comes this afternoon is a man about 65 or 70 years old. His hair is quite heavy and gray and he wears it a little bit long. His face is strong and full; blue eyes and full beard, but nothing on his upper lip. He says, "My name is John Carter. I lived in Belfast, Me., and I have come because I want to reach my wife, Sarah. I don't know that I have anything else in the world that I am interested in particularly, but my wife is old and feeble and depressed; and I thought if she knew that I was over here waiting to open the door for her, and that she wouldn't have to hunt for me when she came, but would just look right into my face the first thing, that it might help her. It is pretty hard for people when they have lost all their friends to wait for death and have no knowledge of what it is like. I have a great desire to cheer her last days, and so I have taken this method of doing it. Tell her too that our daughter Ellen and all the friends we have ever known seem to remember us and inquire about us just as naturally as they would if I met them in Bangor or Portland. I don't know that she will care whether the place is very beautiful or very lovely if she only is sure that I am there. Now I thank you very much and I will go."

Phil Ip Hadley, Andover, Mass.

The next spirit that comes is a man about 45. He is dark, blue eyes, black lashes and black hair. He is tall, not very stout, but well built, and he seems very particular about his manner of speaking and of address. He says, "I am Philip Hadley and I lived in Andover, Mass. It is some time since I left the earth life, and I have grown quite accustomed to this life over here, and have for some months now felt a desire to communicate with my friends. I would like to send a message to Fred and tell him that I and no other of the condition of affairs when I came over. I might have made things easier had I known, but as it is now there isn't a thing that I can do except to use any spiritual influence that is possible and help him to have strength to gather himself again and make renewed effort. The future doesn't look so black as he might think. It is only the present that seems so shrouded in darkness. The days to come will brighten because of a better condition that is bound to make itself felt. Mother and father and Will are with me, and they unite with me in sending greetings and love. Good bye."

Judson Smith, Brookline, Mass.

There is a spirit now of a man, I should think he was about 50; medium height, dark eyes, a very little gray in his hair, rather long face and square shoulders, and big, deep voice. He says his name is Judson Smith; and he says, "I lived in Brookline, Mass. It was quite a sudden change for me for I came out of my life about as quick as anybody could; so sudden in fact that I could not realize that life had overtaken me. I want to go to Judson. I want her to know that I am with her because she is so afraid now that I am not. I would like to give some sign by which she would know that I am there, but when I try to, it frightens her, so I have come this way, instead. She is very mediumistic, but she doesn't seem to want to go anywhere where spirits are supposed to come or do come, and she doesn't want to believe that her friends can see her all the time. It seems unnatural to her, but I want her to get over that opinion and just make up her mind that it is a good deal better for all of us to be in communication because we cannot forget all the past in a minute; we are bound to wish we could do many things. I have seen Arthur and George, and with me today I have Beale who is so eager to send her love to Soule. Now I thank you for the pains you have taken, and I know it will do much good."

Fannie Kimball, Warren, O.

There is a spirit now of a woman, I should think she was about 25. Dark eyes and hair, slim form, rather long face, and a very soft and serene manner. She says, "It is so hard to say what I want to that I am almost dead to my own life. My name is Fannie Kimball and I lived in Warren, Ohio. I want to get to my friends. I am not unhappy

all the time, but there are some days that it seems as if I could not rest I want to get to them so much. My mother needs me. She often sees me, but she doesn't think of it naturally; she seems to think it is some unusual or strange thing for her to come. I didn't want to die; life held too many joys for me, but nothing seemed to make me any better and at last I had to die. Grandma was here. I could hear my mother and father talking and grandma talking at the same time. It confused me until I learned where I was; now grandma tries to talk to me about the beautiful things over here, but about all I want is to get to my mother and have her know that I am there. Please tell her for me that I am all right and that all I ask is for her to stop being afraid and pay attention when I come, and I think I can help her. Thank you."

George W. Stacey, Cambridge, Mass.

There is a spirit that I know that comes here to speak now. I knew him before he passed out of the body, and he asks me to speak for him at this time. He is George W. Stacey of Cambridge. He says, "It will be no revelation to anybody for me to say that I am just as much interested in spirit communion as I was before I came over here. So many things have happened in my family and so many changes have come that I have not been able to do all the things that I promised and thought I would, but I have been able to see them and have been trying to become accustomed to the new conditions. It is all that anybody told us over here, just as real and just as beautiful as I ever thought it could be. I wish that Carrie would make some effort to see if she cannot let her guides come for her believe it would be better for everybody. I have often stood by the side of my friends in the various places of meeting and thought they might see me, but it is very seldom that I have been spoken about. I go to the Cambridge meetings when they have them, and I am hoping for a big advance the next season. I want to see Spiritualism in Cambridge just where it ought to be, and I am glad to come and say that I am working and want to help things along. Give my love to my family and tell them that this is the place where I did the most work and am the most glad to be. Thank you."

Verification.

Verification of the Spirit Message from Philip Smith of Shakers, N. Y.
Esteemed Friend—Tell me if my earthly friends who have known our departed brother since the early age of four years can fully attest their firm belief in the full reliability of the spirit communication given in the "Banner of Light" of July 15th last from our brother.

I had been acquainted with him for forty-three years, and I feel that every word therein fully verifies the character of the man as he appeared to us all as he moved among us in the daily walks of life.

He was inclined to be a little skeptical in spiritual matters while in the form, but says he now sees the reality of spirit-return far more clearly than he did while in the body.

Orrin Beaver.

The Flobert Rifle.

Geo. W. Kates.

Some little girls lately riding along a country road in Michigan were overtaken by several boys of a malicious character, one of whom was carrying a flobert rifle, which they had been using to kill sparrows and other birds. The boys made effort to take possession of the girls' team, and somehow either by accident or in malicious mischief, one of the girls was fatally shot by the boy carrying the rifle.

We often hear of accidents or fatalities caused by the flobert rifle, a supposed toy. Why should such a rifle be permitted on sale as a toy? It is a powerful little weapon, entirely too dangerous for boys to possess. Why will parents purchase such a toy for their boys? All criminal carelessness resulting from its use must be at least partially chargeable to the folly of parents.

Firearms of all character should be unlawful to manufacture or sell. Murders would be infrequent if people fail to possess deadly weapons. Nothing leads more surely to a possible murder than does the habit of carrying a concealed weapon. To have a gun in the home often leads to careless killing by a person frightened by a sometimes real or often supposed burglar. Other methods would frighten away the trespasser and often save the killing of friend or relative. The best way is the safest—and the safest is, to make it impossible to kill. Better suffer robbery than to kill a human being. Boys should be led to better amusement than killing birds. And the military spirit should not be developed by parents furnishing accoutrements, guns and swords to their boys. The boys' military brigades organized by both secular and church schools, are developing a race of murderers by the supposed culture of patriotism.

Peace on earth will not reign until we abolish firearms, and thus only destroy war. We must lay the foundations for peace in the child mind, and not therein unfold the love of war and cultivate the art of killing.

IS IT HARD TO BELIEVE?

(From The Chautauquan.)

Is it hard to believe, is it hard to believe,
That we live again, dearest, you and I?
To me it is hardest of all to conceive
That having once lived we can ever die!
For a moment, even, to cease to breathe,
Or to love, or to smile, or to shed glad tears,
Or ever in dreams to cease to breathe
Some happiness out of the coming years.

Why, here is the earth, the sweet old earth,
With her violets, her daisies, her thrushes again!
With a plangent throbbing amid the mirth—
For the joy of it all is akin to pain.
Has the very dust of the earth the power
To be young each May, and to bloom and sing,
And are we less immortal than bird or flower
To be granted only one youth, one Spring?

From a risen earth to a risen heaven
Is no bold dream or the fancy's leap,
And love is a sunshine to wake us even
From something deeper than winter's sleep.
And so is it hard to believe, to believe
That we live again, dearest, you and I?
For me it is hardest of all to conceive
That having once lived we can ever die.

Mary A. Mason.

The world is a looking glass,
Wherein ourselves are shown,
Kindness for kindness, cheer for cheer,
Children for gloom, repulse for fear.
To every soul its own,
We cannot change the world a whit,
Only ourselves which look in it.
Susan Coolidge.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1906.

Society News.

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

Boston and Vicinity.

First Spiritual Science Church, Mrs. M. Adeline Wilkinson pastor.—At the morning circle a beautiful thought was expressed by Mr. Prior; readings and messages by Mrs. Reed, Mrs. Blanchard, Miss Sears, Mr. Jackson, Mrs. Wood, Mr. Newhall. Afternoon: Opening remarks on "Our Leader," by Mrs. Lewis; messages by Mrs. Reed, Mrs. Kemp, Mr. Baker, Mr. Nutter; evening: after song service led by Mrs. Lewis, opening remarks were made by Mr. Hicks on "Life," followed by Miss Sears, who gave many comforting messages. Mrs. Lewis gave one of her lovely songs, also messages. Mr. Holland gave astrological predictions; Mr. Macardar and Mr. Roberts readings. Tuesday afternoon, Indian healing circle; Thursday afternoon, psychometry; Thursday evening, Sept. 28, Corn Moon, Indian Peace Council.

First Spiritual Church of Boston, Inc., Rev. Clara E. Strong.—"God's Gifts" formed the subject of the morning. George opened the subject, after which Mr. Hall spoke upon the theme of the morning. Mrs. Lewis then gave forth as the spirit directed. Mrs. Moore spoke, after which Mr. Greenwood gave a poem and Mr. Newhall followed. Messages were given during the morning by Mr. Cowan, Mrs. Lewis and Miss Strong. At 2:30 p. m., "Conscience" formed the subject. In the afternoon, Mrs. Gutierrez spoke and messages followed by Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Graves and Miss Strong then gave many messages, after which a social hour was spent and many messages were given. Mrs. C. D. Chapman acted as chairman. At 7:30 p. m., Rev. xx, and xii, "Overcoming," was the subject. Mrs. R. Richardson, chairman. After George had spoken, all were delighted to hear Mrs. Kenney. Mr. Brewer then spoke, after which communications were given.

Malden Progressive Spiritual Society.—Thursday evening, Aug. 24, circle had its usual large attendance. Mr. Huggins and Mr. Cohen of Boston were both with us, giving everyone present a message, and all went away well pleased. Sunday afternoon, Aug. 27, circle opened at 2:30, with prayer by our president, Mrs. Alice M. Whall; song service, followed by remarks from Mr. Mardeen. Mrs. Mosher gave some fine communications. Spiritual remarks by Mr. John D. Goddu of Winchester. Golden Hair, in her sweet way, voiced many pleasant sayings. Mrs. Evans followed with communications, all being readily recognized. Prairie Flower gave many readings. We find our meetings are on the increase and the truth is eagerly sought. Meeting closed with benediction by Mr. Milton. Sunday evening: opened at 7:30 with a full hall; song service for fifteen minutes; piano solo by Mr. McLeod of Chelsea; song by Mr. Fred Baker of Lynn. Both were well received. Our president then presented the speaker of the evening, Mr. James Scarlett of Cambridge. A vocal solo was rendered by Mr. F. Baker. Mr. Scarlett took the platform again and, with his guide, gave messages the rest of the evening. Meeting closed at 9:30, with benediction by Mr. Scarlett. This society holds meetings in Louise Hall, 138 Pleasant street, Sunday afternoon at 3:30; circle for spiritual unfoldment Sunday evening at 7:30; inspirational speaking and tests, Thursday evening at 7:45. Social circle and spirit communications, in rear of Brown building, excepting the second Thursday in each month, which is set aside for our regular monthly supper, musical and literary entertainment.—Mrs. Alice M. Whall, president.

Waverley V. S. L. Home, Aug. 20, 1906.—"I wonder if it is generally realized what a tremendous force the science, philosophy and religion of Spiritualism has been in changing the thought of the Christian world during the past fifty years," said a speaker today. With what pleasure a man along in years contemplates and contrasts the vast change in religious thought since the days of his youth, and not. In those days our dear old fathers had written in our doxology a most fantastic and cruel way of disposing of our bodies and souls after death. It was thought to be very difficult in those days to escape the "wrath" to come, except for the elders and deacons. The majority of us lived in fear and trembling. His satanic majesty, was a very important personage in those days, and to steer clear of him and to modify the wrath of God against us exercised the minds of the majority of us so much that at times we scarcely knew where we were. When one of us passed out of the body the parson and the padre gave as a real good recommendation, commending us to our Creator, and giving us a fulsome eulogy, often to the surprise of our relatives, who knew us the best. But the tomb was the end, till Gabriel blew his blast upon his trumpet to awaken us from our long sleep of a thousand years to be judged. Is it any wonder that our hearts were filled with doubt and misgiving? Is it any wonder that we hailed with joy the return of our loved ones in spirit, who had passed on to the home of the soul, and given us sure and abundant assurance of continued life and love and affection, after the change called death? O, this wondrously comforting revelation of the truth that conscious life persists after death! This grand truth of Spiritualism is invading the hearts of all mankind. The aspiration of the soul has been answered; the clouds of uncertainty and despair have rolled away. Man sees and knows and understands as never before God's abounding love for His children, in bestowing upon them everlasting love and life.

Mrs. Hartwell presided at the meeting; address by Mrs. Crowell of Lynn; remarks by Mrs. Bolton, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Hicks; messages by Mrs. Carter of Boston, Mrs. Crowell and Mrs. Lewis; poem by Mr. Webster; solo by Mrs. Taylor; Mr. Wild, pianist.—J. H. Lewis.

Unity Camp, Bangor Centre, Alex. Caird, M. D., pres.—Sunday, Sept. 3, Medium's Day. A large number of speakers and mediums will assist. All mediums especially invited. Good music. Mrs. Alice Worcester Weeks, the celebrated soprano soloist, and other good singers. Services, 11, 2 and 6, Concert at 5.

New England States.

Portland, Me., Aug. 27, 1906.—We had a very pleasant and entertaining meeting this evening. Mr. A. J. Weaver of Morris Pratt Institute of Great Water, Wis., delivered a very fine and learned lecture, the subject of which was "The Religions which have been and the Religion which is to be." Mr. William Lynch sang "The Lost Chord" beautifully.

The lawn party at Mr. R. F. Knight's last Monday evening was well attended, and a very pleasant social evening was enjoyed.—Francis W. Vaughan, clerk.

Providence, R. I., Aug. 25, 1906.—We wish to announce that J. J. Morse and daughter have cancelled all their dates with our society, owing to their going back to England, but we are glad to announce that Mrs. C. Fanny Allen will occupy our little platform on our opening, Sept. 2. We are always glad to greet her, for the untiring devotion to the cause of truth she has always manifested, and no speaker has a warmer place in our hearts than Mrs. Allen.—A. T. Marsh.

Taylor's Grove.—The First Spiritualist Society of Lowell held its second grove meeting at Taylor's Grove, Wilmington, Mass., on Sunday, Aug. 6. Mrs. Annie L. Jones of Lowell being the speaker. After the lectures she gave many messages which were very convincing.

Prof. Chas. Mottram of Lowell also spoke, and Mrs. Fagan of Malden gave messages. The next meeting was held on Aug. 27, and Mrs. Margaret A. Jacobs of Lawrence, and others spoke.

Services at 2 p. m., Taylor's Grove, may be reached by electric cars from Reading Square to Wilmington every half hour. Leave cars at bridge and grove is close by. Mediums and others interested are cordially invited to attend these meetings.—A. E. Jordan, clerk.

The Field at Large.

First Church Progressive Spiritualists, New York, Sunday, Aug. 27, 1906.—Rev. Hugh R. Moore being absent, Mr. John D. Glover, a faithful developing member of the class, occupied the platform. Subject, "Pure Spiritualism," nobly presented and Mr. Frank Montsko gave spirit messages. Next Sunday, Sept. 3, Mr. Alfred Andrews, president of Yonkers Spiritualist Society, will address the meeting.—Litus Merritt, sec.

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.

Movements of Platform Workers.

Rev. H. S. Geneva Lake is open for engagements for the season of 1906-07. Early application will secure extended date. Address, Lock Box 502, Olympia, Wash. George Leander Handal, Marion, Mass., inspirational writer and speaker, is open to a few engagements for local societies. Rev. Thomas Grimshaw has returned from England and will resume his labors first of September at the Spiritualists' Temple in St. Louis, Mo.

Dr. G. B. Warne of Chicago, Ill., has been actively engaged at camps during the summer and seems to be enlarging his sphere of labors in the general field. He is Illinois developing doctor.

Charles E. J. Barnes of Warsaw, Ind., is highly spoken of as a physical medium. His work at the camps has been very successful. Dr. Edson A. Titus, of Battle Creek, Mich., is making a good reputation as a speaker and medium of ability.

Miss Emma Gibbs of Grand Rapids, Mich., is a promising young inspirational speaker. Joseph King of Pipestone, Mich., is a materializing medium whose work at the Vicksburg camp is reported to be genuine and satisfactory.

Cure Your Own Kidney

and Bladder Diseases at Home at a Small Cost.—One Who Does It Gladly Tells You How.

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock (Clothing Dealer), East Hampton, Conn., wishes us to tell our readers who are suffering from any kidney or bladder diseases, that if they will send their address to him, he will, without any charge whatsoever, direct them to the perfect home cure he so successfully uses.

Knowing, as he so well does, the failure of almost every other treatment in stubborn cases, he feels that he ought to place in the hands of every suffering man and woman this simple, inexpensive and withal positive means of restoring themselves to health.

Our advice is to take advantage of this most generous offer while you can do so without cost.

Letters from Our Readers.

The editor is not responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents and sometimes publishes what he does not agree with, but he is of the opinion that many will discuss.

Lake Pleasant, Mass., Aug. 24, 1906.—"We had a very lovely time at the annual banquet held here at Lake Pleasant last night, nearly one hundred partaking of our landlord's repast. Then toasts were in order. We see that a toast was omitted in our little nutmeg state, Connecticut. So here goes to Connecticut. There has always been from the first of this camp a good sized delegation coming up here from that state from Winsted. There has been, headed by E. B. Parsons, about fourteen or fifteen more or less who start every year for this ground. It was when this Lake Pleasant camp was run or headed by President Beales of Greenfield that we left everything to attend this camp, and as now we are just the four score and ten that is given to man on this earth to live, still we are here enjoying these bright days under these lovely trees and beside this clear, lovely lake. Many friends that always, too, dropped their work and came here, come no more, as they have gone to that other shore and joined the spirit land. Many that come to this camp are getting old. I see, like myself, yet there is a welcome and a social feeling we receive here. That is what others say that come here. All cottages are thrown wide open and chairs set out for one to take. In a word, where we all need help and sympathy it is this fellow feeling that is better than rich food and luxuries. The cottagers vie with each other to see which can do the prettiest to attract attention. Mrs. Clapp has a lawn covered with beautiful flowers. Parsons.

A Word from Walter Bradley.

To Readers, Students and Workers: In taking our place with the Banner of Light workers, for the dissemination of spiritual truth and knowledge, for and from the spirit world, we recognize something of the sacred responsibility involved, and it will be our highest endeavor to help, instruct, warn and educate in the fuller unfoldment of spiritual Spiritualism.

Many of our readers are of the "spiritually cultured." We ask you to co-operate with us, give us your highest thought, your earnest prayers and your loving sympathy, so that our hands and yours may be strengthened to

carry on this noble work of manifestation from spirit, and the unfolding of the spiritual nature in ourselves, and all those with whom we come in contact.

To all investigators we would say, "dig deep"; don't be contented with gathering tests and ending there. "Search, study and examine yourselves," approach in a true spiritual attitude and you will find the light within you, whether you may be considered mediumistic or not.

We are not here to argue about religious beliefs. The spiritual power and the spirit forces are permeating humanity at large, giving messages, creating links from the surroundings in which they move, and we as spirits in the flesh are needed sometimes to connect the links. Shall we be continually asking them to help us and do nothing but receive, or shall we co-operate with them and by helping others gather from the abundance of real knowledge—the "spiritual."

To all partially developed mediums we would say, "Be guarded." Stand fast to that which is good, be consistent, make sure of your ground, dig deep and move slow; don't get self inflated by any phenomena you may be connected with; study the philosophy well, make sure of the influences which impress you, cultivate the power of discrimination of influences whether from the mental or spiritual plane. Know that you engage in an extremely responsible work in working with the finer forces. It cannot be approached with levity, neither should it be used with selfish impunity, as this way disaster lies. Be true to yourselves, live the spiritual life and generate the spiritual thought; then may you gather from the higher intelligences and radiate the spirit message to mankind.

To the wolves in sheep's clothing seeking for the easy prey, we say beware. Retribution must come, does come, will come to you. For several years it has been in our surroundings to unearth the spurious and expose the unscrupulous. A bitter hell is theirs. May they be led to seek from their ignominious conditions the higher and the better way. In closing our letter, we would say to all workers, give of your best, radiate the true spiritual conception, look further than the present, be a builder and build right. Error is temporary, truth is eternal. If we are in line with the universal divine spirit, verily we can heal men of their diseases. With love to all, yours for truth.

Walter Bradley. [We are happy to announce that Mr. Walter Bradley has taken rooms in the Banner of Light Building, for generally useful work at this center, as a Spiritualist, lecturer and message bearer for the Spirit World. He can be consulted here daily at reasonable prices. We are misled by his endorsements and our own discernment, or Mr. Bradley is the man for whom we have been waiting for work of this kind. A gentleman in appearance, generous in his impulses, steady and spiritual in his emanations, we speak for him a cordial welcome to the field.—Marg. Ed.]

PASSED TO SPIRIT LIFE.

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

SAMUEL D. CLARKE.

Passed to higher life: August 8, 1905. Mr. Samuel D. Clarke, aged 85 years. He was a Spiritualist for over fifty years, was a native of Vermont and a well known and respected citizen with many friends. He was a builder and contractor and held many prominent civil positions. He leaves three daughters and a son. He lived a true life.

GOLDIE G. VAUGHAN.

Passed to spirit life Goldie G. Vaughan, August 11, 1906, at the age of 19 days. At the home of her parents, 10 Quincy street, Portland, Me. Spiritual services were held and were beautiful. Mrs. Raymond of Boston officiated. Mr. Lynch rendered "Abide With Me" and "Beyond the Gates of Paradise" and "A Pail of Beautiful Promise to Blossom in the Garden of Spirits."

OLIVE E. D. GRAHAM.

Passed to spirit life, at Lake Pleasant, August 14, Mrs. Olive E. D. Graham, wife of Samuel Graham. For thirty-one years she had been a camper on the grounds and for thirty years a member of the Ladies' Aid of Boston. Funeral services were held at her cottage on Broadway, Monday, August 14, at 4 p. m. R. F. Churchill, president of the Greenfield Spiritualist Society, officiated. Mrs. Alice S. Waterhouse, a life-long friend and vice-president of the Campmeeting Association, paid a loving tribute to her memory in a few well chosen words. Mrs. T. U. Reynolds, Mrs. Hattie G. Mason and Mr. H. A. Budington made a few remarks. Singing was by the Schubert Quartet of Boston. The body was taken to Somerville Tuesday morning and buried in Woodlawn Cemetery. A good woman has gone to her reward. She had the knowledge of the immortality of the soul, the continuity of life after death, and had received messages from her spirit friends for many years.

ALDRIDGE E. GARDINER.

Aldridge E. Gardiner of Providence passed on in the quiet of evening Thursday, August 16. Born in 1828, the weight of years seems to have been too great for his physical form to longer resist the inroads of disease.

In addition to his business life, Mr. Gardiner was in military service, and was very active in social affairs. He held a commission under Col. William W. Brown in the First Light Infantry at the time of the Dorr War, and was a member of the veteran association of that regiment. He also was a member of St. John's Commandery, No. 1, K. T., and up to his death was the oldest Sir Knight in the local branch of the order. He was a member of the last delegation from St. John's Commandery to visit the Richmond Commandery at Richmond, Va., before the Civil War, and in the first delegation, which visited the Richmond Commandery after the Rebellion. In addition to the above, he belonged to the following: Royal Arch Chapter, No. 1, Providence Council, R. and S. M.; St. John's Lodge, No. 1, A. F. and A. M.; Rhode Island Consistory, A. and S. Rite; Palestine Temple, A. O. N. M. S.; the West Side Club and the Fountain Club, of which two last named he was one of the founders.

His death was comparatively sudden. Up to within a week he had not been very sick, and his condition in the early part of Thursday night was not considered dangerous, until he suddenly became much worse, and expired at 11 o'clock. His two daughters, Mrs. Frank T. Pearce and Mrs. Christopher M. Lee, and two grandchildren, Aldridge G. Pearce and Anna F. Pearce, survive him.

Let me in season, Lord, be grave,
In season gay,
Let me be faithful to Thy grace
Just for today.

So for tomorrow and its needs
I do not pray,
But keep me, O Lord, as I desire ever
Just for today.

Samuel Wilberforce.

WONDER WHEEL SCIENCE.

(July 20, Copyrighted, 1906, by C. E. Webster.)

Daily Guidance for All, by Birth Numbers.

By Professor Henry.

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

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

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

Having found your Birth Number in the above, as given for the above dates of Birth, then find that Birth Number in the Top Line of Figures marked "Birth Nos." in the following Table. The Column of letters under your Birth Number is YOUR Column, and no other, unless you have a Key for other Columns. Look down your Column and see what Letters are Marked in it. The letter means

Birth Nos.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Aug. 24-25	K	B	F	G	M	E						
26-27	K	B	F	G	M	E						
28-29	E	K	B	F	G	M						
30-31	E	K	B	F	G	M						
Sept. 1-2	M	E	K	B	F	G						
3-4	M	E	K	B	F	G						
5-6	G	M	E	K	B	F						
7-8	F	G	M	E	K	B						
10-11	F	G	M	E	K	B						
12-13	F	G	M	E	K	B						
14-15	B	F	G	M	E	K						
17-18	B	F	G	M	E	K						
20-21	K	B	F	G	M	E						
22-23	K	B	F	G	M	E						

your favorable days. Carry your eye on the line of the letter over to the left and there you will find the Date of your favorable days during the days for which the Table is made. It may be one or both of these days. Take advantage of both, anyway, as best you can. The letter B shows where the Moon is each day. If the letter is E, it means that your

Chats with the Professor—No. 19.

HOW THE WORLD IS HYPNOTIZED.

"I have been thinking the matter over quite seriously," said the doctor, "and I have been talking with my wife about it. We have come to the conclusion that the various religious forms and methods observed in the world are very good for social fads, for Sunday diversion, and for exclusive gatherings, where we may meet and shake hands and express our feelings of good will one towards another as we feel disposed to do, and to whisper our condemnations of such things in the world as are not agreeable to us; but for the real truths of life and for the better understandings of ourselves and of our fellowmen and for our true salvation, we both think, professor, that the True Astrology, as you seem to advance it under the title of Wonder Wheel Science is a little above any of the classified forms of religion and will stand a thorough examination and a most rigid investigation more satisfactorily than anything that we have yet ventured to examine."

"I am glad to hear you say so," replied the professor. "It is precisely what anyone will say who is able to shut his eyes to the delusions of the world that are all about him, and look Wonder Wheel Science squarely in the face. They do say, doctor, that people who are not honest to themselves are not able to look the Truth straight in the eyes."

"You believe, then, that Astrology is positively true, and is the Sure Guide for our Mortal and our Immortal lives."

"I do," replied the professor. "I first attacked Astrology as a skeptic. I had compared the accounts of the hundreds of different religions and in them all I could find nothing to depend upon but the word of man. One man said this and declared it to be the only God's truth. Another man said that and as positively affirmed that what he said was the only God's truth. Every man according to the ancestral conditions under which he was born, set up a moral god of his own, labeled it as the one and the only god worthy of his reverence, and then made fads at every other form of morality, or of a god different than his own. When any attempt was made to analyze any of these claims they were always discovered to be founded upon the law of gossip."

"And what is the law of gossip?" asked the doctor.

"It is this," replied the professor. "Somebody says something to somebody and somebody repeats it to everybody, yet while everybody acts as if it were true, nobody can be found who will stand as Father of the facts, hence they have to appoint a mythical god-father, designated as 'They Say.'"

"Do you term the Bible as a book of 'They Say'?" asked the doctor.

"It is nothing else," replied the professor. "It is not a book to be despised, on that account, for true or untrue, literally, it gives us a knowledge of the thoughts that pervaded the scrupulous of the ancient religious world. The characters, however, all through the Bible, are mostly mythical and personified ideas of principles, copied from the Bibles of other nations and peoples to whom no credit was given, while the pretended authors of these works are as obscure or as mythical as are the characters portrayed in the works. They say, 'thus saith the Lord,' but no one ever gets a word from the Lord, except as it is handed down, kabalistically, from father to son through ages of contention, rivalry, ignorance and persecution."

"Is not Astrology handed down in the same manner?" asked the doctor.

"Oh, no!" replied the professor. "It is only the ancient testimonies of Astrology that are handed down from the past. Some of these testimonies are so absurd that they would make a cat laugh at them, while others are so true that one is forced to bow the head in acknowledgment of them. We are in no manner bound to follow any of the ancient testimonies if our own testimonies of the present day show them to be now in error and not suited to the changed conditions of the heavens. Astrology is ever with us, yesterday, today and tomorrow. Our lord of the solar heavens rises regularly in the morning and sets regularly in the evening. He is sign of the Zodiac, with their powers of fire, air, earth and water, in which we live, move and have our being. Each Being born to earth is under the dominant guardianship of a Tutelary lord, known as a planet and each individual on earth hobnobbs with his fellow creatures on earth, precisely as the planets in the heavens hobnob with his tutelary lord. If we are wise we do not have to depend upon 'They say' of our fellow beings to know truth from falsehood. We have but to know the operation of our own tutelary lord and thereby fulfill the prayer, 'in earth as it is done in heaven.' We have to obey this law anyway, even though we desire ourselves by thinking that we do not. We do not get from the law only in our delusive think-

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

During the dates in this Table, Birth No. 6 has an Especial Ruling over the whole world. This makes Birth Numbers 2, 10, 2 and 4 more favored than others during these dates in the Table, and Birth Numbers 3, 12 and 5 less favored than others even on the E, G, F, K and M.

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

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

In the realm of delusive thought we have our joys and our sorrows, but our real life for weal or for woe is as it is mapped out in the heavens. Our animal natures are magnetic subjects, and may be influenced either to the right or to the left of our individual pathway in life, but it is impossible for us to go beyond the length of our rope, either to the right or to the left. The rope is what is called our free will. It is free only as the dog is free who is tied with a rope at the tail end of a wagon. Sometimes the rope gets hauled up pretty tight, and then we are in trouble; while at other times the rope runs out to quite a length, and we think that we are the only pebble on the beach, until the rope begins to tighten again. Nobody on earth escapes these experiences. Not one. The only difference is that some of us are attached to the king's chariot, while others have to mope along under a junk cart. These conditions are made known by the laws of the heavens. They are written above our heads today as plainly and as clearly as they were above the heads of Moses in Mount Horeb, or of Jesus of Nazareth, in the garden of Gethsemane. No pope, nor bishop, nor priest, nor minister, nor czar, nor king, nor president, nor layman, can dispute these facts, without disputing the very laws of his being.

"Why are they not more generally studied?" asked the doctor.

"They are studied far more than you may imagine them to be," replied the professor. "Our thought is the weak point in earth life. It is psychologically susceptible to the powers of Suggestion. The Animal Nature is magnetically attracted towards its Animal gratifications, to the right or the left of the straight line of our rope. The Animal nature hypnotizes the thought and deludes it into the wayside attractions of life. Thereby the Animal propensities get into troubles, just as cattle break out of their pastures into the corn-field, or as the chickens get into the gardens and scratch up the farmer's garden sass. It takes brickbats and clubs and angry words and powder and ball to keep the Animals in their proper places, and wars and troubles of all kinds are only in our thought delusions, which have been carried to such an extent in the follies and the faddles of life, that they appear to our hypnotized thought as if they were all the things in life, to live for. Thought life, under this worldly delusion is the greatest dep of gamblers and of thieves that the world ever knew. Thought Delusions are the money-changers in the outer sanctuary of the Temple of the Mind, and these money changers are ever ready to crucify the Christ who attempts to whip them with the cords of Truth."

CUCKOO SONG.

B. A. Hitchcock.

(Written expressly for the "Banner of Light.")

'Tis when the cuckoo's mellow call floats sweet
From sky retreat,
And when the springtime breezes gently woo,
O then, dear heart, I long for you.

Near yonder fragrant flower-haunted dell
I wait to hear the sound I love so well.
It is the low and flute-like note
That swells the cuckoo's throat.
Cuckoo! O heart! How liquid clear,
Springtime has come and summer's near.
But where are you, my dear?
Come back, lost Love. The cuckoo's woo
With longing fills my heart for you.

The willow's golden, scented tassels wave,
I cannot think that you are in the grave.
A mystic charm pervades the air,
I feel your presence fair.
Cuckoo! O heart! How liquid clear—
Is it your tender voice I hear?
Sweetheart of mine; dear Love so true:
Death's dark is only hiding you.

A misty blur the landscape round me lies,
Because of tears fast crowding to my eyes.
And yet a strange, mysterious calm
Pours on my heart its balm.
Cuckoo! O heart! How liquid clear!
Love, you have come. I feel you near.
We both can hear the cuckoo's woo,
Death's dark is only hiding you.

A story is told about Francis Parkman, the historian, which shows that in spite of impaired eyesight he was not blind to injustice. A friend met him walking along the street, holding two street boys by their coat collars. In reply to his friend's request for an explanation, Parkman said: "I found this boy had eaten an apple without dividing with his little brother. Now I'm going to buy one for the little boy and make the big one look as white as the other."

After reading this incident, we should expect fairness of treatment in Parkman's histories.—St. Nicholas.