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DIVINE AID.

Have faith, for thence a light is drawn
Round all afflictions here;
And to your hearts from Heaven is borne
The words of holy cheer—
"Have faith, and bravely do your best—
Then God Himself will do the rest!"
"Have faith, for every pain and loss
Has been in goodness planned;
And you can jewel the heaven-sent cross
By trusting God's wise hand.
So lean on Him unto the end—
Your strength, guide, comforter and friend!"
Devotion.

The Unsolved Problems.

Lecture of Ex-Judge Abram H. Daitley delivered at
Lake Pleasant, Mass.

As years go by, we are prone to be more deeply impressed with the unsolved problems that man has struggled with since he found himself upon earth. Year after year we have congregated to study the mysteries of life, and to improve ourselves with the knowledge we have gained.

We still are children in learning, though we may be men and women in stature and years. The more we have learned, the more are we impressed with the density of our ignorance, and the lack of understanding. As we grow older, feebler become our bodies, and memory ceases the tenacity of its hold on the events which have transpired around us, and make up the sum of our experiences.

There are things we would forget, but they seem deepest rooted in our souls, and are the hateful companions of our lives. We can but wish that it were not true, "that the evil that men do lives after them, and that the good is often interred with their bones."

Conscience is man's accuser, and none is without conscience. We learn that there are physical deformities from prenatal conditions; that there are innate moral defects is certain, but in so far as is known, there is in no man a faculty totally lacking, common to others.

We are, or should be, students of life. Our mission as Spiritualists is easily comprehended, and our movements have been open and fearless. Whatever else we may be, we are Spiritualists, and as such let us continue to be known. The word itself is second to none in significance. We will permit no limitations to what may be shown or comprehended under it, which in any way pertains to, or is founded upon it.

While we concede that we know but little of spirit, we do know enough to perceive that spirit pertains to all forms of life, and is eternal. It is, in fact, elemental in the cosmos of worlds. It is back of all forms of life, and is the soul of things. It is God. Therefore, I am a Spiritualist, a student of all that pertains to spirit. I would know more of God.

In a limited sense, we are spiritists; in its unlimited significance, we are Spiritualists. The dividing line between the Spiritualists and other religious denominations is easily defined. The Spiritualist bases his faith for tomorrow upon the demonstrable facts of today, and puts forth his hopes for the future in the history of the courses of nature, as discerned in her own works, and the fact that passing events are in conformity with previously observed and recorded phenomena. This comprises the scientific basis of our faith, our hopes, and reliance in its stability.

All who build their hopes upon promises made through human instrumentalities, with no references to the courses of nature, and well defined principles—clearly manifested to us—are not of us, nor with us; they are against us. The chasm between us is deep. It may be crossed, but cannot be closed.

As we seek to be students of truth, and are worshippers at the shrine of that God whose word is Truth, we are in the highest degree answerable for our conduct, according to our light. "Prove all things, hold fast to that which is good." I am not contending that we have attained more than a basis upon which to build our Spiritual Temple.

This world is to us our temporary abode. We came up out of it; we are its children from a living ancestry, conceived in rocks and born in the morning of Time. We are tracing our lineage, seeking to fathom the mysteries of life in its primeval forms, for the purpose of knowing, beyond the conjectures of theorists, or the dreams of mythologists, whether contained in the Jewish, Assyrian or Egyptian scriptures, the sources of life and being through matter, and beyond this world, if we can thus penetrate by any means given us.

True, we are all going forward on the bosom of the onflowing River of Time; and everything having life must pass through the gateway of Death, to the boundless spiritual oceans beyond. The good, the bad, the ignorant, and the learned, the righteous and wicked, find a common sepulcher for their mortality, and a spiritual world for the immortal soul. We have a common heritage of life.

This being so, the question by the unformed naturally will be asked: "Of what benefit is the attainment of any knowledge of the future? Why this cry of warning out of the throats of priests and preachers, the world over, for the salvation of souls, if none can be lost? Why this waste of labor and treasures to save a soul that cannot be lost?" My answer is based upon knowledge attained, not only from what we find here, but from messages from the spiritual world, and is justified by reason.

First. It does not follow that because man's soul is immortal its condition is one of happiness. The laws of life here and hereafter, if violated, bring suffering. Our spiritual bodies, while here, are co-related to our material bodies, and suffering to the physical part would not occur were it not for that relation. Consciousness is the condition of the human personality, which permits it to realize pleasure and pain, and though the spirit is freed from the sensations of physical pain, after the separation, it is, nevertheless, subjected to great suffering for the violation of laws which should be obeyed.

Second. Spiritualism instructs us of the nature of the spiritual world, and of the essential conditions to attain the highest degree of happiness upon entering that world.

Third. It demonstrates that the story of the Fall of Man is a fable, and hence the doctrine of a vicarious atonement is fallacious, misleading and pernicious.

Fourth. That an Anthropomorphic God, by special individual acts, brought matter, light and life into being, is a claim refuted by the evidence of the processes through which this earth is shown to have passed; by the records contained on and in her bosom.

Fifth. That we only know of God by the manifestations of the Supreme Power in the Universe; and all that we behold, whatever its form, is subject to certain laws which in the past have controlled its actions, are now operating upon it, and will continue to do so eternally. They may bring about unlimited changes.

Sixth. That the forces which are at work are invisible and will in all probability so continue.

Seventh. That good, as contradistinguished from evil, has no existence outside of mental consciousness, whereby the mind discerns and distinguishes that which tends to produce pleasure or suffering.

Eighth. That the doorway between this and the spiritual world for the transmission of communications, has never been closed since the first man entered the spiritual world. Hence it is of the highest importance that the methods of communication should be as complete as possible; that the truth regarding that other world should no longer be left to conjecture; that the truth contained in the various religions may be clearly known, and severed from that which is not true, that thereby the penalty of ignorance be no longer suffered.

To this end we should strive to awaken among all persons, a full realization of the nature of sin, and of the absolute certainty that every sinner must suffer for his own misdeeds.

The world should know that no man can atone for the sins of another. The motives of men for their deeds reveal their inward nature, and to outgrow evil propensities is the one essential above all others, to spiritual progression.

Therefore, the aspiration of all should be to be filled with Christ in spirit, and to become Christ-like in all our ways.

I have now defined where we stand, as a denomination of Spiritualists. I have done so, not to enlighten you, who are better informed than I, but that it may go out to the world again, and again; that as the Spiritualists declared over fifty years ago, so they declare today.

I desire to repeat what many have said before, and what more have observed without proclaiming it, which is, that the voice of the spirit is one thing, and the medium is quite another. That mediumship is no guarantee of truthfulness, morality or learning on the part of the medium, nor does it indicate the reverse. It simply means that the personality of the psychic may be used for presenting a phase of phenomena not possible for other persons not gifted in that respect.

I want to speak of the obligations I feel that we, as Spiritualists, are under to those who have for years been patiently exploring the human personality, for the purpose of discovering and making known, the sources and extent of the phenomenal powers which certain, if not all, persons possess and exercise. From whence does the remarkable knowledge they seem at times to possess, come to them? We all know that for many years, and the years have not yet gone, there were two answers made to the various manifestations upon which Spiritualism came before the world. One was that all were fraudulent. The other, that they were satanic. These positions were utterly inconsistent and irreconcilable. If they were fraudulent, then they had no existence in fact, and were not done by evil ones. If they were

done by evil spirits, then they were not fraudulent.

It is worthy of note, that the spiritual manifestations of 1848 came at a time when art and science were having a renaissance, when scientists, philosophers, students and lovers of art were awake and the thirst for knowledge, wealth and fame was rapidly growing stronger. Artists sought to transfer the similitudes of the wonders of nature in their splendor and beauty to the canvas, that they might be perpetuated in homes, museums and galleries, for it is true that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." Sculptors looked in wonder at the exquisite works of men of bygone ages, as they were recovered from their sepulchers, where they had so long been buried, amid the ruins of cities of ancient times. Historians and archaeologists were uncovering the libraries of people and nations now gone from the earth forever. They drove off or bought off the barbarians tenting over the graves of ancient civilizations in the old, and supposed new world alike.

Man by his learning, ingenuity and skill has been able to decipher and interpret thousands of volumes of literature of these dead nations. Their laws and statutes, their litanies, and the offices and names of their gods and goddesses, are now known. Their wars and conquests have now become a part of our historical knowledge.

The land where Abraham dwelt, and the foundations of the Temple where he worshipped, have been discovered. Back of Abraham's time for thousands of years, have explorations gone, and the relics of people of still greater antiquity have been discovered, and the stories of their existence and achievements as written by their own historians are now being re-told in the languages of living nations.

We find the Jews comparatively a recent tribe. The outcome of all that has been gathered from all sources, amounts to nothing of any value, tending to prove that God has ever spoken to man, or revealed himself in any way, or by any method, different than he is doing now.

Among all of the human race, of which we have any knowledge, there have been those gifted as seers, prophets, and those with the power to work what have been called miracles. Through these it is claimed that God has, as a person, from time to time spoken and given his laws to men. But in one sense only, can this be truly said. If the voice of man is the voice of God, then has God spoken through and by him, and to my mind not otherwise.

Those relics recovered from the graves of Time tell their own stories. These almost innumerable collections are rising from their graves, and through them the dead are speaking to us. They are the messages of those who lived long, long ago, purposely prepared to tell to us the story of their own lives, their conquests and achievements. They have engraved their prayers on tablets of rock; their words of praise and worship on enduring substances, and their laws upon stone, that knowledge might be preserved for the enlightenment of succeeding generations.

There has been a longing desire by man in all ages, to know the truth concerning his parentage, and realizing that he was environed by a power which carried him onward and forward to know the source and nature of that power, whether it be an unthinking, inhuman, unfeeling force, forever warring with the elements, or is there one God at the helm, controlling and guiding, who is more powerful than the elements, and who is kind, merciful and good? Or is he like man, changeable, unkind, unmerciful and cruel according to his whims and caprices?

That the people of all ages have been divided in their conceptions of Deity, cannot be questioned. The denominations known as Christian sects, are but little in advance, if any, of the famous men of old, who taught that goodness, virtue and morality—and living according to the Golden Rule—are essential to the highest happiness.

The knowledge obtained by archaeologists brings us not so near to those great truths the people of all ages have been seeking, as do the scientific works of the great men who have come with the dawn of modern Spiritualism, with facts no longer to be ignored.

Again: Science has been, and is, sifting and classifying the various manifestations presented by human personality. How much is accomplished by the little understood powers of the individual, without telepathy from other mortals or spirits under the psychometric gift, persons of great discernment and powers of analysis are seeking to define. The mind has been the subject of great study; its faculties and powers have been little understood. The weight of authority among the most learned of men and women, is to the effect that the mind is dual; one part below and the other above the threshold of normal consciousness. That the sub-conscious mind is forever becoming filled with knowledge of transpiring events, with little concern regarding that part which is studying, discerning, analyzing and pondering upon those matters engrossing the objective mind.

That upon momentous occasions the great storehouse of the subjective mind is opened, and becomes the source from which the objective mind may draw to the astonishment and edification of others, is shown. Genius is defined, and the marvelous gifts possessed by a few in certain ways are explained.

I cannot here enter into details, regarding the advances which scientists have made, in bringing to light some of the faculties that man is found to possess. A warfare has been waged by those who would, if they could, close the door to such researches, lest they disturb the foundations of the religions they have espoused, and those who are determined that, regardless of consequences, the truth shall be made known. Some, like the late Dr. Thompson J. Hudson, finding that the facts are with the Spiritualists, seek to account for them without explaining or accounting for those which unmistakably demonstrate life beyond death.

We owe a debt of gratitude to the late Frederick W. H. Meyers, Richard Hodgson, and those able and patient searchers for truth, who have for many years, by their labors, systematized and presented to the world, that great work, "Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death," which will be to them a monument of honor and fame, as enduring as civilization itself, and I may truly say its value is not yet fully appreciated. Spiritualists should procure it and study it. It is a great educator.

The year since we last assembled here has been filled with many remarkable occurrences, which have left their impressions upon our minds. We were never more conscious of human frailty. How powerless is man to oppose the violence of the elements when they once leap their barriers, and rush against the obstacles in their pathway. Will it avail us to raise our hands in horror, and charge Deity with cruelty? Shall we consider the warring of the elements as manifestations of the anger and passion of gods within, or as evidence of the absence of any controlling hand guided by reason or will without?

Teleologists claim to see a purpose or plan in the great workings of the elements, out of which our world, and all related to it, have come, and in the destiny which is every moment being consummated. I am confident that the great movements, whereby worlds are formed, and life generated, are tending to the accomplishment of great purposes, and that to a limited extent they are discernible. How far that purpose is manifested by the exercise of such faculties as are found in the human mind, if at all, is beyond the comprehension of man. Whatever that faculty may be, it is not a disputable proposition, that it has brought forth man, with all his physical and mental powers, and the spiritual universe as well.

Therefore, may we not recognize in all the wonderful displays of life, of force, of spirit, of intelligence, that which bears to us the relation of father? And is not that Father bringing us forward and upward from a lower condition to a higher and better one? And is not that "God in us," which is impelling us to advance in knowledge and spirituality? And is it not "God in us" which enables us to provide for our wants by ploughing, sowing and harvesting in advance; and impelling us to learn how to use and control the elements; and when they burst their barriers, how to escape being destroyed by them? Is it not "God in us" which sees the gathering of the forces, and warns us in advance to flee from the wrath to come?

Have you ever considered that we have brought with us from the lower orders of life, much of their nature, disposition, instincts, appetites and passions, and with all of our education and vast ascendancy, we still retain and manifest the cruelty and passions of the brute? Have you ever considered how closely the outbursts of human passion, and the cruelties displayed by man towards those he hates, resemble the fury of the storm, the ravages of flame and water? This world has its soul, and have we not something of it in our natures? Are not those things worthy of our candid consideration? Unless this world is composed of more than we see, or comprehend, with our five senses, then is there no spiritual world awaiting us, to which we can go, where storms never come, where pain and death are unknown.

Our scientists have, from certain known data, been making calculations concerning the probable period that our world can be the abode of man, and sustain life. Considering the source of the energy of the Sun, the time when it will have become so cooled that the earth cannot draw sufficient from it to sustain life, is fixed as at about five million years. And will it then become a dead world, and utter darkness settle down within that vast realm compassed by the orbit of Neptune? And if so, will the spiritual world share its fate? And if not, why not?

We argue that spirit cannot die, but is not that argument advanced, because we are interested advocates instead of serene judges? There is one fact at least, which justifies the hope of immortality. Spiritualists have sci-

tifically demonstrated that the soul shrinks the body, passes away from it, and that that condition prevails throughout the animal and vegetable kingdom.

We find the fact to be that the spiritual world is evolved from this world, and when, in the course of time, this world shall be dead—when it shall, as it evidently will—with other planets fall into the dead Sun, and, as the result of that tremendous crash of worlds, every particle of which they are composed will be fused and scattered in nebulous fires, filling with glowing atoms, as they have before, probably innumerable times, the most stellar spaces where we now are. Then in that chaos and death of worlds, will this spiritual world, with its world of spirits, still live on, eternally moving among the innumerable spiritual worlds, which are forever being evolved.

These subjects are of surpassing interest to us. We are born into life, which is eternal. This world has its attractions and pleasures, but before us are glories we do not see now. There are the realms of beauty which we shall behold and enjoy in the society of our angel friends. The one thing needful is the garment of righteousness, to entitle us to enter and be associated with the sons and daughters of God.

Pen Flashes.

The Pilgrim-Peoples.

NO. 11.

Taking human nature at its best, the all-absorbing, ever-recurring question of questions is from whence, whither bound, and what the final destiny of the thinking, reasoning human soul? The inquiry is a profound and a far-reaching one to living men. And yet, there are men in our midst so near matter, so nearly dead to everything beyond their fried ham in the morning and their beer in the evening, that little else interests them. They live for today only.

But to the throbbing, stirring masses, the mighty question rises like the goddess from the sea, inquiringly exclaiming, "From whence, and whither, O soul?"

Poets are prophets. They are inspired. Some poet, unbeknown to us, breathed these beautiful lines:

"Somewhere told in Eastern story,
That those who loved once bloomed as flowers

On the same stem, amid the glory
Of Eden's green and fragrant bowers;
And that, though parted off by fate,
Yet when the glow of life is ended,
Each soul again shall find its mate,
And in one bloom again be blended."

This "Eastern story" teaching so adapted to the Oriental mind, of two mated souls blooming in paradisaic spheres as flowers upon one stem, but becoming disunited during jarring incarnations, and then becoming re-united again in a love pure and Platonic, is certainly a beautiful theme for contemplation. If it be but a dream, it is a very enchanting one. Evidently, it was the poet's purpose in the above rhythmic lines to teach the soul's past pre-existence.

Remember at this point that it is only the uneducated, lacking the finer elements of linguistic culture, that use the words pre-existence and reincarnation interchangeably. They are not synonyms. They are essentially different in origin and import.

The pre-existence of the conscious, inmost spirit is considered to be one of the clearest, strongest evidences of the soul's immortality. Few with any philosophical insight, can be induced to look upon immortality with but one end to it. Few will contend that things parted and compounded, may not by a superior force, be non-compounded and disintegrated; and fewer still will be bold enough to assert that the interrelational acts of mortal parentage literally, magically manufacture immortal souls! It is difficult to believe that there is not something in conscious, regal-souled man that is not the modern make-up of an all too often purposeless chance act. These thoughts lead directly to the reasonableness of pre-existence.

EMERSON, THE GREATEST OF AMERICANS.

This poet-prophet whose centennial birthday was recently remembered and honored by all English-speaking nations, wrote:

"The Eastern-born Nazarene belonged to the true race of prophets; he saw with open eye the mystery of the soul. Drawn by its severe harmony, ravished with its beauty, he lived with it and had his being there. Alone in all history, he estimated the greatness of man. One man was true to what is in you and me. He saw that God incarnates himself in man, and evermore goes forth anew to take possession of His world. Yet it is only in a 'jubilee of sublime emotion' that Jesus can say, 'I am divine. Through me God acts; through me speaks.' Churches are not built upon his principles, but upon his tropes."

(Continued on page 4.)

which is waited for which is neither justification nor excuse, would feed and clothe every man, woman and child that is in want.

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ONLY ONE DANGER.

However skilled and strong art thou, my foe,
However fierce is thy relentless hate,
Thou'rt firm thy hand and strong thy aim and straight
Thy poisoned arrow leaves the bended bow
To pierce the target of my heart, ah! know
I am the master yet of my own fate,
Thou canst not rob me of my best estate;
Though fortune, fame and friends, yea love,
Should go,
Not to the dust shall my true self be hurled,
Nor shall I meet thy worst assaults dismayed.

When all things in the balance are well
weighed
There is but one great danger in the world—
Thou canst not force my heart to wish thee ill—
That is the only evil that can kill.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Dr. Hiram Kennard Jones.

Alexander Wilder.

Among those who came to Concord in the first years of the School of Philosophy, was Dr. Jones. At home he was the centre of a circle the members of which looked up to him as they would to the Akademia in ancient Athens regarded their venerated instructor. Tall, slender, bent perhaps a little with years and student habits, he always attracted attention. I first saw him at Concord in 1879, but we never spoke together till two years later. In 1882 we met every morning and separated at night; and from that time we were always close friends. I saw him last in 1897 when a guest at his house, but we exchanged letters afterward. It was not in the course of things again to meet.

A letter from Miss Calvert, the lady in charge of his house in Jacksonville, Illinois, told me of his failing health. I replied promptly, anxious to do what might be desired and to know what might be to tell; but not till the middle of July did I hear that he had passed from earth. He died on the 16th of June, having almost completed his eighty-five years.

Dr. Jones was born in Rappahannock county, Virginia, July 1813. His ancestors were natives of Wales and Scotland, and his grandfather emigrated to America a short period before the Revolution. He joined the patriot army, serving directly under command of General Washington.

In 1829, Mr. Stephen Jones removed with his family to Lincoln county in Missouri. Here they were engaged in farm work, but two sons, Hiram and George, each in his turn resolved to adopt another calling.

Under the efforts of Rev. Dr. Sturtevant, Dr. Edward Beecher, Rev. Jonathan B. Turner and others, Illinois College had been established at Jacksonville, a flourishing town about thirty miles west of Springfield. Governor Duncan endowed it richly with lands, which unfortunately were disposed of afterward before the institution could realize their full value. Many prominent public men lived in Jacksonville, or at least graduated at the College. It was the home of Richard Yates, the "war Governor," a man well qualified for the most eminent public service, and of his son the present incumbent of that office.

Here Hiram Jones became a student, and after graduating, entered the medical department, and in due course received his degree. He returned to Lincoln county and engaged in practice. The bitter partisan feeling which was then active, overshadowed the impending conflict between the States. Dr. Jones was both a Union man and opposed to human slavery. He made up his mind accordingly to remove to a Free State.

The State Charitable Institutions of Illinois are located in Jacksonville—the School for the Feeble-minded, the Hospital for the Insane, the Institutions for the Blind, Deaf, and Dumb. Not only are there the Illinois College and Preparatory School, but three seminaries for the higher instruction of young women. The literary atmosphere is thus maintained, and with it is a strong flavor of Connecticut Yankeeism. In former years the "Underground Railroad" had a station there; and there are now two African congregations in the city.

Dr. Jones was appointed assistant physician to the Hospital for the Insane, and made his home immediately at Jacksonville. He afterward became the Superintendent, and held the position till he retired to devote himself to general practice in his profession.

Those who remember him at that time are enthusiastic, almost exuberantly so, in his praise. He was pre-eminently successful, Mrs. Lambert declares, during all the years of the half-century which marked his ministrations. No adequate estimate may be made of his self-sacrificing labors, but those whose loved ones even to the third and fourth generation have been under his care, have felt the upholding power of his skill and his spirituality.

Of his bounties he never would speak, but others now speak for him. During the Civil War and afterward, while sustaining the labors and responsibilities of a large practice, he gave his professional services gratuitously to the families of the men who had entered in the army. He continued this for many years, till many thousands of dollars in service and benefactions had been bestowed. His method with other beneficiaries was not so much to give outright, but to enable the individual to help himself. In this way many, thus aided and encouraged, engaged in careers which assured self-support and usefulness. Though always a philosopher, he was richly endowed with practical wisdom, and became himself possessed of a handsome competence.

In 1844 Dr. Jones was married to Miss Elizabeth Orr, the daughter of Judge Orr of Missouri. She was endowed with rare qualities of mind and heart, fondness for study, and a disposition which endeared her to all who knew her. Their house, No. 505 West College Avenue, stood in the midst of a large grove of trees, all selected as indigenous to America, and seldom more than two of a kind; and it was of dimensions as extensive as its hospitality. Jacksonville abounds with literary clubs, and they often assembled there. It was in Jacksonville that Illinois had its educational centre, and the men who gave impetus and direction to study and investigation in the West, had there their starting-point. Here Professor Turner lived and died; here were the Governors Yates, and others of equal celebrity; here came visitors from England and Europe, and the reputation of Dr. Jones was a principal attraction to bring them.

The Joneses made guests welcome, as though these were giving rather than accepting favor. Eminent scholars made their house a place of call, and none were excluded for humbleness of station. I saw there Prof. W. T. Harris, Rev. W. H. Milburn, Gov. Yates the younger, Dr. Bradley, Elder George Stevens and others; also those of speculative turn like D. E. Wagenhals, W. F. Holsington, Thomas M. Johnson. Some of my most delightful times in life, I had there. Mrs. Jones ruled the domestic management, and did not have occasion to change her servants. Yet one hardy knew of her dominion, it was so unobtrusive. It was a sad day when she was there no more. She was a lady, a woman of affairs, and a queen.

They had visited Europe, Egypt, Palestine and England together, and I have as a

keepsake a fox which he brought from Damascus. They again visited England in 1889, bringing home mementos of Dr. J. J. Garth Wilkinson, and others equally distinguished.

Dr. Jones omitted no opportunity to add to his knowledge. His library was unusually large; it requires an older man than he to read all his books. From two copies of Plato in Greek and their English translation, Aristotle, Plutarch, and Cicero, down to Berkeley, Dugald Stewart, Hamilton, Kant, Fichte, Schopenhauer, he seemed to have the works of the principal philosophers; and the sciences received like attention. He had an excellent microscope and used it. When I was there in 1897, he had just purchased the nineteenth volume of *Elle Reclus*. The college has inherited the whole collection.

Yet he was not pedantic, nor while familiar with books, did he ever seem bookish. He often embarrassed me by appearing to refer to me in some way superior. Otherwise our intercourse was to the highest degree agreeable.

The "Plato Club" was formed by him in 1860. It was the oldest organization in the Western Hemisphere dedicated to philosophic study. It met weekly on Saturdays, generally at his home but sometimes at other places. It held these meetings in 1897, and I presume afterward. The Dialogues of Plato were read through again and again, every time with increased interest and appreciation. It was usual to compare the utterances of this great philosopher where practicable, with the texts of the New Testament, and the Sacred Writings of other World-Faiths and philosophic theories of later authors were also used in comparison. The works of the other philosophers were also employed.

Dr. Jones and Mr. Emerson were always on familiar terms. They visited each other, and on one of these occasions they planned the School of Philosophy which was held several summers at Concord. Messrs. A. B. Alcott, S. H. Emery and F. B. Sanborn were associated with the management. Among the lecturers were Prof. W. T. Harris, Dr. J. J. Garth Wilkinson, Rowland G. Hazard, Prof. G. H. Harrison, Elizabeth Peabody, Julia Ward Howe. But Mr. Emerson, whose name and residence were prominent in the establishing of the School, took no part in the lecturing. He was too infirm in health, and died in 1882. Dr. Jones was the representative of the ideas and doctrines that were more purely Platonic. In 1882, the season which I attended, he spoke upon more general subjects. Christian Philosophy, the Relation between Common Sense and Philosophy, the Relation between Experience and Philosophy, the Relation between Science and Philosophy, Philosophy of Religion, and Law of the Supernatural, and Community of the Faiths, and Worship of Mankind were his themes. His master-piece, however, was a discourse on the Symposium of Plato. It was more than eloquent; the speaker and his utterances were aglow with inspiration. This discourse was his last at Concord. He noted a disposition prevalent which was distasteful to him, and at the close of that term, he went home to return no more.

The interest in Summer Schools thus aroused led to the establishing of others, of different form and purpose in different parts of the country. Besides these, there was also established an organization of a more permanent character. A conference was held at the house of Dr. Jones early in July, 1883, at which was formed the "American Akademie," with Dr. Jones as president. Its purposes were declared to be to promote the knowledge of philosophy and to co-operate in the dissemination of such knowledge with a view to the elevation of the mind from the sphere of the sensuous life into communion with the Divine ideal and nature. The meetings were held monthly; he fitted up his billiard room for a chapel, and the members assembled there. Some four hundred persons all over the country were enrolled as members. Once I met Rev. W. H. Milburn there. The Akademie held stated meetings for ten years, publishing its papers, first in "The Platonist," afterward in its own journal.

Like gentlemen of the South and West of former times, Dr. Jones was always hospitable. He made his visitors welcome, and free as in a home. Mr. William Jennings Bryan was an inmate of his family while attending college. Judge Bryan, his father, and Dr. Jones were cousins, and the pictures of the two adorned his dining room.

Dr. Jones was much interested in Spiritualism and the phenomena. He read the journals, entertained speakers, and sometimes attended sittings. He took me to one in 1883, and I have it to remember that the psychic described me as one who "thinks a great deal," and as lying on the ground with my eye-glasses at my side, dead or senseless—I do not recollect which. The Doctor was certainly interested in these "Footfalls from the Other World," and discoursed about them as genuine and entitled to candid attention. Indeed, he lived alike in both this world and the one beyond the veil.

He was never inattentive to secular matters. He belonged to the State and County Medical Societies, but he had little professional or partisan hostility to new and advanced views in therapeutics. Sheridan Waite lectured in the American Akademie at his invitation and he read medical journals not comprised in the limited field of medical orthodoxy.

He was early a Republican, but finally lost sympathy with the party, and after it had abandoned its former platforms, remained aloof, a believer in a legal tender currency and silver coinage.

He was from the beginning of his career as a student a fast associate of the Illinois College. Entering as a student in 1839 at twenty he graduated in 1844; received the medical degree in 1846; the degree of A. M. in 1846, and LL. D. in 1878. He was a member of the Board of Trustees and active in the promoting of its interests. In 1884 he became Professor of Philosophy, and lectured to the senior class for fourteen sessions, giving his services without fee or emolument. In 1896 he made the liberal provision of \$20,000 to erect a new college building for a lecture and library hall, and when it was completed the next year presented it to the corporation as a memorial in honor of his deceased wife. The famous Taj Mahal with all its magnificence was not more illustrious as an honor to sincere and well-deserved conjugal affection.

The Board of Trustees before formally accepting it paid him the fitting testimonial of holding a Philosophical Symposium, on the third of June. Invitations were sent to all parts of the country. They were widely accepted and the hall of the new building was densely packed by a brilliant and intellectual audience. Everything passed successfully except the absence of Pres. Newton Bateman. The speakers were the present writer, a professor from Chicago University, Doctor Jones himself in place of Dr. Bateman, concluding with Commissioner William T. Harris. Philosophy, practical and speculative, appeared that day in various guises. There is hardly a better auditorium in America, than that of the new lecture hall.

I think Dr. Jones had now begun his withdrawing from the earth-life. He had become hard of hearing; his nearer friends were already departing from this life, and ease became more attractive. But he continued to serve his patients till 1902 at which time he began to decline professional calls. Our correspondence continued, however, but finally was only "dictated." He had like a true philosopher, long lived in communion with the

"Invisibles," and now as the attractions of the sublimity world became feeble, only a little was required to permit him to pass on to the society of his own.

Questions and Answers.

W. J. Colville.

Questions by F. H. Hansom, Philadelphia.
1. Do you know of any instance of "multiple incarnation," i. e., the simultaneous use by the soul—or Ego—of more than one mortal organism, continued through the earth-life,—if not, do you consider such a phenomenon possible?

2. How would you explain the "triple personalities" apparently found through hypnosis by Dr. Janet of Paris in the case of "Leonie," and by Dr. Morton Prince of Boston (cited in the "Proceedings" of the Society for Psychical Research of London) in the case of "Miss Beauchamp"?

3. In the cases of "changed identity" where, apparently, the original Ego has deserted the human organism and a new one occupies it—as the case of Mollie Fancher and Lurancy Vennum (The "Watseka Wonder")—does the original self—or Ego—continue? Its connection? Where does it abide? Is the new occupant endowed with the memory of the past experiences of this mortal organism?

4. Do you consider possible the complete coalition of two or more souls, spirits, or "Egos" of the same sex—if sex exists in soul—so as to become wholly one, but with all the faculties and attributes of the original entities—e. g., the coalition of a disembodied spirit with an embodied one or of two disembodied spirits, etc., or is such soul or Ego a distinct unit through eternity?

ANSWERS

1. We do not know of any case of "multiple" incarnation or of any phenomenon which could be fitly described as one soul simultaneously using several material forms though it is quite probable that such doctrines have arisen naturally as hypothetical attempts to explain such strange experiences as those of Mollie Fancher of Brooklyn and a few other very remarkably conditioned sensitives.

There is no ground for assuming that one soul owns more than one body, though it is quite possible that the term "body" is itself a complex one, but as Leadbeater states in "Man Visible and Invisible," there may be bodies within bodies, but not two bodies on the same plane of existence. When it is supposed that a single Ego owns and operates two or more separate organisms at once the more rational explanation is that certain Egos now expressed on earth are so nearly identical in expression that there are no marked dissimilarities between them; they are indeed like spiritual twins.

Then again it is not very infrequently happens that two or more individuals on earth at one time are directly guided by the same unseen intelligences and these mediumistic people resemble each other to a remarkable degree because they are spiritually influenced by the same spiritual directors. We can readily account on these grounds for the closest imaginable similarity between certain individuals, but we do not deem it probable that a single soul builds and owns more than one terrestrial body at once.

The successive control of different bodies is easily conceded, but not the simultaneous ownership of several bodies unless it is meant that the soul can function simultaneously on several distinct planes of expression and thereby find itself possessed of a psychic or astral as well as of a physical organic structure.

2. There are certainly two reasonable interpretations of the phenomena cited. Three distinct personalities can be attributed simply to mediumship and it is not the least improbable that some very sensitive individual may be completely overshadowed at various times by one or other of three guides or attendant spirits.

The other hypothesis is that as a human individual is highly composite and complex while under hypnotic influence, certain characteristics at one time and certain others at some other time can so far predominate an expression as to cause it to appear that there is a triple or even quadruple or quintuple personality.

The varying planes of human consciousness are in a sense distinct persons, for they are diverse sheaths or vehicles through which a single entity is functioning. We all speak of our higher and lower selves and of our angel side.

In profound hypnosis one or other of the several inner planes of consciousness may be brought to revelation and thus a deeper insight may be gained into the hidden content of some average human being and further it should not be forgotten that hypnotic suggestion does not only call forth latent activities, it also in some instances opens the hypnotized subject to influences from psychic spheres with which the operator is connected.

We are all in the midst of an ocean of psychic influences and the more sensitive we are the more readily do we respond to suggestive stimuli. There is no refutation to be found in any reliable hypnotic records of the simple theory that "triple personality" only signifies responsiveness on the part of an acute sensitive to the psychic action of three attendant spirits or our rounding spiritual circles.

3. In a case of seemingly changed identity, where the Ego which built the body has apparently deserted it and handed it over to another occupant, there is no proof of a real desertion, but rather only of a very pronounced and long-continued "spirit-control." If for some longer or shorter period, another entity controls your organism, you may function on one of the other planes of your consciousness than that usually regarded as consciously objective. When you are asleep you are no less conscious than when awake and the same remark applies to all states of trance, reverie, and ecstasy. Consciousness is transferred from one realm of perception to another, but it is never obliterated.

When students of psychology have learned what constitutes memory and what is recollection they will have seen their way clear to a solution of the greatest of psychologic mysteries, viz., the preservation of continuous memory despite interrupted recollections. As to the abiding place of the soul or spiritual entity, this is always in the spiritual state, for a body can never be more than a vehicle through which a measurable degree of soul-consciousness is made manifest. During profound entrancement it frequently occurs that the Ego is experiencing the kind of life it would continue to partake of were the physical body to be disrupted while the trance state continued.

The phrase adopted by F. W. H. Myers "survival of bodily death" is provocative of much thought and study, because survival clearly means continued rather than altered mode of existence. The occupant who but temporarily occupies a body belonging to another cannot be endowed with the other's memory, but there can be so close a familiarity with the experiences of the life of another that so intimate an associate can give forth detailed information concerning the other's history.

In any case, of continued possession of an organism by an entity other than its proper owner, there must be a very close psychic tie

of fellowship, and this often exists between individuals whose temperaments are extremely diverse, for it is truly said that polar opposites closely attract.

In so singular a novel as "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," or "Woman the Sphinx," we find the author portraying two extremely opposite sides of a single character, and had the authors of those uncanny but nevertheless instructive books penetrated still deeper than they have done into the psychology of their plots, both novelists would have been able to describe the unseen influences playing their parts behind the visible actors in the gruesome plays they have so graphically depicted.

In a broad sense what is called the "spiritistic hypothesis" by many eminent members of the Society for Psychical Research does actually cover more ground satisfactorily than any other theory, because it offers the simplest and most reasonable explanation of phenomena which necessarily become more and more complex, present great difficulties to the student. The most obvious explanation of facts is generally the most correct and when distinct individualities are made manifest through a single organism it logically follows that that organism is made use of, in some measure, by various entities.

4. We do not see the slightest reason for admitting the likelihood of complete coalition of two or more souls into a single entity, but we teach, on the contrary, that no soul is ever merged into another. The distinctness of the soul entities does not, however, prevent most perfect fellowship between those who are attuned to complete accord.

There could be no joy or bliss in spiritual companionship if one entity was merged into another so that distinct individuality should be lost, but where there is very close soul communion the identity of feeling and the complete sympathy at all points between affinitizing entities gives rise to the misconception sometimes entertained and promulgated that two or more entities are merged into one.

Such ideal and heroic friendships as that of Damon and Pythias could not exist if the two friends lost their distinctive identity, for if this supposed loss of identity really occurred, self-love would be enthroned above all neighborly affection and instead of the delights of spiritual communion there would be substituted idolatry of self which can never occasion any genuine blessedness or happiness.

The great truth that God loves man and man loves God and that friends love each other lies at the root of all true views of happiness on this or any other planet and in this or any other state of existence. All souls in their own estate are equally good and beautiful. All are equally near to Deity and all are partakers of the same divine life which pervades the universe, but the identity of a spiritual unit can never be lost.

Complete union means perfect fellowship and as souls are in groups or societies and some are specially near to each other in spiritual kinship, the extraordinary close relations occasionally made manifest on earth either between two who are now incarnate or between one incarnate and one exarnate are traceable eventually to this fellowship.

The most perfect friendship calls forth into symmetrical expression the latent attributes of friends and develops faculties to the highest degree, but there are no faculties or attributes per se belonging to one soul which all souls do not share. The statement that each is assisted to perfectly express attributes and faculties through close association with the other is quite a reasonable proposition and it can be proved to demonstration that the purest and deepest friendships do serve that useful end.

We think many of the perplexities which now beset inquirers into psychic mysteries would be greatly lessened if more thought were given to the primal concept of the soul which regards it as an all-containing entity, a multum in parvo or miniature or micro-cosmic universe. Contact between souls can stimulate expression because every soul inherently possesses all that there can be any desire to express.

Dr. A. J. Davis and Mr. E. Wake Cook.

Mr. E. Wake Cook has favored us with a copy of a friendly letter which he has received from Dr. Andrew Jackson Davis. Believing that our readers would be pleased to read it, we pressed Mr. Cook to permit us to use it in "Light," but he feels in a dilemma owing to the eulogistic references to his address. These, he thinks, are quite undeserved, yet he throws a very gentle light on the kindly and generous nature of the great seer himself; while the rest of the letter concerns us all. The second paragraph throws valuable light on the most interesting and instructive case in the whole range of psychology; and the "P. S." is, or should be, addressed to all Spiritualists, and being to some extent a reply to criticisms, it should be mine as public as the criticisms themselves.

(Copy.)

Boston, Mass.

To F. Wake Cook, Esq., June 6th, 1903.

Esteemed Dear Sir—
Frequently during the past few weeks, my attention has been called to an address by you to the Members of the London Spiritualist Alliance on "Genius in the Light of Spiritualism." Thoughtful men and women of culture and refinement have expressed themselves unqualifiedly as grateful for the benefits your discourse has conferred by your clear-cut and logical analysis of genius and its inspirations; and I also desire to express to you my own admiration and profound gratitude. I am a sincere reader of your address, published in *Light*, and do not hesitate to affirm that you have philosophically solved the underlying problem of seership and sibylline inspirations. You probe deeply; you ascend calmly; you discriminate fairly and justly.

I remember how (so many years ago) my own mind continued in the dark concerning the meaning and value of what has been during my youthful period freely transmitted to me by and through me. Practically I was in profound sleep-intellectually. My ordinary state was rather below the ordinary. Very slowly, extremely tardily, did I approach the crisis, the pivotal point when my superior condition seemed to merge and interpenetrate what might be termed the better parts of my ordinary mentality. It now seems to me that you have scientifically discovered the method, analogically explained the spiritual causes, of the inspirations and revelations of genius.

A thousand thanks, dear Mr. Cook, and may mankind discover in you the exalted talents which you so intelligently and justly perceive and appreciate in others.

(Signed) A. J. Davis.

P. S.—You very truly speak of "errors," "mistakes," "repetitions," &c. These seem to me of the first importance to the world's education. They should remain in the books (only eliminating printer's errors, &c.), so that the claim of infallibility can never be set up—leaving individual Reason independent, and personal responsibility absolute—which is one of the chief purposes of "Nature's Divine Revelations," and the prime object of all teachings in the several subsequent volumes. I hope the entire list will be kept in print with all their existing contents.

Referring to Dr. Davis's postscript Mr. Cook says: "I have explained to Dr. Davis

that I laid emphasis on the slips and errors in 'Nature's Divine Revelations' to show that my laudation of the work was a critical estimate, and not the result of blind enthusiasm. The wish that he has expressed in his 'P. S.' is one which I feel sure posterity will religiously carry out."—From "Light," London, July 18, 1903.

Ira Moore Courlis.

He came into my life at a time when the mantle of deepest sorrow had wrapped its folds about me, and its awful incubus was slowly but surely dragging me down, so that my mental and physical life both hung in the balance, and it seemed that but two or three months at most must see the end of one, if not both, of them. He had never seen or heard of me in any way when I entered the hotel where he was taking his summer rest, and without knowing anything of him except that he possessed some gift peculiar to himself for healing diseased bodies and minds, I appealed to him as might a little child in sore distress to aid me if he could. I shall never forget how deeply impressed I was with his sweet, spiritual nature as it radiated from him.

I said nothing about the nature of my great trouble, but simply asked, as one would a physician, if he could help me. He looked at me very earnestly for a few moments while his eyes seemed to be making an inward inventory of something in himself, then said in the kindest way:

"I am not giving any readings now as I am on my vacation and, today especially, am very busy preparing for a journey, and really can't see how I can spare the time for you."

But just then I moaned, "Can you do nothing for me?"

He seemed to take another backward glance within himself and then said, "You have a father and mother on the spirit side of life, and your father says I must do something for you or your heart will break, and I cannot resist a plea like that."

He then asked the lady, whose guest he was if she could spare a room for him where he might concentrate for awhile, and he would see if he could get anything for me. I did not know what to expect or what would be the nature of the communication, if any, that he would give me. I simply felt that my burden was too great to bear and asked God to "help me or I perish." In a few moments he invited me to a pleasant, light room and asked me to be seated in front of him, and then, in the most natural way, holding my two hands, he described to me my father, mother, brothers and sisters, as well as my beautiful boy who died in infancy, and gave me as he did so each one's name. Then he proceeded to speak of my great sorrow and to advise me as the loved ones suggested.

I remember feeling no surprise or anything but the deepest gratitude to God who, through this marvelous man, had opened the heavens and given me a true glimpse of those who had gone before, and, when my darling mother spoke of incidents of my childhood, which only she and I could know, I felt at once that she was able to guide me, and as in childhood days, placed myself under her maternal protection; always being reminded by her that she was only an instrument in the hands of God and I must pray to Him, and all of my own cherished ones on her side of the river would do the same and they would try to bring me safely through my troubles.

Of course Mr. Courlis became the instrument of telegraphic communication between us and our loved ones, and his personality endeared itself to me more and more and from him I learned some truths of the "other life" which have made it appear so natural and charming that were it not for the "mission" to be fulfilled here, I would gladly lie down to sleep and wake among the loved ones who await me there.

During all the time of my acquaintance with Mr. Courlis he remained ever the tender, sympathizing friend, full of compassion for all in sorrow, gentle as a woman, yet possessing a manliness which commanded perfect respect, and his wish was to "die in the harness," doing what little he could to make life easier for those around him and to prove "beyond a doubt" the continuity of life. He never claimed any merit for himself, but said he "was but an instrument in the hands of God and a very poor one at that."

He gave his life for us that we might not live by faith alone, but should have the knowledge which the Christ, whom he adored, would should be ours if we wished. For myself, I cannot be grateful enough for his friendship and the wonderful truths which he has made manifest, and I want to say in conclusion that which I have followed the advice given to me, through him, from those near and dear ones, I have made no mistakes, and gradually the robe of sorrow is slipping away from me, and at any rate, I have learned to look upon my afflictions as angels in disguise, and can already see the good which can come from apparent evil. Above all, I have learned that to resist evil is to increase it, and to worry or repine is to die, both spiritually and physically.

All of these things he has taught me and many more just as beautiful and true and who shall say his was not the work of God, or fail to acknowledge that, though they may not understand all that he wished them to, or see as he did, that he possessed a wisdom which was part of the truth that goes up life here and hereafter, and blame us not if we shed some tears over the parting from one so dear to all his flock?

Another Tribute to Mr. Courlis.

When the brain is worn out—when the body is exhausted by disease—when pain becomes unbearable and all the sweetness of physical life is turned into bitterness, then comes that kindest of nature's processes, spirit birth. The experiences of the human soul from physical birth to spirit birth are the steps by which we climb to the summer land.

To us who are left, there are heartaches and crushed hopes because no longer can we behold the physical form of the loved one who has vanished. But to our brother who has entered upon the second stage of life, who after a virtuous career, has gone to the spiritual heaven to dwell with the millions of earth's ascended people, it is emancipation. It is the ecstasy of spiritual happiness. Leaving behind the painful weakness, the agony from disease, he drops off the casket of consumption and free as a happy bird, he mounts to the spheres of transcendent love, of culture and of celestial refinement.

No longer fettered by the chains of inherited or acquired disease, he now rejoices in perfect health, in marvellous mental vigor or spiritual beauty. The sweet hymn of the angels opens heaven's portals to him. Father, mother, brother, sister, companions, friends, all give him rapturous greeting and congratulate him on his arrival in their radiant sphere. Nor shall he lack a career in spirit life. The harvest is immense and every reaper is needed. Great missions are open to him. He can organize a church in spirit life, a better one than he had on earth.

Thousands will gladly listen to the still inspired words from his lips. Thousands of undeveloped spirits will learn to love him and sit at his feet to catch the words of hope and promise he may speak. There he will meet the noble of earth, those who spent their lives in the service of man. They will encourage and sustain him in his new field.



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W. JOHNSON QUINN, Prop.

Children's Book.

THE VIOLET.

I am tired of being only a violet
Hidden 'neath leaf and grass,
Could I but change to a tall, broad oak
You'd see me as you pass!

I'd grow among the song birds:
I felga would reach the sky;
From whence you ne'er could pluck me
To put in a vase to die.

When lo! In the morning twilight
A wondrous maiden fair,
Hath gathered me unto her heart—
As she breathes a morning prayer.

The organ notes roll softly,
The harp takes up the chord—
I find myself mid lilies white
At the altar of our risen Lord.

I've fallen from her bosom—
Upon a lily's snow-white breast—
As I die, I murmur:
"To be a violet is the best."

Some Work and Some Play.

"Well, little folks, do you like this? Isn't it a good idea to move the children's book out of doors for the summer? It is nice and shady out here under the trees and you can sit on the grass and listen."

"Now, Uncle John, we are all ready. Ever so long ago you said you would tell us about Petieboy in school. You never have; and will you please?"

"Why, you youngsters are right in the midst of a vacation. You don't want to think about school now, do you?"

"Yes, now is just the time. When school keeps, we have all the school we want—"

"And more too, sometimes?"

"Praps. But now it is vacation you see,—the middle of vacation, too—it doesn't seem so bad. It isn't so bad to hear about another fellow in school, any way."

"Shall I tell you about his work in school, or about his play?"

"Oh, we would just as soon hear a little about work as all about play."

"Suppose I give you a little of each, some work and some play."

"That would be all right."

"Well, then; once upon a time—what are you laughing at, you young rascal out there on the grass? Isn't that the way to begin?"

"I guess 'tis; but you have said 'once upon a time' so often that it seems to me that it is a good many times upon a time now."

"Oh, you needn't dodge, or run away, Mr. Impudence, although I don't wonder you feel a little bit guilty. Anybody who doesn't like this story needn't hear it, sir. Now, boys and girls, this story is told to you and Mr. Impudence over there is supposed to be deaf as it is not told to him."

"When Petieboy began school, he was seven. He was just as intense in everything he did, as he is now."

"What does intense mean?"

"A boy who is intense, is so interested in the thing he is doing, whether it be work or play, that he doesn't know that there is anything else in the world at that moment except the one particular thing he is doing."

"When Petieboy had a lesson to learn, he just worked on that lesson and nothing else. He was so busy he forgot everything else. The result was, he went ahead of the other boys so fast that he skipped a grade every time he was promoted. He got double promotion as it is called. That's where he had the advantage of the boys who fooled in school. Some boys work hard when they play and play when they have work to do. That you see is putting in your work where it counts less than if they worked hard first and then played hard afterward."

"By being intense, Petieboy learned to read before the other fellows did, learned to write better and quicker than they did and after he had learned his own lessons, he had time to listen to the lessons of the next grade as they recited; so the first thing he knew, the teacher found he was a grade ahead of the one he was in and when promotion time came, Petieboy not only stood at the top of his own grade, but he beat the fellows in the grade above him too."

"I don't mean by this that he was a book-worm, or a goody-goody at all. He played as hard and as well as any of them and when he got into the grammar school, he was the youngest boy in the whole school. Although he was a good hard worker in the school house, he was just as hard a player, out of doors. Young as he was, he led his grade in the school house and out of doors he was a felder on the school nine."

"He didn't like his primary teacher. He called her 'Biddy B.' because she was so stiff and prim. But he did like the grammar school master, although he used to try to 'stick' Petieboy in geography by asking him to answer all sorts of questions in the grade above him. Often when a chap in the next

grade couldn't answer some questions in geography because he didn't have his lesson learned, the master would ask Petieboy. Petieboy liked geography and he could almost always answer. The master found that the little chap had read a great deal and he raised him a grade one day in the middle of the term without examination.

"You see, when Petieboy reads, he is just as intense as when he works or plays. This makes him remember much better. He has read all sorts of books besides those he has to study in school."

"One day his papa told him of a plan that was once made to take Napoleon Bonaparte away from the Island of St. Helena, where he was kept captive, and to bring him to America. The plan failed. Papa said, 'I wonder what changes would have been made in the world's history if the plan had succeeded.'"

"Quick as a flash Petieboy showed that he understood what would have happened by saying—"

"Now what did he say? I won't tell you now. But let each one of you boys and girls write to me in the Banner and tell me what you think would have happened if Napoleon had escaped and come to this country. Then I'll tell you what Petieboy said."

"Now, youngsters, let us see how well you know your history. Then we shall see who among you are going to be statesmen."

Uncle John.

Turning Poet for Cupid's Convenience.

It is an interesting fact that a word spoken under certain conditions, will drag its kindred remote corner of the unconscious mind, an incident of the past, which at the time of its occurrence might not have been considered worthy of record upon the annals of history. A marked psychological lesson cannot fail to be recognized when a matter of that kind comes into one's immediate periphery.

The following story is an example of the above:

When it came about that necessity rather than pleasure forced a trip from Boston to New York in mid-summer, the most restful way to make that trip naturally became my uppermost thought.

The Joy Line, which carries its guests far into the outer main, a twenty-four hours' sail between the two great metropolises, presented itself as attractive.

Business detained me at my desk until almost the last moment. Arriving at the bridge which crosses the water near the Joy Line pier, my cab driver found the bridge open. Now what to do! Our time being so very limited, we thought it expedient to drive through several by streets and cross the bridge below. Pulling up at the pier the carriage door was thrown open with the words, "Saved yourself by the skin of your teeth," a most remarkable expression indeed when considered literally.

Many years ago, under almost the same conditions, this identical phrase was spoken to me, wherefore the story which I am about to relate flashed upon my mind like a brightening star.

As I walked upon the deck of the Joy Line ship and entered its commodious and comfortable cabin, a feeling akin to home swept over me, and the story, given in substance. The boat was almost exactly the same in size, and accommodations as the one to which I shall refer in the following lines:

A party of some thirty started several years ago for Alaska, a trip which in those days was a little out of the ordinary, while today the Alaska steamships are crowded to overflowing. Now it chanced that our party lacked young women, at least unmarried ones. There was one, however, a Californian, whose exquisite brown eyes, beautifully proportioned figure, and Corinthian copper hair cast the rest of the beauties of the party into the mystic shades. This charming Californian, who had known from birth nothing but the intoxicating and heavily odored atmosphere of California, which social statistics have proven materially affect temperament, was chaperoned by an aunt who in turn had known from childhood only the refined, coldly cultured air of Boston and its vicinity. The young woman naturally became the centre of attraction, admired by old, young, men, women, girls and boys alike. Aside from her physical beauty she was attractive mentally.

Now one of the most distinguished of our party, a married man, whose wife was, alas, in Alaska, became one of the most absorbed victims of Cupid's often short lived malady.

All went well until the time came, after the smooth Alaskan waters had been left behind, for embarking on the Pacific, bound for San Francisco. Here it happened that our party divided, the Boston chaperone becoming one of a Yellowstone party, in consequence leaving to my care the Californian beauty. Under these conditions we became stateroom companions. The morning after leaving port we found ourselves being rocked as in a mighty cradle. Missionary work fell to my lot among our sick party. The second day, however, found most of them engaged in the various ship board occupations. Late in the afternoon my charming room mate dressed, hoping to join us at the dinner hour. She lay on the berth in our stateroom; I sat by holding her hand as she repeated to me some of her poetic fancies.

A substantial shadow darkened the small window looking out upon the sea; the voice of the distinguished Alaskan spoke: "Are you playing hands? I should like to join that game."

I replied, "As chaperone I monopolize in that line, but I would really like you to hear these sweet verses." Accordingly I placed a stool for his accommodation and he listened in rapt attention until suddenly, as if prompted by some unseen force, he said to me, "You write sometimes?"

I replied briefly, "When forced."

(Now this distinguished Alaskan had frequently entertained our entire party most royally during the trip). Near the window in the small stateroom, was a low, narrow door; here he continued, addressing me: "I will give a farewell supper before we leave the ship if you will write a poem in twenty minutes upon what you see from that doorway," pointing eastward.

"Which is nothing," I replied promptly.

"You are evidently not a careful student of lover of nature," he said calmly, "for I can see yonder, two fleecy clouds, a mountain peak, snow-capped, and the indescribably beautiful blue sea, and look—a brown gull winging by."

A feeling, that I sensed almost as a presentiment, passed over me, but I laughed, and looked into his passionate eyes as I asked, "Shall I call it the broken heart?" But I must be honest; I added earnestly, "and tell you I never wrote a rhyme in my life, to say nothing of a poem."

"You can do it," he said briefly, handing me a pencil and paper. Now the whole situation I had sensed, and determined to force Cupid to use the point of his impassioned arrow to answer my purpose, and I have always believed that Cupid really wrote the following lines which I may say here, have been followed by hundreds pointed from the same quivering bow.

THE BROKEN HEART.

The great soft sea tossed high and low,
The brown gulls winged the ship long side
As a cloud smiled down, through the mid air
light
And sighed to be the blue sea's bride.

"Nay, nay my child," said the mother cloud,
"Far safer the bride of you son to be,
That the light of heaven may guide you on
As you roll away to eternity!"

As the mother cloud sped by to rest,
The child cloud stole to earth below,
But clasped instead of her love, the sea,
A mountain peak, all ice and snow.

The sun had missed his longed for bride,
So casting his golden gleam on high
He smiled his love, all frozen and white
Half way twist earth and sky.

The sea looked up, and the sun looked down
Each longing to rescue a bride,
But the ice cold peak, held firm to its own,
Heart broken the child cloud died.

The night before we passed through the Golden Gate, we enjoyed as a party, the cordial hospitality of the Alaskan, as won by Cupid's convenience.

As we neared the wharf in San Francisco, I noted a flash more brilliant than usual upon the sweet Californian's cheek; a melting glance of the eye before unseen; her oft changed necktie; the particular attention paid to the lines of the hat with its long streamers of black velvet; all these symptoms caused a titter of uneasiness at my heart lest they meant sorrow to the chaperone. Suddenly she handed me her glass, and with a burning blush asked, "Will you please look and see who is on the wharf?"

"Why, my dear child," replied I, at the same time leveling it, "how could I possibly distinguish at this distance?" When lo, I exclaimed, "Remarkable! I have the wharf and a pair of blue eyes actually on ship board."

"Oh! is it true?" she cried excitedly. As we swept the green waters of the majestic Pacific, I felt her slim, warm hand grasping mine closely, "You are sweet," she said, "and I love you, but look down quickly." Below us some ten feet stood a staid man, with eyes filled with sunshine lifted to the brown orbs by my side.

"Isn't he a dear?" she cried. "How could I have left him all these weeks?"

A substantial shadow fell upon the sunny deck as the distinguished Alaskan moved away unsteadily towards the Captain's quarters.

It passed all understanding how, when least expected, one learns a life lesson.

Even the Joy Line all unconsciously in its majestic ploughing between Boston and New York, has added a psychological truth to the world's history.

Seance Held Sept. 12, 1902.

NO. 2

The next seance was held at the home of Mrs. R., where all the following meetings were held. At this meeting two other ladies, a Mrs. S. and a Miss M. and another gentleman were included in the sitting; this made a circle of seven.

After about three quarters of an hour had passed, we were rewarded by hearing three faint raps. On resorting to our usual method, the alphabet, we found that the spirit of the departed husband of Mrs. H. was present. He told her that the method of her life, during her widowhood was quite right, and that if it were in his power (and at times, such was the case) to exercise any benign influence on her mundane existence, he would do so.

She asked him if he would answer any questions if she asked them mentally, and received an affirmative answer. She then asked several questions, and to the astonishment of all, except, I presume, the medium, the table responded by yeas and nays, represented by faint raps in sequences of two and three.

This spirit answered questions for others about the table, myself included.

Mrs. H. also received a visit from her departed sister, who in her life, was passionately devoted to dancing. She caused the

different from any of the previous motions, and intuitively we knew we were in a greater presence than hitherto.

On being requested to spell out his name the letters formed—"Tucumseh."

In the ensuing conversation, this spirit informed us, that he was the celebrated Tucumseh of which our history speaks, he said:

"Good friends, I visit many circles, and my mission is, that wherever I perceive sincerely and a desire for enlightenment on the part of earnest people, I endeavor to convince them. I have many things to say to you and will in time provide you all with guides of my own selection. If your lives continue as at present, I can promise mutual benefits for both—you of the material world—and us, your brothers and sisters of the immaterial world. And now good night, and let the good spirits guard with silent vigil the repose of our friends."

V. S. U. Program at Onset.

On Saturday, Aug. 1, the Veteran Spiritualists' Union availed itself of the courtesy of the Onset Bay Grove Association and sent representatives to conduct the exercises in behalf of the Union, as arranged in the official program. The day was rich in ideal thoughts for the Union and many were the kind words of appreciation of the up-lifted officers of the Union are endeavoring to meet. Alas, it is the old, old story,—those that long to give, even when they give to their own pain, have so little to give, and those who can solve the financial problem easily are so seldom in evidence! But the writer came away from this meeting more firmly convinced than ever that the great problems of benevolence are met by the steady effort of the many rather than by the single stroke of the heavily endowed. The plain people centering their minds, and we are convinced that it is a common problem and not a feature for display of Morganistic powers on the part of the officers, the plain people acting thus will meet this call and happily.

When such workers as Dr. Fuller, Margaret Gaule, Katie Han, Ida P. A. Whitlock, Dr. Carey, Dr. Huot and Mrs. Wheeler of Waltham, all of whom took part in the exercises and acted as to the value of the undertaking, when such disinterested workers as these are agreed, it is of little moment that a few are still engaged in the ungracious task of opposition to the work. When Dr. Carey, praying, led us to the great spirit reservoirs for a refreshing, such assurance came to us as comes only when a strong man prays. This made a grand meeting sure. The sweet music by Miss Holbrook and the inspiring songs by Mr. Maxham, with the beauties of the grove, gave just the setting to make perfect the beautiful work of the platform workers.

The enthusiastic words of Vice-President Ida Whitlock, the stirring appeal of Mrs. Han and the practical suggestion of Dr. Huot (which you may see take form before you when the Ways and Means Committee get on their harvest garb) had a fitting climax in the offer of the generous Miss Gaule to hold a special public meeting in New York or Boston as might be elected for the benefit of the Union's treasury. And when our old president, Mrs. Ella Wheeler, breathed a word of blessing from out the folds of her recent experience a benediction indeed was ours.

Old faces pass on but new spirits come to fill their places, so a working remnant is left. When the old stand steady as the new recruits join the forces, then shall move this great undertaking without halt. Is it not about time we formed for the onward march?

Ever sincerely yours,

Irving F. Symonds.

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W. W. HALL, N. E. P. A., 309 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

table to rock and wobble, as if in the throes of a weird mood. Mrs. H. was moved to laughter and tears.

On the departure of this spirit, from whom no information was gleaned, outside of the announcing of her name and the violent manifestation of the table, we asked if Aunt Jane was present.

Three slow, distinct knocks, answered the medium, who in this case, was Mrs. R. A shaking of the table apprised us to use the alphabet.

The shade then informed us, that Aunt Jane could not then come; it also said, that she was as yet, not sufficiently developed to give any satisfactory proof of her spirit being; but she would soon have her to that point where she would be enabled to intelligently converse with her earthly friends.

On being asked to reveal who he might be, he answered, "Rockland!"

At this point the medium Mrs. R. uttered a startled exclamation, and withdrew her hands from the table, crying, "I don't want that man!"

She did not exactly mean that, but her power being just revealed to her, she was for the time startled.

She then went on to state that in her lifetime Aunt Jane had always spoken of this Rockland as being her spirit guide, and that he was the spirit of an Indian who had lived years before Columbus had sailed for the New World.

On recovering her composure, she proceeded with the alphabet, and Rockland delivered himself as follows:

"I know that you do not wish me as a guide, but a guide you have, and he will now announce himself."

A slow and dignified tipping of the table three times then occurred. The movement and the impression conveyed were altogether

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