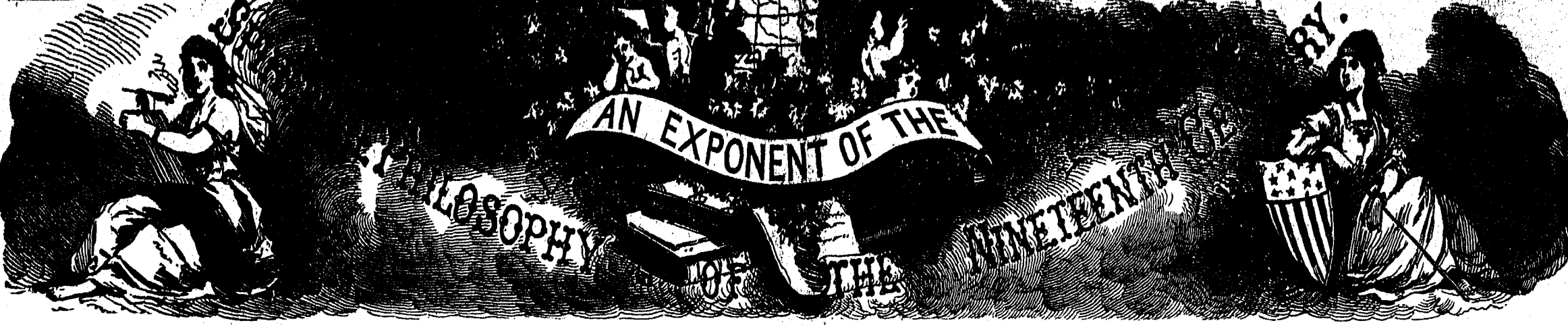


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. 83.

{Banner of Light Publishing Co.,
9 Bowditch St., Boston, Mass.}

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1898.

{\$2.00 Per Annum,
Postage Free.}

NO. 24.

Written for the Banner of Light. INTROSPECTION.

BY SARA ABBY DAVIS.

I lean me to the soul of things,
To catch the faintest throb
Of prisoned heart that beats within
The smallest gift of God.

And Nature, ever free to speak
When love hath drawn one near,
Pours many sweet, surprising tales
Into my waking ear.

The tree that once was but a tree,
Now sways with human grace,
While every feature doth reveal
Its kin to one fair face.

The roughest boulder in the field
Becomes the charmed retreat
Of lovely forms by thought allied
Till strength is made complete.

The brook that murmured fairy tales
Speaks in a plainer tone
Of life and love and all the joys
That are the spirit's own.

And not one object in my path
Refuses to be more
Than outward form and size have shown,
When thus I do explore.

And is the Greater Soul of all
Depleted of its might?
Ah! hath the boundless universe
Lost aught of depth or height?

Orange, Mass.

The God of Ants.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I presume this will be your first experience in handling an item copied from a newspaper published in one of the Ant Kingdoms. You will kindly make allowance for the difficulties that had to be surmounted in translating and reducing it to human phrase, for, apart from the peculiar construction of its sentences, its alphabet is composed of the flashings of antennae for consonants, with mandibles for vowels.

The paper from which this extract has been taken is entitled *The Weekly Empire*. It is published at the Capital of the Queendom, which is known by a name which I translate as "Mountain City." The paper is dated "Year of Dominion 10463." Your scribe reports this date as it stands, without claiming to understand its meaning.

There seems to be a governing body called "The Royal Council," which appointed a committee of learned citizens to make a theological investigation as to what was really known of their God by the various Ant Races of the world. It is the report of this committee, as accepted by the Royal Council, which I now bring to your editorial notice. I propose in one or more future articles to make comments upon this report, for the benefit of your readers in particular and the human race in general.

The following is taken from a column in the above paper, and headed

REPORTS OF COMMITTEES.

"Your committee appointed by your Royal Council to examine into our relations and responsibilities toward God Man, who has been the object of the reverence and worship of all Ants so far back as history records, offers the following report, and asks to be now discharged from further research, as more than half the citizens appointed on this committee have already died of old age, and those now left can no longer bear the fatigue of so arduous a task. Indeed, nothing but the remarkable fact that Ants in the public service usually live as long as they are able to sign the receipt for their salary would have enabled the surviving members of your committee to thus perfect their labors by the completion of this report.

"Your committee commenced by opening relations with every known race of Ants. This involved much labor, as there were hundreds of languages to be mastered, and manners and customs to be studied before the necessary facts could be gathered, much less analyzed and condensed for this report. But, however differing in degree of civilization, from an almost savage barbarism to the intellectual grandeur expressed in this mighty Empire, we find the Ant Soul everywhere worshipping and adoring God Man as the author of its existence, or, as called by some races, 'The Universal Father of all Ant Life.' There seems to be a general opinion that the rest of creation, with its myriads of inferior races, was designed both for the glory of the Creator and the happiness of the Ant, in whom alone the utmost of intellectual development is manifested, as the crowning act of creation.

"The object for which your committee was appointed was not to demonstrate the existence of God Man, since the various learned societies of the Empire now acknowledge that to be a demonstrated fact which none but the most ignorant will dispute. The task before your committee was to first ascertain from the united experiences of the Ant Race what has been discovered and is actually known as to the powers of God Man. When such information had been thus gathered by your committee, and discussed by the learned societies of the Empire, whose reports will be laid before you, it was to become the further and final duty of your committee to ascertain if a direct interchange of thought between God Man and his Ant child was possible, or even desirable, as has so long been believed, or at least taught by Ants claiming to be mediators between God Man and Ant, and demanding reverence on that account from their fellow citizens.

"Your committee has been surprised to discover that the God Man we have so long worshipped has all the characteristics of a big Ant. When we compare what we justly consider the triumphs of intellect exhibited in our cities—such as domes reaching starward to the height of thousands of our citizens; the arches to the bridges that span our rivers; the spiral inclines and the tunnels under our rivers that render labor less arduous—we find God Man has made similar designs for his own convenience, though on a very much smaller proportional scale than our own. In love of order, and personal care for the public welfare, we seem to be immeasurably his superior. Indeed the sanitary arrangements by which our huge cities are kept sweet and clean seem almost burlesqued by what appear to be his clumsy attempts at imitation. The unnatural selfishness exhibited in the social arrangements of God Man becomes horrible by contrast with our system of 'Each for all, and all for each,' whereby every citizen is as happy as his organism will permit. There are races of Ants, far below our own development, who quarrel and fight with other nations, and even enslave their children; but they are kind to their slaves, and their slaves love them. Whereas God Man seems, so far as we can judge, ever ready to take from another God Man whatever he wants, if he be the stronger of the two. He gathers in big armies which fight and kill each other, just as we do, only he uses weapons which throw thunder and lightning; and there are Ant Races which tell us that they have traveled for days over and among dead bodies of God Man. We further learn that God Man loves to fight, and crowns the successful fighter with green leaves and flowers.

"Our various sub committees all report that God Man uses strange wrappings with which to hide his form, of which he is apparently ashamed. And as each God Man seems to find his food for himself, we see that he lives amid conditions that are so different to ours we cannot compare him with the noble and unselfish Ant. He apparently uses his powers much as we do, but we very much doubt whether he can foretell a coming storm weeks before it arrives, as we do. He seems to have arts, and perhaps sciences, unknown to us, but his power is really no greater than ours. Where nature favors him he can destroy us and our cities. Where nature favors us we can do the same for him. Indeed, some of our races report that as soon as they enter the home of God Man he immediately runs away. So your committee is obliged to report that further worship of God Man is not justified by the facts thus far discovered, and in our possession. And your committee recommends that all laws defining and punishing blasphemy be immediately repealed; and that every Ant be permitted to express himself as to God Man just as he may think best. For your committee has failed to discover any evidence of a single answer to prayer by God Man in all the generations of Ant history. Therefore the assumption that God Man will be angry unless constantly praised and told how good he is, is unworthy of a self-respecting and educated Ant.

"Such is our report in answer to the command of your Royal Council that we ascertain from the united experience of the Ant Race what is actually known as to the powers of God Man. It now becomes the duty of your committee to report its obedience to the order of your Royal Council that we ascertain if a direct interchange of thought between God Man and his Ant child be possible, or desirable if possible.

"We were aware that from time immemorial certain Ants have claimed to be mouthpieces of God Man. Such Ants have professed to distribute blessings, and hurl curses in his name. Our first inquiry and demand from these Ants was for their proofs of such intercourse, that we might incorporate them in our report to your Royal Council. Like our fellow citizens, we had been brought up to believe these Ants had the direct intercourse with God Man they had claimed. It is with deep sorrow that we now record we have failed to receive or discover the existence of any proof such as your Royal Council has a right to demand. Indeed we discover that for the most part, and almost universally, these Ants are living upon the reputation of some ancient Ant, who, they say, was most certainly in direct communication with God Man.

"Such a claim being inadmissible and absurd, we have turned to the evidence offered by Ants, who are apparently sensitive to sights, sounds and impressions that the rest of us are unable to recognize. Their claims have been most carefully investigated by your committee. With some exceptions we have found these sensitive Ants honestly believing that dead Ants could talk through them. And on the whole, there seems to be reasonable evidence that the dead Ant is quite as much alive as ever; and can sometimes make himself seen, heard or understood by such sensitives. But we have failed to find even one of these sensitive Ants who could give your committee the least proof that he has had intellectual intercourse with God Man. Many of them, like our priest Ants, have in the presence of your committee prayed both loud and long to God Man. Occasionally there have been apparent replies. But your committee, after the most careful and painstaking examination, has failed to find a single reply that might not have come either from the dead Ant, or have been transmitted from the thought of a living Ant, as is our general custom of intercourse in this mortal Ant life.

"Your committee has itself offered many prayers, and even sacrifices to God Man. He

has at such times been seen by clairvoyant eyes to pass by; sometimes with a great fullness of artificial wrapping, and sometimes so lightly covered that his form was visible. This we have imagined as possibly indicating differences of sex development in God Man. But we have no evidence that God Man has discovered or even understands the natural law by which our Royal Queen becomes the mother of four, and sometimes five distinct classes of citizens, each needed for the well being of the whole nation. Although the clairvoyant eye has thus occasionally seen Man God come and go, no clairaudient ear has ever yet heard his reply to an Ant petition, or prayer. So your committee is compelled to report that there is no apparent means of interchange of thought between the intelligent Ant and Man God. And further, there is no evidence yet discovered that Man God understands, or is able to comprehend the thoughts, whether of a humble worker, or of the most learned professor in an Ant College of Instruction.

"This might be our complete answer to the command of the Royal Council that we inquire as to the possibility of such intercourse. But our research impels us to yet further advise your Royal Council that there is no evidence whatever that the noble, intelligent Ant was created by Man God, who in many respects seems to be altogether his inferior. Therefore we add as our unanimous belief and affirmation that if such intercourse should ever become possible, it would be most undesirable, and in many respects degrading, to the self-respect of those of the Ant Race who, like your Royal Council, have ennobled an Empire and raised it to immortal glory. It is, of course, possible that a true God, the real Creator of the noble and intelligent Ant, may yet be discovered. But even if such a God had been considered possible by your committee, we should have hesitated to disturb his intentional seclusion, lest the priesthood of our nation should claim to be his mouthpiece, and proceed to distribute his blessings to their own chief advantage."

The above report was ordered placed on file, and the committee discharged from further labor and responsibility.

And now, most esteemed Editor, kindly permit me to add that it will be a waste of time for interested readers to write to me for further particulars concerning the home or public life of the noble Ant, as the avenue of communication between the Ant world and ours, which was opened for a brief hour by a fortunate conjunction of planets, became impossible again almost immediately, and will remain so for many years to come.

C. D.

San Leandro, California.

Influence of Music.

William L. Tomlins of Chicago lectured on music recently in the Milbank Memorial chapel at Teachers' College. His subject was really the nature and influence of music. He described a large circle in the air, with a smaller circle within, and a still smaller one within that.

"These circles," said Mr. Tomlins, "represent the outer, the middle and the centre natures of a boy. The outer circle is what the boy does; the middle circle is what the boy thinks, and the centre circle is what the boy really is. The world, as a rule, sees only the outer and middle natures of the boy; his teachers do not know his inner nature, nor do his parents, and it is unknown to the boy himself. Yet that is the boy's real self; that is to be awakened and trained and developed into nobility, which, by sacrifice, at last reaches a spiritual splendor. Music, according to Ruskin, will not lead itself to what is unwholesome. It is the marvelous influence that appeals to the inner nature, and sometimes awakens it like a flash." Mr. Tomlins went on to say that the centre or inner nature must be sown full of the best and holiest influence; it must be a garden so full of flowers that there will be no room for even a single weed. It must not be full of weeds, with no room for a flower. The power of music, in Mr. Tomlins' opinion, was the most potent, beautiful and subtle power for inducing the growth of the fair flowers of purity, truth, sympathy and kindred immortals.

The mother singing a lullaby to her infant is answered in the same sweet language by the rhythmic coo of the child, whose inner nature recognizes the heart of music. The songs of school children, the melodies of later years, and the battle hymns sounding in the ears of the dying soldier prove that music goes with us from the cradle to the grave. The power of song is the vocal utterance of the individual self. It flames with vigor and vitality; it is complete and unique. It is individual; it reveals the inner nature; it flames with life from within—not from without. The human voice reveals one's own deeper, inner self. Some say the influence of music is fleeting. A flash of lightning is fleeting, but it reveals an entire landscape in its brief, wonderful light. Music must not be taken from the laborer; it soothes and rests the tired brain, the aching heart and weary nerves. Electricians say we are but in the beginning of the usages to which electricity may be put. So we are but in the beginning of the power and influence of music.

—New York Daily Tribune.

Liberty is glorious. It is liberty that gives human nature fair play, and allows each singularity to show itself. For one unpleasant oddity which it brings forth, it gives the world ten thousand great and useful examples.—Montesquieu.

An Outline of the Basic Truths And Methods of the Universal Religion, Showing Its Superiority to the Ethnic Religions, Including Christianity, and the True Place of Spiritualism.

With a Declaration of Principles,
Recommended for Adoption to
the National Spiritualists'
Association.

BY REV. T. E. ALLEN.

PART III.—Continued.

I maintain that selfishness is normal, universal, and never outgrown. I find in this truth the guarantee that man, considered individually and collectively, will surely attain happiness! The real antithesis with which we have to reckon is that of ignorant selfishness with enlightened selfishness.

"John, you selfish fellow, if you wished to prove your unselfishness, you should have eaten the orange yourself, and not have given it to Julia, for thereby you have shown that you wished the happiness value of two oranges from one!" "I feel very uneasy," observed an archangel. "Ah! I perceive the cause—a poor devil in the sixth hell is being tormented by his fellows rather more severely than is usual. I shall have to tone things down a bit before I can feel comfortable again." This solidarity of all finite entities makes the well-being of one the concern of all. All antagonism between individual and social aims, ideals and means is due to ignorance. Given sufficient knowledge, and the two will harmonize perfectly.

When Jesus was crucified, a few followers witnessed his agony and his loss of consciousness, and reflected, doubtless, upon the great sacrifice he had made for his perception of truth; but the angel band, unperceived by the majority of the actors in the tragedy, and perhaps by all, said: "Another soul has submitted to the rite of initiation that admits him to the happiness of a celestial brotherhood."

When John Brown was in jail after the insurrection at Harper's Ferry, the burden of his letters to his brother was: "If they hang me, I'm a success; if they don't, I'm a failure." He wanted to be hung for the good of the cause he had at heart, and surely, the words, "His soul goes marching on," were most appropriate, and sung everywhere by the boys in blue made his "sacrifice" a power in educating anti-slavery sentiment. But John Brown made no sacrifice, in reality! He was just as selfish as you or I, but wiser, and he could not escape his just reward if he tried! When we sift the matter carefully, is there as much difference between these two martyrs as the majority would contend?

When the Decalogue is regarded as a fiat of God, it is natural enough that a conventional code of morality should result, and that condemnation should be meted out to those whose conduct falls below its requirements. But, when we comprehend the relation between realized truth and conduct, then we say, "We have no right to condemn, for even as the perceived truth, such is the conduct." Then we discover also that conventional standards and denunciations, the more refined tortures of our enlightened (!) ecclesiastics, are most remarkable, upon the one hand, for the many liars and hypocrites they produce, and upon the other, for the wings of aspiring souls that they clip, causing the owners to fall back to the conventional dead level.

For while men will march up in platoons to profess what they do not wholly believe, when they are told the rewards of conformity and the penalties of heresy, actual conduct is a faithful reflector of real belief. Therefore, to shield themselves from the contents, worse than vitriol, of the phials of condemnation, they put on the masks of hypocrisy. To see beyond the conventional standard, on the other hand, is accounted far worse than any immorality—witness the kid-gloved mob leading Garrison through the streets of Boston with a rope about his neck!

"Hands off! 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.'" This should be our motto. Let us not cry over spilt milk, but teach people how to carry their pails! Nothing but truth can serve our purpose. Tell us with all the accuracy attainable the precise nature of the reactions that follow actions, neither suppressing anything in deference to the innocence and modesty of Miss Prude—if you do, you have concealed the very pit into which she shall fall!—nor overdrawing anything for effect, for the truth will be discovered, and your future warnings will be discounted or rejected.

There is considerable difference between the best and the worst man as we commonly measure things, but not enough to justify the former in playing the Pharisee; for, when the judgment, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her" is pronounced, he must walk away with the rest. And truly, there is no reason why we should marvel. It was through what the world calls "sin" that the good man gained his foothold—chiefly by profiting by the lessons taught by experience. We must blot out the word sin, signifying the act of a rebellious "child of God," who is guilty of a disobedience and ingratitude so stupendous that the whole heavenly host ought to recoil with horror at the mere thought of it, and write ignorance in its place.

We are all sinners, and we shall all go on sinning. The profit and consolation lie in the fact that now and then we throw aside an old sin and take on a new one!

A knowledge of actions and the corresponding emotion-values of the reactions constitute a large part of the religious truth that every person ought to know. But through defect in our systems and in our instruction, the latter growing partly out of our failure to understand the needs of individuals and their present imperfect equipment for life, religious truth imparted upon authority very frequently fails, perhaps usually, to confer that profound realization of a truth that will, at the proper time, positively and without hesitation determine the best course of conduct, for the reason that the perception of truth has utterly discredited all other possible courses. Consequently, without realizing what they are doing many times, they appeal, as it were, to the highest court; they follow a course not best as the more enlightened see it, but one which promises happiness from their standpoint; and then, having braved the Supreme Power on those lines—as all do on some lines—the reaction follows; they have taken their medicine, and they are either cured at once or they return again and again until they don't care for any more. Experience is a great teacher, and fools are not her only pupils! Her lessons, somehow, make a stronger impression than any others!

Strange how we are perpetually impeaching the universe, finding fault with the cosmic order, by belching forth condemnation upon all sides! And all for what reason? Because "I told you so!" or "Didn't I tell you not to?" because our instruction was so poor that the scholar preferred to go, or was forced to go, to the school of experience. The consummate, I had almost said the criminal, audacity—and yet, as our light or darkness (!) suggests—with which we brand and stigmatize one another. Why? Because we differ in our development, experience and insight! Because we are in, or not far out of, hell ourselves! That is pretty much the whole of it. "I have arrived at this point, I see that such and such things are not best, don't you dare to do them"; that is the spirit. Well may many report, "Who are you, any way?"

Undoubtedly, we must imprison criminals until we learn a better way of dealing with them. But, are we really improving matters when we ostracize the "vicious"? Ought we to make their burdens heavier? Ought we not to live in accordance with a more enlightened philosophy? Is it not about as sensible to cast out the "fallen" woman—where's the man all this time?—and then organize a society to reclaim her, as to stand a file of soldiers up before a lot of guns with a corps of surgeons at hand to patch up the mangled bodies? Did the casting out annihilate the fallen woman, so that we have really raised the average of virtue in the universe, or is she still with us, persisting, playing the part that society makes it almost impossible for her to abandon? Must she, too, become an angel as pure as any other? Undoubtedly. Is it an angel's work to redeem such? So it is said. Are our wives, daughters and sisters better than angels? Do not some of the former owe their purity to the fact that their despised sisters have made their bodies bulwarks against the lust of men? Is there here no unpaid debt of brides to courtesans?

The penalties put upon vice in the very constitution of things, and the rewards of virtue, these are the things upon which we should rely. Here let none be ignorant. But, let us not misuse our energies by tramping upon our fellows for the purpose of proving our own virtue, for the greater our success in degrading them—think of it!—in their own and the world's eyes, the more difficult will be the task of again lifting them up. And here I give solemn warning, that the impress upon my mind of the spiritual philosophy, considered in a large way, has led me to firmly believe that for every foot-pound of force consumed in tearing down others, sufficient energy must be exerted later to undo the mischief we have wrought, and usually for the benefit of the very individuals we have wronged! This work will not be commanded by an angry Deity, but by our own sense of justice, which, in due time, will be forced by the records upon the tablets of memory, to make as complete amends as possible for the results of past ignorance.

The human race began in abject ignorance and poverty. The law of conduct already cited has been operative from the very beginning, and must always continue to be. The proximate ends of the individual differ, however, with the stage of evolution, and changes in conduct are due to an increase of knowledge, to a progressive revelation, through experience and instruction, of the emotion-value of reactions. This increase of knowledge has two important consequences both of which tend toward a more complete realization of man's destiny.

1. It discloses the truth that the several primary forms of gratification, all of which pertain to the maintenance of life, are limited in their power to gratify, that when indulgence is carried beyond a certain point we enter the domain of excess, where the reactions become painful, thus operating to check that kind of activity and to suggest the turning of the energies into other channels. By such experiences we are taught that it is very probable that there is a limiting point on all lines of conduct, beyond which it is not wise to go, and that in proportion as we overpass it, the painful nature of the reactions tends to bring us to a halt.

2. This increase of knowledge also reveals

new forms of gratification, which, if they are directly on the normal line of evolution, possess a higher happiness-value. The first point, then, these gratifications have is that they force the ungratified energies into new channels to search for new gratifications. By these means the steady rise of the centre of gravity, so to speak, of every finite being is infallibly guaranteed. I hold this to be true, even though many may be apparently stationary for long terms of years; for these periods are, in fact, short when we can talk of millions of years, and they are also characterized by mental readjustments which fit the individual to take the next step forward when the time comes.

The primary gratifications which depend upon things and upon the sex appetite, while not abandoned, come to be perceived to be the first terms of a series, the later terms of which tend to engross an increasing percentage of the total energy expended. Our relations thus become wider and wider, the first aspect of the universe is transcended, and new interests become vital. We become inhabitants of worlds of art, science, history, philosophy, etc. Ties spring into existence binding us to souls having similar tastes and aspirations whose homes are remote from our own. Our sympathies expand as we take in larger and larger groups of men. We reach out to the friend in China, and who shall measure the distance that aspiration may penetrate into the invisible world and bring an answering vibration of strength, consolation and truth?

In his early stages of evolution man prizes things. The time comes when things fall to a very subordinate position, and when the only wealth that gives him much concern is the mental attitude towards him of his fellow-beings, and their memory of the benefits he has been privileged to confer upon them. Philosophically viewed, history teaches us that we are stewards of things rather than owners. When we forget this, we put property above the well being of soul, we become mammon worshipers, and mammon worship exacts severe penalties. When Louis XVI., increasing in popularity on account of the reforms he was putting in force, for the purpose of making life more tolerable for the common people of France, was checked by the privileged classes—when he was forced to abandon the great work of breaking the idols of mammon into fragments, then the victims of that social order arose in their might and overturned the idols and slew the attendant priests! If the plutocrats of our time, recognized by many sober thinkers and even by ecclesiastics high in their several denominations as a menace to our national well-being, overlook the prescribed limit of their power, our nation will go down to ruin and carry them with it.

If Ignatius Donnelly's "Caesar's Column," in which the growth of plutocracy is followed to its fall, is destined to prove false as a prophecy, it will be mainly because the spirit-world is working so hard, and not altogether ineffectively, through many instruments, to reveal that solidarity of all finite entities which it is a part of the aim of this essay to proclaim and to formulate. In other words, the gratification of the plutocrat, his greed for gold and power, has its limit set in the constitution of things, and he may disregard it at his peril. Let him forget that he is a steward for the good of humanity, and the nation shall suffer the pangs of a greater French Revolution, and he individually shall inhabit a hell in the spirit-world until he has outgrown the spiritual condition that placed him there.

Don't blame me for sending some of the rich men to hell. They go themselves! In reality, they are straining every nerve and muscle to penetrate as far as they can into its depths. I am simply lifting the lid of the cauldron a little and asking them to take a peep, hoping that they will take the hint! The cry, "one world at a time," by which some seek to evade a consideration of the claims of religion, is shown by Spiritualism to be futile, for the reason that, in reality, life is not two-fold or many-fold, but continuous—one! The body is merely an instrument for manifestation upon a certain plane of being. The rich men, mentioned as destined for hell, are already in hell, but owing to the difference in the conditions that prevail in the natural and the spiritual world, they do not realize it now as they will when the body has been cast aside. For then, the great law of attraction will separate the tyrants from their victims, leaving them to practice their arts upon each other, past injustices will exact reparation, their loss of power to control the millions they once called theirs will afflict them, and their failure to cultivate the faculties which naturally find expression in that phase of life will make them spiritual paupers.

Music.

BY MRS. R. S. LILLIE.

On the editorial page of the BANNER OF LIGHT of June 4, we find an article upon the above subject.

I had just sent forth a small collection, which had been prepared as an accompaniment to a "Jubilee Song," which, as it was sung originally by "The Jubilee Singers" or "Tennesseeans" of years ago, thrilled and inspired me, as it did thousands of others. Having heard it again, not long since, in a social gathering, an inspiration (as I believe), impelled me, singing, "This much we arranged for our Jubilee Year of Spiritualism," which I proceeded to do. It was sung by a congregation of more than a thousand in Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco, on the occasion of the Anniversary and Jubilee exercises, April 3, and afterward arranged as it now appears, with the "Golden Gate to the Pacific" on one of the outside page, "The Hedyville House," (the Golden Gate Spiritual), through which came the spirits who brought a "light to lighten the world" on the other. I christened it "The Golden Jubilee Souvenir Song Book of Modern Spiritualism." I now feel called upon to defend myself from the offense of sending out "revamped musical compositions." For this is what they are; I make no pretensions to originality, only adaptation of words, for which I do claim an inspirational source, for those I have written as well as selected.

There are melodies which will never wear out, and cannot be, or at least never have been, excelled by any one; they are thought worthy of being sung by the greatest musical artists of our time. Among them are "Home Sweet Home," "The Swanee River," "Auld Lang Syne," "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and even "The Sweet Bye-and-Bye." As you suggest, we don't want these to be the only things we sing, but for me they will never be spoiled nor worn out.

At times I am called upon for a funeral service, where Mr. Lillie cannot accompany me, and no music has been provided. By the side of the silent form I appeal to those present to sing the second verse of the "Sweet Bye-and-Bye." I should not wonder if, when my spirit is leaving the body, I shall say, "Let us sing!"

"We shall sing on that beautiful shore The melodious songs of the best, And our spirits will never be more— Not a sign for the blessings of rest."

I love that good sympathetic and touching melody of "The Old Folks at Home," or the "Swanee River," and all can sing it without special drill, so far our spiritual meetings instead of

"All the world seems sad and dreary, Every where I roam," etc., I have substituted a song of exultation: "Shout the song of glad thanksgiving, Sound it o'er and o'er, For all the loved and lost are living, Living forevermore."

Crossing the bay on one of the steamers running between San Francisco and Oakland, a group of men standing near me began singing from the Gospel Hymns,

"Throw out the life line," To me it was grand and uplifting, even with their words, and I considered myself fortunate when in an old bookstore, a few days later, I found (suited to that air) the words of Ellen Dare:

"Send out the Sunlight, the sunlight of cheer, Shine on earth's sadness till it disappear; Souls are in waiting by message to bear, Send out the sunlight, the sunlight of love."

I have selected from Gospel Hymns, without change, "Hiding in Thee." Our minds turn to wide and grateful intelligence for strength, for refuge, and for rest, when we sing, "O rock the rock that is higher than I, My soul in its conflicts and sorrows would fly, It has never been my misfortune to hear in any spiritual meeting,

"Hark from the tombs," nor

"My mind on awful subjects rolls, Damnation and the dead."

The writer of the article to which I refer says: It is fitting now in the second half-century of the existence of Spiritualism that some one (or ones) should arise to "write its songs and compose its music from the spiritual side of man's nature." adding, "We want something more than revamped musical compositions. We want the living waters of inspiration, fresh from the fountains of melody and harmony in the higher realms. Who will write the songs of Spiritualism aught?"

I don't know who will arise or who will write or compose from a more spiritual side of man's nature, than James G. Clark, whose soulful spiritual songs have reached the hearts of the world, touching them with their tender spirituality and perfectly harmonious melodies. The world will wait, methinks, for one who will come with fresher inspirations than have sprung from the brain of Gerald Massey, some of which are set as jewels of song.

We have not been obliged to wait for the opening of the coming fifty years. The angels of inspiration have strewn their bright flowers through the first fifty years of Spiritualism. As an "Ode to the Infinite" what can excel Lizzie Doten's poem:

"God of the granite and the rose, Soul of the sparrow and the bee, The mighty tide of being flows Through countless channels, Lord, from thee."

This has called forth the admiration and has received tribute from some of the ablest critics and best minds outside the ranks of Spiritualism. Singers know that, taking almost any music book, there are but a few real gems or choice songs. "The Spiritual Harp," edited by J. M. Peebles and J. O. Barrett, and published and sold by the Banner of Light Publishing Co., dates back to 1868, and contains many most excellent songs and hymns, the only objection ever made to it being that it was a little too expensive to introduce for congregational use. Its melodies and words are fresh from the "living fountain of inspiration," and should be in every Spiritualist home and used by every Spiritualist society.

When searching for the few I have selected that all might sing, I said, "Here is a gem written by Lizzie Doten, as though she had written it for this special Jubilee occasion." "The Spiritual Harp" has its original music, and also adds, "Adapted to 'Auld Lang Syne,'" "That," said I, "can be sung by all in our congregations," and at our jubilees they will sing to that old air and shout Miss Doten's song of "Liberty."

The world has felt a quickening breath From heaven's immortal shore, And souls, triumphant over death, Return to earth once more. For this we hold our jubilee, For this with joy we sing, Oh! grave, where is thy victory? Oh! Death, where is thy sting?

In reference to using airs from the "Gospel Hymns," I don't think they are all "wailing airs," nor that all inspiration is with the Spiritualists. There have been inspired ones who have furnished splendid melodies outside of our ranks. Many of the songs of P. B. Bliss and Ira Sankey are of the latter. I shall never forget the beautiful vision given me with P. B. Bliss in Minneapolis just before he passed out, showing me that he was inspired, although he knew it not. I think we have missed many good things because we had so strong a prejudice against taking our melodies from an outside source and adapting to them words from some of our own poets.

The people assembled at the Jubilee apparently enjoyed hearing, "Remember Now Thy Creator," which certainly never came from a Spiritualist collection; and the melody would not have been marred by having words set to it which would have had an application to our way of thinking. One of the finest of Lizzie Doten's poems, "The Rainbow Bridge," I wanted to hear sung, and have chosen some of the verses and set to Ira D. Sankey's "Ninety and Nine," which has been sung and enjoyed by thousands and I believe will be by thousands more with Miss Doten's admirable words:

"And they said that the gods and heroes crossed That bridge from the world of light, To strengthen the soul when its hope seemed lost In the conflict for the right."

Refrain:

"A rainbow bridge which the spirits crossed To strengthen the soul when its hope seemed lost, To strengthen the soul when its hope seemed lost."

We have found what we considered choice selections in Tucker's "Melodies of Life." Among the sweetest, we think, is "Waiting Mid the Shadows." Such composers as Wm. B. Bradbury, Geo. F. Root, Dr. Lowell Mason, Ira D. Sankey and P. B. Bliss have touched the hearts of millions with their melodies. If we sing to them an occasional song or poem given us, embodying the higher teachings, their field of usefulness will be enlarged, and only good can result.

We teach that truth is universal, and to be gathered wherever we can find it; and we know that music is the universal language and expression of the soul; wherever we find that which is good we have a right to use it, to appropriate it, and sing it. If the one, or ones, haven't come yet to "write the songs of Spiritualism aught," some of those who have done this work have, (as some of the South-erners would say) "come mighty near it," and we'll sing their songs while we wait for the other fellow.

This little offering of mine is my first of this kind. I may never commit another. I certainly shall not if it does not prove a financial success. I admit, candidly, it was not done for "humanity's sake," but for our own sake; and we really fancied there might be some individuals, and perhaps societies, on our musical plans not so highly cultivated that these revamped, adjusted, adapted musical compositions would be painful, and possibly might prove to some pleasurable. I shall take the hedging and start East early in July, to Cascadaga first. Shall visit Lake Pleasant, Boston, the BANNER OF LIGHT, etc., etc.

Written for the Banner of Light. BE KIND.

BY EDWIN POOLE.

How much of the care that overshadows the pathway, How much of the trouble that weighs down the mind

Of many unfortunate, sad fellow-creatures, We might drive away, if we'd only be kind!

Be kind to the children! not over-indulgent, That is not a kindness which harms in the end; But manifest interest in their endeavors, And make them to feel you a kind and true friend.

Be kind to the aged! Infirmitates many Make earth-life's last years a hard burden to bear. Remember as they look for aid and protection, How soon you may need kind attention and care!

Be kind in your home! Little things may annoy you Impatience at times make you thoughtlessly fret; But cultivate kindness! Its power will surprise you In lightening the trials that daily are met.

When you go from your home let no vestige of anger, In look or in manner to loved ones appear, Speak a cheerful good-bye. 'Twill be sweet to remember

Should death, in your absence, remove some one dear.

It is good to be honest and free from the vices That daily confront us, but bear this in mind, The life, most immaculate, cannot find heaven That has not with purity kindness combined.

Complain not at difficulties. Neither goodness nor greatness can be attained in this world without them.

Letters from Foreign Lands.

Read at the International Jubilee of Modern Spiritualism, Rochester, May 25 to June 1, 1898, S. E. 51.

France.

FROM THE FRENCH OF PIERRE GASTON LEY-MARIE, Editor of "Revue Spirituelle," Director of the "Société de Libération Spirituelle."

Dear Dr. Fred L. H. Willis:

In spite of the war between the United States and Spain, I hope that the International Jubilee of Modern Spiritualism in accordance with my desires and yours, will be a great success.

All the members of our society cordially unite with me in the hope that your demonstration in favor of our Cause shall be as inspiring as possible, and be an honor to your efforts and to those of the friends of the Cause. It is unfortunate that the first of June does not open your Congress, as the change of date may result in a change of disposition on the part of many of your servants.

As for your servant, it will be impossible for me to quit Paris and go to Rochester and assist you. I have the good will to do so, but I have not the means.

We have been ruined by the Jesuits. We still have lawsuits pending with these black personages. I must be here to defend our cases. These lawsuits take all my money. You see I am in a very bad position to pay my way from here to Rochester.

My heart bleeds not to be able to be with you to celebrate the glorious Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, but from afar I shall be with you in spirit.

In harmony with your suggestion, I have just caused to be printed an article entitled "Evolution and Revelation," with this epigraph:

"The new generations make God men of the Messias formerly martyred, but punish with rage those who blaspheme these ex-convicts of human rights."

I desired to have this article translated into English, but was not able. It would have been better understood by an American audience.

We here render all homage to the colossal labor with which all concerned in the preparation of this grand Jubilee must have been burdened. May the fatigue of this labor not interfere with your own grand work as a speaker and writer of which I have heard much from our mutual friend, Prof. Moutonier. Also may the tumults of war not affect the results of your grand reunion. May God bless you.

Your friend and brother, Paris, April 7, 1898. P. G. LEYMARIE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF DR. MOUTIER, Boulogne Seine, France

To Dr. Fred L. H. Willis:

Dear Sir and Much Honored Colleague—I regret deeply not having been able to answer at once your kind invitation.

I was detained for nearly three weeks in the south of France, by family affairs, and although your letter was forwarded to me, I found it impossible to write anything.

Should another Congress take place in America, or any other circumstances arise for which an article of mine might be agreeable to you, please inform me and I will with great pleasure accede to your request.

Meanwhile, and with renewed regrets that I was not able to send you anything, I beg you to accept, my dear sir and much-honored colleague, the assurance of my kindest fraternal regard. DR. MOUTIER.

May 27, 1898.

FROM THE FRENCH OF DR. BOUCHER, 27 Rue Robert Surcouf St. Servan, France.

Dr. Fred L. H. Willis:

Dear Brother—Allow me to express to you my deep regrets that I am not able to attend the solemn reunion by which Spiritism is celebrating so widely its Golden Jubilee, attesting in that manner, and in the face of the entire world, its wonderful vitality. Wonderful, indeed, for blind are those who cannot see that the divine word inspires it, that the breath of the saints animates and sustains it in the midst of stupendous obstacles accumulated in its path by the fanatical representatives of antique religions, which are crumbling away, and by the proud teachers of material science.

"Pax Vobiscum" answers Spiritism to those who would load it with their sarcasms, continuing its glorious march onward, sowing in every human soul the fruitifying seed of Love.

Oh! what a sublime religion is this which resolves itself into these few words, "Let us love one another." Through it we can level all barriers, and blend the different races scattered over the earth into a harmonious whole. Integral humanity!

Floating above all difficulties Spiritualism says, "You are all the children of one God: Jews, Catholics, Protestants, Buddhists, Infidels. He loves you all with an equal love and without exceptions you all rise by means of successive reincarnations toward the radiant empyrean." The road is long, indeed, and rough the ascent, but the goal is sure, and happiness will be found at the end.

You are, then, my brothers, in this sublime Congress, going to send forth the sweet and holy words which affirm the eternity of being and its magnificent destinies. I should have been very happy to find myself in the midst of the brotherhood, to hear the grand truths expressed by voices better empowered than mine.

I am with you in spirit, and send you and all my brothers the assurances of my devoted, affectionate regard. DR. BOUCHER.

P. S. We have here a few Spiritists, but we are few, I hope to be able to unite them all into a group. May 16, 1898.

FROM A. LAURENT DE FAGET, Of the Editorial Corps of the "Progrès Spirituel."

Dr. Fred L. H. Willis—Dear Sir and Brother—The editors of the Progrès Spirituel (Spiritual Progress) thank you for having invited them to the festivals which are now taking place in Rochester in celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of Spiritism (or Modern Spiritualism) in the same place where it made its first appearance.

We heartily unite in spirit in all you do for the good of our Cause, and we hasten to tell you that we, too, will celebrate in Paris our Golden Jubilee, but not before November, in order to make it coincide with the annual Fête of the Departed.

Pray believe that on that occasion we will think of you, our brothers of the United States, who have taken the lead in this grand movement.

May the day come when all the Spiritists and Spiritualists of the world will make but one great family, thus preparing the era of universal love and harmony on this earth, still bound by hatred and sorrow!

That is our dearest wish. I have read your circular to the Committee of Propaganda, whose president I am, also to the reunion of groups of Paris.

The Spiritists of our capital desire me to convey to you their earnest wishes for the extension of Modern Spiritualism in your country, also the expression of their fraternal kindness.

You must have received a copy of the Progrès Spirituel of May 5, which had an account of the festivals you were preparing in Rochester, and gave the assurance of our solidarity with you.

All communications from you will always be welcome. Pray accept, dear brother in belief, from our co-workers, as well as myself, the assurance of our fraternal regard.

A. LAURENT DE FAGET. P. S.—The Committee of Propaganda desire me to inform you that they have sent as dele-

gate to the Congress of London, which is to take place in June, Mr. Gabriel Delanne, well known for his spiritual works and as chief editor of the *Revue Scientifique et Morale du Spiritisme*.

Paper for Rochester Jubilee.

The Universe.

BY C. MOUTONNIER, Late Professor of the High School of Commerce of Paris (Collaborator to the French *Revue Spirituelle*).

A thorough knowledge of the objects and aims of individual and collective life is one of the most important things for the building up of a religious synthesis. But, as all our relations are closely connected with our environments, the aim of life cannot be determined without first knowing the sources and necessary conditions of development, as well as the contingent causes of progression and retrogression of the human souls.

If it is true, as we ascertain it, that the universe exists from all eternity, the constant manifestations of divine thought, that is the understanding of universe, is to know God; and it is only thus that we can love and serve him freely as conscientious cooperators to his eternal work.

The ancients did not have the least idea of cosmogony; they represented the earth as being motionless in the centre of the universe; the sun was to them a globe of fire moving around our planet merely destined to give it light and heat, while the moon and the stars were mere lanterns whose object was to illumine the nights, when the sun, exhausted from its long course, was to retire to its resting-place beyond the distant seas. The sky was nothing but a solid vault or firmament holding up the superior waters and the heavens; underneath were the earthly surface and the sea, and in the depths of the abyss were the inferior waters and the land of the dead; the Hades of the Greeks, the Sheol of the Hebrews, the Inferi of the Latins with their two divisions, Tartarus and Elysium, Paradise and Gehenna; Heaven was the empyrean abode of the Almighty with his innumerable celestial armies.

Now, the Bible tells us that there was a beginning; that God created the world in six days and devoted the seventh day to rest. But, if the world had such a quick beginning, is it not preposterous to say that it could have but a short duration? and, indeed, the end of the world was ever threatening the poor human race; and how dreadful was the day of the last judgment of every race and tongue, past and present, were to arise from their graves, whether incarnated into gas and mingled with the clouds or reproduced in myriad vegetations, hastening to be ready for the material resurrection, approach the ear of the universal assize and hear each his judgment."

Though the Greeks did not have a great knowledge of sciences, they had, however, a far better and more practical idea of the world; they were superior to the Jews, as they had anthropomorphized nature in its sensible manifestation, and personified its forces and laws. Man was thus connected by a thousand ties to the universal life, and could extend infinitely the circle of his religious views. He was an integral part of the cosmos, and was mixed with its harmony without being absorbed by it. His soul united to the soul of all things, embraced the Divine Spirit, and life with its changes and metamorphosis, appeared to him ever reviving and everywhere immortal.

The Jews, on the contrary, with their supernatural ideas, placing divinity outside of the world, were compelled to live amidst an inert and soulless nature, being thus connected religiously with the Creator. On its advent, Christianity took up the apocalyptic idea of the end of the world which was prevalent among the Jews, and associated to it the person of Christ. Henceforth, God possessed a threefold nature, consisting of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Beyond the bending blue hanging above our heads, like a dome of brass, resided the vengeful Jehovah, surrounded by the chosen ones, singing sacred hymns and twanging metallic harps; while in Sheol are the reprobate tossing and writhing ever and forever amid the burning billows of a brimstone lake. Later on, churchmen associated purgatory to hell, which is only a temporary hell. In purgatory the souls are purified and rendered fit to enter into heaven; they are relieved by the sacrifices of men, by prayers, pious works and alms deeds; but this is business and not religion. The church, to enable it to perform its offices in their behalf, The hope of pardon and promise of paradise, with the terrors of hell and the possible redemption from purgatory, remained the great means of sway for churchmen, and, at the same time, the sanctions of morals. Then there was a time when the universe was one vast illimitable ocean of silent, meaningless nothingness, and there did not anything exist that now exists; and God, having made the world out of nothing—by a mere act of his will—could also change its course and modify its laws, and favor by means of miracles those who were predestinated.

Such was, and such is still, the understanding of the physical world among Christians. It is neither grand, nor good, nor generous, but is above all useful and business like. But, let us look a little further into the teachings of the orthodox church. It is stated that the Almighty, having created man, put him in a garden with the command not to eat the fruit of a certain tree: "In the day thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die." But the serpent told the woman that they should not die, and thus was brought into the world sin and death; and it required the blood of Jesus, the son of God, to redeem man from the original sin; moreover, the immolation of God man was to be renewed at the holy communion and sacrifice of mass, in a thousand places, for the salvation of human kind.

Now, I ask you whether there is anything more absurd, more pernicious and worse to morals and conscience than this dogma of original sin associated to the doctrine of redemption, which stands at the very foundation of Christianity? But, happily, we are entering a new era of civilization and progress; science has freed the mind from the trammels of superstition and ignorance; this is an age of religious inquiry; in the matter of material development, it is a marvel; but no less marvelous are the spiritual signs of the times. Our understanding of the world and life, in conformity with the lights of science, does not allow us, nowadays, to question either the wisdom of the Creator or his justice and power; and as to his goodness I want it equitable and could not bless it, nor would I care for it, if it were true that it only worked through grace and gratuitous salvation. What I want is salvation through man's own efforts and sacrifices; and I could not call divine a goodness which, giving me a Savior, would have relieved me from saving myself, or created me perfect and deprived me of the means of progressing and elevating my soul.

The science endowed with the divine origin, and carried within him the elements of activity, the law of dynamism, and is entitled to a divine state. Eternal spark of the creative thought, a living being is but the emanation of God, destined to realize in illimitable conditions of time and space one of the attributes of divine perfection.

Now, I would like to know whether there is a more noble and desirable aim to reach, a more glorious crowning of life to be wanted? How many lives are necessary, how many different spheres have we to go through to attain the plenitude of existence?

No one knows, but they are infinite in number. The scale of the different species that have evolved from the protoplasm to inhuman sensibility, intelligence and conscience can give us an idea of the immense distance which separates man from his beginning.

"Somewhere thus lived and has need of him; Somewhere they met and higher heights to climb; And somewhere still there may be valleys dim, That thou must pass to reach the hills sublime!"

May it be remembered, then, that we can only improve universal order by improving ourselves and our fellowmen, and the conditions of our terrestrial life. And see how admirable are the results of universal solidarity! We cannot perfect ourselves individually without having all men progressing and benefiting by our own progress and evolution; we cannot improve the world without glorifying God, of whom we are the free and conscientious collaborators, and to whom we are responsible, as tenants of the terrestrial sphere and members of the same human race.

Let us now see what science tells us: We read in the great book of nature that the creation was gradual and slow in its development; that it went through a period of thousand and thousand years, and is still going on, without any interruption in its changes and evolutions. It tells us, also, that life originated from the most simple form, to rise gradually into forms more and more refined, to attain the most ideal and perfect form on earth, that is to say, man, who may be considered as the synthesis and the crowning of God's work. All this science states as a fact, a principle of truth which every one is able to verify and acknowledge. In one word, the evolution and progress from the animal to mankind could only be done through the mediumship of the unceasing intervention of a creative power, possessing in its fulness and absolute perfection the attributes of life, reason, sensation and conscience.

We live in God and through him, but our nature is divine, and our destiny, as well as our duty and glory, are to collaborate with him, at the cost of efforts, sacrifices, devotion and sufferings to the sublime work of eternal creation. We are, in fact, as said before, the co-laborers of the Almighty, at first inconscient, then conscient, knowing and willing to be more and more useful as we understand better the universal harmony of the world and get our reason more enlightened, our love and power more and more developed to take a greater and more effective part in the divine concert of beings and worlds. Thus is set at naught the whole of the orthodox doctrine—the legend of the creation, the fall of man, the necessity for pardon and redemption—consequently the dogma of incarnation and of the Son of God, the drama of the cross and the resurrection of the body, the last judgment, and, to finish, purgatory and hell. "The most awful and gruesome delirium that was ever born in the night of human ignorance, despair and degradation."

This is what our philosophers, our great thinkers of the past and present times, and of which I am a true follower and interpreter, tell us, and what Ancient and Modern Spiritualism has proved to be the truth, through thousands of spirit manifestations coming from our beloved departed ones. And now, to conclude, in this grand day of union and love, when my heart and soul shall be with you to join in the festivities of the semi-centennial celebration of the advent of Modern Spiritualism, which is the most wonderful event of the nineteenth century, I want to send to you, with my most sincere regrets of being unable to attend the Jubilee in person, my warmest sympathies and wishes, as a token of recognition and love to great America, "the land of the free," which has been and is still now, for over twenty years, my adopted country, and also my adherence to the doctrine of Spiritualism, whose great and comforting principles of truth have brought to me strength and relief in my days of struggles and sorrows. Grand Hotel de l'Escurie, par St. Raphaël (Var) France, May 5, 1898.

Lily Dale Dimples.

The attendance at camp thus far is a decided improvement on the past two years, and the interest never was more marked. Chairman Brooks is a general favorite with the people, and an indefatigable worker. Social, cheerful, and enthusiastic, ever true to Spiritualism, while tolerant toward all side issues, and broadly democratic in his sympathies and expressions, he is well adapted to the situation. President Gaston is serene, and makes others so.

The music by the Northwestern Band is stirring, and the various entertainments make camp lively.

Isa Wilson Kaynor gave a public illustration of her mediumship, handling fire with impunity, and when she held the hands of others, too, became salamanders as long as she kept the contact, but instantly burned on the withdrawal of her touch.

Thus far the platform talent has been of the best. Mrs. E. L. Watson, Fundist Laban, Jennie B. H. Jackson, Moses Hull and Mary Elizabeth Lease, have led the thinkers into exalted fields, glowing with truth and high sentiment. W. H. Bach has built an elegant pagoda to the north of the pavilion, where he dispenses literature, badges, taffy, patriotism, and, sorrowful to relate, the cigar nuisance! His idea is that some one will supply them, so long as there is a demand, and that he does not add to the sum of smokers by dealing them out to those who want them. The cigar spot is the only blemish on his beautiful and tastefully arranged pagoda. Lily Dale welcomes all varieties of people, and tolerates all their creeds and fads without endorsing any. Spiritualism first, last and all the time, is the inspiration that has created these beautiful grounds, and sustains these annual feasts with the best platform talent to be found in the land and the most reliable and wonderful phases of mediumship, presenting phenomena that defy criticism and meet the demand for scientific demonstration.

F. Corden White, P. L. O. A. Keeler, the Campbell Brothers, Mrs. Moss, Mr. Cole, the Bangs Sisters, Mrs. Wriedt, Mrs. O'Donnell, Maggie Waite, Maggie Turner, Isa Wilson Kaynor, Mr. and Mrs. Hartwell, Henry B. Allen, besides astrologers, palmists, theosophists, etc., afford variety to suit all tastes; and every day new wonders are reported by investigators.

For instance, Mary Elizabeth Lease brought from New York four sealed envelopes, containing white paper and some written questions. These were doubly sealed and carefully marked by the eminent skeptic who sent them, and he put in each envelope a small flattened lead pencil, she supposing that to be necessary for the use of the spirits—as she knew some slate-writers required a bit of pencil between the slates. She secured a sitting with the Bangs Sisters. The spirits reported that they had written within the sealed envelopes. She inquired if they had written on all, or only one. The answers were between two slates, affirmed, "All," and on opening the slates, the four bits of flattened lead pencil were found between the slates! She held the sealed letters firmly in her own hand. There was no rent or sign of disturbance in either of the four envelopes, but there were the pencils which were placed within them in the City of New York, and carefully sealed up, and she had never seen them, nor does she yet know whether there's any writing within the envelopes or not. Sceptics may sneer and believers may wonder and doubt, but these things do occur, under conditions that leave no chance for a possible trick.

Prof. Wm. Lockwood comes on this week, to be followed by J. Clegg Wright, Willard J. Hull, Cora L. V. Richmond, and others.

The grounds are more beautiful than ever. The Leony, outside the grounds, has added much to the attractiveness around the gate. All the appointments are tasteful and beautiful. The reigns queen of Lily Dale, the Campbell brothers have built a new cottage on the bluff next the gate, and made a veritable paradise of the spot.

Everything points to 1898 as the banner year of the Camp in many respects. The Petitions are giving satisfactory answers, and from those who attend I have heard most flattering accounts of the "proof palpable" of immortality that are given in their séances. Maggie Waite dispenses the "platform tests" to the delight of many and the surprise of many others. We are looking forward to a greeting from the sunny face and earnest soul of Harrison D. Barrett, who is to adorn the platform soon.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

CHILDREN'S EVENING HYMN.

BY DEVOTION.

To Thee, O Father, do we raise
Our humble voices in a hymn,
And crown with notes of heart-felt praise
Thy silvery twilight dim.

The heavens with temple-lamps are bright;
And, gently, on our upturned eyes,
Falls weariness, so sweet that Night
Seems part of Paradise.

May strong unwavering faith be ours
To set Heaven's portals swinging soft!
O long-lost faces, like spring flowers
To us Love's message wait!

The golden bowl of song flows o'er.
Bless Thou with peace Thy children here!
Pour out Thy Spirit on us more!
Make pure our lives and clear!

Joy! Heaven is here with Thee for King;
And, through the soul's most holy place,
Love's victory over Death doth ring,
Transfiguring each sad face.

Joy! Death is but Thine Angel's kiss
Of smiling, saint-like, calm "good-night."
Watt Thou earth's suffering ones to bliss
On wings of pitying light!

Father! Accept our love-hymn sweet,
And grant that earth's last hours may come,
Chiming to sounds of angel-leet,
And strains of "home, sweet home."

Sydney, New South Wales, June, 1898.
[We have at this office a copy of the music, also composed by "Devotion." We regret our inability to reproduce it, as we do not carry the necessary type. If a sufficient number of orders were received, we would have the same issued in pamphlet, for convenient use in Lyceum work.—Ed.]

Our Original Story.

ALVIRA.

The Story of a Humble Spiritualist.

BY MRS. J. CLEGG WRIGHT.

CHAPTER I. (Continued.)

"Yes, I'll give it to you; here, take it."
He handed it up and threw it at her in his wrath. "Planchette's the creature of the devil, and his mouthpiece. Did n't it try to break up my marriage with Eliza? I don't forget it, and now it is filling your old head with lies about her and me again. There's one thing certain, and I tell you of it once for all; that thing will never enter my house, no matter what comes. You never need think it. I'll burn it the first time I get my eyes on it, you see if I don't."

"John," said Alvira, "I don't know what you've read on that paper, for I have n't seen the message yet, and I'll say to you now what I have to say before I do read it. You need n't make room in your house for me or my duds, for where I go a planchette will go. I've been deprived of all communication with Rachel for years, ever since she tried to break off your marriage with Eliza. I don't know why she did that; she may have seen something we didn't see, but I believe she had reason for what she said."

"I believe it was the devil that said it," broke in John.

"Let me say my say, John. I will try it for one more season in my own house. I will not go to your house, anyway, just now."

While she was speaking, John had time to recollect himself. He saw he had made a great blunder, but it only made him more angry.

"Well! Aunt Alvira," he said winding his muffler about his throat and putting on his hat, "I'll give you time enough to think it over, for blamed if I'll hang round here with you a dithering with that cursed planchette. It's enough to break up any family, that's what it is."

He flung himself out of the room and slammed the door after him. Alvira stood just where he had left her, as if terrified, then she tremulously bent forward and picked up the crumpled and despised message, that she knew now must be from Rachel. She smoothed it out with trembling hands, and this is what she read:

"Dear Sister Alvira—I have tried to impress you not to go to John's. It would not be for your happiness, and then that which I foresaw is about to happen, and poor John will suffer, as I knew he would."

"Tell him to watch Eliza, and you stand by him when the time comes. Something brighter is in store for you."

Alvira read and reread the message, it was so vague. She thought how strangely it had turned out.

"Now if I'd have read that message afore John come I'd never had a courage to have showed it to him no more than nothing; and yet here he comes right in and reads it himself. It jist do beat all. Tell John to watch Eliza! I wonder if he knowed what that meant? He did seem powerful stirred up about it. As like as not he suspected why, but I can't. She said Eliza's was a can't be with all them young ones—but she's awful extravagant, and she do give away more things! Now she traded off a dress-pattern to Miss Giles for a patent churn. It was worth a great deal more than the churn was, but she said she'd trade even for she'd never liked the dress sense she'd got it home. That's all the fault I've got with her, she seems wasteful; and every time she goes to town she brings out more things, that, somehow, she could jist do too, half the time."

"Of course there's her awful temper that's bad. 'Some thing brighter is in store for you!' Now that's jist like Rachel, she always did say my last days would be my happiest. I wonder if they will be. Land! how mad John was. I don't know how it is, but I do feel a heap easier in my mind sense I jist come right out and said I'd not go to John's house."

"How Eliza had planned it all out. She'd had my things spread out all over the house and them young ones were wheeling round on 'em. It don't matter as I know if they don't want me using that planchette as long as I don't want 'em with it. 'Pears like it all come so sudden. I up and tells John as quick as a wink that I'd not go home to his house, and seems as if I didn't know what I was saying till it was all done said. Maybe if I'd waited I'd of said the same thing, and I'd know."

She got up, went into the kitchen and put the tea to steep. She went out to the barn and milked the cow, giving her more fodder than usual and some nubbins to eat. The thought of parting with her had made her dearer. Somehow she felt as if she had been saved to her, as though she had been lost and found again.

She came back into the kitchen and put over some home-made sausages to cook, while she strained the milk and set the crocks in the cellar. She hurried back, turned the sausage and set a plate, up and sauer on the table in the kitchen—she never ate in the dining-room except on Sunday, when a neighbor or so dropped in. She lit the lamp and put that on the table, and getting bread and cheese from the cupboard, she took up the sausage on her plate

and began to eat. It was usually a lonely time for Alvira, the evening meal, but to-night she hurried through it and did up the chores for the night with a new vigor.

There was THE BANNER yet to be read. It seemed like an old friend that after an absence had returned. She sat up late that night reading from its pages. Even the advertisements were full of interest.

Over one page of the paper she shed tears of real grief. On it was the announcement that Luther Colby, the venerable editor of the paper, had gone on to his reward, had passed through the shadow of death, and stepped out into the reality of life eternal. It also contained a picture of him that she studied long and well. It seemed as if this man, whom she had so long known and never seen in this life, had now in death shown her his face. She saw his face thus for the first time through the mist of tears, and from that hour that particular BANNER was placed among her most precious and sacred possessions.

At last she retired, refreshed in soul and body. It seemed that she was no longer alone. Rachel was here once more, and then—there was THE BANNER.

CHAPTER II.

"I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Thro' many a weary way,
But never, never can forget,
The love of life's young day."

Alvira sang the tune as she went about actively engaged in the morning duties. "Laws a me!" said she, at last, "I don't know whenever I've sung that song before; seems like it's been running in my head all the morning. It sort of helps a body, singing does, but I ain't felt like singing for so long I hardly thought I could turn a tune." She smoothed her hair before the little glass in the kitchen, put on a white apron, and, taking up her work basket, went into the dining-room and sat down by the fire.

Her thoughts turned upon an invocation she had read in THE BANNER the night before. It wasn't like a prayer, she thought, and she wondered if it did any good. She never had had any faith in prayer, but this sort of invocation of the spirit was rather a new idea. The spirits were there any way, she thought, but may be they liked to feel themselves invited. She half unconsciously repeated, in a low voice, what she could remember of the invocation. Almost at once, that call, like a whispered word, answered her, "Land sakes alive! how that startled me," she cried.

"I'll jist try the planchette, and see if it will give me a message." She arose and prepared the table as before, and soon the little angel of the spirit world was at work. It wrote one sentence and stopped. She gazed at the paper and read these words:

"Alvira, read that letter John brought." For a moment Alvira could not remember any letter, then all at once she jumped up from her chair and searched her work-basket for it. At last she found it.

"If it's a letter at all, it's a drop letter," said she, "and who around here would be a writing to me? Well, best way to find out is to open it and see."

She opened one end of it with a hair-pin, and took out a single sheet of paper. It read:

"LOUCST CORNERS, Jan. 3, 1895.

MISS ALVIRA HUETTE:
Dear Friend—I am over to Bascom's, and I jist heard that you was thinking of breaking up and going to John's, because you said n't had any more just such as you'd like to work the farm. I sit right down and write these few lines to ask you how I'd do. I will come over Sunday for your answer."

Your true friend,
BEN. HARRIS."

Alvira sat a long time with the letter in her lap; she did not read it again, she jist sat there.

"Good gracious me!" at last she cried under her breath, catching up the letter in both hands and holding it against her heart. "Jist think, how near I was to never reading that at all, and I was going over to Molly Brazier's Sunday afternoon, and if I hadn't read that letter I'd have missed him jist like as not, and he'd have thought I done it a purpose. I don't see how I ever clean forgot that letter the way I did, but I was that hurried I didn't know what to do—and jist to think, he'll be here tomorrow. Seems like it couldn't be true."

She got up and patted the planchette with her hand: "You're the best friend I've got, that's what you be. What a regular old coward I've been all these years to desert you. I do want you to forgive me, Rachel," she said solemnly. "I do so; but it was to keep friends with your own child, that's why it was. He jist made me quit."

She leaned over the table and pressed her lips against that inanimate agent of another mind, and a great peace came into her soul. It was as though that sister, whose burden of care she had borne so bravely, had wrapped her in a mantle of love and tenderness. Her heart swelled with emotion, and hope sprang to life again, and the tears that she shed that day were tears of joy.

CHAPTER III.

Sunday came, a cold, windy day, but Alvira did not mind the weather; she went about her work blithely, and had her best dress on long before the sun came in, and sat at her sewing for a while talking back to herself and not at all what she said, and it was with a feeling of relief that she heard her say she believed she'd run over to Peggy Brown's for a spell. She asked Alvira to go with her, but Alvira said she did n't believe she cared to go that day, so at last away she went.

The hours dragged by. She could hear the little children trudging past to go to the Sunday school. She looked at the clock—yes, it was half-past one. Then there came a man's tread over the frozen walk and around to the side door. Alvira's heart beat fast as she slipped through the dining-room and opened the door. Yes, it was he. Older, with gray locks about his ears, yet with the same smiling eyes. As they faced each other they were both silent. It was difficult for either one to speak.

At last Alvira said:

"Will you please walk in?"

He stepped inside and she closed the door. "Have a cheer," she said. He sat down also. She said:

"It seems like so much snow will make the wheat right good."

And he said: "I think so, too."

He had lain his hat on the floor and thrown his gloves into it. He rose up now and slipped off his overcoat. She took it from him and hung it on a nail behind the door. As he resumed his seat he said:

"I came over to Bascom's last week on business. Miss Bascom talked a good deal about you. Said as how you sort of hated to break up and go to John's, and yet Eliza was jist not on your going. She said your man had moved away last fall that worked the place, so I thought I'd come over and see about it. I thought maybe we could come to some terms."

"Then you do n't think of staying on your place this season?"

"No. I have a mighty good offer for that place and I have about concluded to take it—that is, if I can make suitable arrangements with you. Do you think I can, Alvira?"

He turned round abruptly and looked at her with a smile.

"You don't really want to go to John's, do you?"

"No," she said, in a low voice; then, gathering courage, she went on: "They seem to think I ought to go there, but I somehow could n't bring myself to it. I never did like Eliza, and I've lived here so long that I jist can't see how I can fix it to go."

He leaned forward and took her hand in his. "Alvira," he said, "there ain't no use of me hedging round the matter. I came here to ask you the same question I asked you once before. We was both younger, then, Alvira, and I, for one, had n't nigh as much sense as I have now. That's the only change for the better in me as I know of; but if you feel that my battered heart is worth anything I wish you'd take it, and me. Now don't say no word. I say you think it's too soon after I have laid her out to be talking such things, but such words have been on my lips for years past, Alvira. I've always loved you. I had to keep away from you or they'd have been spoke before. You can say what you will about being true to a woman. I have been true, but not to her, Alvira; it was you I was true to, and I ain't

ashamed to say it before God and man. I know where your heart's been. Haint I seen it all these years? And you never gave a sign, and I honor you for it; but now I am free, and I have waited as long as I can before I come and say my say. Will you forgive me, Alvira, and be my wife?"

He leaned over her as he grew more earnest, and somehow his arm slipped around her, and before she knew how it happened she was in his arms, crying softly, with her head upon his shoulder; and her answer seemed to please him mightily, although she had never said a word.

What joy filled her heart! This was why she had waited. It was this that Rachel saw in the future for her; she knew it now, and how sweet it all was.

They sat there, hand in hand, and talked about the past that was sorrowful, and the future that was so bright before them. They were old in years, but their hearts were young and the sadness seemed to drift from them. They were young lovers again as they planned for the future, and so the happy hours passed.

At last Alvira recollected the chores that must be done, and sprang up with a laugh as she noted the time.

"Law! Ben, I must go and milk now. I'll set the tea to steep, and you'll take supper with me, won't you?"

He got up with a smile, and following her into the kitchen took the milking pail away from her.

"I'll do the milking to-night, dear, as I hope to do it many times in the future. Get supper for me while I do the chores. I'll do my heart good to see you sitting about the place."

And so they did the work together that first evening of their reunion, and when the stars came out Ben made his way swiftly back to Mrs. Bascom's and told her he had engaged to work Alvira Huette's farm on shares, and would leave the next day for Five Mile to sell out his place there.

[To be concluded.]

When arranging your summer tour, remember that the Adirondacks contain everything to make your vacation a success. At 280 Washington Street, Boston, you can obtain all kinds of information about this favored region.

Literary Department.

WE HAVE read with deep and ever-increasing interest the book entitled, "Stirpiculture," by M. L. Holbrook, M.D., who has dealt in a clear, logical, practical way with the most important subject agitating the mind of man at the present time. For many years man has eagerly studied every other science under the sun except the science of himself; now he is beginning to observe that the basis of all other sciences is THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, and realizing the great wisdom in Pagan words, "The proper study of mankind is man."

"The time has come for man to take special interest in his own evolution, to study and apply, so far as possible, all the factors that will in any way promote race improvement. In the past this has not been done. We are not yet able to do it perfectly; our knowledge is too deficient, lack of interest too universal, but we can make a beginning." Dr. Holbrook has certainly made a good beginning by placing this valuable little volume before the public.

He commences by defining the term "Stirpiculture." This term is derived from the Latin *stirps*, a stock or race, and *cultus*, culture or cultivation; and it means, therefore, the cultivation of a stock or race, although it has come to be used in the sense of the "breeding of offspring, and particularly of human offspring." It is evident, however, that in relation to man this is too restricted a sense, and it must be extended so as to embrace as well the rearing and training as the breeding of children; in fact, *cultivation* in its widest sense, in which is always implied the idea of improvement.

Sexual selection, one of the important factors considered, "is to be exercised by woman, and hence its efficiency will depend on the fitness of woman, not only to choose proper partners in marriage, but to communicate the highest physical and mental characters to her offspring. She can transmit only what she herself possesses, and she will choose that which is in sympathy with her own feelings and desires, so that if she is to affect the race beneficially, she must seek first her own perfection."

As there is no way for woman to relieve herself of the responsibility of being the wife and mother of mankind, "it is necessary, if the race and society are to be improved, that women shall acquire the highest physical, intellectual and moral education they are capable of, and if they require the same qualities in their husbands, the problem we are considering will be solved."

Although sexual selection rests largely with woman, man and woman must cooperate. "In one word, for the first time in the history of the race, we shall exercise the totally new idea of reciprocal parentage. And as part of this responsibility we shall include the two antithetical, but correlative, doctrines of a moral ascendency from fatherhood and motherhood on the part of the wife, and a moral objection to fatherhood and motherhood on the part of the noblest, the purest, the sanest, the healthiest, the most capable among us. We will not do to forced celibacy half of our finest mothers."

Under the head, "Sacredness of Parentage," Dr. Holbrook speaks of the influence of the home and general life of the parents upon the disposition of the child. "The nature of the home is thus an important factor in determining that of the offspring, and it will necessarily be a reflection of the general character of those on whom it depends. A noble life in the parent will bear fruit in the child, intellectual and moral character of the child."

We have but touched upon the chapters treating on "Wise Selection and Parental Culture." Other chapters consider the questions of Heredity and Education—Evolution's Hopeful Promise for a healthier race—The Germ-plasm; Its Relation to Offspring—Fewer and Better Children—A Theoretical Baby—The last-named chapter cannot fail to do immense good. It consists of an account of an actual child to the age of one year, and certainly proves that knowledge of child-culture and wise selection will vastly improve the race.

This excellent work should be in the hands of every parent. It deals with delicate subjects so wisely and with such propriety that all may read and benefit therefrom.

Price 50 cents; cloth \$1.00. Order through Banner of Light Publishing Co.

THE JOURNAL OF HYGIENE.—The leading article in the current issue, "Poverty, Wealth and Health," by Dr. B. W. Richardson, is a comparison of great wealth and extreme poverty, with the deduction that the ultimate effect upon the mental, moral and physical being is the same in each case. The following personal experience caused Dr. Richardson's conception of the idea of the poverty of wealth.

"One day I was entering professionally the mansion of a very wealthy person. It was on the Sunday afternoon of a damp and cheerless London day. On the steps leading to the house sat a man in the lowest possible stage of destitution. He craved of me a trifle to enable him to break his fast. He had walked, he said, from Northampton on one meal and no bed. He entered into his many grievances without reference to misfortunes or opportunities. His mind was a scene of complaint against home, country, friends, himself, life. He wanted food; he wanted drink still more urgently; but he did not pity himself or bemoan his fate. He had come to a point when he did not care what happened to him. He could not be worse if the world itself came to an end next minute; this would be the thing most likely to break him up and give him something to look at worth seeing. A great event was not likely to occur, the next best luck was a copper or two and direction to

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the nearest workhouse, in which I gratified him, bade him good-day, and saw him slink off without a word of thanks, and without exciting any feeling on my part that the thanks were desirable or needful.

"I now entered the house at the door of which I had met this pauper. It was a dark, richly furnished, warm, silent, snug and tasteless sepulchral mansion, in which great wealth often loves to dwell. The staircases had their steps so thickly carpeted that not a footstep could be heard, and there was no sound save that of the time-pieces on each landing, ticking away in monotonous vibrations, as if they were lazily saying: 'Keep quiet, keep quiet; great wealth, great wealth; don't laugh, don't laugh!'"

"I entered the chamber, with that last ticking in my ear, to discover at the far end, sitting on the window-seat, another man, so entirely like the man I had met on the doorstep, that if there had been time for the transformation I should have felt sure that beggar had got into the house before me, and had made a change of raiment by putting on a rich dressing robe and a pair of furred slippers. The expression was the same; the dreary sound of the voice the same. The first exclamation, 'What can you do for me?' without a previous word of ceremony or greeting, was the same. I was startled. I stood before a man so wealthy that the golden calf might have called him brother, and I found a repetition of what I had seen on the step of his door. I listened to the same story of grievances, to the same views about life—its utter worthlessness, the same recklessness in respect to the future; the same desire for some impossible gigantic event to bring a moment's wonder; the same dull, thankless expression for the receipt of an assistance equivalent, in its way—no more, no less—to two poor coppers and a direction to the work-house."

The remedy advised for so deplorable condition of human beings is, "To instill into the minds of all men and all women the correct relationships of wealth and poverty; to exhort labor as the foundation of wealth and wealth as the result of labor; to teach the emptiness of the fallacy that is either good or reasonable to provide for generations of unborn idleness; to show that every attempt to base the continuance of family name and fame on worldly possessions is the insanity of vanity; to impress on the mind of the young the vital truths; that the family which shall live longest in its units, in its membership, is the family that shall leave the healthiest and best progeny; and that the nation which shall live longest is the nation that, being healthiest and noblest in the largest sense, is by necessity strongest, most active, and nearest to the eternal energy which would itself be dead if the atoms it animates were to fall into repose."

We find in the editorial department an account of a victory scored by German vegetarians over the meat eaters. "On June 25, this year eight of them in Berlin took part in a walking match over a distance of about seventy miles. Twenty-two men in all started. The distance had to be covered within eighteen hours. The first six to arrive at the end were vegetarians, the first finishing in fourteen and a quarter hours, the second in fourteen and a half, the third in fifteen hours and a half, and the sixth in seventeen hours and a half. The two other vegetarians missed their way and walked five miles more. All reached the goal in splendid condition. Not till an hour after the last vegetarian arrived did the first meat-eater appear, completely exhausted. He, moreover, was the only one, the others having dropped out after thirty-five miles."

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Dr. M. L. Holbrook, editor, 46 East 21st Street, New York.

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Our patrons will please take notice that during the months of June, July and August, the BANNER OF LIGHT Bookstore will close at 5 o'clock each week-day except Saturday, when it will close at 2 o'clock.

"An Unusual Husband."

Chandos Fulton, a writer of average ability, has recently published a work bearing the above title, and expects a patient and long-suffering public to read it with avidity. It is not necessary to discuss the merits of the work at any length, and we should not notice the book at all were it not for one or two items in it that are of interest to all Spiritualists. It is to be regretted that any person could find sufficient inspiration in fact to publish a book of this kind. But it has been done, and the work is being sold on the trains and at all news stands. In presuming to touch upon the question of Spiritualism, the author unwittingly testifies to the interest that is taken in the subject by all classes of people. Recognizing that interest, he seeks to allay it by making an attack upon one of the weakest points in Spiritualism, and holds all Spiritualists up to ridicule because of the puerile folly and nonsensical actions of a few of them.

Mr. Fulton characterizes Spiritualism as a rank weed, that runs wild in the garden of the mind if allowed to take root, and suggests that it must be exterminated at the outset. He devotes three full pages to the consideration of the weaknesses of Spiritualists in general, and especially their unhealthy views in regard to religious matters. He closes his attack upon them by admitting that the Spiritualists are generally very happy in their belief, but claims that they are all bigots and fanatics. Some of his statements would be of interest to many people who are induced to read them. Mr. Fulton's attack has a warrant, in fact, but he has carried it too far. Through certain practices some of the unthinking, unreasoning classes have laid the entire movement open to attack, and have done the Cause no little injury thereby.

Mr. Fulton discusses the conversion of a certain widow to a belief in Spiritualism through materialization. She is a wealthy woman, who lavishes her money with a free hand upon the medium and her husband, who are instrumental in converting her to her new faith. By a series of well-defined tricks and subtle inquiries they possess themselves of important information concerning the widow, whom they "play" to the utmost of their ability. As soon as she is thoroughly converted to Spiritualism, they tell her that the lover of her youth, who had been in spirit life for many years, is her soul-affinity, and will be her husband in spirit life throughout eternity. She is delighted, and never fails to receive a visit from her beloved "affinity" at every séance. An authenticated exposé of the rascals who were fleecing her only served to rivet her faith more firmly and arouses "righteous indignation" in the minds of all Spiritualists who were present at the séance. Mr. Fulton has certainly scored a point in this matter. In far too many cases Spiritualists have rushed to the defence of the soul-assassins who have simulated mediumship for the sake of money, whenever they have been exposed.

The very members of the circle where the exposé took place, under circumstances that showed beyond question the guilt of the contemptible rascals who were bartering in human sorrow and holy loves of human souls, have time after time come forward to defend their despolders, under the specious plea that evil men and women, dark and Jesuit spirits, brought the paraphernalia into the séance-room, in order to ruin the medium. When men and women have been detected in the nude state, masquerading as departed spirits, some Spiritualists have rushed forward, saying that they saw Mr. So and So tear the clothing from the mediums' forms in order to injure them, when these unconscionable villains have been taken redhanded in their knavery. Spiritualists have been known to declare upon oath that those who made the seizure threw the clothing, wigs and masks into the cabinet, and have signed sworn statements to that effect.

In view of the above facts, it is not strange that Mr. Fulton has so trenchantly set forth the account he has given in his novel. His description of the pseudo-séance and its exposure is absolutely correct, while his scathing criticism of those who defended the abominable tricksters is only simple justice to the cause of truth. Spiritualists have laid themselves open to just such attacks through their failure to denounce the counterfeiting of the phenomena of Spiritualism whenever the same has been discovered. They have sought to cover it up through the childish fear of hurting the Cause, or they have apologized for it, under the ridiculous claim that the spirits made the mediums impersonate, or they have stoutly defended these human harpies in their outrages upon humanity. If Mr. Fulton's novel quickens the consciences of all Spiritualists to take a decided stand against all fraud and chicanery, it will have served a good and useful purpose.

Mr. Fulton scores another point after the exposé has been hushed up. The widow's affinity then wants her to marry him that he may feel that she is his spiritual spouse forever and a day. Accordingly when he is materialized (?) at a certain séance, the widow places her hand in the hand of the spirit (?), and they plight their troth for all time. A "spiritual" marriage service is said by the medium's manager, and the farce is completed, amidst the smothered exclamations of "Splendid!" "How romantic!" "How perfectly lovely!" "How divinely spiritual!" from the favored few who were present at the ridiculous show. Here again Mr. Fulton shows his intimate knowledge of the practices of some séance-rooms. In the instance he mentions, the "spirit bridegroom" is only the medium herself dressed in men's clothing for the occasion. In many similar séances, the "bridegroom" (?) is a male confederate of the medium. He assists the pretender to get money out of her victim for the sake of gratifying his own desires after the ceremony is performed. Many times the "spirit" visitor is a woman, who wishes to be reunited, either to the husband she has left behind, or to her male affinity yet in the body. Such messages have taken place at many séances, and Spiritualists have kept silence concerning them! Some have even apologized for and defended them!

Now that this abomination has become the novelist's theme, it is to be hoped that all Spiritualists will set the seal of condemnation upon such pretensions and ridiculous affinitizing-spiritizing marriages. They have become a stench in the nostrils of decent people, and an offence against the angels in high heaven. We are aware of the criticism that will be visited upon us for these words. But we shall not shrink from it; we shall hail it as a sign that we have probed the odious ulcer deeply, and caused its bearers to cry out under the lance of truth. We prefer death to dishonor, and we believe that all dishonorable practices in the name of Spiritualism should be exposed and forever done away with. Come weal or woe, come censure or praise, we raise our voice in condemnation of these blighting marriages of spirit-affinities, these unholy defenses of fraud and villainy, these open avenues to licentious gratifications, these broad pathways to dishonor!

We must not be misunderstood. All mediums do not practice fraud, nor lead up to affinity unions. Some do, and it is a positive fact that these some are pretenders, charlatans and unmitigated rascals. It may be charged that we do not believe in materialization, nor in mediumship. Nor do we! We positively KNOW materialization to be true, and we are as sure of the fact of mediumship as we are sure of life itself. We have been conscious of our own mediumship for more than eighteen years, and we are not ashamed of it. We honor mediumship in itself, as well as every true medium, who has ever found, and ever will find, in us a true friend. But genuine mediumship is never fostered by defending fraud, nor by permitting its practice. True mediums are never helped by upholding counterfeits, nor by claiming them to be of the same value as the genuine. Mr. Fulton's condemnation of Spiritualism in toto is wholly unjust, while his ridicule of all Spiritualists is unwarranted and bigoted in the extreme. He has exhibited a strange partisan bias, and has thereby weakened the effect of the influence of his book. But his exposure of fraud, and his denunciation of the affinity-marriage business are eminently just and right. It is time for us as Spiritualists to profit by this rebuke by rising en masse and demanding that these abominations shall at once and forever cease.

Sectarian Chapels.

The bill granting permission to various religious denominations to erect chapels upon Government land at West Point, N. Y., became a law on the last day of the past session of Congress. Secretary Alger invited all denominations to build there, but Judge McKenna, then Attorney-General of the United States, decided that such action was contrary to law. Congress has now legalized priestly thievery, and there is no one in office who has the courage to attempt to stay the hands of the pious rascals who are usurping the rights of the people. Our esteemed contemporary, the *Truth Seeker*, to whom we are indebted for the facts above stated, is waging an earnest contest against this new form of legalized injustice. Every Spiritualist is interested in this struggle, and should not hesitate to speak boldly against this attempt to add to the power and influence of priestcraft under the sanction of Congress.

We are in receipt of a copy of that excellent work "What a Young Boy Ought to Know," by Dr. Sylvanus Stall. It will be reviewed in the near future in our columns.

In Re Music.

In another column will be found an excellent article upon the subject of music. Our good friend takes occasion to kindly criticize our editorial of June 4 upon the same subject. At the time that editorial was written, which was many days before its publication, we knew nothing of our good friend's *Jubilee Song-Book*, nor had we seen the book recently issued by Mr. H. W. Hooser, hence nothing we then said can be construed as reflecting upon either of our esteemed co-workers. We are yet of the opinion, however, that Spiritualism ought to be great enough, inspiring enough, and grand enough to give issue to a music of its own.

The poems of Lizzie Doten, James G. Clark, Gerald Massey and many other spiritualistic songsters, are original and spiritual, hence deserve music as spiritual in its nature as they are. Many of the existing Christian sects have developed a hymnology of their own, and we see no good reason why the Spiritualists should not do the same thing for themselves. Our gifted poets did not borrow their words, nor did they have to revamp their rhythmic sounds from any songs in existence. Their productions were due to calm inspiration from and direct communion with the arisen poet souls in spirit-life. Why not have music worthy of the great cause of Spiritualism from the same inspiring source? Outside of the "Sweet Bye-and-Bye" the followers of Spiritualism have not, to our knowledge, produced one musical selection, in connection with any words from our great poets, that has caught the popular ear or thrilled the multitudes.

The present war with Spain has failed to produce one great selection, either in words or music, that has become familiar to the masses. The late war between the States was exactly the reverse of this. "John Brown's Body," "Marching through Georgia," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," of the North, "Dixie," "Bonnie Blue Flag," "Maryland, my Maryland," of the South, at once caught the public ear, and are deservedly popular to-day. It may be that some of them were set to music already in existence, but it was music that did not have unpleasant associations connected in memory with it. We do not believe that the inspiring geniuses of patriotic and truly spiritual music died with the civil war, or were monopolized by such popular favorites as P. P. Bliss and Ira D. Sankey. Spiritualism is an ideal religion, and as such should inspire such songs and music as would enchant the very souls of men wherever their strains were heard. We believe that the songs and music of Spiritualism, at least such as will meet with universal popular favor, are yet to be produced.

Dr. Bennett and Prof. Webster, both ardent Spiritualists, gave the world the "Sweet Bye-and-Bye," under the inspiration of the angelic songsters on high. We feel that instead of this selection being the only one Spiritualism has to place to its credit as a universal favorite, there should be one hundred others as good if not better than it is. We have no fault to find with this great song of Dr. Bennett's and Prof. Webster's, but we hold that even a good thing can be spoiled, hence object to the constant repetition of this truly uplifting song. It has been used in every fraudulent séance in this country for years, and has become objectionable on that account to very many intelligent people. The same is true of many other selections named by our kind critic. We have heard such selections as "Jesus Paid It All," "What a Friend We Have in Jesus," and others equally "spiritual" sung at many Spiritualist meetings. They may not be quite as uplifting as "Hark From the Tombs," but they are no more acceptable to us than it is.

James G. Clark, Miss Doten, Gerald Massey and C. P. Longley have been and are original in their work. We believe in being originators as well as imitators, and while we desire to appropriate whatever other denominations have that is good and helpful, we yet feel that the new wine of spiritual song will suffer through the painful memories it may awaken whenever an attempt is made to pour it into the old bottles of orthodox music. We believe Spiritualism is destined to inspire the great uplifting, spiritualizing songs and music of this nation, and when Spiritualism can write our national songs our national laws will take care of themselves. We welcome every aid that will help to bring this much-to-be-desired result to pass, hence wish our good friend's song-offering every possible success.

Bismarck.

Germany's one great statesman, Otto von Bismarck, is now a denizen of the higher spheres. His was a most eventful life, during which he made one nation and helped to change the destiny of several others. He was a true lover of the Fatherland, hence a patriot in one sense of the word. He hated liberty, and was almost an advocate of the doctrine of the divine rights of the king. He served imperialism with all of the strength of his iron will, and sternly endeavored to suppress every suspicion of republicanism throughout the empire. His mandates made the rulers of Europe tremble upon their thrones, while his schemes for the advancement of Germany turned the entire continent of Europe into one vast camp of hostile armies. He was, until the time of his resignation, the one man who stood in the way of the cause of human progress in continental Europe. He was indeed the "Iron Chancellor," and he used his great power not for but against the interests of the people. Bismarck was forced into retirement by the present headstrong German Emperor in 1890, since which time he has done little or no public work. He was and is a man of eminent talent, of undaunted courage, and an imperialistic patriot. But he used his talents against rather than for humanity, hence failed to make an impress for pure good upon the world. He has gone where he will have to rectify the mistakes of earth-life, and he will find that he will have many of them to answer for. His age was eighty-three years and four months.

Prof. Alfred Russel Wallace.

This distinguished advocate of our Cause presented a very able paper at the International Congress of Spiritualists in June last in London. In the course of his remarks Prof. Wallace took a decided stand in favor of the principles of Socialism in its highest and best sense. His words of wisdom were favorably commented upon by many delegates in the discussion that followed the reading of his paper. Since its publication, many conservative Spiritualists are taking strong exceptions to Prof. Wallace's views. We feel that the learned professor has placed some very important truths before the world, and believe that his advice to engage in humanitarian work along cooperative lines to be perfectly sound.

Prof. Agassiz's Dream.

It is related of Prof. Agassiz that he owed at least one of his remarkable discoveries to a dream. He was studying a fossil at the time the dream occurred, but he could not determine the species to his satisfaction. He dreamed that he caught the fish, and easily settled the question. Upon returning to the fossil, something in his dream escaped his memory, and he failed in his purpose. The dream came a second time, and again he was foiled. But the dream came the third time, and on awakening he found a diagram of the fish upon a piece of paper he had placed near his bed, and in that drawing were three bones not visible in the fossil, which proved the missing link in his chain of evidence. He cut away a chip of stone from the fossil, and found the three bones exactly as he had drawn them in his dream. Many of our readers will remember that Prof. Agassiz refused to utter one word concerning the phenomena of Spiritualism, even after he had most positive evidence of their genuineness. He could believe in dreams, but not in psychic truth.

What do Spiritualists Believe?

Who can tell? One teacher is sure that there is "a mighty atom" behind all things, while another is certain that man is the only thing in the universe. One says God, another Good; one says Life, another Force; one says Supreme Power, another Infinite Spirit. Who knows what the It is? Borrowing a remark that was once made concerning our Unitarian brethren, when some one asked what they believed, the Spiritualist can say, "I don't know, you don't know, and the only man who does know won't tell." If this is not the case with the Spiritualists, some of them must be able to state both what they believe and what they know. We hope that there are many more who can answer our ten questions, published in THE BANNER, June 25.

Central New York Camp.

We are in receipt of a handsome picture of this camp-ground at Freeville, N. Y., showing auditorium and artesian well, 190 feet deep and flowing 3500 barrels of water per day. The spot chosen for this camp-meeting is certainly a beautiful one, and the program for the season is equally attractive. Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond gives six addresses; Lyman C. Howe, Miss C. M. N. Lincoln, E. J. Bouteille, Mrs. Augusta Armstrong, Ernest W. Lincoln and Mrs. M. T. Allen are other speakers and mediums engaged.

Help the N. S. A.

All friends of the cause of organization among Spiritualists are respectfully requested to remember that the National Spiritualist Association needs help at the present hour. In planning for your summer vacations, reserve a small portion of the money you would spend for personal pleasure, and apply it to the good of your religion. Any aid, however small the sum, would be greatly appreciated by the officers of the N. S. A. The secretary's address is Francis B. Woodbury, 600 Pennsylvania Avenue, S. E., Washington, D. C.

Don't lose sight of the fact that the Rochester Jubilee was a great success in every respect, save in finances. It called together a body of people of the highest intelligence, while the speakers and mediums who took part in the exercises would certainly reflect credit upon the most cultured teachers in the world. It was a great educator to the masses through the mediumship of the Associated Press, and has done much to place Spiritualism in its true light before the world.

It gives us much pleasure to testify to the unswerving honesty and fidelity of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Sprague of Jamestown, N. Y., as speakers and mediums upon the spiritual rostrum. They are true friends of organizations, and are working for a practical, everyday Spiritualism that makes the lives of all who accept it much brighter, happier and better.

The *Dawning Light*, in its issue of July 17, speaks out boldly in defense and support of the National Association and its officers. The article should be read and re-read by every Spiritualist in America. Editor Newnam has our sincerest thanks for his kind words in our behalf, and in behalf of the BANNER OF LIGHT.

Dr. M. E. Conger of Chicago will spend the entire month of August at Vicksburg, Mich., camp meeting, where he will diagnose, advise and heal the sick free of all cost. He will also teach a class in practical medicine. Dr. Conger is a man of original ideas, hence generally is abreast with the times in all directions. We wish him success.

The *Light of Truth* says that the son of Dr. Nellie Mosier, one of Ohio's eminent mediums, lies in the hospital at Key West severely wounded in both of his legs. He was with Roosevelt's "Rough Riders," and fell in the memorable charge of that regiment before Santiago. Dr. Mosier and son have THE BANNER's sincere sympathy.

The following gems are culled from the columns of the *Truth Seeker*:

Every reform was once a private opinion.—Emerson.

Let him who would move the world first move himself.—Socrates.

Whatever becomes of us, never let us cease to behave like honest men.—Thomas Carlyle.

Learning, without thought, is labor lost; thought, without learning, is perilous.—Confucius.

"To what religion do I belong?" wrote Schiller. "To none thou might'st name. And therefore to none? Because of my religion."—The New Unity.

Learning maketh young men temperate, is the comfort of old age, standing for wealth with poverty, and serving as an ornament to riches.—Cicero.

The use of the Cross in the Romish sect, sensuous though it is in so full a degree, is not more untrue than the more "spiritual" use to which it is applied in Protestantism. As an instrument in the hands of tyrants and swindlers, nothing can ever beat it; as a means of fostering cruelty and ignorance, the Cross of Christ never met its match.—Jos. Symes.

Judged in the court of reason and according to the accessible evidence of history, regarded in the light of the new science of comparative religion, Christianity is no exceptional faith. Its claims of supernatural origin and attestation by miracle are unfounded and irrational. Like all other religions of the world, it is a human institution, a natural growth out of preëxisting conditions, the product of our Father, Man.—Lewis Jones.

Farewell Party to Mr. and Mrs. Wallis.

We learn through Mr. A. W. Orr, Chairman of Sunday services in Salford Spiritual Church, Manchester, Eng., that an accident happened to the steamer upon which Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Wallis were to have sailed for America, and they were therefore delayed till Wednesday, Aug. 4, when they set sail for this country.

The Salford Spiritual Church held a social party on the evening of July 23 for the purpose of bidding "God-speed" to our friends. It was a most enjoyable affair. A large number of prominent Spiritualists were present, and many letters of regret were read. After tea was served, many graceful speeches were made, interspersed with singing and instrumental music.

Dr. T. Wilkins publishes some very valuable thoughts in the issue of the *Progressive Thinker* of Aug. 6. It is worth reading, and should be carefully studied by every loyal Spiritualist.

The latest BANNER OF LIGHT should always lie on the table in your reception-room.

Jottings from Puget Sound.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Dear Sir—It is with much pleasure that I am able to inform my numerous friends and correspondents among the readers of your excellent paper that after a very agreeable six days' journey across the continent via Canadian Pacific Railway I found myself in the busy growing city of Seattle on Thursday evening, July 28. It is over eight years since I was last in this immediate neighborhood, and during that time there has been much growth as well as many changes. But before entering directly upon matters immediately pertaining to this important centre of activity, I desire to say a word concerning the trip from New York hither.

Taking advantage of the extremely low rates of transportation, an unusually large number of tourists have been filling the trains this summer, but on the train which conveyed your present correspondent there was no over-crowding, though the number of passengers was quite sufficient to keep the porters employed incessantly. Including sleeping-car accommodations, the fare from New York to Seattle has been only fifty-five dollars first-class and thirty-three dollars second-class, which is less than one-half the amount I have been called upon to pay on former occasions. The rate was said to be nearly over, if not positively ended, but at the time of writing (Aug. 2) all the railroads are offering the same rates back to the East, though their agents say frankly they have no idea how long such tariff may continue.

The journey from Montreal through Canada into British Columbia is not particularly picturesque until the Rocky Mountain district is reached, then the scenery becomes magnificent beyond compare. The grand sublimity of those mighty snow-clad eminences is far more imposing on the Canadian side than from any other view point, largely by reason of the northerly latitude through which the line runs. The glaciers are formidable and majestic beyond description, while many of the mountain lakes and streams are clear as crystal and green as the finest emerald. All along the route there are pleasant stopping-places, and though the through trains make no unnecessary delays, there are many places en route where the train has to be supplied with ice and water, which afford the traveler needed opportunity for a little outdoor exercise.

Among the most inviting of these halting-places, my choice for a vacation retreat would be a spot named GLACIER, which, in my judgment, is incomparable for situation, resting as it does at the foot of enormous mountains yet provided with an excellent hotel and all the comforts of complete civilization. The dining cars, which are exceedingly well equipped, entirely obviate the need for hurried meals at wayside stations, except in two or three instances, and as the Canadian railway allows its patrons a full half-hour at the refreshment table, there is very little scamping. The service everywhere I found exceedingly good, and consider if one could allow six days instead of five for crossing the continent, in my opinion the grandeur of the scenery during the last two days of the outward trip is fully worth the extra day from New York or Boston which one has to take to visit it.

Observation cars are a great accommodation, and though I cannot say there is no dust in the summer season, though I never enjoyed dust in traveling, the air is so pure, fresh and bracing, and the sights beheld on every side are so imposing and enchanting, that the minor inconveniences inseparable from continuous travel, are immeasurably more than counterbalanced by advantages.

The approach to Seattle is very beautiful, either by land or water. Nature has done immensely much for this great seaport of the Golden West, which, next to San Francisco, is certainly the most important business centre on the Pacific slope. The hand of man has certainly not wrought as beautifully as the spirit of nature in this imposing region, for while there are many handsome buildings in Seattle much of the architecture is crude and unattractive. But I must not forget this is a rough pioneer city, with here and there oases of singular beauty in the shape of exquisite homes on the hills, overlooking the Sound and the Sierras. The present population of Seattle is estimated at over seventy thousand, and this does not include the very large influx of visitors which through the hotels and contributes largely to the briskness of the local trade. There is a very great demand for laborers of all sorts, wages are good, and if people can do something, and are not afraid to work, there is considerable money to be made in this vicinity at present. The climate is very fine. Of course there are hot days in July and August, but every night is cool, and there are no afternoons when the breeze is absent.

Turning now from things secular to matters spiritual, I am glad to be able to report that there is no lack of interest in aught pertaining to the spiritual philosophy. Foremost among the workers is my honored friend, Mrs. Ada Foye, whose astounding mediumship is as wonderful and convincing to-day as at any period in the past. Mrs. Foye keeps young and fresh in spirit, and is—as she deserves to be—intensely popular in the community. Her office is in the Masonic Temple Building, Second avenue and Pike Street, in the very centre of the city, accessible to all car lines. On Sunday evenings Mrs. Foye holds great public meetings in the spacious Masonic Hall, which is invariably over-crowded. There are a great many smaller spiritual meetings, a Lyceum, and also gatherings of Theosophists and Mental Scientists, all well attended, and as the floating population is the very reverse of conservative or creed bound, everything gets a good and seemingly impartial hearing. I should be both ungrateful and untruthful when alluding to the reception accorded me in this city, did I say other than that I received a royal welcome, both from loyal friends of years departed and new friends who evince equal interest and enthusiasm in the work which I have been unmistakably led to take up for a very brief time in this hospitable environment. It does seem a large undertaking to travel six thousand miles for a little more than three weeks' work, but as the audiences here are very large, as well as intensely appreciative of all that is presented to them, and as they buy books freely and show every desire to study deeply into the subjects introduced from the platform, I have no doubt that more fruit-bearing seed can be sown in a few days here than in several months in less wide-awake and quick-moving communities.

The Klondike gold fever is at its height still, and the Ninety-sevens are just as proud of their pioneering as were the Forty-niners in California.

My first public appearance in Masonic Hall was on Saturday evening, July 30; my second, on the following Sunday morning. On both of these occasions the hall was well filled, and everything passed off admirably. On Sunday evening, July 31, I had my first sight of such meetings as I became accustomed to in San Francisco during the summer of 1886. Mrs. Foye and myself shared the platform; the people came in droves, and I regret to say a very large number were utterly unable to obtain admission. I spoke on "The True Mission of Spiritualism." Mrs. Foye outlined herself in her celebrated ballad tests. I have never in all my travels met Mrs. Foye's equal in her line of mediumship; she is one of the early workers, one who has worked steadily for more years than I will attempt to count, and is still the brightest star in the constellation of phenomenal test mediumship.

In order to meet the pressing demand upon my time and services I am compelled to speak twice every day in the week during my brief sojourn in this city. I have a class of nearly one hundred students of Spiritual Science, meeting at 10 A. M., and the evening public lectures on all sorts of subjects fill the great hall to repletion. Questions are asked in abundance, and frequently so numerous do they become when it is time to close a session, that I announce that replies to such as are presented in writing will form the staple of the next lecture.

Living is cheap out here; fruit is abundant, and the markets are well supplied with every desirable commodity. Rents also are very reasonable, and if people are prepared to rough it a little and dispense with a few of the ultra-refinements of the Eastern States, I know of no locality where the prospect for successful progress is brighter than in Seattle.

There are grumblers everywhere, and I suppose there are in all districts some people who are unfortunate through no apparent fault of their own. Barring, therefore, chronic misanthropes and pessimists, and such as seem constitutionally unfitted for life in a newly-settled district, the northern section of the Pacific coast affords great opportunity for good work and liberal remuneration. Personally I have no desire to live here permanently; in a place of residence nowhere that I have visited surpasses San Francisco and its beautiful suburbs across the bay, but Seattle has a great future before it, and the many comforts and refinements yet lacking in its general outfit are steadily being supplied. Having received most imperative letters from managers of Eastern camp-meetings and others, positively refusing to permit me to cancel any of my engagements, I have, at the unmistakable call of imperative duty, decided to give my farewell address in Seattle on Sunday morning, Aug. 21. On that day at 4 P. M. I must take the Northern Pacific express, which will enable me to appear at Onset the ensuing Saturday, Aug. 27, on which date, according to the official program, my engagement there commences.

Letters are pouring in upon me from California urging me to revisit old friends there, and resume the highly successful meetings discontinued in October, 1896. To all these kind correspondents I can but say, WAIT. I am obliged to return East for a season, but directly I have filled the engagements for which I have contracted I hope to revisit California on my way to Australia and New Zealand, where I am assured a wide field of effort is awaiting me.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT has some very staunch friends in Seattle, but it is not so widely taken here as it ought to be. I am making what effort I can in the direction of introducing it to new readers, who will, I hope, become subscribers.

Among the active workers on behalf of Spiritualism in Seattle my kind host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Oyston, from England, occupy a most prominent place. Mr. Oyston was at one time a distinguished speaker, and has lost none of his ability to grace the rostrum and edify his hearers, but of late he has gone into other business and serves the cause of spiritual propaganda by his pen. Some of his articles in recent numbers of the best magazines stamp him a philosophical writer of great ability. I have just been entrusted with the MS. of a valuable book which he has most carefully written and revised, by no means without the aid of a high inspiration. These essays deal with the most erudite and important questions agitating human thought, and when published they are sure to achieve a wide and useful circulation. Mrs. Oyston works very efficiently in private ways, which bear good fruit in public gatherings.

With good wishes to all,
Your sincere friend,
W. J. COLVILLE.
4101st Avenue West, Seattle, Wash., Aug. 3, 1898.

Gratifying Words.

Mrs. Julia Stedman-Mitchell writes: Kindly mail THE BANNER to our new address. Would that it might enter every home of our land, for its editorial teaching and are building a true standard of Spiritualism.

First Response.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
To help carry out the "Wise Suggestion" of Bro. H. W. Richardson, and seconded by you, as published in Aug. 6th of THE BANNER, page 8, fifth column, you may put the subscriber down for ten dollars, and double the amount, making twenty dollars, if the whole amount is secured before the next Annual Convention of the National Spiritualists' Association, Oct. 18, 1898. What benefit to let this matter drag along beyond that time? Respectfully,
CHAS. HOUGHTON.

Kind Words.

E. Waters, Lansingburg, N. Y., writes: I enclose post-office order to renew THE BANNER for another year. I have read THE BANNER from the first, and hope to continue to the end of this life, which cannot be far away as I am now most eighty-three. I have always thought the paper about as good as it could be, but think it has greatly improved under the present administration.

Jubilee Deficit.

Previously acknowledged, \$638.20; Mrs. Margaret S. Graves, \$25.00; Yonkers Spiritualists Society, \$10.00; E. L. Allen, \$2.00; Edwin Geron, "Widow's Mite," Canton, Pa., Mrs. E. V. Eddy, \$1.00 each. Total, \$738.20.

Picnic at the Veteran Spiritualists' Home, Waverly, Mass.

Saturday, Aug. 6, was a most enjoyable day, and those attending the picnic at Waverly were well repaid. The house and grounds were in perfect condition, and reflect much credit on the present care-takers. They are evidently "the right people in the right place." In the morning the picnicers enjoyed the scenery and grounds, and at noon hour had lunch under the trees, with hot tea and coffee. At 2:30 a spiritual meeting was held in the long parlor, and a goodly number was present. Dr. E. A. Blackden presided. Congregational singing was interspersed throughout the meeting. Mrs. Wells, organist. Mr. De Bos made opening remarks, speaking earnestly and to the point; Mrs. M. A. Brown recited a poem; Mrs. S. E. Hall, Mrs. Moulton, Mrs. Soper, Mrs. Guterrez, Mrs. Dade, Mr. Flavius Heath and others spoke appropriately to the occasion.

Mrs. Willey of Waltham contributed a box of soap for the Home, and a collection of \$1.35 was taken up, and \$2 in membership.

There will be a picnic at the Home every two weeks throughout the season, the next to be held Saturday, Aug. 20.

Mrs. J. S. SOPER, Clerk T. S. U.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

Appleton Hall, 94 Appleton Street—Paine Memorial Building, side entrance.—The Gospel of Spirit Return Society, Middle Church, Pastor, will hold services every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M.

The Veteran Spiritualists' Union holds meetings on the third Thursday of each month in Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont Street, at 7 P. M. All are invited. Eben Cobb, President; Mrs. J. S. Soper, Clerk, 514 Huron Avenue, North Cambridge.

Harmony Hall, 724 Washington Street.—109 A. M., 2 P. M., 7 P. M. Tuesday and Thursday afternoons 4 P. M., P. Smith, Chairman.

Hollis Hall, 789 Washington St.—Sundays, 10 A. M., Developing Circle; 2 P. M., 7 P. M., Tests and readings. George B. Cutter, Chairman.

Commercial Hall, 694 Washington Street.—Sundays, 10 A. M., 2 P. M., 7 P. M. Tuesday and Thursday afternoons 4 P. M., Mrs. M. A. Wilkinson, President.

Good Templars Hall—1 Johnson Avenue, Charlestown. Sunday, Wednesday and Friday evenings, and Friday afternoons. Mrs. E. J. Peck, Chairman.

Bible Spiritualist Meetings, Odd Ladies' Hall, 440 Tremont Street.—Mrs. Guterrez, President. Services Sundays at 10 A. M., 2 P. M., and Wednesdays 4 P. M.

ODD LADIES HALL, 446 TREMONT STREET.—Mrs. Guterrez, President, writes: Sunday, Aug. 7, services opened by singing; prayer by Mr. Arnaud, followed by healing. Those taking part during the day were: Morning, Mrs. Guterrez, Messrs. Cohen and Cowan, with tests and written messages; Messrs. Webster and Elliott, poems. Afternoon and evening: Messrs. Arnaud, Lamont, Wright, Turner, Cohen, Blackden, Mesdames Martin, Sherman, of Vermont, Guterrez, Akerman, Dade, Seymour and Bird. The three sessions were well attended, though the weather was very warm. The tests and readings were very good and appreciated. These meetings will continue all summer.

BANNER OF LIGHT for sale at the door.

COMMERCIAL HALL, 694 Washington St.—Mrs. Wilkinson, conductor, writes: Sunday morning conference and circle, as usual. Mrs. Carleton led the singing. Those taking part during the afternoon and evening in speaking and tests were Messrs. Hill, DeBos, Newhall, Davis, Kranski, Graham, Lamont, Hardy, Jackson (of New York); Mesdames Watts, Alexander, Shelton, Gilliland, Wilkinson, Nutter, Miss Sears. Meetings open all summer.

BANNER OF LIGHT for sale.

HOLLIS HALL, 789 Washington street.—Sunday, Aug. 9, morning circle large and interesting. Afternoon services opened with music by Messrs. Peake and Huxley. Remarks by L. W. Baxter; tests, Mesdames Brown, Milen, Strong, Cutter, Gough; duet by L. W. Baxter and Clara E. Strong.

Evening, address by Mrs. M. K. Cutter; tests, Mesdames Davis and Russell, Messrs. Turner and Tuttle, and Miss Wheeler; reading, Mrs. Piper; remarks, G. B. Cutter.

BANNER always on sale.

Niantic Camp, Conn.

Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing left our camp August 2d for New Jersey with the regrets and good wishes of all. We held a séance at Mr. J. Hatch's parlor, some twenty being present, to hear "Ikabod," and of course it was a very pleasant time to us all.

The father of Mr. Merry, our janitor, has passed on, and his funeral was Aug. 2. Mrs. Clara Eager, whose home is on our camp-ground, kindly gave her assistance to the friends gathered to pay their last tribute to our arisen brother.

Mrs. Emma Lewis, another one of our permanent campers, left the grounds to-day for the New London Hospital. It was almost like another funeral, for she is not expected to ever recover from her present ailments.

On Aug. 7 the speaker of the day was Harrison D. Barrett, who gave us a flying visit, coming and leaving the same day. The subject of the morning discourse was: "The Giving the Best of Ourselves to Whatsoever We in Life are Called to Do," based on the principles of reciprocity. The subject of the afternoon discourse was: "The Elementary Practicality of the Hour." The audience was interspersed with many of our "Boys in Blue," who are seemingly much interested in our spiritual speakers. Mr. Barrett's remarks were adapted to them as well as to us, showing that the flag of our Union should wave over "the land of the free and home of the brave."

Mrs. Jennie B. Hagan Jackson is our next speaker, whom we expect will tarry with us a few days in camp.

Mrs. N. H. FOGG.

Blodgett's Landing, Lake Sunapee, N. H., Camp-Meeting.

Sunday, Aug. 7, was a delightful day, and from fifteen hundred to two thousand people visited the camp grounds. Kate R. Stiles delivered a short address on "The Laws of the Infinite and the Great Problems of Life." She was followed by Rev. W. Wetherby, Unitarian minister of Westbury, N. Y., who delivered without notes a masterly address. His subject was, "Unity for All, and What is Essential in Religion."

At 1 P. M. Dr. C. H. Harding of Boston gave a public test séance in the hall, which was largely attended and all tests recognized. At 2 P. M. Dr. D. S. White of Chicago spoke on "What is Spiritualism, and What Has It Done for the World?" He was followed by Dr. Harding, who took for his subject, "Elevation of Thought." Music was furnished by Miss Helen Gerish, Mrs. Fannie L. Lord and Miss March Palmer of Lebanon, N. H. Conference meeting in the evening; speakers, Drs. Harding and White, David Thayer, Manchester, N. H., Mrs. Stiles and Jay Chappel. Thus ended one of the most successful days at the camp this season.

I was glad to see the BANNER OF LIGHT for sale on the grounds; it was like cheering an old friend.

R. F. CHURCHILL.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Heniker, N. H., July 31, ALBERT W. BARNES, aged 65 years.

Although Mr. Barnes for several months had been troubled more or less with heart disease, his passing was very sudden and unexpected. He was an honored citizen, a faithful friend, and a kind neighbor. He had no fear of death, for he had learned the way not far from the blessed realm of life, where a sweet reunion with dear ones gone before awaits the released spirit. He leaves a companion alone in the home where he will be greatly missed; yet she knows he will not leave her comfortless, recognizing the nearness of and the inter communion between those in that other life and the weary ones waiting here.

A large number of friends gathered at the home, expressing, by their presence and many beautiful floral offerings, their high esteem for their friend and neighbor, many listening for the first time to a Spiritualistic service.

ADDIE M. STEVENS.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

J. J. Morse, 26 Osnaburgh street, Euston Road, London, N. W., is agent in England for the BANNER OF LIGHT and the publications of the Banner of Light Publishing Co.

Fred P. Evans, 103 W. 42d street, New York City, agent for the BANNER OF LIGHT and all Spiritual and Occult Literature. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis may be addressed at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y. May 21.

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NEW YORK.

BROOKLYN.—Mrs. Tillie Evans, Cor. Sec'y, writes: Our Saturday night Advance Spiritual Conference, held at Single Tax Hall, 1101 Bedford avenue, opened promptly with a fair attendance on Aug. 6. Mr. Metcalf opened the meeting with an address, "What is Life?," handling it in a concise way, and holding attention from beginning to end. Mr. Marsh gave testimony of just coming into the light of our beautiful philosophy; the best years of his life having been spent in church work, he was finally awakened to the power of spirit, and the angels are leading him upward and onward; Miss Chapin followed in song, beautifully rendered; Mrs. Tillie Evans voiced the desires of the invisibles in comforting words and kind assurances.

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Descriptions of Saratoga do not begin to do justice to "The Greatest American Spa." To appreciate it you should visit it, and your visit will be much more enjoyable if you take the Elkhart Railroad Saratoga Limited. It leaves Boston at 9:30 A. M.

No work is so truly an art-work as that which was cast for love of art.—Ez.

Truth is like the sun; it may be obscured by mists, but it is nevertheless.—Ez.

We would appreciate it if speakers and mediums would say a good word for THE BANNER OF LIGHT when opportunity is afforded them.

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Aug. 13.

JUBILEE MEMORIAL TRIBUTE.

FOR THE FIRST TIME in the history of the Spiritual movement that anything like a compilation of the names of the earnest mediums, workers, lecturers and prominent advocates, etc., has ever been attempted, appears in the Address of GEORGE A. BACON, THE PASSING OF THE GRAND ARMY OF SPIRITUAL ADVANCE, at the recent Golden Jubilee at Rochester, N. Y. This little pamphlet is a timely and valuable tribute to those who became identified with the Cause in the years ago. All Spiritualists should have a copy. Price, 25 cents.
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Banner of Light, Boston.

"We hope the work will have a large sale. It is splendidly got up, is illustrated, and forms a very valuable addition to the literature of the movement devoted to the phenomena and mediunistic experiences."
The Two Worlds, Manchester, Eng.

"This book is an admirable supplement to the one of the same name written by M. A. (Oxon), and published some years since—the supplement being the weighted part—and the two combined give proof positive of the reality of direct spirit-writing."
The Harbinger of Light, Melbourne, Australia.

DEAR MR. EVANS—I thank you very much for sending me your extraordinary book of "Psychography." I look at it with great interest, and will be glad to mention it in the Review of Reviews.
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This volume is superlative octavo in size, beautifully bound in cloth and gold, and profusely illustrated. Price \$2.00; postage 20 cents.
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DRS. PEEBLES & BURROUGHS, Battle Creek, Mich.: Dear Sirs—You have given the diagnosis of my case much more accurately than several M. D.'s whom I have talked with. Very truly, HENRY LINTON, Annapolis, Tex. July 15, 1898.

DRS. PEEBLES & BURROUGHS, Battle Creek, Mich.: Gentlemen—Your diagnosis of wife's case is received, and our doctor said it could not have been better if you had seen her. Yours truly, W. J. HOLLAND, Birmingham, Ala. July 15, 1898.

DRS. PEEBLES & BURROUGHS, Battle Creek, Mich.: Dear Sirs—Your diagnosis of my case is correct in every respect. Truly yours, LECTA BERT, Vicksburg, Mich. Aug. 1, 1898.

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mind magnetized medicines and careful attention to the cases entrusted to us, effect speedy cures, many difficult cases being cured in a month's time and many cases pronounced incurable have been cured in three or four months.

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DRS. PEEBLES & BURROUGHS, Battle Creek, Mich.: Dear Sirs—My system has improved more with your treatment than all others combined. Yours truly, Col. G. B. REYNOLDS, Washington, Pa. July 2, 1898.

DRS. PEEBLES & BURROUGHS, Battle Creek, Mich.: Dear Sirs—My wife is getting along finely and will not need any more medicine. Thanking you for the help received, I remain yours truly, M. N. DAVISON, July 15, 1898.

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SPRIT Message Department.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Questions propounded by inquirers—having practical bearing upon human life in its departments of thought or labor—should be forwarded to this office by mail or left at our Counting Room for answer. It should also be distinctly understood in this connection that the Messages published in this Department indicate that spirits carry with them to the life beyond the characteristics of their earthly lives—whether of good or evil; that those who pass from the mundane sphere in an undeveloped condition, eventually progress to a higher state of existence. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of Truth as they perceive—no more.

It is our earnest wish that those on the mundane sphere of life who recognize the published messages of their spirit-friends on this page, from time to time, will verify them by personally informing us of the fact.

SPRIT-MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. JENNIE K. D. CONANT.

Report of Séance held July 1, 1898.

Spirit Invocation.

Oh, Spirit Divine, we do thank thee for the privilege of again opening the gateway, that those who have passed through the change called death may come to us. We are glad that death does not separate us from our loved ones, that the great spirit of love binds us together and holds us closely always. Oh! may we feel the touch of the vanished hand and hear the voice that seems still! We seek assistance in all our undertakings. Direct us in wisdom and patience, and help us to understand something of that divine power that is beyond our comprehension, that holds the planets in space, that clothes the trees in the springtime and colors the leaves in the fall. May we all realize the great truth of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Cheer all who are in sadness, now and forever. Amen.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Geo. Elwood Lockhard.

Well, they informed me here that you make all welcome who are able to control the medium and send forth their sentiments in their own way, whether believers or disbelievers, and I feel the saying we used to make so much when upon earth, and which is a passage in the Bible: "He that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." It is demonstrated very decidedly in your circle. Perhaps it is appreciated more on the spirit-side than on the mortal, because very often on the mortal side the hearts are taken up so much with material things and the necessities of earth-life that it is hard for us to see wherein justice and injustice prevail, but I don't care to go into long details this morning.

I am anxious to awaken an interest in my home and family, that I may prove to those in the body that I am not dead but living; that I did survive death, or conquered death and the grave. I wish my wife to know that I have come and tried to manifest to her, but I can't get the satisfaction I desire to. I wish father and mother to know also, and my many brothers and sisters, that when they laid the body aside they did not lay the spirit away, for I found in spirit-life a world of realities. I have my little daughter with me this morning, who preceded me to spirit-life. I wish them all to realize that while I was not a Spiritualist when in earth-life, and while I followed out the dictations of the Reformed Church, I feel at the same time we had liberty enough and were broad enough, and I realized that one church or one religion was just as good as another, for we lived according to the understanding we had, and it is for that reason I wish to try and prove my identity this morning.

I shall be recognized in Pulaski, Ohio, and in other places where my friends are scattered. My name is George Elwood Lockhard. My wife's name is Louretta; her name was Meyers before she married me; and my father's name also was George and mother's Mary. I want to state these facts because I am afraid they will not recognize me; but I feel if they do, and make reply and give me an opportunity, I will prove to them that we are conscious after leaving the body. Thank you very kindly. I will now bid you good-morning.

John and Hannah Low.

Well, I have made an effort to manifest through THE BANNER. I long ago realized what a valuable thing the BANNER OF LIGHT was, and the Message Department especially, and while we may not always be able to express ourselves through the medium as we are in the habit of doing as an individual, I have many times watched the various spirits as they have tried to manifest through the medium, and seen how different it sounded when the mortal was trying to interpret it.

I am well known in this town, also in Chelsea. My husband is with me in spirit this morning. He many times has sat in this room and listened to the voices of those who controlled the various mediums in years gone by; but when we come in now we look around us and find there are more in the spirit than in the mortal. Most all of the old veterans are gone. They are joining our band on the spirit side most every day. I have a daughter in Chelsea, whom I am anxious to make feel that father and mother are not gone, and the many, many friends who have been laid aside. I see her health is not as good as it has been. There are many things she worries over, but I want her to know we are helping her and all as far as we can.

I don't think it is necessary to send out a long message, or yet go into details in connection with private affairs, for I never approved of it. That was one fault I used to find with mediums, that they spoke too plainly before people or in an audience; so I must use the same prudence and not express things of too private a nature in public, but say if they will give me an opportunity privately or otherwise I will try and give them what advice I can, for I am stronger now than I was when in the physical body.

I want Dr. A. H. Richardson and the many friends who were so kind to me while in earth-life to know that I send words of greeting and

cheer, and say: Work faithfully to the end and all will come out well.

Just say that John and Hannah Low are here this morning and join in sending greetings to all. My home was in Chelsea, Mass.

Fannie Brown.

Oh, how beautiful it is to send out a word of comfort to those still struggling in human life, still struggling with the environments and the troubles that come up in one's life while on earth! and yet we realize how good God is, and that he sends our perplexities and our sadness to unfold our natures and draw us closer and closer to him. I wish to say to my friends in earth-life that I am afraid we interpret the language wrongly; for I find, especially since I was in spirit, that faith helps us much and hope sustains us, but it is the knowledge that we gain that helps us in spirit. It is to know our friends live, and because they do live that we shall live also. I wish to reach my husband this morning, my father and my brothers and sisters, because I find it so hard sometimes to impress upon them that all things work together for good. We can repeat words, but it is harder to put them in practice, especially when a loved one is snatched from our arms and fireside and we are left all alone. Mother is in spirit with me and joins in sending this communication. Although we are a long ways from here, we thought that through this paper we would be able to reach our loved ones; and I hope they may get our message of love, for in spirit we name these messages of light, to be carried to the dark hearts of the earth ones and to help sustain and heal them and make them feel that God is good and not revengeful. To my husband Jones—for that was his first name—I want to say I have been satisfied with what has been done since I left the body, and I wish him to know that I will help him all I can. Although I was not strong in earth-life, I did the best I could, and I want him to feel that there is nothing left undone that could have been done, or that would have changed things. Say to father and mother, By-and-by, when you get through with this life, we shall meet you in spirit; and oh, what a grand, glorious time we shall have when we all meet again in that bright land where there is no parting and no sorrow! Just say that Fannie Brown is here, and my home was in Lyndville, Tenn.

Thank you very kindly. I hope my friends will see this message and be comforted by it, for I send it with the spirit of love, hoping the heart will understand it.

Charles C. Randall.

I would like to sing that beautiful song.

"There will be no parting,
There will be no parting,
There will be no parting there."

and I thank God that there was no parting in earth-life for the many long years that my wife and I traveled along the broad road of life with all adversities, standing together in the sunshine and in shadows, working together for the welfare of our obligations and our duties to one another, bringing so much as it were into a useful life, for we both lived to be pretty well along in years; I was over seventy years old. I wish to say to the friends of earth-life, especially my son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Watson, that I knew if God was just he would never leave me alone and take my companion with me, so for that reason as they called her home she soon called me also; and I want them all to know that we are happy again in the spirit-world, that we are happy to know death does separate from one sphere to another, from one condition to another; but it is beautiful to realize that when you leave one home and go into another, you meet your friends again.

Now, my friend, I feel as if I was sinking away, just as I did when I looked on that pale face as she lay in her last sleep, and I heard her voice say "Come!" and I went forth.

I wish to say to the friends of earth-life, it is well with us both. We met many on the spirit-side who had gone before us, and we had a happy reunion. I thought it would be well to inform our friends that we "arrived home safely," and this is merely to testify to the recognition in spirit-life. So just say that Charles C. Randall is with you, and that William Sargent also joins me in sending out these few words, and that we have all met on the spirit-side.

That will be all right, my friend: I think they will understand. My home was in Northfield, just a little way from St. Paul, Minn.

Effie Jane Brown.

Oh, I should like to send out a letter if I thought mother would see it, and if I could give her a little comfort—for there are mother, father and friends and so many yet in earth-life! I was called away and they were left alone, but I wish to say to them, Fear not them that kill the body and not the spirit, but say that disease killed my body, and I find sweet rest in spirit; and I wish my friends to know that all was done that possibly could be done. So many times do I stand by your side, mother; I read your heart and I sense your thoughts, and you seem so many times to wonder if this had been done or that could have been done, could I not have lived longer. I want to say, dear mother, no; God doeth all things well. If I could feel that you would become more reconciled and realized my presence around you, there is much I could help you to and so much I could assist you in. So I have taken this means, knowing that there are those connected in that family who are interested in Spiritualism and there are those who knew me that have tried to comfort my people by getting them to understand that the spirit can return; but they have not been able to bring a confession that is necessary, so that my sister and brothers may know it is truly I that is here. I am here this morning in hopes to reach them, in hopes I will be able to assist them to survive the trouble that lies before them. I wish also to send thanks and appreciation to the dear ones that were so kind to me in St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York City, where they did everything they could. As I passed out through the effects of a surgical operation, that is why I speak as I do. I say to them that all is well, and I wish them to know that I am still with them in spirit and will help to sustain them and carry out their course and trials of earth-life. I don't know what to say of interest more than trying to prove my identity. My name is Effie Jane Brown; my father's name was James and mother's is Fannie, and you can put my home down as Mattheson, N. Y.

Helen Stewart.

Just say that Helen Stewart is here this morning, and my home is right here in Boston.

It seems, when we don't believe in spirit-return, that when we go out of the body we get convinced of it, and many times our friends will seek to know where we are, and inquire after us after we go away—more so than they do before. I want to reach my husband and friends in earth-life, to let them know that those in spirit can come back and help them, and we know many times their thoughts and feelings. We would like to assist them, but cannot always do it, because they do not know how to reciprocate to us.

I was drawn here this morning by the spirit that preceded me, speaking of her passing out in a hospital through an operation, for that, too, was the cause of my death, as it seems to my earth-friends; but I am glad I went through it, and I want to make that statement, because there are always more or less regrets when it does not prove successful, and some times people think doctors don't do all they ought or might have done, and are apt to blame them; but I wish to say to my friends that I don't see one single thing that could have been done or might have been avoided or helped. I will say one thing, and that is, if I had not gone through it I should not have lived as long as I did. I make this statement so that Charlie, Mary and Willie, and those interested in me will know that it is all right, and I shall be pleased to come in contact with them at any time I am able to control an instrument, to prove to them that I know what I am talking about.

I think, my friend, as I feel my weakness coming on again, I will not be able to hold the medium, so I will let this do for this morning, and hope to have another opportunity to help them more. Thank you, very kindly.

Messages to be Published.

July 8.—John E. Whitlock; Eunice E. Mayo; John Henry Morris; Monica Boynton Lane; Simons Meas; Simons Orchard.
July 15.—Geo. Burlington; Frank Burton; Alice Knowles; Jas. F. Bryant; Susan Woodbury; Hannah Greene.
July 22.—George Bagley; Mary E. Anderson; Emaline Keating; Sarah Strong; Joseph Eastman; Mabel Alice Waite.
July 29.—Sam'l H. Gregg; William Burns; Mary McCarty; Jane E. Davis; Fannie Wilson; Harriett Jones.

Tempora Mutantur.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage Changes his Attitude Toward Spiritualism!

BY DR. H. V. SWERINGEN.

A few years ago Rev. Talmage charged Spiritualism with filling up our lunatic asylums. In his last published sermon on "Sectarianism, Bigotry and Intolerance," it will be observed that he regards Spiritualism as a part of "the church of God." This change, so radical in his attitude toward Spiritualism, must be due to the increasing popularity of the subject.

Talmage is one of the most cute and cunning of modern preachers. He knows a good thing when he sees it coming to the front. He is preparing the way to get a place in the "band wagon" of the procession of progress theological.

He has probably seen a recent Associated Press dispatch announcing the fact that the Rev. Dr. Milburn, pastor of Second Presbyterian Church in Indianapolis, has declared boldly from his pulpit in favor of Spiritualism, and so he considers it time to break gently his own convictions as follows:

The church of God is divided into a great number of denominations. Time would fail me to tell of the Calvinists, and the Arminians, and the Sabatarians, and the Baptists, and the Presbyterians, and the Shakers, and the Quakers, and the Methodists, and the Episcopalians, and the Lutherans, and the Congregationalists, and the Presbyterians, and the Spiritualists, and a score of other denominations of religiousists, some of them founded by very good men, some of them founded by very evil men. But as I demand for myself liberty of conscience, I must give that same liberty to every other man, remembering that he no more differs from me than I differ from him. I advocate the largest liberty in all religious belief and form of worship. In art, in politics, in morals and in religion let there be no gag law, no moving of the previous question, no persecution, no intolerance.

Of course he has left a loop-hole for escape in the foregoing should any of his parishioners take him to task for recognizing Spiritualism, but the astute reader between the lines can readily discern their drift, especially when considering how, a few years ago, he abused Spiritualism.

But the cutest part of his whole sermon is his closing paragraph in which he unmercifully cuts and slashes the creed of Christendom—boils it down to a regular Homeopathic infinitesimal, as compared to its former dimensions. Here is what he says:

And I expect to see the day when all denominations of Christians shall join hands around the cross of Christ and recite the creed: "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, and in the communion of saints, and in life everlasting. Amen."

It will be observed that Rev. Talmage has purposely left out the deity or divinity of Jesus Christ in his revised creed. The old "and in Jesus Christ His son" does not appear in it. Bro. Talmage is getting very close to the creed of Spiritualism, if it has any.

Spiritualists believe in God (Spirit or Nature), the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ (as a grand medium, but not as the son of God in other sense than that we all are sons and daughters of God) and in the communion of saints (spirits and angels) and in life everlasting (a future existence, a life beyond the grave). It will thus appear that there is not so great a difference between Rev. Talmage's revised creed of Christendom and the creed of Spiritualism if it has one.

I congratulate the Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage upon the theological progress he is making, and welcome him into the ranks of Spiritualism.

HAUNTED.

BY MISS ANNE H. WOODRUFF.

Unseen, unheard, yet real as the air
By which we live, attends me everywhere
The gentle ghost of one who loved me much,
Whom Death tore rudely from my frantic clutch.
Deny it not, oh! I feel them there—
Her soft, caressing hands upon my hair,
The power magnetic, of her presence such,
I'm conscious of her gaze, her tender touch.
The lilac blooms beside the window there,
Pure as the robe of white she loved to wear,
Bends to the casement, and with fragrant breath
Exhales a whisper: "Dear, there is no death!
I nearer am to thee, do not despair,
Of all thy griefs, regrets, I am aware,
He from the grave my soul delivereth
Who is the Lord of Life; believe!" It saith.
324 Garfield Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mourn not because thy talent seems less than thy brother's; thy talent may lie in appreciating his.—Ez.

A Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER THIRTY.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Among the noblest words in our language are the adjective simple, and its noun, simplicity; while their converse, double and duplicity, are of another character. Simple is probably derived from *semel*, once, and *placare*, to fold, and so a simple thing is easily understood. But when a thing is double, from *duo*, twice, and the verb, its ins and outs are so complicated that it is not easily seen through, if at all. As to duplicity, it is a noxious manifestation of character that must be discarded by one who seeks spiritual growth.

But the vain world is apt to regard what is simple with scorn, and in fact a simple person has become synonymous with simpleton.

Still, the truly great is the most truly simple, and the best teacher is he who can present a thought or a truth so clearly and simply that the pupil wonders that he never saw it before. And the best lecturer is not he who boggles the audience and leaves them "in wandering mazes lost," but he who tells the truth so simply and clearly that the wise listener drinks it in as the flower-cup drinks in the refreshing dew, though the ignoramus declares, "Not much, I knew it all before."

Philosophy, science, metaphysics and religion have been presented in such complicated forms that common people shrank back aghast, and said that only the learned and the deep were able to understand them. In this way, the vanity of those who expounded them was flattered. Such were the teachings of many ancient philosophers and of the Pharisees. But the plain talk of Socrates was listened to by the poor cobbler as well as by Alcibiades, while it was said of Jesus that "the common people heard him gladly."

To be able to teach in this way, several things are necessary. One must see for himself, with absolute clearness, what he desires to communicate to other minds; he must be willing to use simple language and not seem learned at all, he must enter the mind of his pupils and see the difficulties as they arise in their minds, and in fact he needs true human fellowship and sympathy.

Basic facts are never complex; they are simple. Complicated effects may arise as they work into practice, but in themselves they are direct and simple. The universe itself is the expression of the most simple fact. This underlying and all-pervading fact is that all that there is, is matter, and soul. The soul is, anyway, and expresses itself by matter. Infinite soul expresses itself in the infinite universe, and finite souls express themselves in plants, in animals, in human beings and in spirits. There may be less developed finite souls that express themselves in crystals and rocks. That may be so, but as I do not see that clearly, I cannot teach it.

An atom, if such things exist, is not a finite soul; nor is an infinity of atoms the infinite soul. Atoms, hypothetically existing, are matter, and souls express themselves by them, singly or in the aggregate. An atom is not an ego, but an ego uses it or them, in order to manifest itself to other egos. This is Spiritualism, and the contrary is materialism.

Soul is eternal: it has always existed, and will always exist. If matter has always existed, it has done so merely as an expression of the soul itself. Whether matter is eternal, as well as soul, is beyond the knowledge of every finite being. We may, however, have our opinion on that point, though of course it may change in the course of eons of time. My present personal opinion is that infinite soul is back of the ultimate atom. For atom one can of course substitute any other term, according to the scientific school that he adopts at present.

My guides have never taught me to speak of infinite spirit. To call God spirit is misleading and illogical. Spiritualists call their incarnate friends spirits, and we call mortals in the flesh men, women and children. We call them so, because they appear to be such to the eyes of a mortal. In the same way a spirit appears to be such to the vision of a spirit. A spirit is a manifestation of the soul within, the real ego. That soul we do not see, either here or there. We see the manifestation of it. The spiritual body, or the spirit, is one thing; the soul is another.

Such misuse of terms employed arises from an original want of clearness in our conceptions. And having formed the habit, many continue, and thus bewilder those who are entering on the study of Spiritualism.

The constitution of a human being is, to our present view, very simple. Whether in the body or out of the body, we are dual, and the two constituent elements are soul and form. But, before transition, the form is itself dual. Here, or rather in, we have our fleshly body and our spiritual body, though the former is the obvious one, under ordinary conditions. And we know, by looking at the face of this body, whether the soul within is truthful or deceitful, loving or malicious, because the soul expresses itself by it. So a human being here is constituted of indwelling soul, spiritual body and fleshly body.

When there, or rather out, the soul expresses itself only through its spiritual body, and so reveals itself more freely and unerringly. So a human being there is constituted of indwelling soul and spiritual body.

Let us not say spirit, when accurate thinking shows that we should say soul. And, as it is never too late to mend, let us begin to speak aright, and so avoid misleading those who need our help. Whether we be on the very lowest round of the spiritual ladder, or far advanced in spiritual experience, let us change our old practices, if it has been wrong, and use exactly the terms that express our own clear mental vision, and convey it in its heavenly purity to those who are looking to us for instruction, for counsel and for inspiration.

When we go to a materializing séance, we do not see spirits unless we be clairvoyant. We cannot see spirits with fleshly eyes, we see materialized forms. But many become temporarily clairvoyant at such séances, and this is the reason that some of the manifestations are seen by only a part of the audience, while the others do not see them at all. If there are skeptics among the latter, they naturally suppose that those who say they see such forms are either lying, or are hallucinated or imaginative. But all things come to those who wait, and what is founded on nature as a fact will certainly survive, and be accepted by all mankind in the course of time.

In spite of the frauds created by commercial mediumship, materialization, slate-writing, trumpet voices, and all the other phases are

yet used at times by incarnate spirits to prove to a doubting world that souls can and do survive the change called death.

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,
Arlington, N. J. ABBY A. JUDSON.

Desire and Effort.

BY AUGUSTA F. TRIPP.

Desire and effort are incentives to growth. We desire for some particular thing; we make an effort to grasp it, and in making the effort we grow along that line; hence we see we can make ourselves what we most wish to be. If one desires to excel in dancing, he makes the effort in that direction, and the muscles of his lower limbs and ankles enlarge to meet the need, and they become strong. If one desires to become a blacksmith, he makes the effort in that direction also, and his arms grow large, his chest expands, and he becomes almost Herculean in strength in that part of his body, therefore he shapes his body by his desires. The same will apply to the mind if one wishes to grow intellectually, morally and spiritually strong. Heretofore we have desired, unconsciously, and the growth we have has come as the result. We now wish to desire and grow intelligently, and thereby we are becoming conscious of our efforts, and so grow along the lines in which we know we are deficient, making of ourselves, our minds and our bodies, what we will. This to me is an intelligent proof that a man can be what he wills to be.

We all desire to grow better and wiser and wish to know more of ourselves, which, in the past, we have considered least of all things. We have studied to know more of everything else except self. Now we are getting at the root of all knowledge, which is to follow the injunction, "Man, know thyself," and the better knowledge we have of self, the surer and better we understand everything else under the sun. We have found that to learn how to make money was the principal object in life, and under the present imperfect laws of this nation it has been about all we could do. No time has been left us to study anything else, but we are gradually coming to the true understanding that self-knowledge embraces everything, and by the dawn of this new light we leave the old time-worn ruts and learn more of self; and the deeper we study into what has heretofore been mysterious, the more we recognize our own power over all things, for we now know our possibilities are boundless and unending.

Every growth in knowledge is worth the price we pay for it, even though it wrings the heart and tortures the brain to obtain it. Who among us would exchange his experiences in life for another's? Not one, no matter how severe.

For illustration, suppose you had been on a voyage to the Arctic seas, had suffered extremely with cold, hunger and numberless other privations, while your comrade had chosen to remain at home, living in ease and plenty during your time of hardship and suffering, would you be willing on your return to exchange if possible the years of experiences gained by the voyage, for the years he had spent in idleness and a good time generally? Oh no! and why? Because you find yourself rich in experiences of which he knows nothing, and they belong to you because you have earned them and they are your own true riches, such riches as no one can rob you of. The spirit recognizes its own and refuses to be divorced therefrom, hence our experiences are our only real wealth, for they bring us to a condition where we are fit companions for those in higher spheres. We can take nothing with us when we go hence but our experiences, and I speak of going hence as if it were a settled fact that we are to go. We look about us and see others passing on daily, and yet we never truly realize that we too must lay down these earthly bodies of ours and our earthly possessions and accumulations, and go out into the great unknown alone and unattended.

Reason based upon knowledge tells us this is a fact, but deep down in our inward existence there is something that tells us this need not be, that death may be overcome. The idea of life beyond this does not reconcile us to death. No matter how beautiful heaven may be pictured to us, we prefer this miserable old existence as long as possible, and why is this? It is because "death is the violation of some natural principle with which we are not yet familiar." We were never told that the greatest study of mankind is man, but whoever stops in his mad hurry for material gain to look for the solution of this advice? We look back to the generations of the past, and find we are far in advance of them in knowledge, and the coming generations will look back upon our time and think the same, and they will be right, for we with our telegraphs, telephones and electrical appliances of every description are preparing the way for them.

Already children are learning more rapidly than we could in our childhood. They can grasp more in a shorter space of time, for we have set before them a better method of teaching, and so each generation is preparing the way for a better manhood and a better womanhood in the future, a more thorough knowledge of life and its mysteries; of our latent possibilities and capabilities; mental science has done much to set the world on a new path of right direction. Mental healing is coming forward here and there all over the land, more or less successful according to their growth in this valuable science, and the next generation will be a vast improvement on the present, and so by gradual and steady growth the world will learn to overcome disease, and finally death, by making the body more ethereal while the spirit inhabits it on this earth.

Boston, 1898.

Spiritual Understanding.

BY F. L. S.

Need we any more conclusive evidence that Spiritualists are not ready to unite on a creedal basis, than the different opinions called out by Rev. Mr. Allen's Onset address?

Shades of belief growing out of the conceded fact of spirit-communication do not distress us. The chicanery practiced by unprincipled tricksters is the hateful and sorrowful picture that confronts Spiritualism, and the most serious problem—at present—for consideration.

How dare they do it? is a solemn question for frauds and their ilk to answer. The teachings of Spiritualism are all in the trend of useful, unselfish, noble living. That mankind "reap as they sow" is an emphasized truth; yet it does not deter from deception and knavery a people who attach themselves to our Cause, but are no more of us than those against whom Paul and his compers brought accusations of mischief-making and indecency.

What is it that Spiritualism needs most of all to lift it up into a large place? Is it not spiritual understanding that all may have for the asking and taking? And is it not this—simple goodness—Christ-love, that requires no long study and research to comprehend?

We think so, and believe that the Christ-spirit acted out in the daily life will bring heaven down to earth.

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