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LEAD THOU ME.

BY J. A. EDGERTON.

Life has seemed hard to me, harder perchance
From sins I've done, although I wished them not.
Still I will never falter, will advance,
Though rough the way and thorns in every spot.
Though fools deride, though all my friends grow cold,
Though love itself should turn away from me,
Still I will plant. Time will the seed unfold
To flower and fruit within the years to be—
Within the years to be, of better men,
Of fuller heart, more love and larger brain,
When comes the time of brotherhood and when
The love of heaven descends on earth like rain.
Why hate me, friends? I know not how to hate.
I have no being, wish no being wrong.
I know my destiny and I can wait.
A voice within me tells me to be strong.
I look above your molls and petty spite.
I let your words pass as the idle wind.
They cannot swerve a soul that sees the light.
They have no power to harm a steadfast mind.
I love you, brothers. I would do you good,
E'en you who wrong me most, I hate you not.
I'd show the way that leads to brotherhood,
To larger charity and broader thought.
O thou, whom, although hidden, I have felt
Forever with me, lead, O lead thou me;
My harder heart unto thy purpose melt.
Show me the way. I'll follow, follow thee.

Dangers and Blessings of Investi-
gation.

BY P. F. DE GOURNAY.

To trifle with unknown forces is dangerous. The examiner in chemistry had asked a young student what ingredients he would use to prepare a highly explosive compound, and the student had answered correctly. "What more?" asked the Professor. "I know of nothing more," stammered the abashed young man, after a pause. "You forget *Prudence*!" cried the Professor: "first and last, *PRUDENCE*."
This advice applies pertinently to the investigation of the three grades of Spiritualism: the phenomena, the philosophy, the esoteric problems. The disregard of it accounts for many mistakes, many deceptions, many sorrows. The great blessing that has come to mankind in this nineteenth century often proves a curse to the unwary.
The tyro cannot well avoid mistakes and accidents, but accidents and mistakes are the foundation of experience, from which we derive knowledge—the fruitage of which is wisdom, provided we remember the lesson taught by our mishaps.
Spirits are men like us minus the fleshy garment. Free from this impediment, their faculties for good or for bad are quickened. The former develops them into benefactors; the latter are activated for evil doing. The investigator must preserve a cool head in order to discern the dangers which beset him—danger of fraud by medium or spirit; danger of delusion, due to over-credulity; danger of scepticism, born of a too suspicious nature. Thus he has foes without and within, and the latter are the most dangerous for he carries them to the séance-room, to the home circle—that best of Spiritualist primary schools—and last, but not least, to the solitary sitting for communications.
Sitting alone is, at one and the same time, the most satisfactory and most dangerous mode of investigation, for there is no witness present to control the truth or falsity of a message. It is here we must scan our motives, and, weighing the power our secret evil tendencies wield over us, see whether we can curb and control them sufficiently to present an inviting aura to our well meaning spirit-visitors. For the good or evil in us, charges our aura with the magnetism which at first attracts a stranger spirit. Woe to us if, being evil, he feels at home in that aura.
Much that is deceiving or harmful, we bring upon ourselves; our mental and moral conditions are invitingly-opened doors, the spirits will enter, to whom common tastes promise a welcome. We should not only be careful whom we attract, but with whom we sit; our neighbor may attract an unwelcome visitor who, if he finds us more mediumistic than his affinity, will mischievously use us as an instrument. Corrupt spirits are no respecters of persons: in a respectable home circle, a pure minded young lady was made to write, automatically, an obscene communication, and an innocent child of ten drew an indecent picture, which she carried to her mother, innocently asking what it meant. The attraction was not from the pure maiden, nor from the artless child; some corrupt-minded sinner had opened the door, and they, being mediumistic, become unconscious tools in the hands of a base wretch whom the death of the body had not changed.
But it is of solitary investigation I wish to speak principally, having made a careful study of it. We will say that the seeker, surfeited with tests, tired of hearing week after week the "loved ones" say they are happy, that they watch over him, and he (or she) must lead a good life, will realize that that is not the only object of spirit communion, but there must be some higher purpose. To find out this purpose he will sit alone.
If, satisfied by previous *calm* investigation that the soul is immortal, that so-called death is but the swift passing from this world we know to shores still more beautiful, where Love, the eternal law, has declared indissoluble the bond which unites the spirits, so there is solidarity between the highest angelic intelligence and the humblest of men, we will wish to get a better understanding of it all. We

will feel, instinctively, that this supreme law is not confined to the spirit world, but governs us mortals as well, since we are but spirits temporarily encumbered with a material body. If, then, our motive be to learn, and to conform ourselves to the provisions of laws in which not ourselves alone, but the whole universe is interested, our desire will be gratified. The advanced spirits who will come to us are fulfilling their part of the fraternal obligation; they will invite and teach us to fulfill our part. We soon learn that nothing will help our unfoldment more than the faithful performance of our duty to the world, to our brother man, to our higher self.
Selfishness is not only a bar to spiritual progress, it is a silly abandonment of more enjoyable benefit than those we refuse to share with others—the giving up the reality to grasp at the shadow. Each of us is but a grain of sand in the vast sea of humanity, each has his place and his value as *part of the whole*, but is insignificant if taken alone. What could one man, out off from the society of his kind, accomplish? Robinson Crusoe, alone on his desert island, was going mad; the meeting with his man Friday saved his reason. The brotherhood of man, unrecognized by many who profess to believe in the Fatherhood of God, is demonstrated by the fact that no man is independent of other men's cooperation. The millionaire is more dependent on his *chef de cuisine* than the *chef* is of the millionaire, for he may more easily find another good place than his employer will find another cook who understands his fastidious tastes.
If we grasp the true meaning of this basic teaching, and make it our rule of conduct, we will know pure joys that will make our life a blessing to others as well as to ourselves, whatever be the material conditions of that life. Sweet charity is something more than almsgiving; it is but another (the true) name for altruistic love. We may practice this divine virtue by words as well as by deeds, by thoughts unspoken and unwritten as well as by deeds. Few realize the power of silent thought—for good or for bad—and the dynamic force of its recoil. Like the boomerang, it returns to the sender after it has performed its mission.
We shall not lack encouragement if our endeavor is sincere and persistent. Spirits of the highest degree of advancement will gladly become our instructors, our guides in the pursuit of higher knowledge, in our search after Truth. They will be our steadfast friends, if we are steadfast in our purpose. From them we will obtain knowledge, the spread of which will benefit mankind, the revelation of laws which confound human science, the unveiling of the dark past—the abyss where lie buried ancient nations whose history is unwritten, the ruins of whose civilization puzzle the erudite archaeologist.
But, if that offshoot of egotism, vanity, should so blind us that we imagine our personal merit to be the centre of attraction; if a little knowledge inflates our pride, and we think we "know it all," like the pseudo-scientist who ignores Spiritualism because he has reached the *ne plus ultra* of (his) science, and it was not there, then woe to us, for we shall fall an easy prey to spirit vampires, who will drain our brain of the last vestige of intelligence, of reason. They will present themselves, perhaps under grand names, tickle our vanity by persuading us that to us alone are revealed the arcana they teach, make us accept the grossest absurdities, and laugh in their sleeves—if they do no worse.
Cannot the wise spirits, interested in our progress, prevent this? They have warned us from the beginning, they have urged self study—as important a precaution as "trying the spirits," and they have taught us that even if some defect of ours attracts the deceiver, knowing the cause we may defeat the effect. If our self-complacency gets us into trouble, they do not interfere; we must suffer the consequences of our folly, and gain experience thereby.
If the solitary student be a woman, fond of compliments, and possessing a little more vanity than the grain proverbially allowed her sex, she will be in greater danger than a man. Women psychics are more sensitive, more receptive, and consequently more liable to deception than psychics of the sterner sex of equal intellectuality. Such an one if, unfortunately, there is in her a latent germ of emotional hysteria—most psychics are more or less hysterical—will have to face the horrors of obsession, which, unconquered, may end in possession. Say that she escapes these dangers, that her brilliant mentality and many good qualities attract superior intelligences who take pleasure in guiding her unfoldment, so as to make of her a valuable instrument for the propagation of truth, it is to be feared that concurrent with her development the germs of hysteria, resulting from former obsessions or from some anterior neurotic complaint, will also be developed, and, feeding upon her (otherwise pardonable) foibles, will induce her mind to conceive strange and oftentimes erotic aberrations.
It does not matter if she be chaste and pure of heart; her thoughts may be irresistibly led into a channel her cool reason would tell her to avoid. Many of the canticles composed by the great hysterical mystics are passionate love songs—the erotic inspiration has simply been turned into praise of Him who is all love. These emotional temptations, which should be steadily resisted, have often an imaginary foundation, but imagination overrules reason, and a craving for such unnatural pleasures will, if yielded to, make the woman a slave to them, or, if they be due really to the influence

of a spirit, a slave to the arch deceiver intent on causing her ruin.
A case in point has come under my observation: A spirit, considerably advanced in knowledge, had been for several years a welcome visitor to a home circle. Forceful, autocratic, he would brook no contradiction, but insist on being obeyed in whatever he advised. Withal he was trusted as a safe guide, whose idiosyncrasy should be overlooked. His baser nature was to reveal itself, too late, alas! for the peace of some of the members. Among these was a young woman of unimpeachable character, with a magnificent mental organization, impulsive, enthusiastic, admired and loved by all who knew her. Some years previous she had had a long and painful illness of a nervous nature. Her nerves had remained somewhat unstrung, she had incipient hysteria. She had suffered from obsessing spirits, but had conquered with the assistance of good spirits. Ambitions of progress, she had fallen into the way of solitary communion with her guides, and was rapidly unfolded, receiving instruction of the highest order. The male spirit of whom I spoke saw his opportunity in her neurotic condition; by his forceful magnetism and wily arts he gained a perfect ascendancy over her mind, hypnotizing her into the belief that her other long-tried guides shared the doctrine he preached. Thus he played on her emotional faculties in secrecy, her friends anxiously wondering at the marked change in her. When the truth was known, and she confessed it with no consciousness of wrong, all efforts to open her eyes were vain. The discord of two fond hearts, hitherto closely united, unutterable sorrow to one and prospective ruin to the other, were the results of a solitary sinner's lack of prudence.
I have not exaggerated, in describing this case, any more than the power for good or for bad of our spirit visitors is exaggerated. Nor should we undervalue the factor hysteria's part in the aberrations, falsehoods and immoralities which sometime make mediums a reproach to the Cause. There is no telling where the fantastic conceptions of the hysterical subject will stop. In France, in the sixteenth century, when the witch craze was sending thousands of hallucinated neurotics to the stake, women confessed to having had carnal connection with demons; a nun, mentally unbalanced by too long and frequent meditations on divine love, imagined she was the bride of Jesus and had seven children by him—spirit children, invisible to all but their mother. Nowadays we would send such cases to the hospital or the asylum for the insane.
In this country, a few years ago, I knew of a well-born and educated young lady who undertook to study Spiritualism with no other medium than the Ouija board. In a few months she had prepared a lecture on the marriage relation, in which she described *en amore* the voluptuous sensations to be found in the dance duvetre, which she called a religious rite. She had been taught all these mysteries, she claimed, by her *spirit husband*!
Is Spiritualism to be held responsible for these follies? Assuredly not. The church has her ecstasies who dream just as great absurdities. It is within ourselves we must look for the source of the evil. But too much stress cannot be laid on the necessity of combating these fatal delusions at the first symptom, from whence they may come. Whether they be the work of a spirit corrupter, or the imaginings of a diseased brain, their baneful effect is the same.
It is to woman, especially, this warning is given. Spiritualism should develop the angel in her; let not a misapplication of its laws make her fall from her high estate. An unrestrained craving for abnormal emotions may be the first step towards the abyss that will engulf body and soul.

Spirit Memory.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

PART III.

I have shown that mortal mind has, like electricity, a field to which its powers extend. And almost at the limit of that field we discover clairvoyance and psychometric sense. The vibration, which Mr. Howe calls "vibratory moonshine" proves this. Those extreme faculties touch vibrations which the five senses cannot grasp. They belong to the invisible, and therefore to the spirit-side of life. Spirit-man must also have just such a field in which his powers work, but probably more extended than ours, and most likely in proportion to his soul-growth. When he first commences his new career his growth, like all other growth with which we are acquainted, will be one little step at a time. So, most certainly, at first his outer field will touch the outer field of the mortal. His normal spirit cannot contact with ours, but his clairvoyance may. It thus seems that in every case of spirit return it is necessarily one clairvoyant meeting another. Both are abnormal, and heaven help the man who expects to found a new religion out of such abnormal greetings. I mean heaven help him to see that he is making a fool of himself.
Mr. Hudson Tuttle and other critics ask, "Why should the spirit come back at all if he has left his memory behind?" This is a most reasonable question and demands an investigation. In the first place very few do come back out of the three thousand six hundred millions passing over every century. So we may assume that the few who do return are in some way abnormally constituted. They realize what others do not. We have herein a very remarkable fact facing us. In great countries, like India and China, where practically whole

nations are Spiritualists, there is almost no spirit return by mothers to their orphaned children, or by the loved relatives "gone before." And we find no attempt by the millions of such spirits going out from the earth every year to come back and stir up their several peoples to a higher manhood. Of course I mean no "spirit return" that is recognized by the mortal. What may be going on in their own invisible is not here in question.
But waiving an ugly fact like that we are pointed to fifty years of "spirit return," which has, we are told, brought untold blessings to the American nation. So of course my friendly critics mean to ask why such spirits come back at all if the events of their earth-life have grown dim and uncertain by the change of vibrations? This is the point at which one critic says I (C. D.), "have vibrated away the spirit senses." And according to another I am compelling these dead spirits to live amidst "vibratory moonshine." I will reply by a fact or two of startling import.
When the Katie Fox episode was presenting the evidence on which Modern Spiritualism rests, we do not find the incomer a heart-broken mother, bewailing her bereaved children. Nor in fact does love figure in the tableau there presented. It was the spirit of a murdered pedlar, seeking revenge. So Bro. Tuttle is answered as to why THAT spirit came back. But the next inquiry will be "how could he remember he had been murdered?" That certainly presents little difficulty. He was tied down to his old surroundings, which were his spirit level, and in such clairvoyant and psychometric contact with them that they were real to him, because thus written on his new memory in his new organism. Yet all the same he needed a mortal sensitive, with a clairvoyance similar to his own, through which he might make contact with earth. But we do not find him surrounded by a crowd of spirits whose earth memories were impelling them to come back. Benjamin Franklin, we are told, was at the head of the movement, and, from what we know of that practical genius when here, we can easily see that he was working in the interest of spirit science. We may easily imagine him as seeking material for a paper, to be read before some psychical society "over there," and specially dealing with the difficult subject of "spirit memory of earth life."
Now these critics will please understand me. I am not proposing to offer, or attempt to offer, reasons why certain spirits whose old memories must be left with their old form, are coming back day by day to public and private mediums. I accept the fact because I see no reason why such spirits should not, by their present clairvoyant and psychometric sensitiveness, be measurably in contact with earth life. But necessarily and at the best, all they will get out of such faculties will be appearances of memory, rather than the genuine article on which human intercourse is based. Such powers are very limited, as we have already seen, and depend upon clairvoyant contact with the clairvoyance of the mortal. And necessarily, their own superior knowledge, gained by their new experiences with keener senses, unknown to earth, cannot be imparted to mortals.
I am claiming that whatever be the motive of any special spirit return it must work by means of clairvoyance and telepathy of the spirit, reaching to earth by similar faculties in the mortal. Thus it is twisted, distorted and contradictory. The spirit trying to gain facts of earth life through the boy Hudson Tuttle, failed at first so completely that a whole manuscript, supposed to be ready for the press, was ordered to be destroyed. The world would have found out the mistakes and misstatements in that first "inspired" result of spirit effort. But when the object is to pass statements of *spirit experience* through a poor mortal sensitive we have lots of nonsense, as already quoted and sampled, but which the world, or a portion of it, has accepted because it came through such inspired mediums as those to which I was pointed as safe guides. Since we cannot investigate such statements for ourselves our safety consists in knowing the necessary imperfections and suspending our beliefs. For fifty years inspired mediums have given the world tales of spirit life and experience, over which my friend Hudson Tuttle would hover like a setting hen. But in this era, if old Spiritualists persist in believing the unproved and unprovable, the younger generation will presently laugh at such superstitions being called "knowledge."
It is a claim by two of my critics that a child talking to its spirit playmate covers the whole phenomena. I agree with them, but possibly from a different standpoint. I have personally known several such cases. In the one I carefully investigated I found the spirit child knew, or at least would talk, of nothing but earth-life. It professed to live here, and I think truthfully. So, like the murdered pedlar, its own clairvoyance and sensitiveness found a mate in that of the mortal. Almost always such spirit children have, or claim to have, teachers training them to act as messengers between the two worlds. We have a right to assume this is because their elders set before them the loss of earth memory. But as a whole I am thoroughly suspicious of spirit "children." I have watched them as mediums' attachments for years and yet never growing any older; so I suspect them of usually being humbugs—that is to say, "grown ups" making believe they are children. They almost always know too much for the part they play. But this is, of course, only my private and personal opinion.
As I bring this article to a conclusion, I receive THE BANNER with Miss Judson's letter of

June 10, devoted to a criticism of my position. On the question of the evolution of "love" she seems, after stating at length her differences of belief, to arrive at exactly the same conclusion as myself. She says: "Names and dates on which we lay such stress here may be forgotten. . . . But the thing which they represent . . . remains in the possession of the soul or Ego." Exactly so; that is what I call the Ego's state of consciousness wrought by the experiences of earth life. And Miss Judson should remember that "form" is included in what she calls "things they represent." Fancy a poor little cripple loved here with a mother's devotion, as loved over there as a "cripple." That mother's love has already brightened her soul till its love becomes expanded to be limited by "form," any more than by "names or dates." Those who mourn as she says, over such a result, simply have failed to grasp the grandeur of soul-growth into its higher consciousness. With the utmost deference, I cannot accept, with a grave face, her "illustration as used in public." Her bereaved mother is (perhaps after half a century), to be greeted by her lost daughter gotten up as a babe for the occasion. And I presume, if that child was remembered as fondling a doll, then the doll also is to be there, and dolly's cradle and clothes. Such limitations come from failing to realize that Egoism is a state of consciousness, and not to be tied to remembrance of molecules long garnered into other forms of life.
I have already given all necessary attention to the *pros* and *cons* of a dual form in earth-life, but Miss Judson has failed, like another critic, to see that my term "vibrated in vibration" means "molecular" vibration. The result I have discussed as fully as needed in this article. Her claim that obsession and multiple personality are allied is an entire mistake. Multiple personality is the experience of one Ego in different forms, and not of several Egos in one form. So this also I pass without further discussion. But her claim that she has settled the whole matter by interviewing her spirit father, is exactly on the same plane of thought as the claim by Dr. Babbitt that he holds a special form of communication with his spirit friends. I hope that all readers accept both claims as thoroughly veridical. But as soon as they make such personal experiences a foundation for the belief of another in such experience then we have to point out that at the very best it has been but their own exterior sensitiveness in contact with the exterior sensitiveness of a spirit, and therefore far less reliable in detail than they have fondly imagined. I will now say "good-bye" for the present, both to the student reader and my courteous critics. May our X-rays mingle and blend in happy accord.
San Leandro, Cal.

As a Man Thinketh So Is He.

BY CHARLES H. WHITE.

The problem of life is one which is beset with numerous difficulties. To a thinker the topic presents an endless variety of attractions. It is an absorbing and soul inspiring study, calling forth the best that is in the man, and demanding his concentrated attention.
Were the majority of persons given to indulging in deep, analytical thought this world would be a veritable "heaven" (for the man of intensity; for then, even though his circumstances might not be of the best, he could always find interest, sympathy, encouragement, confidence and esteem awaiting him, and his annoyances would sink to comparative insignificance under the influence of those blessed privileges. But the contrary is the case. Even among the highly educated and talented dwellers upon this mundane sphere there are but few who have cultivated, or are inclined to cultivate, the magnificent art of thinking analytically; of taking a subject to pieces (so to speak), as a mechanic might do with a machine, and then putting it together again, for the purpose of becoming thoroughly acquainted with all of its component parts, and understanding with precision the relation they bear toward one another. That this is an absolute necessity, if one is to "know whereof he speaks," is so supremely self-evident as to seem to require no explanation; yet there are millions of persons living who appear not to appreciate this simple fact.
It is true that, in connection with the exact sciences, and the other branches of ordinary education, the beauties of thoroughness and consistency have been and are recognized to almost the fullest extent; but, in the departments of metaphysics and natural philosophy, as applicable to the conditions of every day existence, the same beauties, (precisely as potent, if not more so), are not generally appreciated. The "average" man or woman seems content to treat such subjects in a slighting and superficial manner; basing his or her hastily formed conclusions upon hypotheses the soundness of which is largely "taken for granted," and thereby falling into frequent errors that are glaringly prominent to the mind upon which the light of reason has been permitted to cast its glow.
This pitiful condition could not endure, but for the peculiar obstinacy of human nature. It is easier, at the start, to do one's thinking in a shallow manner, than to learn to think deeply. Hence most persons never cultivate the ability to get at the bottom facts. They drift through life in a non-intellectual manner, merely skimming the surface of the waters of Truth, and accepting, without personal investigation, some one or more of the many illogi (Continued on 8th page.)

A Significant Celebration.

The Fourth of July in Holland.
American Tribute to Grotius.

BY MRS. M. E. CADWALLADER.

While Americans everywhere celebrated Independence Day with enthusiasm, the Fourth of July in Holland was marked by events of special significance, being celebrated with imposing ceremonies in the presence of representatives of all nations, assembled for the International Peace Conference.

At the present time The Hague is the centre of unusual attraction, on account of the Conference. No more fitting or beautiful place could have been selected than the Queen's Palace in the Woods, (Huis ten Boson), situated in the midst of a garden spot where nature and art vie with each other to add to its charms. To the American delegates came the happy inspiration to celebrate the day in a special manner by placing a tribute upon the tomb of Grotius, one of Holland's great men, an apostle of the doctrine of International Arbitration.

Accordingly invitations were sent out as follows: "The Delegates of the United States of America to the International Peace Conference have the honor to invite you to be present at the ceremony of placing a wreath, in the name of their government, upon the tomb of Grotius, in the Nieuwe Kerk, Delft, on the morning of Tuesday, July 4, 1899, at 11 o'clock, and to luncheon at the Stadhuis, (City Hall) of Delft at 12:30 o'clock." Having received an invitation through the courtesy of Mr. White, President of the delegation, and his colleagues, we started from the Hotel De Vieux Denen, the headquarters of the delegation. Upon reaching Delft, we found other invited guests already assembled. The town was decorated with Dutch and American flags, while the statue of Grotius, in the square, was draped with the stars and stripes. The visitors were received at the church by Mr. Hollis, one of the delegates. This ancient edifice contains the monument of William the Silent as well as the tomb of Grotius. In honor of the occasion, the flag of the Netherlands and the Star Spangled Banner were draped to the tomb.

Promptly at 11 o'clock the exercises began. Chevalier Van Karnebeek, the first delegate to the Netherlands, presiding. After a grand organ prelude, the large choir organized for the occasion rendered Mendelssohn's "How Lovely Are the Messengers Who Bring Us Good Tidings of Peace." An address of welcome was followed by the singing of the Anthem of the Netherlands. The principal address of the day was delivered by Hon. Andrew D. White, Ambassador to Germany, and President of the American Delegation to the Conference, and author of "The Warfare Between Science and Religion," so well known to your readers.

He was listened to with rapt attention as he reviewed in eloquent terms the life and teachings of Grotius, referring to the influence he had exerted upon the thinking world, and cited the acts of Abraham Lincoln in his conduct of the Civil War, of Gen. U. S. Grant toward Gen. Lee, and the acts of the whole people of the United States at the close of the War of the Rebellion, as being actuated by those feelings of mercy and humanity which Grotius, more than any other, had brought to the modern world.

Would that space permitted a full report of the address of Mr. White concerning the life of Grotius and its influence upon the present Peace Conference. It is to be hoped that it will appear in full that all may read it. It is useless to undertake to do justice, in a brief synopsis, to such a masterly address. We, however, cannot refrain from giving the following extracts as being especially interesting to your readers:

Speaking of William of Orange and Grotius, and of his great work, "De Jure Belli ac Pacis," Mr. White in a most impressive manner, and in tones which thrilled his auditors, delivered the following peroration:

"When in perhaps the darkest hour of modern Europe, in 1672, his great book was born, yonder organ might well have pealed forth the most triumphant Te Deum; but no man recognized the blessing which in that hour had been vouchsafed to mankind: no voice of thanksgiving was heard."

"But if the dead, as we fondly hope, live beyond the grave; if, undisturbed by earthly distractions, they are all the more observant of human affairs; if freed from earthly trammels their view of life in our lower world is illumined by that infinite light which streams from the source of all that is true and beautiful and good, may we not justly believe that the mighty and beneficent shade of William of Orange recognized with joy the birth-hour of Grotius as that of a compatriot who was to give the Netherlands a lasting glory?"

"May not that great and glorious spirit have also looked lovingly upon Grotius, as a boy, lingering on this spot where we now stand, and recognized him as one whose work was to go on adding in every age new glory to the nation which the mighty Prince of the House of Orange had, by the blessing of God, founded and saved. May not, indeed, that great mind have foreseen, in that divine light, another glory not then known to mortal ken? Who shall say that in the effluence of divine knowledge he may not have beheld Grotius, in his full manhood, penning the pregnant words of the *De Jure Belli ac Pacis*, and that he may not have foreseen the largely resulting from it, what we behold to-day, as an honor to the August Monarch who convoked it, to the Netherlands who have given it splendid hospitality, and to all modern states, here represented, the first Conference of the entire world ever held; and that Conference assembled to increase the securities for peace and to diminish the horrors of war."

"In concluding, Mr. White addressed his remarks to the delegates of the Peace Conference."

A MESSAGE FOR THE CONFERENCE.

"From this tomb of William the Silent comes, in this hour, a voice bidding the Peace Conference be brave, and true, and trustful in that Power in the Universe which works for Righteousness."

"From this tomb of Grotius I seem to hear a voice which says to us as the delegates of the nations: 'Go on with your mighty work; avoid, as you would avoid the germs of pestilence, those exhalations of international hatred which take shape in monstrous fallacies and morbid fictions regarding alleged antagonistic interests. Guard well the treasures of civilization with which each of you is entrusted; but bear in mind that you hold a mandate from humanity. Go on with your work. Heed not the clamor of zealots, or cynics, or pessimists, or pseudo philosophers, or enthusiasts, or faint finders. Go on with the work of strengthening peace and humanizing war; give greater scope and strength to provisions which will make war less cruel; perfect those laws of war which diminish the unmerited sufferings of populations, and above all give to the world at least a beginning of an effective practicable scheme of arbitration.'"

A PROPHECY FROM THE TOMB.

"These are the words which an American seems to hear issuing from this shrine to-day; and I seem also to hear from it a prophecy. I seem to hear Grotius saying to us: 'Fear neither opposition nor detraction. As my own book, which grew out of the horrors of the wars of the Eighty and the Thirty Years War, contained the germ from which your great Conference has grown, so your work, which is demanded by a world bent almost to breaking under the weight of ever-increasing armaments, shall be a germ from which the future Conferences shall evolve plans ever fuller, better and nobler.'"

"And I also seem to hear a message from him to the jurists of the great universities who honor us with their presence to-day, including especially that renowned University of Leyden which gave to Grotius his first knowledge of the law; and that eminent university of Königsberg which gave him his most philosophical disciple, to all of these I seem to hear him say: 'Go on in your labor to search out the facts

and to develop the principle which shall enable future Conferences to build more and more broadly, more and more loftily for peace.'"

THE WREATH.

"And now, Your Excellencies, Mr. Burgo-master and Honored Deans of the various Universities of the Netherlands, a simple duty remains to me. In accordance with instructions from the President and in behalf of the People of the United States of America, the American Commission at the Peace Conference, by my hand, lays on the Tomb of Grotius this simple tribute. It combines the oak—representative of olive virtue; and the laurel, representative of victory. It bears the following inscription:

"To the Memory of Hugo Grotius—in Reverence and Gratitude—from the United States of America—On the Occasion of the International Peace Conference at The Hague—July 4th, 1899—and it encloses two shields, one bearing the arms of the House of Orange and of the Netherlands, the other bearing the arms of the United States of America; and both these shields are bound firmly together. They represent the gratitude of our country, one of the youngest among the nations of the earth, to this old and honored Commonwealth; gratitude for great services in days gone by; gratitude for recent courtesies and kindnesses; and, above all, they represent to all time a union of hearts and minds in both lands, for peace between all nations."

Mr. White then deposited upon the tomb the magnificent wreath of gold and silver, designed and executed by the court jewellers of Berlin. The scene was more impressive than words can describe.

The above extracts from the memorable address of Mr. White are of more than usual interest to all Spiritualists. So far as we know, Mr. White does not accept the teachings of Spiritualism; but may he not have been inspired by the influence of those great men when he uttered those impressive sentences concerning them and their work? It does not seem strange, in the light of Spiritualism, that those who have left the mortal plane should have the interest of the nations placed upon an occasion like this should return and impress upon the minds of their fellow men their progressive thought, as in the long ago, when they dwelt amongst them.

The address of acceptance was delivered by M. de Beaufort, the Dutch Minister, on behalf of the Queen and the government of the Netherlands. After warmly acknowledging the tribute to Grotius, M. de Beaufort, speaking directly to the American delegates, said:

"We have had the advantage in the past few weeks of extending hospitality to some of the most eminent men of the United States, who came here to give their valuable aid towards the realization of the noble designs framed by the Emperor of Russia, and applauded by the whole civilized world, of founding International law on the basis of justice and peace. It is a matter of course that having in mind this noble task, our thoughts have been called back to the great man who found his last resting place under the vaults of this church, and who has always been venerated as the founder of the science of International Law. When he wrote his admirable work, *De Jure Belli ac Pacis*, America was still a great wilderness, with a few scattered European settlements; yet he knew of America and took an interest in it, for he wrote a small and very remarkable tract on the antiquity of its original inhabitants. More than two centuries and a half have since elapsed, and if Grotius came back into this world and stood in our midst, how great would be his astonishment when hearing that the inhabitants of America had come to pay homage to his memory; but, at the same time, he would express his joy and satisfaction when learning that the noble and generous principles that he advocated during his lifetime had taken root throughout the whole world; and I am sure he would exclaim, 'Thanks to God, I have not lived in vain.'"

A telegram was read by Baron de Bilt, from the King of Norway and Sweden in which His Excellency, the Swedish delegate, was commanded "to express the gratitude of Sweden to Hugo Grotius, not only for what he did for the advancement and development of the science of public law, but for the faithful services rendered to our country, which he served as ambassador during many critical years. For over 250 years the memory of Grotius has been gratefully cherished in Sweden, and so it will ever be."

The last address was given by Hon. Seth Low of Columbia University, who thanked the Queen, the Government of the Netherlands, and the officials of Delft, for the many courtesies extended to the American delegates, which had rendered it possible for them to celebrate the day in such a fitting manner. At the conclusion of his address the entire audience arose, while the grand organ pealed forth the familiar and inspiring strains of the "Star Spangled Banner." What a sight it was to see the representatives of all nations assembled to do honor to the day of American Independence, and as the grand choir gave voice to the words of "America," "My country, 'tis of thee," it is to be wondered that the hearts of the Americans present swelled with pride to know that their country was revered and honored by all nations?

At the conclusion of the exercises the guests were entertained at a sumptuous luncheon in the Town Hall. During the progress of the festivities many incidents occurred, showing the fraternal regard of the Dutch people for the people of the United States. Among the toasts was one given by the venerable J. M. de Kuyser, of Delft, the eldest member of the town council, who, in a few well chosen remarks, expressed his great pleasure at being present upon such an auspicious occasion, and feelingly referred to America's tribute to Holland's great man. He then proposed a toast to the United States of America. All present arose as Hon. Mr. White responded in his pleasing and dignified manner, and in return proposed a toast to the Queen and the Netherlands.

Upon our table was a pretty silk American flag, which I had brought with me. It was raised upon a bank of flowers. My neighbor de Kuyser, referring to the flag, suggested that it be presented to the Dutch minister, as a souvenir of the occasion, to which I replied that he, (M. de Kuyser) being the oldest member of the Council of Delft, where the celebration was held, it seemed eminently proper that he should receive it, and I would take pleasure in presenting it to him. Upon this all the members of the council arose while he accepted the flag with many expressions of satisfaction. The next day, in a letter, he thanked me in behalf of his fellow members of the council and himself, saying they intended to place it among the mementoes of Grotius, in the Grotius museum in the Town Hall of Delft, where I found it a few days later, occupying a place of honor before a statue of Grotius, with my card which Councillor de Kuyser had requested, bearing the following inscription:

"In remembrance of the Fourth of July, 1899, the Independence Day of America, when a wreath was placed upon the tomb of our great countryman Hugo de Grotius."

Thus the flag that crossed the ocean with me is cherished among the treasured souvenirs of this eventful day. Such International gatherings as the Peace Conference, as well as such fraternal celebrations as herein briefly outlined, lead the way to the development of a higher and broader humanity among the peoples and nations of the earth, bringing them into more harmonious relations in the path of progress. The members of the American Commission are to be heartily congratulated upon the highly successful outcome of the celebration, which has made an indelible impression upon the minds of all who were present.

As the years roll on and the fourth of July comes again and again, will not the people of the Netherlands recall with joy this celebration in their midst, connected as it is with their own great statesman? Doubtless to them it will be a connecting link between the two nations.

May the fraternal relations between the people of Holland and the United States continue, be the ardent hope of your correspondent.

The Hague, July, 1899.

Truth is the form of good, and good is the life, and as it were, the soul of that form.—Emanuel Swedenborg.

Wisdom, Truth, Purity, the Holy Trinity of Spiritualism.

By the Guides of
MRS. SOPHIE E. WOODSIDE.

The Holy Trinity, the divine attributes—the perfectness of the soul. What is wisdom? We read that "Wisdom is the right use or exercise of knowledge, and differs from knowledge as the use which is made of a power or faculty differs from the power or faculty itself."

"The tongue of the wise man useth knowledge aright; knowledge puffeth up; knowledge is proud, that he hath learned so much. Wisdom is humble that he knows no more."

True wisdom seems inborn, knowledge is acquired. "Truth implies a report of something that is." We quote from Bacon's essay on "Truth." "No measure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth, a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene, and to see the errors and wanderings and mists and tempests below, so always that this prospect be with pity and not with swelling pride." Purity is freedom from alloyment, freedom from defilement, freedom from sin. Why does wisdom, truth and purity constitute the holy trinity of Spiritualism? Wisdom is the father, Truth the son, and Purity the holy spirit. Truth cannot but be the child of Wisdom, for true wisdom is the "light that lighteth to all understanding." Wisdom is not arrogant, and full of pride, but humble, scanning with ever watchful eye the vast fields of bloom awaiting the sickle of the gleaner—awed by the magnitude of the glistering sheaves—while truth implies a report of what is as guided by the father, wisdom; and real wisdom and truth are ever entwined by the beautiful flowers of virtue permeated by the sweet spirit of purity. Truth is absence of error; truth is peace and rest, the quiet stream on whose mossy bank we can sit and listen to the whispering leaves, listen to the soft, low call of the nightbird, breathe the rich fragrance of the flowers as they hold in their petals the soft falling dew.

"Twilight shadows softly playing,
Gentle breezes whispering low,
Nightbirds calling from the wood-land,
Breath from lilies white as snow."

We sit on the restful bank and look into the placid mirror to view our shortcomings; by the faithful reflection, we are taught to correct our errors; error is stagnation, the stagnation of all true progression. When we have formed a compact with error the trail is seen in our words and actions, in our mental state, in our bodily conditions; we are disconcerted, fickle, fearful, and we stammer, start, are suspicious, jealous and politic, but when we form a compact with truth it is not so. "We speak with certainty, are steadfast and firm." Truth, the rock of ages which has been smitten by the rod of the longing souls of humanity, until nearly streams of beauty and wisdom have come trickling and singing, down to the thirsty souls of men, where they can indeed drink and be filled with divine truth and power. "By their fruit ye shall know them."

As the earth passes through a cone of darkness when it turns from the brilliant light of day, so men who turn from the truth, pass through the dark jungles of doubt, fear, and sore affliction; but they deem they are in the light. What men would term deepest darkness, an owl would term high noon. This turning from truth is the curse of the nations. Error fills the prisons; error fills the almshouses; error fills the asylums; error is crushing humanity to day. It is destroying their manhood, womanhood and Godhood. The midnight assassin is the student of error. He sees naught to be lost and much to be gained by the death of his victim; the ill-gotten gain will bring pleasure and plenty. He is a passenger of the present, floating in his pirate ship with his cruel crew of selfishness, greed and avarice. Error brings sin and misery, never peace and happiness. Error is wrong, and by heaping layer upon layer of torture, thinking, wrong-doing is the result.

We are scintillations of divinity. The divine spark is in every heart, but error with its blandishments and fine promises captures the citadel, and "we first endure, then pity, then embrace." The decline is gradual at first, but we gather impetus as we glide along, and false exaltation like that of wine, fills us with ecstatic ideas of our great wisdom; and vain pleasure swings her gilded banner before our eyes, the elixir of self-satisfaction befores our senses, and we sink lower and lower and fall asleep amid the frost of deception and sin. Should a friend viewing our saddened condition strive to free us from error's chain, we would turn aside from him and resist his effort. No matter how low or degraded, we become accustomed to these habits of thought and living, and do not wish to be disturbed. It is with the greatest of difficulty that truth can be brought to bear upon the beclouded mentally, even sufficiently to produce a desire for better things, or a better mode of living on a higher thought plane. The power to rise above the debris seems to be wanting, the ability crippled and shrunken; thus it is that error's votaries become mere waifs on the shore of progression. Truth is ever progressive. Error is ever retrogressive, filling the mind with false conceptions of the great principles of light and life, taking its followers through the same dangerous mazes of doubt and fear, where the clammy atmosphere makes them shudder, and fills their souls with distrust.

Error's offspring, sin and misery, twins of a blackened sire, stalk forth hand in hand up and down the earth; they are the fiends of darkness and ignorance. They sally forth and sprinkle the door-posts of your earthly tabernacles with the blood of humanity. They leave their impress on the material mass and the tale of the sin-sick soul is soon read. They insinuate themselves into the palace as well as into the hut. He who salutes them and offers them the hand of friendship soon feels their fiery lashings; they are like the wraiths that entered the wigwam of the dying Minnehaha. They will enter the most peaceful homes and sit at the brightest fireside. They strike down the fairest flowers with relentless hand, and bring the serpent of destruction into the sunniest Eden. They drape homes in ebony mantles, and wrap the trembling clay in sackcloth and ashes. Truly, "the wages of sin is death," for it demands the death of all the better feelings, the divine attributes, the death of womanhood, manhood and Godhood. It is the tempter and assassin. On brilliant eyes soon blighted by sin, dark cheeks, soon blanched by pain, rounded limbs soon emaciated, wrecks left, forsaken on the beach of life, where the angry waves of criticism lash and rave over the poor remains, and Mercy, tender maid, dare not reach a cooling hand to rest on the fevered brow, for fear of becoming engulfed in the cruel wave. Ah! friends, all sorrow comes from error's teachings, yes, all! Crimes? Yes. Criminals? Yes. Want? Yes. Poverty? Yes. Death? Yes.

I hear some one say, "I cannot understand how crimes and criminals are caused by error." It was error's teachings that brought the poor wretch where he is today; he listened to the siren's chant when she sang to him of self gratification, of the beauty of the coveted bauble, of the brilliancy of the jewel, of the many, many good things it would bring to him; then step by step he followed her, he listened not to the silent monitor, ever whispering to the greater, and from the fall he goes to the great, and finally fills the felon's cell. Was it truth placed there? Ah, no! it was error. How can error cause want? You may trace any case of want to its beginning and you will find it was error caused the trouble. It may have been from too much prodigality or from too much frugality, either extreme produces the same result. A man may be so lavish and extravagant, because of an inordinate love of display and pleasure, as to easily bankrupt his material gains and lose the true line of wisdom or truth. Or he may be so frugal and miserly as to lose many opportunities of gain, and by living in this close fastidious manner fall a victim to error; his body becomes diseased and his soul cramped and narrow, and at the last his famished soul cries out for aid. Was he following in the light of truth? Then we take death according to the ortho-

dox teaching; error brought death into the world. It has been said that "truth is that which is," "the false, is that which is not." And it is said also, "that in all error there is some truth," and that we readily believe, for, of a truth, error does exist, but taking it from the first statement that error is that which is not, proves the assertion there is no death, so, why sorrow over that which is not?

Our prisons, almshouses and insane asylums are monuments of error's teachings. When men and women let idle infatuation sit one side, and look at beauty of face and form as merely transient adornments, as merely the outer adornments, pleasant to behold, and study the soul, view the soul's vineyard, the soul's culture, then will criminals be few indeed, and prisons a relic of the dark ages. Then death sinks into absence of truth. It has been proven there is no death, not by Spiritualists alone, but by our scientific gentlemen who would scout the idea of Spiritualism; yet they step forward and tell us, "It is naught but change."

There is no death; then why sorrow? Why weep for friends who have passed the shadows and are answering angel at your side? Because of error's teachings again. The church tells you they are lost if they have not repented and been baptized in the blood of the Lamb. In the hour of sorrow that sanguinary baptism seems so much more mythical than it did when your friends were with you, and you walked and talked together of those things. These near and dear friends whom you loved so well may not have repented, may have gone without the sprinkling from the holy palm of the priest, may never have tasted of the Holy Sacrament. In your hour of deep affliction the sainted person comes to you in deep commiseration and reads: "Unless ye repent and be baptised, your name cannot be entered in the Lamb's Book of Life." Ye cannot hope to enter the abode of the blessed, and you, according to your church teachings, must believe this. You have seen the beauty of your friends' souls; you never knew them to do an unjust thing, their hearts were always full of sympathy and love for their fellow travelers, but this counts for naught, according to the creed. "Except ye be born again." Except they experience a change of heart and cry "Amen!" in a loud voice, join in praises and prayers, they must suffer eternal torment.

They, the priests, will tell you that a good moral character, an exemplary life, a kind and loving heart, count for naught with God. It would have been better for your friends had they been the blackest criminals who had repented and been baptised, been washed in the gory flood, for then you could know they were resting in the arms of Jesus, for, "Though your sins are as scarlet, they can be made white as snow."

Do these things strike you as the teachings of truth or of error? Is it right to teach men that an atonement of blood has been made to free them from the penalty of their own sins? In that moment of deepest sorrow, did your heart love such an unjust Judge? If you could muster up one bit of real, pure love for such a Being, I should not want you for a friend. The cruel, harsh grinding of old theology brings no peace in the hour of sorrow. There are few people on the earth-plane to-day who are not grander, nobler, more just and true than is the orthodox God. Let each one form a concept of God from the best that is within his mind, and will have one far superior to the God of orthodoxy. A loved friend and you have walked and talked together in other days; in the quiet summer twilight your souls have been filled with the melody of heaven and of nature's God, have stood with faces upturned to the blue dome on high, and watched the glittering nuggets come out one by one, these "loopholes of the angels," looking down upon the earth, viewing the misery, want and shame, looking into homes where the raven of sorrow is perched above the door, and desolation and poverty sit with glaring eyes upon the lonely occupants. God bless the stars! they beam just as brightly into the little broken pane, their soft beams rest just as lovingly on the bed of rags and straw, caressing the toil weary brow with their golden fingers, as through the plate glass window on the luxurious couch with pillow of down, canopied with lace and rich with costly coverings. They leave as soft a caress on the thin, worn hand or brown, chubby hand of poverty's children as on the bejeweled, lily-whiteness that is lying in indolent repose on the velvet counterpane.

Your friend, I speak of all this to you, and he says, "I behold nature's blessings are manifold, scattered like the sunbeams and the flowers alike to rich and poor, the saint and the sinner, the halt and the blind. It is the illustration of the divine source; it is the outflowing of the great All-Soul to us weary children." What a lesson of truth, love and justice it teaches one! This friend gleams this beautiful lesson of nature's god. He cannot accept the narrow, cramped deity of bloodshed, malice and wrath. He cannot behold the divinity in the god of orthodoxy. There is no vibration in his soul for such a being; it causes discord and inharmonious; there is no affinity between nature's god and the orthodox god. There is nothing divine in the latter; he is portrayed as basely inhuman. So this friend talks to you in the twilight, talks to you of the sweet story and lesson of the stars; he touches your better nature with his gleanings of divine truth, and you are benefitted and speak more gently to the weary wanderers you meet—as sweet a smile for the poor little waif, the tottering old man on the troubled stream of life, as the smile of the angel. Your soul grows and unfolds to newer truths, finer feelings, deeper sympathy, for the lesson you learned under the stars in that sweet, quiet evening when you held gentle converse with your friend. Ah! tender, tender thought, borne on memory's wings! And they tell you this friend is lost forever! Cast in the pit of eternal torture! because he accepted not the creeds and dogmas of the church. They tell you it is a kind, loving father who consigns your loved one to this horrible torture! They tell you the tender grace of that hour is dead to you; you must put it from you. As you think of the beauty of that soul, the kind, sympathetic heart, ever ready to relieve human suffering and sorrow, you cannot love a god so unjust.

Yonder felon, sitting in his cell, with his hands red with the blood of his victims, whose cruel heart gloated over the dying groan, who insinuated himself into the peaceful home where the firelight shadows were writing the tales upon the walls, who could stealthily step into the quiet chamber, and look upon the fair, peaceful face of his victim; the victim of his selfishness, and plunge the knife to the heart, awaits the day of his doom, and just before the cap is adjusted receives the sacrament and is absolved by the priest in Jesus' name! He, this wretch, this child of error, repeats in parrot fashion his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and his atonement for sin, claims complete absolution through the confession of sin, and asks forgiveness through fear—the "whip to keep a coward to his track."

He goes to glory, is accepted of the Lamb, the loved of the Lord, but your friend must writhe in eternal anguish. At this teaching, at this revealed deity, your soul turns sick. You turn from those brassy heavens, that unjust God, and cry out against such desecration of all that is noble, pure, just and true. Your very nature rebels against such a horrible doctrine. If people believed in this hell born theology, crimes and criminals would multiply a thousand fold. You could not find space to build asylums large enough to accommodate the maddened millions. It is truth that brings you wisdom to discern, whispers sweet peace to your soul, assuages your sorrows, and tells you of the kind, loving Father who lavishes his gifts upon his children.

God pity the man or woman who can reverse such a God, much less reach their little pre-arranged babes the story of the cross, of the lake of fire, and of divine injustice. God pity him or her if the divine spark in the soul has become so completely covered with the leaves of old fanaticism, so bound with the old traditions of past ages, so false to themselves and their loved ones as to declare they really love and adore a God who ruthlessly cast their babes and their friends into eternal torture. May the sun of truth and righteousness light up their misty old rooms, and the fire of infinity consume their false notions and low con-

cept of the Most High! May they be touched by the divine power of infinite love!

We claim wisdom, truth and purity as the divine attributes and the source of all true progression. We claim them as the holy trinity of Spiritualism.

Why? Because this trinity reveals the philosophy of the divine substance, proves a creative force, a beneficent God, or Father, and insists upon self-responsibility, thorough work and regeneration. It turns the search-light of self-inspection upon the soul, and teaches internal purification through the weeding out of our natures all that is untrue. It teaches you soul-culture, refines, ennobles, blesses and purifies all true disciples. It teaches true kindness of heart, which causes them to throw out those sweet tendrils of love and sympathy to their fellowmen. It teaches them the philosophy of living, and places in their hands the torch of reason, which shall lead them step by step into pleasant places, where the golden arms of eternal day form a bridge over death's dark waves. You cannot have truth without wisdom, nor wisdom without truth; you cannot have either truth or wisdom without purity. The sweet smile must be unclouded, or error stops in the arms of the night. The three are the purest, best and holiest jewels in the coronet of divinity. They have been sent by the angel-world to lighten your darkened paths across the isthmus of life.

More Infernalism.

BY WM. FOSTER JR.

Two cases illustrating, nay proving, the infernalism of vaccination has just come to my knowledge. Two young girls were the victims, made such by the unjust, wicked, unconstitutional law of Rhode Island, which makes vaccination a pre-requisite to attendance in the public schools; a barbarous enactment, a disgrace to the State, a practice prolific of discomfort, disease and often death. The outrage was perpetrated in the city of Providence. These are the facts: Maud Ellen Goodell and her sister Leah applied for admission to a public school, were refused admission unless they were vaccinated, they submitting to the infection of the vaccine poison the same day, by an orthodox M. D., with most untoward results. Both girls soon after broke out with sores on the head, just as the sores caused by the rape on the arms were healing up.

Maud was seven years old when vaccinated, and for six years now has been a sufferer from these sores. From the head they went to the body and limbs. At present she has enormous sores on the right foot, on both elbows and the right hand; her nose, cheeks and chin are covered with sores and their noisome looking scales. There is also this notable fact, that she was in the Rhode Island Hospital SIX MONTHS and got no relief. I refrain from comment thereon lest I become volubrious, for the devilisms of allopathy, when my pen is turned upon them, is apt to turn its ink into hot lava. Leah, the other sister, was more fortunate, for the poison was less virulent in her system.

These are the facts, yet the vaccinator avers that he is very positive and sure that the sores could not be due to vaccination. Pray, to what were they due? Was it the vaccine, causeless, haphazard eruptions? Nature does not work in such a slipshod manner, but acts by definite laws of causation.

Let us see what amount of credence this "positive and sure" opinion of this M. D. vaccinator is entitled to. Almost simultaneously he punctured the arms of Maud and Leah, injecting the poisonous vaccine virus; in each a vaccine sore developed, run its course, and as in each they healed, sores of a different nature developed in the heads of both; on Maud, running a six year's course as above detailed. The parallelism of the two cases leaves no doubt as to the cause being the vaccination, the injection of pus charged with corruption, which became manifest in both Maud and Leah, though not of like intensity.

The history of vaccination, covering a century, is a swift witness that the practice is a curse that tends to debauch the system, implant diseases, also frequently causing death. It is a cub of allopathy, kept alive by the practitioners of that school, though a very respectable minority are opposed to the Jesuverein fad, but are overborne by the majority who are moved by stilted ignorance, stupid bigotry and besotted idiosyncrasy, men who have had their common sense educated out of them at medical schools.

In the matter and way of health, ill fares the land where such fellows are made by law, the only parties who can practice medicine. They have debauched and made tools of a majority of the legislators of the country, who have created a medical despotism, oblivious of the rights of the people, who are forced to submit to a medical regime they distrust, and which thousands upon thousands abhor. Yet we sing praises to liberty, and boast of our democratic republican government. All this, because selfish politicians rule and bosses pull the wires. Down with the politicians with their bossism; up with the people.

Mr. Lawson Tait's Anti-Vivisection News.

Probably nothing will injure a good cause so much, as to advocate it injudiciously. We see this illustrated most strikingly in regard to the methods of some anti-vivisectionists. A sentimental opposition to vivisection, is a virtual playing into the hands of the pro-vivisectionists.

In strong contrast to this foolish and harmful anti-vivisection work, we have nothing more worthy of endorsement than that of the late Mr. Lawson Tait. That he was the foremost English surgeon, made his practical and common sense opposition to vivisection, one of the most favorable points of the anti-vivisection agitation.

Mr. Tait was never carried away by sentiment, and seemed always able to hold his own against the pro-vivisectionists, by use of philanthropic arguments, based on the injury which vivisection has already done to the healing art.

For this reason many, even in the anti-vivisection ranks, were ignorant of the fact that Mr. Tait really cared for animals, and believed that he fought against vivisection, solely on philanthropic grounds. His words in the "Animal's Friend," however, explain this matter fully. He wrote:

"Like Sir Edwin Arnold I have been greatly influenced by the teachings of Buddha, and in the particular question of the rights of the lower animals, and our duties to them, I decide altogether against vivisection, because it is inherently objectionable from my religious point of view, because it is clumsy and inexact, and because it has very frequently, if indeed it has not always, been found altogether misleading."

It is not too much to say that in losing Mr. Tait, the anti-vivisection cause has met with an irreparable loss. It is to be hoped that the attention now called to his opposition to vivisection, will lead other anti-vivisectionists to oppose this practice as he did, always openly and firmly; always quietly and without rancor; always by appeals to reason, and not to sentiment.

ANNA SARGENT TURNER,
Sec'y New York State Anti Vivisection Society,
Saugerties, N. Y.

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BANNER OF LIGHT PUB. CO.

If you like THE BANNER, speak a good word for it whenever you have a chance. It will be appreciated.

Children's Spiritualism.

Written for the Banner of Light.
CHILDREN AT PLAY.

BY GERALD MARNEY.

"Open your mouth and shut your eyes,"
—Three little Maidens were saying—
"And see what God sends you!" Little they thought
He listened while they were playing!
So little we guess that a light, light word
At times may be more than praying.

"I," said Kate, with the merry blue eyes,
"Would have lots of frolic and folly;
"I," said Ciss, with the bonny brown hair,
"Would have life always smiling and jolly;"
"And I would have just what our Father may send,"
Said lovely little pale Polly.

Life came for the two, with sweetest new,
Each morning in gloss and in glister;
But our Father above, in a rush of great love,
Caught up little Polly and kissed her.
And the churchyard nestled another wee grave,
The angels another wee sister.

Vacations in Spirit-Land.

My Dear Little Friends: In my last letter I told you that I would talk about vacations in spirit-land. Most children are so anxious to know how everything is done in spirit-life that I feel sometimes as though I talked too much about the lessons of this life, and neglect to tell you how really beautiful life in spirit is. I wish to tell about the two, for the lessons that you learn on earth are sure to be of use in the spirit-life.

At this time of the year nearly every one is thinking of vacations. Some are going to visit a friend whom they have not seen for a long time, while others are going to a place where they hope to see something new. Many are staying quietly at home, trying to catch up with the work they ought to have done during the months that are passed.

We have no vacations in spirit-life. This may seem strange to you, but over here, everything is done in an orderly manner; there is no rush, nor hurry, nor bustle, because we have no time limit. When we go to school, we do not try to accomplish just so much within a certain time. We only learn as much as it is best for us to learn from day to day. I think that in the schools in earth-life, the teachers try to make the children know too much all at once, and they do not really know it. They can only say it with their lips. They cannot understand it or accept it, or make it of any use in their lives.

It is not so in spirit-life. Just as the flowers grow, just as the birds learn to sing, and just as the trees leave out in the spring after they have gathered in all that is necessary to make the leaves grow, just so children and men and women grow, unfold and expand in spirit-life. Now it seems to many of you if the vacation was taken out of your life that you would not be happy, because all the winter long you are looking forward to the time when you will not have so much to do—when you can go away or see your friends or get into some different kind of life from what you are living now. But in spirit-life we do a little of this each day. We do not work so long at one thing that we grow so weary it seems as if we never wanted to do anything again, but we have a little work, and then we have a little walk and gather a few flowers, and then a little more study; so it makes life all one vacation and yet all one study and growing time.

People, when they first come over to us, have an idea that they have come on some grand vacation; that after their work is done in earth life, after the cares are all put away, the children grown up, the lessons learned, they will just rest in spirit-life, and perhaps never have anything more to do except to enjoy themselves. But they find after coming here that they grow very tired of doing nothing, of nothing to enjoy, because when there is nothing to do there is really no pleasure. If you had to go to the country and sit perfectly still and watch the grass grow you would not be very happy; but it is when you can run about on the grass, pick flowers, row on the rivers, run up and down on the laws, that you are happy.

All work is not very good for anybody, neither is all play. They should be equally balanced to be right. Like one great "tilt"—you have seen those that the children have; the board is fastened in the middle, and if only one person is on, that person is away down. We have what I call the "tilt" of life; one side is work and one side play. If there were all play we would be away up in the air all the time, and if it were all work we would be way down on the ground. It is when you have a little work and a little play, no waiting, no resting, no standing still, but the change of action that brings new life and new muscles of the body and mind into use, that you are healthy and strong, and forget that you have not had a real vacation at all.

But as the world is now, it seems as if people must have vacations every now and then. I hope the time will come when some of these simple laws that are so common in spirit life will be known in earth life.

As you do need vacations now, after your school closes, or your regular work is so you can leave it for a time, there are a few things it is nice to think about. If you go from the city into the country, you will find people who do not know much about Boston, or New York, or San Francisco, yet they know much more than you do about ever so many things, and it is not nice for you to laugh at them and say they are "country gawks" or "freckle faces," or some such ugly names. It would be better to see if they could not teach you something, and you teach them something. You can tell them of your school, and they can show you things that grow in the country. There will be birds to look at and learn about; there will be the cows to watch and see if they have two sets of teeth or only one; and the pigs, that do nothing but grow fat for somebody to eat. Then there will be ever so many flowers that you never thought could grow unless somebody tended to them, and so many little things, too, that you can do for the people where you go. Why! don't you know women in the country love to have a pair of berries picked for them, or some fresh water brought from the well, or some little errand done that would help them in their work? Perhaps they like to have stories read to them from THE BANNER. If you are old enough to read them—maybe this very letter I am writing to you. If you do something for somebody else, you will have that to look back upon when you go home, and you will be happy because you have done some good to another.

Then, too, there is something to do besides eat every single thing you see, as though it is so much better than anything you ever had before. Eat only what is good for you, enough to make you strong, and do not stuff yourselves till you are like the little pigs on the farm.

If you go to the ocean, there are so many little fishes that you can learn about. You do not have to catch them with a cruel hook and pull them out of the water, "just for fun." I have seen boys and girls do that. But think how cruel it is to tear their mouths with the hooks, then leave them on the sand till they are half dead, and throw them back in the water, perhaps to die, anyway hurt and wounded. If you have no use for them, why take them away from their homes? And do not pull the little shells off the rocks, they have little things growing in them. That is not right; they are no good to you. There are plenty of shells all along the beach, that these little creatures have left, as they have no use for them. They are empty houses, and are good for you; but do not rob anyone of his house, even if it is a little fish who has his house fastened to a rock.

I shall visit some of you on your vacations, and perhaps we can get a little book of seaweeds, a collection of pebbles, a cluster of wild flowers, and press them in the long summer afternoons. Put each kind by itself. Mark on the smooth, round pebbles where you picked them up and when; put the clam shells all in one box, and find out about each shell you get,

keeping each kind by itself. There are ever so many pretty seaweeds and flowers you can press on paper, and with a piece of court-plaster stick them down on each side, and bring them home to make you think of some happy days you have had on your vacation. You can save them for Christmas to give to some little child who could not go and gather grasses, seaweed and shells for themselves. When you give away things like that to poor children who never see the country or ocean, you do not want them mixed up so no one can tell what they are, but you want them classified; that is, marked and separated as I said before. Then you will have pretty little gifts made with your own hands, and every time those children look at their presents they will be glad that somebody went to the country, and saw nice things and thought of them while there.

If you bring home some of these books or collections, I know ever so many little children who will be glad next Christmas to have them. You can bring them to me when we have the party, and we will give them to some one.

Now good-bye, dear little ones, my dearest love to you, and just think of me once in a while as coming to see you wherever you may be.

SUNBEAM, through her medium,
MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

Literary Department.

NOT IN VAIN.

I blew a bubble of radiant dye,
That imaged the wonders of earth and sky,
But the bubble burst with a stifled sigh.

I builded a hope like a cloud of gold,
That gathered the earth in its spacious fold,
But the hope was entombed in the earth's drear mold.

I gathered a love to my aching heart,
But it pierced and it pained like the sting of a dart,
For the love was a thorn and I shrank from its smart.

But the thorn bore a blossom that bloomed at my breast,
And the hope was upbudded of brooding unrest,
And the thing I had fancied most cruel, was best.

CHARLES A. KEELER.

Psychism, Analysis of Things Existing.

Essays by Paul Gibier, M. D.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

The author is director of the New York Pasteur Institute; Late Professor to the Museum of Natural Philosophy of Paris, and Interne of the Hospitals of Paris; Member of the Academy of Science, New York, and of the Society of Psychical Research of London, etc.

He is acknowledged as a leading scientist. That he takes up the investigation of Psychical Phenomena is a guarantee of fair and honest investigation. It cannot be said of him that he comes to the task unprepared by training and observation. No man could be better equipped with all the knowledge which contributes to accuracy of conclusions. The book which he has now given to the public is one of the most valuable contributions to Spiritual literature. The candor, thoroughness, and reserved strength of the author impresses the reader on every page.

He assays to prove by scientific methods the spiritual nature of man and the existence of the individual after death, and the impartial reader must admit that he has as nearly demonstrated this proposition as is possible outside of mathematics. After a survey of the position taken by material science, and showing the inadequacy of all the theories advanced, he approaches the spiritual. There has been a marked change in the manner of regarding this subject. As the author says: "An appreciable change is, however, occurring, and we do not hesitate saying that the Spiritualistic movement is becoming more and more pronounced, especially among the enlightened classes of our young men."

Anatomy and philosophy can give only structural differences of small importance in the brain, "and yet the marvelous world of intelligence, and imagination, the grandeur and misery of sentiment, the heroism and frailty of will, all that constitutes man, all that raises or lowers humanity, lies there." The solution of the problem must be looked for in the new psychology. "The classical physiological studies have as yet taught nothing in regard to the true nature of life. The times are ripe when the psychologist, backed by a real store of positive knowledge, must make researches in a more hazardous direction. Leaving the field of life, which is bounded by death, he must analyze this last phenomenon, death, this ultimate function of the body, study experimentally the properties of the vital ether, etc."

If we admit the conclusions of the materialist, there is no escape from the utter destruction of individual existence at death.

How can this negation be met, and material evidence given of the existence of the spirit? The author makes this demonstration by well-substantiated facts of psychology. He well says, though in direct opposition to the reiterated declaration of opposers, that "There is no lack of intelligent and well-instructed investigators." The various forms of the subject have been examined, and demonstration is no longer required.

"It is to-day an acquired fact, for all those who study this question, that a force, which can very easily be put in evidence, sallies forth and acts at a distance, according to the will of the active subject or operator; or still, when we come to the passive subject, this force manifests itself in the perceptive under the influence of a suggested order; or again, spontaneously in the 'medium' during a passive, conscious or unconscious state."

The author then brings forward facts in his own observation the most startling and convincing. They are familiar to all investigators of spiritual phenomena, but will be given more attention on account of his high standing as a man of science. They are sciences where materialization, lights, trances, sounds, etc., take place. He also introduces the wonderful performances of the Hindu and adepts which require the stretch of credulity they require weaken the argument.

In the course of this discussion the author naively introduces a conversation held with his "lamented teacher, Louis Pasteur," to whom he presented a new edition of one of his books on matters psychic. Pasteur said: "How dare you meddle with a subject so dreamy, misty and intangible, wherein human reason finds nothing to grasp and is lost, when it is already so difficult to make more than groping paces on the grounds of investigation, where we deal with objective matters falling under the control of the senses?"

"Dear, respected Professor," we responded, "we affirm that the matter on which this book treats may be placed under the control of our senses as easily as the erstwhile invisible microbes, which, for the great benefit of mankind, you have been so fortunate as to ably reduce to command."

His intelligent face at this assertion became stern and thoughtful, and he appeared surprised. He remained silent for awhile, and then promised to peruse our work.

Then followed this charming confession: "We have the impression that, while we write these lines, his spirit hovers over us and speaks approval of the work we are now preparing." Of this there can be no doubt, and that the sensitive author is susceptible to the highest order of impressions from that world he so ably champions. To him, as he well says, "has been given privileges granted to few men, but it is because having once been awakened by a most simple fact, he became eager to know, and found time to seek, those things which he has seen. No good without evil, no knowledge without study... We respectfully beg leave to announce to the gentlemen of the universities, academies and other scientific societies, that the hour of appreciation has come for the phenomena which we are studying in this analysis of things, notwithstanding the zeal with which some of them have turned back the hands of the clock. That hour has arrived at the proper time for every discovery; it is a

law. The application of this law is made anew."

As to the origin of the individualized spirit, the author appears to be in doubt. His argument leads to the conclusion that it has its genesis with the physical body, yet he speaks hopefully of the doctrine of the Egyptian, Chaldean and Hindu schools, of pre-existence.

This is a most interesting and fundamental subject. It has been a stumbling block in the way of many thinkers. What is the genesis of the human being?

"A cell furnished with a vibrating cellum, the male element, and another cell of globular form, the female element—two points that are nearly mathematical—meet, and man is engendered!"

On the physical side the globular cell grafts itself at a certain point, and divides into multitudinous of other cells which are slowly shaped into the form of the human body. Of the mind—spirit—which simultaneously appears with the growth of the body, there are two explanations: One has come down from remotest ages, has been revived by the theosophists, and even "spiritists," of the Kardec School. It is that the spirit has an infinite past, living successively "life after life." The other explanation is that the spirit is evolved from the spirit. "Substantia," in union with the physical body. As the author beautifully says: "The mind, detaching itself gradually from the impersonal intelligence, would become united to matter in a greater or lesser proportion, according to the value and capacity of the cerebral recipient. Personality would group itself around the Great Fact of which we have just spoken, varying individually, according to chance, guided arbitrarily (we nearly said unjustly) in its formation by heredity, atavism, social condition, surroundings, education and a thousand other casual circumstances, which are not of our own creating, and which concur to alternate in so large a measure our personal responsibility."

The author, in his enthusiasm has a rosy view of the outcome of the new science of Psychology as applied to religion. It is to science he looks to prove "that under various symbols, all esoterisms are alike, and that there is but one religion."

Are we quite sure when that blessed time comes, when all the mistaken views of ignorance of God and the relations between him and man have vanished in the clear light of knowledge, that the residuum will be known as religion? If so the meaning of that word must be changed to something entirely different from what it is now.

The author appreciates that glorious day for he says: "That race is not yet ready to disappear that would oblige ripened wisdom to walk in swaddling clothes by imposing to day on revolted reason, the teachings of centuries that have gone forever! It is difficult to eradicate from our minds errors which have been absorbed in the blood with the maternal milk."

Yet the day will come
When the great voice shall be heard
Crying, "Great Pan is dead!"
They shout again more loudly.

"Long live the Great Pan! For a new religion will arise. Its adepts will be recognized, in that they will pronounce 'anathema' against no one, but will urge instead, 'out of our church there would still be salvation, could one get beyond the pale. Our church knows no portals, it is truly universal, and is called the world. It is the church of Pan, the church of the great all... It will teach that everything be subject to the judgment of our reason, and that nothing be accepted without examination. It will forbid people to believe, but will advise them to study and inform themselves in order to know."

No one can read this book without feeling his mental horizon lift and extend, a consciousness of his wonderful heritage as a human being, and the glorious future life.

"And lastly," to use the closing words of this delightful book, "he feels he knows that he is but one of the solitary cells of that grand collective personality which has been called Humanity, and it is for it that he struggles and suffers if he need, regardless of reward."

Berlin Heights, O.

THOUGHTS.

Thoughts are things; aye, they are most potent things;
Having the power to travel on swiftest wings;
On receptive, sensitive minds impinge;
Urging many to some course of action.
Happy those who divest thoughts inspire.

F. S. II.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. "Through its emphasis of the superlative our age is in danger of losing all power to tell the truth," writes Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, D. D., of "The Diffusion of Happiness Through Conversation," in the August issue. "The modern collegian has reached such a state of culture that the positive and comparative degrees are unknown. It is no longer possible for the schoolgirl to find either an adjective or an adverb to express her ecstasy of feeling. Abstinence and sobriety in speech are rapidly passing away."

"David Swing once expressed the fear that through excess in the use of adjectives our generation would lose all sense of proportion and symmetry in the statement of facts. He noted that the adjectives most loved by our age are in themselves gross exaggerations. In studying the history of language he found that very early men began to say that 'the sun went down in a bed of gold; the moon turned all things to silver; the eye darted forth flames; the face was brighter than the sun.' Having used such expressions for twenty years man awakens to find himself a habitual liar. We must also note that the modern school of wit does not deal in the pure, delicate humor of Sydney Smith or Charles Lamb, but for its effects depends upon gross exaggerations and word-pilings. Thus, not only the playground and schoolroom, but the papers and books also, through extravagances, are teaching men to strain language to the very uttermost. In literature that style is best which has most abstinence, forswearing adjectives and adverbs, and dealing in the simplicities. That character also is finest which is simple, and founded on frankness and truthfulness."

OSMAN'S PHILOSOPHY.—To the novice in the science of Palmistry, "Osman's Easy Method of Reading Hands" will come as an especial boon. It is couched in such simple language that those who have become bewildered in the study of the larger and more intricate works by other authors will at once catch the idea, and by the facts given examine their own hands and find them a true index of their character; knowing this, they can judge of other lives by the record they always carry with them. Shakespeare said, "Show me every hand and I'll show thee thy life." The author of this little book believes that by his knowledge of natural tendencies that grave errors may be avoided and lives made better by knowing how to overcome the lines will change.

At least it will be in one's power to give a very alarming evening entertainment by the knowledge contained in "Osman's Palmistry Instructor, or Easy Method of Reading Hands." For sale by Banner of Light Publishing Co.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Worcester, July 26, MR. SEYMOUR N. HALE, aged 83 years and 9 months.

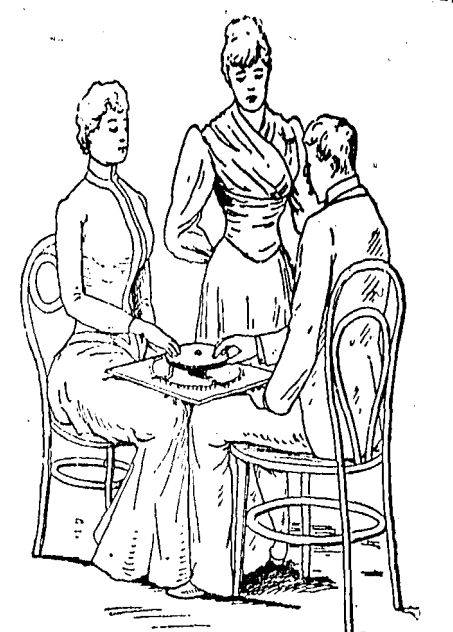
Mr. Hale was a staunch Spiritualist of many years' standing; a whole-souled, upright man, whom every one loved, and who enjoyed his Spiritualism to the full measure. Many of the old campers at Lake Umbagog will remember "Father Hale" and his violin. Funerals were held at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Frank, where he passed away. Rev. Dr. Harris officiating. We wish our venerable brother God speed in the newer and larger life he has entered upon.

D. M. LOWE.

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(Continued from first page.)

cal theories that seem to have sprung from minds but little stronger than their own.

It can easily be seen, therefore, (if the reader is willing to see), that the existing conditions must form a never-ending "chamber of horrors" to the man who is determined to grow in mental breadth and depth, instead of remaining in a stunted shape.

The plaudits of the world, and the admiration of those who call themselves his "friends," are given to the man who absorbs an extraordinary amount of text book instruction. As long as he does not grow out from the narrow groove of orthodoxy, he is safe from the malice of those about him. The writer is not disposed to belittle the value of what is commonly termed "education." It is education, as far as it goes. It is valuable, and should be acquired by all. But there is a certain element of education which is not recognized in the way it should be by the fraternity pedagogic. It seems to have been omitted from the curriculum of the ordinary student. This feature would not so much take the form of a separate branch of erudition, as it would permeate and become one with all established branches, so as to strengthen, broaden and uplift them in every way. This element will be present only when students are encouraged to think for themselves—not to confine their mental operations to "cut-and-dried" formulas and arbitrary doctrines; when children will not be brought up in some selected rut, carefully excluded from all other ruts and from the broad plains of freedom, so that they arrive at ages of discretion with minds too narrow to permit them to appreciate a higher and grander condition; when a premium will no longer be placed upon dogmatic positiveness, and blind faith will be succeeded by the exercise of judgment.

Will that day ever come?

Camp Meetings.

Onset Camp.

Again on account of the rain the society was obliged to hold its meeting in the Temple. The Middleboro Band gave an excellent concert, commencing at 9.30 and lasting one hour. At 10.30 Dr. Fuller introduced Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, who responded by reading one of Lizzie Doten's poems, entitled "Nature's Revelations." Mr. Maxham favored the audience with a song, accompanied at the piano by Mrs. Maxham. Mrs. Twing took the subject for her lecture from the twelfth chapter of St. John, and said in part:

There are some people who can be lifted up who cannot draw others to them. What is being lifted up? It is the discovery of your soul. After you find things bright in your own life, you want to make the lives of others bright. After finding your soul you will find that where you used to hate you will hate no more. When the world is lifted up I think the Saviors have but little to do. Many say, "I can't be any different." But you can; you can change hate for love, you can change the condition of all things.

Some people lift others up and do not know it. R. G. Ingersoll has lifted up a great many people but did not know it.

I believe Robert Ingersoll did not know anything about heaven. There will be one made for him. He said he did not know of God, but he knew of the people and was ever helping them. Such a soul as that cannot die, and now he is learning his way home and he is reaching out to his family. I do not think he is here at Onset. He will step back sometime and tear down every barrier that he has put up against the other life and say it is true. Miss Frances Willard gave her soul to her cause; both souls will meet on the other side and shake hands.

When the people are lifted up there will be no such scenes as we have had the past week in Cleveland. It is because we do not understand each other that such troubles exist. Spiritualism must be lifted up. Every one should know the truth of Spiritualism, and then the world will be a world of beauty.

At one o'clock the band gave another fine concert in the grove. At two o'clock Rev. J. C. F. Grumbein spoke before the largest audience of the season. This was Mr. Grumbein's first engagement with this Association, and the impression he made will be lasting. His work to-day was masterly, and to give only a synopsis of his address would not do this eloquent speaker justice. His theme reached the people, and at the close of his lecture he held an informal reception. Mr. F. A. Wiggins followed Mr. Grumbein, and gave as fine a lecture as he ever held. Mr. Wiggins is a favorite here, and of course received a glad welcome.

Mrs. F. A. Wiggins, Rev. W. H. Hicks, Mr. Geo. A. Bacon, Mrs. Wheeler Brown, Major Andrews, Rufus B. Skinner were among the arrivals during the week.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum that meets here at Onset is one of the finest. It continues its sessions summer and winter.

Sunday there were about five thousand people upon the grounds.

August is the month you should visit Onset; it is delightful.

At the opening, Monday, of the third week of the camp, everything was as pleasant as could be desired. Monday, July 31, the afternoon was devoted to a conference. Capt. Balcom gave a few more of his remarkable experiences with the phenomena of Spiritualism.

Dr. Dean Clark said: "I wish to ask a question and would like some of those who follow me to talk upon this line: 'Is it Practical to Consult Spirits in regard to Ourselves?' This question should be discussed. Spirit intercourse was instituted by spirits." Dr. Clark told of some of the reasons why it would seem practical, and then said he thought that nine times out of ten people made mistakes in doing so. He thought the only sure thing was to use our own reason and judgment and analyze the thoughts given to us. Mrs. Albright was the next speaker, and she told of her experiences in business, and cited many cases where people had been benefited by consulting with their spirit-friends in relation to their business. Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing said: "My husband engaged a man who was a success at digging ditches. If he should pass away, and it was necessary for me to ask advice about this kind of work, and I had an opportunity, I would certainly consult Joe and would do as he advised. Of course we realize the law of progression, but at first his interests would be centered in this line of work. If I wished to know of spiritual things I should seek some of the higher intelligences, some one who had advanced in spirit, who would be able to instruct me." Mrs. Stiles then spoke in relation to the remarks made by Mrs. Twing, and cited some wonderful experiences of her own, especially in regard to E. V. Wilson. Mr. Maxham closed the conference with singing.

Tuesday, Aug. 1, the meeting was opened with a patriotic selection by Mr. Maxham, and after giving an invocation Mr. J. C. F. Grumbein gave a masterly address—"Revelations and Revelations." The human consciousness is very much like the seed it unfolds from its inner essence, nothing added to it, nothing taken away. Consciousness is that which makes us aware of ourselves. There are many stages of consciousness; they may lie within or without. The higher state of consciousness is the essence of that which is within. It is what is known. What is not known depends upon the outside. A healer evokes this higher state of subjective consciousness. It was not intended we should seek for revelations or revelations outside of ourselves, but that we should follow an external force. We ourselves may walk hand in hand with the divine essence; we should unfold sphere after sphere, until there is nothing between us and the divine sphere. Truth is universal, preserved and re-

vealed. No revelation or revelation is infallible. We reveal truth according to our needs and our understanding. The nineteenth century will receive revelations and revelations according to its needs and capacity of acceptance. There is no method by which we can bring the world to a knowledge of Spiritualism. No revelation can do this. Each individual must have his own experience; he must perceive for himself; he must be appealed to; each individual must have a revelation for himself. Every seer and medium who has come before the world has desired that through their beings they be enabled to reveal the book of life. Let us evoke this divinity (consciousness) within us, rise above the evils of the body and make ourselves what we should be; for with our will we make ourselves. Mr. Grumbein closed his lecture with a beautiful poem, "Each of a Kind." Mr. Maxham sang two beautiful selections, after which Mr. F. A. Wiggins devoted forty-five minutes to giving a demonstration of the phenomena of Spiritualism.

Wednesday, Aug. 2, Mr. Maxham opened the meeting with singing. Mrs. H. L. P. Russegue gave the address of the day: "And Jacob saw a ladder reaching unto heaven, upon which angels were ascending and descending." What is the stairway we are climbing to a higher standing? What are our foundations, and what conduces to the furtherance of the truths we cherish? The history of the progress of the human soul in every Bible in every age has been the outcome of its outward conception; you have only to look to the necessities of life for inspiration, light, and that which leads to higher advancement. In 1856 a mighty war spread over the universe, that of liberty. Pierpont, Wendell Phillips and many other grand souls stood bravely before the fire of criticism and preached the freedom of the black man. They inspired me by their earnestness to a higher intelligence. There was a great warfare of opinion going on, and families were often torn asunder because of their opinions; but these pioneers not only taught the emancipation of the black man, but preached that slavery in any form was wrong. After the war there became a necessity for better things and for a better knowledge of what life means. Spiritualism was then in its infancy, a light burning upon the hilltop, leading the wayfarer up to the light. To-day it is only a beacon, yet it attracts all the thinking minds of the day, and we revere Pierpont, when he stood up so nobly upon the platform announcing his fealty to the cause of Spiritualism. This means we have been developing from within instead of without. Such men as Emerson, Parker, Spurgeon and many more have contributed largely to the on-coming thought. Spiritualism is the outcome of human thought, and when the world was ready to receive it it came. The people were clamoring to know more of the mysteries of life; they wished to know if there was a life beyond, and these things came about by natural causes. Spiritualism has opened the spiritual functions of man—it teaches the relationship of man to man. The world is receiving a benediction of knowledge.

"The thought of to-day is but the index of a higher spiritual thought. It is throwing off the husks of the old, and coming into the light of knowledge. Spiritualism teaches us that bad morals is a disease, and that the remedy for this disease is knowledge. Let us have for our foundation the principles of honesty, sincerity, and justice, and we will receive a spiritual blessing."

Thursday, August 3, a Conference was held in the morning, and the following took part: Mr. Bates, Mr. Piercing, Prof. Lee, the hypnotist, Mr. Meredith B. Little, Dr. Blackden and Capt. Balcom. Mr. Maxham favored us with several vocal selections. In the afternoon, Mr. J. C. F. Grumbein was the speaker. He took for his subject, "The Trance and Consciousness." Mr. Wiggins gave a lecture.

Friday, August 4, the meeting was opened as usual with singing by Mr. Maxham. Mrs. H. L. P. Russegue lectured, taking for subject, "Our Saviors and Our Salvation." Mr. Maxham closed the meeting with singing.

Saturday, Aug. 5, Mr. F. A. Wiggins delivered an address based on the subject, "And he said unto the Son of Man, Stand on thy feet and I will speak with thee." "However uninteresting the Bible may be to many of you, I think you can all read the book of Ezekiel profitably. A wonderful vision was presented to the priest, of four-headed men, each man having two heads on each side, one side being an ox and an eagle, the other one a man and a lion. I do not know how you interpret this. I fancy it is a description of a magnificent thunderstorm. I do not think a storm could be more graphically described. This man had been prostrated upon the ground, and he said, 'Stand on thy feet and I will speak with thee.' There is a lesson that can be drawn from this: there are a great many millions of Spiritualists, it is claimed, but I sometimes think if we said 'one' we would be nearer the mark. Possibly there are eleven millions, but I have always drawn a line between the Spiritist and the Spiritualist. It is easy for any one to become a Spiritist and yet remain in a most material attitude. The Spiritualists of to-day are inclined toward material things, which is due largely to inheritance. The people who first visited these shores were obliged to dig and save, and they gave little heed to the prenatal conditions; and on account of this there was born into the offspring a desire for material wealth. As a result, a Vanderbilt and a Jay Gould were born. I am glad a Jay Gould lived among us. I have heard people say he was a disgrace to his humanity. Jay Gould taught the world a wonderful lesson—that one man could control and manage a gigantic enterprise; and I think the result of this lesson will be that the Government will control the enterprises of the world. We have come to a resting place, and humanity has reached a place where it will take up the spiritual qualities of man. The world is growing better. The very fact that we are able to discern evil shows man has become the judge of good and evil. There is no evil any as we see it. It is wonderful to see the unfolding from the centre; formerly the Spiritualist was content to grope about in the seance room for the hand of the loved friend; but to day the Spiritualist makes an effort to come into the spiritual atmosphere of his friends; he tries to spiritualize the material instead of materializing the spiritual. There could be no philosophy without the phenomena, but we should understand the principles that govern those phenomena so as to receive the best results. Let us stand upon our feet and receive the word of universal truth." Mr. Wiggins closed his meeting by giving a large number of ballot readings. Mr. Maxham closed the meeting with singing.

Mr. J. Homer Altman is still on the grounds. Thursday, Friday and Saturday will be the Women's Congress, and the following speakers will take part: Mrs. Mary E. Lease, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Mrs. Kate R. Stiles, Mrs. Mary Seymour Howell, Mrs. B. J. Barnett, Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz, and a ladies' quartet.

W. W. Hicks and Mrs. Mary E. Lease will speak next Sunday.

Are you going to Chicago to attend the National Spiritualists' Association Convention in October? Every one from New England should be there.

Mrs. C. P. Pratt will be a busy woman this week, as she is Chairman of the Women's Congress.

Onset never looked better than it does now. Everything seems to be working harmoniously. Don't miss visiting Onset during the Women's Congress.

Rev. W. W. Hicks is an orator. His address on Sunday was masterly. Hear him next Sunday.

F. A. Wiggins gave a lecture in the Arcade on Sunday evening to a large audience. His work was phenomenal.

HATCH.

The Sixth Annual Convention

of the Michigan State Spiritualist Association will be held in Lansing Aug. 15, 1899, at the Spiritual Temple, on Michigan Avenue, E. A large delegation is desired. A committee will meet delegates at all incoming trains.

MARY F. AYRES, Sec'y.

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Opening Day at Queen City Park.

Dear old Queen City Park, that favored spot that nature has done so much for and art added somewhat to, looked her best on the first day of the season of 1899. Unswerving in their devotion and allegiance, year after year the Park's children return to it with interest increasing and affection unabated. It is the happy holiday of the year, when those who love it so well return to make it their summer home. Year after year it has become more popular and attractive to Burlington people who desire the perfection of a country home in close proximity to the city and their business, and the result is that each season has seen the Camp grow by the erection of several new cottages.

Sunday, July 23, the Burlington Traction Company opened their line, and ran the first electric cars to Queen City Park. They carried 2500 people from noon till 10 P. M. The cars are certainly a very great convenience, and so far we have not been disturbed by any rough element. The people of Burlington seem to enjoy the quiet and rest of the Park, and crowds of picnic parties visit the grounds daily.

The first day of our series of meetings for the season was a very successful one. Though the weather was not very pleasant good audiences greeted the speakers. In the forenoon the President, Dr. E. A. Smith, opened the meeting with appropriate remarks, and in a few well chosen words welcomed the friends to the Park, and expressed the hope that har many and good feeling might prevail during the present season as it has done in the past at this favored camp; he then introduced Mrs. Loe F. Prior of Atlanta, Ga., who gave an excellent and practical discourse, followed by messages, which were remarkably good.

At the afternoon service Mr. Oscar Egler gave one of his fine inspirational lectures, his subject being "The Tendency of Liberalism to Become Universal." It was a splendid effort, and greatly impressed his audience. He followed with some pleasing descriptions of spirit-friends, which were readily recognized. Our singers, Mrs. Lord and Miss Palmer, rendered very sweet music, which was a great addition to the services. Our good friend, Mr. John Withell, with his usual kindness, assisted in the singing. The first conference was held in the Pavilion on Tuesday morning, and a very spirited discussion on the "Use and Abuse of Mediumship," made the hour an interesting one.

Tuesday afternoon Mr. Edgerly again addressed us, and under inspiration delivered an eloquent and powerful discourse, which was listened to with the deepest attention. Mrs. Edgerly gave psychometric readings.

Thursday afternoon Mr. Edgerly gave his last lecture, and by many it was considered his best. Mrs. Prior gave messages after his address, which were very good, and several were recognized by a number of strangers who were present. In the evening Mrs. Prior kindly gave a lecture and message séance for the benefit of the Association. The audience seemed greatly pleased with her effort, and her descriptions are very accurate and satisfactory.

We deeply regret that the angel of death has called away from us one of our number, Mrs. C. G. Williams of Essex Junction, a sweet, gentle woman, who will be greatly missed, as she was much beloved by all.

Friday, Aug. 4 This morning H. D. Barrett and his wife arrived on the grounds, this being Mrs. Barrett's first visit to Queen City Park. He addressed a large audience in the Pavilion this afternoon, and gave an excellent discourse, urging upon all the great need there was for Spiritualists to live their religion and follow its teachings.

Mrs. Prior gave descriptions in her usual happy manner. Though the day was excessively warm, the audience remained quiet to the end of the long session, and all appeared deeply interested in the services. Mr. Barrett will remain with us until Sunday night.

Next week the Universalist Society hold their grove meetings at Queen City Park from the 7th to the 14th. They have secured a good list of speakers, and no doubt the meetings will be interesting.

Dr. Smith's first excursion, on July 29, brought a number of strangers to the Park. He has conducted these excursions for many years doing the whole work of selling the tickets, and taking all responsibility of them—no light task. We trust this year they will be as successful as usual.

"State Days" in Maine.

Dates have been appointed by the managers of three of the Maine camps, on which the State Association of Spiritualists may illustrate the advantages of coöperation, and show the Spiritualists attending the respective camps what it, as an Association, has to offer: Temple Heights Camp, Tuesday evening, Aug. 15.

Verona Park Camp, Wednesday, Aug. 16. Madison Camp, Thursday afternoon, Sept. 7. The State Association will be represented by its officers, and the speakers at the respective camps will give their assistance to make these occasions successful. In this manner we hope to reach all of the Spiritualists in the State, and give to them and to our friends a clearer understanding of the work of this organization.

Mrs. VIOLA A. B. RAND, Sec'y.

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Feb 25

Camping Tents.

Written for the Banner of Light. COMRADES.

BY EMMA MOOD TUTTLE.

Comrades were in the morning, and the road seemed smooth and light,
So we thought the whole long journey would be one prolonged delight;
Overhead the way was bowery, and the path-sides were so flowery
That we never thought of parting 'till the coming of night.

Hopes there were, in all fair fashions, flying just beyond our reach,
Dipping toward our upstretched fingers—such an opulence for each!
Hopes of Love's delicious story, wrapped about with fame and glory;
But the lessons of achievement are the hardest ones to teach.

Comrades were we in the morning, singing jubilant and gay,
For the lessons of bereavement had not fallen in our way;
Everything was new and blooming, Death in cowl was not out of dozing,
And the journeying was most pleasant in the growing time of May.

Such delusions as enchanted, woven in the dizziest dreams!
Chaplets, clarions, harps and bugles waited o'er the slumbering streams,
Hung on low trees, bending over, for the taking of each lover,
Singer, soldier, or reformer, whatsoever their need foregleams.

Happy comrades! onward going, full of zeal and good intent,
Some believing hovering angels guided them, by Heaven sent:
Few, by self-determination, working out their own salvation,
Knowing that a regal self-hood ever must be wrought, not sent.

Youth, and blossoms, and the May-time! sunny smiles and sparkling eyes;
Winged souls which knew no tiring searching after mysteries;
Fraught with sacred aspirations, met by damning desecrations,
And the painful comprehension of the world's defilements.

Clinging Comrades still, but fearing Goodness lags and Wrong is fleet;
Thunder-clouds boom, rolling o'er us, fiercely glows the crisping heat!
Such foul heaps of sin uncovered, such deformity discovered!
O, one struggling life seems nothing but a tribute to Defeat.

Break ranks, Comrades! seek the byways! single-handed dare and do,
There is work beyond all telling! greater than we youngsters knew;
There are crimes so dark and gory that we may not tell their story,
And the victims cry for saviors. To the rescue, Comrades true!

Working in the narrow byways, stung by nettles, torn by thorns;
Helping on our crippled fellows, with a soul which never scorns
Any effort for advancement, any rational enhancement
Toward a more complete existence, such as widens and adorns.

Bye-and-bye the angel buglers, who have never failed to play
In the shadows of the twilight, howe'er burden-fraught the day,
Will call in the Comrades scattered, some in velvets and some tattered,
For a gathering in the Home-land, sweeter than the old-time May.

Berlin Heights, O., Feb. 22, 1899.

Vindicated by a Shadowy Visitor;

OR,

Dick Turpening's Confession.

BY LIDA BRIGGS BROWNE.

CHAPTER I.

There once dwelt in the heart of the Blue Ridge Mountains a man with his family consisting of wife, three children, and a faithful dog. This dog was as much one of the family as any of the rest, as he had saved the life of the youngest boy, when he was a little child, by tracing him to the valley below, where he had wandered, and was lost in the snow. Thankfulness to the canine for thus restoring their child had made the entire family his friends, and the warmest place before the fire and a choice bit of meat were selected for him. He had often displayed more than usual sagacity, and on this occasion I wish to relate he let the family know in his own way the nearness of enemies, and brought the trusty gun from its corner and laid it at his master's feet, before any one knew of the approach of strangers.

Their cabin was situated three miles from the nearest town and away from any beaten road. Why he had selected this secluded spot, away from mankind, will appear later on. My story opens as a loud knock was heard, startling the inmates. It was late at night, but Mr. Jones, as we will call the man, hastened to unbar the door, but the warning growl of his dog induced him to place his gun where it would be handy. "Hurry up and let us in," came from a voice outside, and as the light revealed the sinister faces of two men, the wife shuddered and drew her youngest close to her. A boy of eleven years went to his father's side, while the eldest, a girl of about fifteen summers, quietly retired to another room, not wishing to meet the strangers.

"We are lost," said the foremost man, "and are hungry and cold; let us come in, and give us food." The sturdy mountaineer was kind-hearted, and could not refuse them hospitality, but wished they had not seen the light from the window which must have led them to his snug retreat.

The mother and daughter were busy entertaining the unbidden guests, with hot potatoes, corn bread and coffee, when the faithful dog again gave warning of the approach of strangers.

"We are discovered!" cried the men; "hide us, for the revenue officers are after us."

It then dawned on the entire family how these men had happened their way. A loft above was all the place that the house contained except the two rooms below. Into this the men were scrambling, when a shot from the window made one loose his grasp from the ladder he was ascending. The other man was ordered down, and, receiving promise of fair treatment, he descended.

"You must come with us also," said the head officer to Mr. Jones; "you were aiding the outlaws and affording them protection."

"But I did not know they were transgressors," he protested. "They came to my door hungry and cold, and I gave them shelter."

"That must be proven," replied the officer. As morning was now advancing, the entire party left on horseback, leaving the distracted wife and children in despair.

"Why should they suspect us?" moaned the mother. "I am afraid it will not all end here. If they should discover his true name, and he be taken away from me, I know not what I should do. For his protection I have left family, society and friends, to live in the wilderness, and have had to rear my children away from civilization for his dear sake. May heaven protect him from evil."

"The dog Rover came to her side as if to afford her sympathy, and placed his head in her lap as if to tell her that he understood her grief and would help her if he could. The boy wished to follow the party, but the mother said it would do no good, and that the father would return as soon as released.

At nightfall the party halted at their destination—the court-house and jail, in one of the largest towns in the State. Other prisoners had been brought in by revenue officers, who had the plan well laid to break up the distillery in the mountains. When the day of trial came, the Judge was not lenient to the offenders, as he wished to make an example of these men as a warning to others. Mr. Jones pleaded his innocence, and related the story of how he came to be one of the party. His case was set aside for further investigation; officers went to his home and his wife substantiated what he said, so he was released.

"I would like a private interview with you," said the Judge, as the court-room was being rapidly emptied. "Come to my office."

Mr. Jones complied, but with terror in his heart. "Can he have recognized me as his old schoolmate?" thought he. "I hope not."

As the door closed behind them, the Judge faced him, and said: "How comes it, George, I find you in such company? What have you been doing all these years, and why did you leave your old home?"

"Alas! I could not bear the suspicion cast on me," was the reply. "I was mixed up in the De Land case, but God knows I was innocent of any wrong. It was all laid at my door, and I could not explain where I had been or what doing, as my head was muddled by the wine they gave me, so I thought best to absent myself for a time till the affair blew over. I could not face my friends, and so fled ignominiously, though innocent."

"Can you tell me what became of pretty Nora Caldron?" asked the Judge. "Her brothers searched for her in vain, and now the entire family has gone West."

"Yes," he replied, "she loved me dearly, and said she would go with me to the end of the earth. We have three children—two sturdy boys, and the light of the of the household, our Maggie, now quite a woman grown. We selected a spot away from human habitation, and have dwelt there in comparative contentment these sixteen years, and had it not been for those moonshiners we would still be lost to the outside world."

"But you are doing injustice to your children to thus rear them away from civilization and the advantages their due," said the judge. "Promise me you will go back to the old home and cheer your lonely mother, who mourns you as dead. I ask this for old friendship's sake, as we were boys together. If you lack funds I will assist you, and I will write to my brother in New York, as he may help you to a position befitting your abilities."

"I can never thank you sufficiently, old comrade," replied George Tremaine (as this was his true name), "and will tell Nora of your kindness so she may add her blessings. Good-by."

As the mountaineer approached his cabin he noticed an unusual commotion about the place. The faithful Rover came bounding to meet him. His wife was once more clasped in his warm embrace.

"Thank God! you have come," she said; "I could stand the suspense no longer, and was on the point of leaving the place, with the children, to learn your whereabouts. I thought if you were not released I could get some work in the town to do, so we could be near you. Now I will again settle things to rights."

"But what if I should say nay, and that we would go back to the old home and place the children in school?"

"Oh! George, do you really mean it? I shall be so happy! I have been so lonesome since you have been away, and these hills and dales, that I once thought so beautiful, have lost their charm for me."

"Very well," he replied, "we will start as soon as possible. But where are the children?"

"The boys have gone to the nearest farm to get horses to take us and our necessary household goods to town," said the wife, "and Maggie is busy packing our clothes in bundles. She will be rejoiced to learn the news, as she has never been contented here of late years, and longs for society and girl companionship."

The entire family plied themselves diligently, and two days after the father's return the cabin was closed, and the few belongings they did not wish to take were sold to the nearest neighbor. The steam cars were taking them once more to the old home after a lapse of sixteen years. Would they be welcomed? As the party neared their destination the parents recognized here and there familiar scenes, and tears sprang to their eyes at the thought of meeting friends once more. The church bells were ringing as the train entered the station of one of the pretty cities of New Jersey not far from the great metropolises.

"We will go to a hotel near by," said the father, "and I will proceed alone this evening to see my mother and prepare for your reception."

At the hotel he registered as George T. Jones and family, and they were shown to a cosy suite of rooms. A dinner was ordered and the party recuperated from their long journey. The father could hardly wait till the time came to go to the old home, a farmhouse about a mile out of the city limits. He thought it prudent to go unobserved, if possible, so chose the twilight hour. Every tree and stone was familiar to him as he walked along, and he wondered how his mother would receive him, if with affection or coldness, as he had brought disgrace on her proud name.

CHAPTER II.

He had learned from many inquiries that the Widow Tremaine lived a secluded life, with only a farm hand and his family for company; that she never went out now, as her health was feeble, and she wished to see no one. As he neared the house it seemed deserted. "Perhaps they are all away to church," thought he; but then he remembered that they said she never went out, so marveled that there was no light. He did not go to the front door and

ring the bell as he intended but wandered around to the side and a portion of the house well hidden from the road.

He stopped—surely some one was singing soft and low. He approached to the window on tiptoe, and beheld a lady sitting in a rocker before a grate fire with a portrait in her hand, and heard her softly murmur: "Oh, where is my boy tonight, my pride, my all!"

"Here, my darling mother, right here," cried the son, as he opened the door and knelt at her knee.

"My prayers are answered, sobbed the mother, as she clasped once more her child to her breast. "But you have changed so," exclaimed she. "Where is your gay, debonaire manner that won all? Your locks are tinged with gray, and you have not yet numbered forty years."

"I feel that I have lived more than that number in experience and sorrow," replied he. "Answer me one question, mother; you know I am innocent of the charge placed at my door?"

"Yes, yes, my son, I never doubted you. I knew there was some mistake that you could set to rights if you would only return."

"But that is just what has kept me away, mother dear. I cannot explain my actions or what I did that awful night, but I never entered the bank. I staid outside to watch, so could not have committed the deed. I was in bad company. You warned me, but to no purpose. Oh! that I had followed your advice, but I wished to see the world, and Tom and Dick said I was no man unless I would drink with them. I was their tool, yet can hardly believe they premeditated doing the murder, but hoped to get the money and escape."

"If Banker De Land had gone home as usual, instead of remaining over hours, his life would not have been sacrificed. I did not realize what was actually going on. They wished me to go with them on a little adventure, they said, and we gave several toasts to good luck; and I hardly know what followed. I only remember hearing a report of a pistol and seeing my two companions rush out carrying a heavy box between them. An officer must have heard the shot also, for he came towards me and said: 'You are my prisoner! You know how I escaped, how I came to bid you good-bye, then to Nora's for a farewell kiss. She would not let me go, poor girl, without her, so together we fled, and have lived these sixteen years in the heart of the mountains, away from civilization, till I was forced from my retreat by moonshiners finding my cabin and asking shelter."

He then told her of his meeting Bob Thompson, now a learned judge, who urged him to return home, also much of his life since their parting, and of his three fine children who would love her dearly. The sound of horses' hoofs warned them that the folks were returning home from church, and that he had better be going.

"I shall still be to the outside world Mr. Jones," he said at parting. "It is best till I can make inquiries and ascertain if I am running any danger by returning. I shall take a small house near this end of the town where we can see each other often, and send the children to school. We have given them instruction, so they will not be behind others of their age. We will all come to see you to-morrow, and you can tell the farmer that I am the son of an old acquaintance. Good night, my dear mother."

The door closed softly behind him, and he leaped over the nearest fence and then reached the road.

[Concluded in our next.]

A Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER EIGHTY-TWO.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Well do I remember when the news sprang through the wires that Lincoln lay in death by the shot of an assassin. In nearly every household in the land there was such mourning as if one of its members had been removed. I and millions more had the sense of an individual, personal loss.

This week I had a somewhat similar feeling in knowing that Robert G. Ingersoll had left the earth-plane, never again to thrill an audience with his masterly eloquence. In Lincoln's case, however, we felt that he had been dragged out of mundane life with his great work yet unfinished. And as the labor of reconstruction went on year after year in hands less faithful and competent, our sense of loss was intensified.

In Ingersoll's case it is quite different. His life work was completed. Advanced in years, resting on his laurels, idolized by those who knew him best, and smilingly indifferent to the shafts of bigotry and jealousy, with his great heart filled with love for humanity, he was calmly awaiting the time when the spasms of physical pain should free him from mundane fetters and disclose to his undaunted eyes the secrets that lay beyond. It seems to me that one who so longed to live on, and was yet so uncertain whether he was to do so, must have felt an extraordinary joy in finding himself free from the fleshly casket, in looking down upon it knowing that he should need it no more, and in realizing to the full the great fact expressed by the words "I still live."

It is pleasant to know that during his last days on earth, he thought much of his departed brother Clark, for it is an intimation that this dear relative, who undoubtedly knew that the "golden bowl would soon break" for Robert, was close at hand, and ready to welcome him to the new life with all the joy of a loving brother, and to teach him how to walk therein with the competence of one who has been years in the spirit-land.

Twice did I hear Mr. Ingersoll speak. The first time was in Minneapolis some ten years ago, his subject being "Myths"; and the second time in New Bedford in 1895, on "The Bible." The Minneapolis audience was very large, and as I looked about me I recognized many strict church members. They smiled at each other and at me, and I suppose some who stayed away thought that we were going to perdition. Some of the most radical things he said that night were greeted with the loudest and most prolonged applause. When the applause had lasted perhaps a full minute and began to die away, he would smile, and that would set them off again. Are all our readers familiar with Mr. Ingersoll's smile? Nothing is more characteristic and identifying than a smile. Some may remember that of "Ama," alluded to last week, and how it identified her materialized countenance. The smile of my brother lately deceased was like that of his mother. No gold could buy from me an old

daguerreotype which I have always kept because it reproduced his smile.

Mr. Ingersoll's smile was singularly sunny, innocent, and almost like that of a little child. He left the body while smiling upon his wife, and the same look lingered on his dead lineaments. The memory of that smile must always be sweet to those who love him so tenderly. Bye-and-bye they will see it again when he opens his arms to them in the happy spirit-land. Then, memory will be lost in sight.

The day after he lectured, I called on him at the West Hotel. I did not send up my card to his family, who accompanied him, for I felt that I could talk to him more freely about Spiritualism if alone. He was extremely affable, admitted that he had availed himself of some excellent opportunities to investigate the phenomena, but said he was not completely satisfied that they proved all that was claimed. I remember vividly one thing he said. It was this:

"Miss Judson, I am a happy man. I have lived a happy life. I have everything to make me happy. When I come to die, if I don't go on living without this body I shall not know it. And if I do go on living I expect to be just as happy there as here." And he smiled.

I have no doubt that he is happy, for he was a very kind man; and, according to the standard of values set up by Jesus in the parable of the "Last Judgment," he was a very good man. Like Beecher, he was kind to those sick and in prison, and when they meet in spirit life, as they may do after a time, there will be no quarrel between these great souls.

Still, all human beings are finite, and Mr. Ingersoll, like other men, has his limitations. This became apparent to me when I heard his lecture on "The Bible." What he said of the Old Testament left nothing to be desired, and as to wit, I do not now remember anything so funny as his enumeration of the various objects, gathered together in the Mosaic ritualism. But when he came to the New Testament, I was not so well satisfied, for I did not like his treatment of what Jesus really taught. I did not mind what he said of the polygamous patriarchs of old, which brought to mind the teachings of a certain colored preacher, who gave out as his text, "Abraham forgot Isaac, and Isaac forgot Jacob, and Jacob forgot Judah and his brethren." From this text the preacher drew the conclusion that "Them old patriarchs was mighty forgetful." Moses full meanders along about some of these Old Testament worthies in a way that is quite delightful. But when Mr. Ingersoll brought his wit to bear on the New Testament, I did not like it so well. Still, we know that even the sun has spots on his glowing face.

I have had occasion, as you may remember, Mr. Editor, to refer to "The Outlook" in somewhat flattering terms. But of late months, I have become less pleased. The relation of the Hebrew prophets to American politics, can interest only those who have made a special study of those ancient writings. The magazine is after all sectarian, for what is Christianity but a single sect among the other religious sects of the world? However, this sectarianism makes it valuable to me, as it keeps me informed regarding the progress in liberalism in certain branches of the Christian church, and it interests me by its effort to combine those parts of Christianity that it continues to uphold, with the fallibility of the Hebrew Scriptures.

This week's Outlook could not omit mention of the demise of Mr. Ingersoll, but we wish the mention had been less unkind. We will point out an inconsistency as well. The writer begins by saying that Mr. Ingersoll had no real influence on the religious thought of America, and closes by stating that the Christian Church will find that it is really indebted to him for having stripped from the simple faith of Christianity, though with rude and ungainly hand, the coverings with which traditionalism had concealed it from public view. And to define the simple faith yet remaining, he quotes the five points made by Dr. W. N. Clark, viz., "The Fatherhood of God," "The Saviourhood of Jesus Christ," "The Friend-ship of the Spirit," "The Supremacy of Love," and "The Transforming Power." By substituting "brotherhood" for "saviourhood," and by letting the natural evolution of what is involved in us by the very fact that each finite soul is the offspring of Infinite Soul, for any miraculous transformation, we can agree tolerably well with this extremely modernized summing up of Christian doctrine by Dr. Clark.

The article in question in *The Outlook* takes strong exception to Mr. Ingersoll's opening his lecture on "Hell" with the statement, "I have no respect for any human being who believes in it," saying that disrespect for those who disagree with one's opinion is the essence of intolerance. I presume it was not because a belief in an endless hell of torture was opposed to his own personal opinion that led Mr. Ingersoll to a want of respect for those who thus believe. It was because it is opposed to every principle of humanity as well as justice, which are now seen more clearly than in bygone ages. A man who cannot keep abreast with the spirit of the age in which he lives enough to see that eternal torture violates humanity, and that this eternal torture inflicted by an Infinite Being on a finite one for the misdemeanors committed during a single lifetime, violates justice and forfeits the respect of those who walk in America, at this close of the nineteenth century, with open eyes and with humane hearts. Only a bigot, an inhuman person, or a very ignorant one, can tolerate such a view of the eternal world, and we quite agree with Mr. Ingersoll in reserving our respect for persons who do not come under one of these three categories.

Our orator has been blamed for making fun of "sacred" things. The service he did in this way is incalculable. Old myths, eternal hells, foolish stories elevated into divine inspirations, melt away before the laughter he has incited, as April snow flakes melt under an April sun. Just as the last shreds of knight errantry died, never to be resuscitated, under the genial laughter awakened by the vagaries of Don Quixote, so have many priestly bugaboos given up the ghost forever, because they have been made to look so funny as presented by that hater of shams and oppression, and that true lover of humanity, Robert G. Ingersoll.

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,
ABBY A. JUDSON.
Arlington, N. J., July 28, 1899.

It is an easy and a vulgar thing to please the mob, and not a very arduous task to astonish them; but essentially to benefit and to improve them, is a work fraught with difficulty, and teeming with danger.—Cotton.

Answers to Questions

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
W. J. COLVILLE.

QUESTIONS.—(By E. H.) No. 1. We are told to love our enemies. Will you please explain how we can do this?

2. If a person is continually sending out thoughts of a malicious character toward another who is very much disliked, will such thoughts affect the person enough to cause physical disorder?

3. What is the best attitude to assume toward a person who repeatedly slanders you, and in every way tries to injure you?

ANS. 1.—There are two interpretations of the injunction "Love your enemies," which we submit as embodying practical counsel for daily life. The first is to the effect that people of other races or nationalities than our own, whom we have been accustomed to think and speak about as foes or enemies, should no longer be looked upon by us with aversion, but, on the contrary, we should regard them as brethren, fellow-citizens of our planet, fellow-members in the great human family to which we belong.

The other suggestion which the text conveys to us is that we must change the attitude we have been assuming toward our neighbors, and no longer continuing to regard them as enemies, we can love them as neighbors, though we should continue to dislike them did we keep on regarding them as foes. Shallow commentaries make the beautiful precept, "Love your enemies," an impossible command in the opinion of those superficial readers who do not meditate upon the possibility of changing our thought concerning others. As long as you regard a person as your enemy you may find it extremely difficult, if not impossible, to love him even in the general sense in which we should love all human beings; but change your view of your neighbor, think of him no longer as a foe, and he remains the same Smith, Brown or Jones, but he stands subjectively in a very different relationship to you. It is our belief that people are our enemies that can make us hate them, and we are at liberty to change our thought concerning others for the better.

2.—Malicious thoughts are powerless where there is no soil for them to grow in. Seeds can be thrown down or dropped anywhere, but they do not spring up and bear results unless there is fertile ground for them to take root in. No one can altogether prevent malicious thoughts from being sent toward him any more than he can guarantee that he will never walk through a disease-infested neighborhood and breathe contaminated air; but precisely as immunity from contagion or super-susceptibility to the action of hostile micro-organisms is due to an unusual degree of constitutional vigor and soundness of health, so immunity from the attacks of unrighteous thoughts can be attained and accounted for in the same manner. Danger is due to susceptibility, not to the presence of the unfriendly microbe; therefore if a person is made to suffer in any way, either mentally or physically, the suffering is due to the condition of the sufferer far more than to the malice of the outside enemy.

Emerson dared to proclaim the mighty truth, "No one can injure me but myself," and the converse is true also—no one can benefit me but myself. We are not saying that thoughts have no power, nor are we denying the influence of silent as well as oral and outward phases of suggestion; but we do agree totally with those who declare that every suggestion made from without must lead to auto-suggestion before a curse or a blessing is effected.

Physical disorders are very frequently caused in susceptible neurotic persons by the force of adverse suggestions directed against them, but we maintain that though dissensions occur there is a remedy, and they need not recur. The only effective remedy is the bracing of one's own character and condition so that, to use a Biblical phrase, "no weapon forged against you will prosper."

One of the gravest errors fall into by Theosophists, Christian Scientists and Spiritualists alike has been the stress laid upon the danger people are in from hypnotism, malicious animal magnetism and evil spirits. Fear is always a weakness while courage is a strengthening of the highest rank. To deny a fact is puerile; many people are impressed by the unkind thoughts directed against them, and some people are under hypnotic spells, while others again are victims of obsession, but all these dangers can be averted by gaining victory over fear and undue susceptibility.

Do not allow yourselves to be afraid of evil influences. Live in thought and affection far above the planes on which the forces of darkness operate. Place implicit reliance on the power of good and give no place to the fear of evil in your thoughts, and no attack made secretly upon you can avail to injure you.

3.—The only effective attitude to take is to totally ignore the circumstance. Those who seek to injure others are their own worst enemies, for they are generating and sending forth a poisonous psychic emanation which is bound to recoil and smite the one who seeks to smite his neighbor. Your safety consists in keeping yourself closed against such emanations; but if you take notice and are annoyed by attempts to injure you, you are opening the pores of your inner nature and admitting the virus, which can work to your detriment if you allow it to enter your system. The best possible lesson that a slanderer can learn is to see that all attempts to injure another are fruitless. Some people are foolish enough to take notice of anonymous letters and in many other ways give strength to a force which may be intending to work their injury. Whenever you are induced to believe that you are being slandered or worked against in any way, resolve to ignore the whole dirty business. Show by your brave, dignified mien that you are above slander, and thus let the slanderer take the consequence of his own slander. This is the only road to conquest.

Abby A. Judson.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Will you kindly allow me, through the columns of your paper, to say a word in regard to the letters published therein from week to week from the pen of Miss Abby A. Judson. I can most truthfully say they have been and are to-day an inspiration to me, and I never read them without sending out to her and her noble guides my heartfelt thanks. I fall to see how anyone can read them without admiring the noble, unselfish spirit that is so characteristic of her writings. Few there are, comparatively speaking, who are willing to sacrifice upon the altar of truth as has Miss Judson; and the Cause she represents will ever remain under a debt of gratitude to her, for her noble, self-sacrificing efforts in its behalf. All honor to her name.

To those who appreciate her work as a writer, the least they can do is to send out to her, in her lonely condition of life, their tenderest sympathy, and hope for her a quiet waiting, until the dawning of that "glad morning," when in higher spheres of life she will reap the full fruition of her noble life-work here. Very sincerely, Mrs. D. M. Lowe.
Worcester, Mass.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1899.

Spiritualist Societies.

Notice to Local Societies.

Hereafter all reports will be condensed in the same general style as given below. We respectfully request our correspondents to govern themselves accordingly. We shall deal fairly and impartially with all societies, hence must ask them all to conform to the same general rule. The addresses of all local societies in Boston and vicinity, as well as in cities and towns in other States, can be found above. Societies marked with a * have the BANNER OF LIGHT on sale.

Local Briefs.

BOSTON.

Commercial Hall—Mrs. Nutter, Conductor. Sunday services Aug. 6, as usual. Prayer, by Mrs. Irwin. Meditations, Millar. Grant, Wood, Ackerman, Wheeler, Ratzel, Hill, Annie Rat-sell, Kinsale, Messrs. Amerie, Dunbar, Nelke, Kinsale, Tuttle, Hilling, Jackson, Johnson, Scarlet, took part in the exercises.

Sunlight Hall, 820 Washington street.—Circle and afternoon and evening meetings well attended. Many good mediums were present. Mrs. Fox, the Conductor, gave each one a message, as she will each Sunday. Meetings for the present evenings only, at 8 p. m. Removed from Hollis hall owing to expiration of lease.

Odd Ladies' Hall, 446 Tremont street.—Mrs. Gutierrez, President, assisted by Mrs. Lewis. Sunday, Aug. 6, circle opened by Mr. Hall; afternoon by Mr. Demby; evening by Mr. Haynes; messages, Messrs. Pye, Turner, Hill, Hall, Howe, Tompkins, LeRoy, Cohen, Hersey, Nelke, Meddams, Dade, Carlton, Gilliland, Pye, Gutierrez. Wednesday meetings closed for the present. Sunday meetings will not be closed.

Massachusetts.

Camp Progress, Mowland Park, Upper Swampscott.—Sunday, Aug. 6, two thousand were present at meeting held 11 o'clock. Reading, Geo. A. Baker of Lynn; remarks, James Smith of Orono; recitation, Jno. N. Brown of Peabody; remarks, Wm. H. Toft of Salem. O. R. Fallings, Lynn. Two o'clock, singing, quartet, "Redemption"; invocation, L. D. Milliken of Lynn; song, "No Night There." Mrs. Merrill of Lynn and quartet; remarks, C. Fannie Allen of Stoneham; recitations, "How the Stakes were Lost," and "Don't Forget the Men Behind the Guns." Mrs. Alfaretta Jahnke of Stoneham; singing, "Where the Roses Never Fade," quartet; remarks and messages, Mrs. Sadie E. Hand of Boston. Four o'clock meeting, singing by Mrs. Cora Merrill, Mr. Gibbs; song, Mowland Quartet; remarks and messages, Mrs. E. J. Demore, Pittsburg, Pa.; song, "Shadowland," Miss Amanda Bailey; recitation, "Bob by Shattoe," Mrs. A. Jahnke; reading, Mrs. Dr. Caird of Danvers; song, "Break the News to Mother," Miss Doane of Salem; remarks, poem and messages, Mrs. May Edgcombe of Swampscott.

August 6, the usual Sunday meeting was held at the Waverley Home under the auspices of the V. S. U. The weather was everything that could be desired for an outing in the country and many availed themselves of the opportunity. The audience was large, and the speakers and mediums were of the best. All are welcome to these meetings. Come and help in this good cause, that the doors of the Home may be soon opened to the needy ones waiting. The collection at this meeting was ten dollars and twenty-five cents.

Saturday, Aug. 19, there will be a grand picnic held at the Home, under the auspices of the V. S. U. Bring your lunch and have a good time. Come early and early as you can. There will be a meeting in the afternoon. Hot coffee and tea can be procured.

MRS. SOPER, Clerk V. S. U.

The Arthur Hodges Spiritual Society, Lynn, held services at 36 Market street, Sunday evening. There was a large attendance. Mrs. M. E. Hamill, president at the organ and led the singing. Mrs. L. F. Holden made interesting remarks and gave many spirit messages. Mrs. Lizzie D. Butler also spoke forcibly, and gave a convincing evidence of an hour's duration. Next Sunday evening the same and other mediums.

A very large audience at Lowell Sunday listened to Mrs. Pettigill, subject, "Our Influence on Humanity." The lecture was delivered in a very able and energetic manner. Her delineations were all recognized. Next Sunday we have Mrs. Jones, our own gifted medium—J. B.

A Good attendance at Hayward's Grove, Quincy Avenue, Sunday, Aug. 6.

Jennie Hagan-Jackson, speaker, assisted by Mrs. M. A. Wilson of Fort Worth, Texas. Nettie Holt-Harding will speak next Sunday at the same place at 2:30.

New York.

The Advance Spiritual Conference, 1101 Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., held an interesting meeting Saturday night. Mr. Deloree, President, read a poem, Mr. Metcalf gave an address, and Dr. William Franks of New York gave many readings which were very satisfactory. Dr. Franks is with this society every Saturday night, rain or shine.

Other States.

Niantic Notes.—To-day (Aug. 5) we had quite a delegation from Mystic, R. I., to hear our esteemed co-worker, J. Frank Baxter, who always brings the people out. We have been exceedingly well served by our public speakers. Mrs. Russeque gave the people something to think of and something to live by. The thoughts voiced have been for a purer life in the many so-called Spiritualists. There never was seemingly so much need of teaching the world honesty, sobriety and brotherly kindness one to the other. Mr. Baxter's messages were fine. We have a good many strangers among us, and some have not yet been convinced of the truth of spirit return; but they have been attracted to our grounds. J. Clegg Wright is our next speaker. The Ladies' Aid is quite active, and will hold a fair about the 21st of August. The military men are putting up their tents, and soon martial music will fill the air. Hasten the time when wars shall cease, is our heart's desire.

Mrs. G. H. Fogg.

On Tuesday evening, Aug. 1, W. J. Colville spoke to a large audience in Atlantic City in the Chiropractic Studio of the Misses Kehner, Virginia Avenue, close to Boardwalk, on "Astronomy, Astrology and Spiritual Philosophy." The audience was so greatly interested that questions being invited, the meeting was continued till 11 p. m. There is a splendid opening in Atlantic City for a competent lecturer on spiritual science and philosophy.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Kates have just concluded a series of six successful meetings in Detroit, Mich., under the auspices of the Central Spiritual Union, large numbers being turned away for want of room. The Kates have been the guests of Dr. Burrows, President and Pastor of the Union. Dr. Peebles Aug. 14.

Orient Hall, Portland, Me.—The good work is still progressing under the efficient leadership of Mrs. Reddon and Mrs. DeLew.

Mrs. M. A. BRACKETT, Sec'y.

Notice.

The State Spiritualists' Association of Minnesota will hold its annual convention at Minneapolis, on the 5th, 6th and 7th days of September next. All Spiritualists, mediums and speakers are cordially invited to attend. A special invitation is extended to those residing at a distance and on route for the West. We shall be only too glad to extend the hand of welcome to our brothers and sisters and strangers who visit us.

C. M. E. RIDGE, Sec'y.

Lake Pleasant.

On Monday afternoon a conference was held at the Temple, opened with singing, "Home of the Soul." Subject of discourse, "The Progress of Spiritualism at Lake Pleasant, During the Past Quarter of a Century." Mrs. M. H. Fletcher of Lowell, the first speaker, extended a glad welcome to all. She spoke of the inestimable value of Spiritualism, and said that our failures had been stepping stones to higher things. This was the mother camp-meeting, several having sprung from this place. The struggles have been many, but when we worked together we came out all right. Addresses were made by Mrs. Cunningham, Mrs. Clara Field Conant and others.

Mrs. Mattie Allbee of Boston was tendered an informal greeting on Monday evening, it being the occasion of her birthday. Remarks were made by Mrs. Barnes, A. P. Blinn, D. P. Barber and other local talent. Refreshments were served, and many good wishes extended. Mrs. Allbee has always taken much interest in the Ladies' Improvement Society.

A reception complimentary to Hon. A. H. Dailey, President of the Association, was held at his cottage on Monday evening. Expressions of cordiality and good will were made by H. A. Budington, Mrs. T. U. Reynolds, Albert P. Blinn and others. The Stratton Band rendered several selections, and the Ladies' Schubert Quartet sang very acceptably. The Judge responded, expressing his appreciation in a few well chosen words. Tuesday Miss Lizzie Harlow addressed the meeting. Singing by the Ladies' Schubert Quartet.

Wednesday the topic "Riches" was discussed by Mrs. T. U. Reynolds and Miss Lizzie Harlow. Miss Harlow also spoke Thursday afternoon. The service was opened with selections by Schubert Quartette, "I cannot Always Trace the Way," and "Over the Silent River." The remainder of the week has been occupied with conferences, the subject of Friday morning being "Mediums' Experiences at Lake Pleasant." The Stratton Operatic Orchestra has given concerts each day, preceding the lectures, and invariably draws a large audience. The weather, for the most part, has been very seasonable.

Sunday was a most beautiful day, and the attendance was of the old-time nature, several thousand people being on the grounds. The services were held in the Temple, and were opened with a greeting by Hon. A. H. Dailey, President of the Association. The Ladies' Schubert Quartet sang "Lead, Kindly Light," "Under the Willows," and the Lord's Prayer. Rev. Frank E. Mason, of the Aurora Grata Cathedral, Brooklyn, was the speaker of the morning. This was Mr. Mason's first appearance here, and he was most favorably received.

His theme was "Reason and Religion." He said in part: "Man qualifies God. All the elements arise in man's mind. If man would concentrate in himself these elements, instead of ascribing them to a hypothetical being in the unknown realms of nowhere man could operate these elements. All of the universal principles may be operated by any one who puts himself in proper relation to them. A law that will operate for God will operate for man."

"The question of a harmonious life is not a question for the proper relation of man to the universe in which he finds himself. Man has been a vassal to traditions and a pensioner upon the future."

"Most religionists are affected by hereditary religion. They sneeze when the Pope, priest and pastors take snuff. The man who thinks for himself thinks right."

"The age of the tallow candle and ox cart was an ignorant one. The electric light and Pullman coach are the result of the liberation and enlightenment of the present thought as man advances."

"The outward world of phenomena is compatible with his higher advance. We have had six thousand years of religion, ranging from paganism to modern Christianity, yet the kingdom of heaven is still in the sky. We have had six thousand years of meditation ranging from incarnation to faith cure, and still discord and disease continue."

"The record of meditation is that it is an incubator for disease. Christianity is a survival of ancient astrological theories. The twelve disciples represent the twelve months of the year, and the four gospel writers represent the four seasons."

"Jesus is the personification of the sun, which lighteth everyone who cometh into the world. The three days in the tomb represent the three winter months of dreariness and desolation, and resurrection as the springtime of bud and blossom."

The afternoon address was by Mrs. Helen Temple Brigham, subject, "The Joy of Knowledge." In the evening a lecture was given by E. W. Emerson.

NOTES.

Every cottage at the Highlands is occupied. On Sunday evening, Aug. 13, an "Ikabod" circle will be held.

The speakers for next Sunday are Prof. W. M. Lockwood and Mrs. Carrie E. S. Tving. Jennie Rhind's Mystic circle is largely attended.

A healing circle was held Friday evening in the street, front of Mr. Budington's cottage. It was something of a novelty.

Mr. Edgar W. Emerson, the business medium, is busy every minute, having a constant call for sit sirs.

Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds of Troy, who has been a very prominent fact here, has gone to Verona Park for a brief stay. She will return later in the season.

Mrs. M. J. Butler came on Thursday. She was received cordially.

Miss J. M. Grant of Boston is at Eagle Cottage.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum held an important and very interesting session on Saturday. A. P. Blinn, the Conductor, presided, opening the session with remarks. There was speaking by R. F. Churchill, Assistant Conductor, J. B. Hatch, Sr., and Mrs. Maggie J. Butler. Recitations were given by five of the children. Some one hundred and fifty were present.

Miss Florence Sampson of Worthington will be here at an early date.

A large party from Troy and Saratoga are due in the near future. Among the party are several mediums who are new to this place.

J. M. Y.

Lily Dale, N. Y.

Each day seems to reveal some new attraction at Camp Cassadaga. There never has been a more auspicious season. The weather has been favorable, and the attendance daily increasing. Mexico, Texas and California are represented, to say nothing of the crowds from Canada and near-by States. When one considers the great number of Spiritualist camps, and the number of people who visit them, it would seem the Cause is in no way weakening, but surely advancing and growing strong. There may at times seem to be drawbacks and hindrances, but in reality nothing hinders, or can hinder, the steady growth of this great movement, whose power is being felt in every part of the world, unacknowledged, it may be, but none the less potent.

Aug. 3 Swami Abhendra occupied the rostrum. Thus far (if India is represented).

This week we have several noted speakers with us: Prof. Lockwood, J. Clegg Wright, Louis Jones of Bangor, Dr. Mary C. Leach, Cora L. V. Richmond and many other able speakers and workers in the Cause. Margaret Gaulle succeeds Mrs. Waite this week, and her public messages are well received.

The philosophy and phenomena go hand in hand, each doing good work in its place, while science is compelled to accept the situation and adjust itself to the new order of things. So the world moves on, each year bringing new revelations which point the way to higher attainments, and larger growth in the realm of spiritual realities—bringing us nearer and nearer to the realization of our highest ideals.

Next week, beside those who have long been speaking from this rostrum, we are to have Mrs. Robinson-Gillispie and J. C. F. Grumbine, who have never before been engaged here.

PAINT TALKS --- XIX.

"Perfect Paint."

There is no such thing as perfection in this world; therefore, there is no perfect paint, and the use of paint is, in itself, an admission that wood, iron and steel are not perfect building materials. If they were they would not require the protection of paint.

But if there is no perfection there is always a best. The best building is that which endures the longest; the best paint is that which gives the best protection and the longest wear. If ordinary dull colors satisfy there is nothing superior to good metallic browns, ochres, lampblack and graphite for exterior house painting, and zinc white ground in oil with such colors will lighten the tint or shade without affecting their durability.

But usually tints require something brighter than these dull earth colors and carbons—a white base, to be tinted or shaded at will, is generally demanded. This white base may be either pure white lead, pure zinc white, a mixture of either with some "inert" pigment (barytes, gypsum, etc.), a mixture of lead and zinc, or combinations of the two with one of the inert materials.

If pure lead be used it will readily lose its gloss, darken and chalk or dust off—and the dust from it is poisonous. Pure zinc can be used under proper conditions by a skillful painter in such wise that it will come as near being a perfect paint as any yet devised. Usually, however, such conditions and skill are not available. But under no conditions will pure zinc lose its gloss, change color, or chalk off. This fact naturally points to the use of combinations based on zinc, and nearly every white or tinted paint in the market that is not made by a lead corroder is really such a combination.

These paints, when they bear the name of a known paint manufacturer, are generally speaking, superior to pure lead in every respect and far more economical in the long run. They do not discolor, chalk off, nor peel off, and many of them are guaranteed for a term of years. They do not require frequent renewal, and, when repainting is thought desirable, it is usually more for the purpose of "freshening up" than for renewal, as the protective quality of the coating is lost very slowly. Indeed I have seen work done with such paint where, at the end of twenty-two years, the paint, for protective purposes, was still in excellent condition. No one ever saw a job done with pure lead on the outside of a building where the paint was not all dried up and washed away within half that time, or where the paint had not lost its protective value in much less than half that time.

While a perfect paint is unattainable the best is easily found, for, generally speaking, the best paint is a combination paint containing zinc white, and the market is full of such paints.

STANTON DUDLEY.

Verona Park, Maine.

On Sunday, Aug. 6, Verona Park, dressed in her choicest garments, welcomed her many old time lovers, some of whom were in the earth-form and others arrayed in the robes of the spirit land.

The opening exercises consisted of choice music by Mrs. Mamie Kane of Bangor, and Mrs. Ida Dike of Malden, Mass., and a fine recitation, entitled, "Glories of God in Creation." President A. F. Smith of Bangor gave a spirited address of welcome, full of practical suggestions and solid truths; his welcome extended to all who are interested in the uplifting of the human family; each creed, society and organization grasps a little of the great eternal truth of the Infinite Over soul.

Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds, of Troy, N. Y., gave utterance to a beautiful invocation, which was followed by an address on "The Religion of Spiritualism"—a religion which is creedless, and in its purity is full of love for all that is good. It seeks to explore all sciences, and leave for others what it cannot comprehend. We must learn to spell God with two o's, and devil without a d. If one believes in spirit return as taught in the Bible, why say that the same manifestations now through honest people are of the devil? We have attributed to Jesus powers that he did not claim to possess. He performed things which are accepted by the church as high, holy and miraculous; but when gifted men and women of to day do the same thing, it is denounced as from evil sources.

The acorn holds within itself the germs of all the future history of the great oak to be. So of the spirit that animates the child. If we do all that lies within our power to help humanity, the kingdom of heaven is ours. Our religion gives evidence of a continued life. Mrs. R. told of the wife of an Episcopal minister, who, when her aged husband passed into the spirit-world, came to her for proof that he still lived. She desired to hear from him and to know if all was well with him. Nearly all homes have some one who is endowed with spiritual gifts, some who tell of impressions, dreams and visions, or give evidence of a superior force about them.

Ingersoll must have been charmed at the revelations of immortality that greeted his vision on entering the real land of life. Spiritual manifestations demand right conditions for true success, the same as nature, photography and science. Love is the savior of all humanity, and the great impelling force that moves the world. The happiest spirit that Mrs. Reynolds ever communicated with was once so poor as to be on the verge of beggary. He now resides in a magnificent spiritual palace, while another spirit, poor and miserable, once dwelt on earth in a sordid mansion, surrounded by all that wealth could procure.

At the afternoon service the same singers edified a large audience. Mrs. Dike recited a poem entitled "The Isle of Long Ago," with pleasing effect. Mrs. Fuller, of Melrose, Mass., sang a beautiful song. Mrs. Reynolds' address was based on the passage, "In my Father's house are many mansions." In my Father's house are many mansions. The inspired thoughts given straight to the hearts of the eager listeners, who were charmed with the eloquence of this gifted lady.

Prenatal conditions were ably discussed, and the necessity of an understanding of ourselves in order to deal justly with our neighbors. He related a story of a lovely little boy five years old who had daily communion with dear ones in heaven through his own mediumship, and how this communion influenced his whole life for good, keeping him from all downward, degrading influences.

Rest is change, not inactivity. All our little good deeds are recorded, and on memory's wall hangs many a picture that will delight our hearts when we are graduated to the high school above. The soul of the flower, and of all things we love, goes into the spirit realm to remain forever.

No one crosses the threshold of the spirit land unattended. Outstretched hands are always extended to welcome the new arrival. Nothing is born without pain. We enter spirit-life as we lived here. Scores of dark spirits hover around liquor saloons to get the aroma of strong drink and tobacco.

All are creatures of habit. Mortals can be of great service to undeveloped spirits as well as recipients of the blessings of those well versed in spiritual lore.

Many excellent messages were given by Mrs. Reynolds.

Mr. Snow of Malden organized a Juvenile Society, to be called Verona Park Spiritual Lyceum.

Louis Jones of Bangor and S. Walter Dean of Massachusetts are doing valiant service in providing two entertainments a week. All promises well.

The venerable Sidney Dean is upon the ground renewed in health and strength. We shall have the pleasure of listening to his eloquence and good advice.

Dangerous Egg.

"Yes, doctor, I know it was the soft-boiled egg you done 'im up, because he didn't have nothin' else to eat except a little sauerkraut and sausage, with some corned beef and cabbage and beer and panache and ham and candy and soda water and popcorn and—and I think he swallowed some toads to-day."

The doctor—"Poor child, he must have a weak stomach."—New York World.

Ocean Grove, Harwichport, Mass.

July 28.—To our disappointment, Wednesday the grove was very damp, so much so that we were unable to have our illumination in the evening, and it was postponed till the evening of the 27th, which proved to be quite favorable. Our grove on a pleasant evening, when adorned with Chinese lanterns and other lights, presents a beautiful appearance and attracts people for many miles around. So we are always favored on that occasion with a goodly company. We have never failed yet, to our knowledge, to give a good entertainment, and this occasion was no exception to the rule. The exercises were: Music, Mrs. Wilson; recitations, Eva and Celia Briggs; music, Lila Bearas; recitations, Ethel De La hunt, Alfred O'Malley, Millie Murphy; music, Laura White; reading, Florence Sampson; recitations, Clarkson Bearse, Mrs. Jackson; music, Mrs. Wilson; recitation, Minnie Nickerson; music, Ella Keene, with an occasional tableau as arranged by Mrs. Jackson. All observers and listeners, judging by appearances, voted that they had had an enjoyable time.

This forenoon we had a conference in the grove, different speakers taking part. Each conference held is productive of some good thought to be carried away to strengthen and encourage some one in the daily routine of life. Such meetings might be made profitable and helpful in many of our societies. This afternoon our platform was occupied by Mrs. May Pepper, subject, "Spiritualism and Its Importance to Humanity." Mrs. Pepper followed her lecture with spirit messages, every one of which was recognized.

July 29.—This afternoon Mr. H. D. Barrett of the BANNER OF LIGHT gave us an interesting lecture on "The New Time." Some one has said the ideal cannot be pictured so high that it cannot be attained. A religion that will not reach every child of humanity is too narrow for you and me.

July 30.—In the forenoon Mrs. Pepper gave some of her experiences as a medium, and they proved very interesting, after which she gave messages to a goodly number of the audience. All were recognized, and a number were remarkable. In the afternoon we were privileged again to hear another fine lecture from Mr. Barrett, subject, "Is Spiritualism a Religion?" We have heard of Mr. Barrett a number of times, but we question if we ever heard him do better. Spiritualism came as a liberator. Spiritualism is a science, a philosophy and a religion. Religion means to be called together for the purpose of being good and doing good.

Mr. Barrett had a fine audience, and held their close attention to the last. He was followed by Mrs. Pepper with a splendid dance. In the evening we had a "parting meeting," it being the last meeting of the season, quite a number sharing in the exercises. Mr. Everett Harris, Mr. Barrett, Mrs. Barrett, Mrs. Pepper and others. Then came the good-byes and the good wishes for each other the coming year. Thus closes the thirty-third Camp Meeting of Ocean Grove.

S. L. BEAL.

Lake Brady, O.

Mrs. Carrie Weatherford who still holds the rostrum at Lake Brady, in her last lecture addressed her remarks chiefly to skeptics, a number of which were in the audience who had come on an excursion to the grounds. She said: "In the Capitol of your State you have various asylums aside from the penitentiary where an attempt at least is made to cure diseased morals. Asylums for the blind, for the deaf and dumb and for imbeciles. Because there are blind people does not prove that there is no such thing as sight. Because there are deaf and dumb does not deny the fact of hearing and speech, and though there are imbeciles whose minds seem to be little more than a blank, yet have we not intellectual giants? In short, the lack of a thing in one, does not prove its non-existence in another. So it is in regard to spirit existence and communion. We know it to be a fact and your skepticism and denials cannot destroy that which is absolute knowledge to us. So sit at eventide alone and see if you will not receive this higher wisdom." Mrs. Weatherford continues to supplement her lectures with readings giving dates from earliest childhood.

Lake Brady is exceptionally lively just now. Several camps of young men are here, who make merry with songs, dances and general good cheer.

The Woman's Fair held here last week netted the Association over fifty dollars. The Midway, with its beautiful and unique exhibitions, was the chief attraction. Many thanks are due to the ladies, and not a little to the sterner sex, who kindly bore the heavier burdens.

Personal experiences of mediums, even those not in the profession, are sometimes quite interesting. Yesterday was "Mediums' Day" at the camp. The attendance was large, and most of the mediums on the grounds were present. Many interesting reminiscences were given, and even after the meeting broke up the people lingered to give and hear experiences. One gentleman told of the death of his sister while he was away, and a vision he had regarding it. Said he: "I was sitting in my room in my boarding place when my sister appeared to me. She was dressed in a flowing robe, and I thought her apparel somewhat singular. I spoke to her, but she did not answer. I was surprised—dismayed, for though in ill health, I thought her still alive. She looked at me almost smilingly, and then slowly turned away her head. As she did so I noticed a peculiar mark upon her cheek. The next day I was summoned home to attend her funeral, and when alone with the body, I found the discoloration I had noticed on the face of the spirit."

Mrs. M. McCASLIN.

Notes From Freeville, N. Y.

This young but very active camp is doing excellently this season. The grounds are very attractive and nicely laid out. The lecture-stand seats nearly eight hundred persons, and is often well filled. Mrs. S. A. Armstrong of Buffalo, presides at the meetings with great ability, and does much every way to make the enterprise a success.

There is an excellent hotel at Freeville, close to the railway station, where the speakers are entertained and where many visitors from various parts of the country are now residing. Messrs. Hall and Mrs. Lincoln were the speakers on Sunday, July 30, and four following days. Both gave great satisfaction and drew large audiences. Memorial services were held Wednesday, Aug. 2, when the platform was beautifully decorated, and the exercises were generally of a very impressive character.

W. J. Colville arrived Friday morning, Aug. 4, and lectured to a large audience at 2:30 p. m., by which he was very cordially received.

A dance was held on Friday evening, attended by all the campers and young people from many surrounding towns.

On Saturday, Aug. 5, Mr. G. A. Ferris of Rochester spoke in the morning and W. J. Colville in the afternoon. In the evening a delightful concert was given. Three public meetings were arranged for Sunday, Aug. 6. W. J. Colville was announced for 10:30 a. m. and 2:30 p. m., and a general conference and psychic meeting for the evening. Every day during the present week is full, and three meetings are announced for Sunday, Aug. 13, which will be the closing day of the regular camp, though Sunday services will be continued Aug. 20 and 27.

Music is an attractive feature at the Camp, and a very hearty feeling of good fellowship generally prevails. Thursday, Aug. 10, has been announced as New York State and National Association Day. A special report of that day's proceedings will be furnished to THE BANNER in time for next week's issue.

LARKIN SOAPS

OUR OFFER FULLY EXPLAINED IN BANNER OF LIGHT OF MARCH 26, 1899.

Apr. 1, 1900

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To-day has been one of the finest that it is possible to imagine, and the largest crowd gathered that your correspondent has ever seen on a second Sunday in his seven seasons of attendance. Trains ran from Nashua and Concord, and also on the Henniker and Hillsboro road, together with the usual train from Claremont Junction. Miss Groves gave piano recitals on Monday and Wednesday evenings. Although but few are able to comprehend her music she shows wonderful mediumistic powers and has made many friends. She is trying to make her way against great odds, but I am sure she will yet make a name to be proud of. On Thursday Mrs. Carrie Tving gave her first lecture here, also spoke on Friday, and on Saturday she gave her new lecture entitled "Keeping Step." To-day she gave two lectures, speaking in the forenoon on "Lifting Up," and this afternoon on "Spiritual Gifts." Both lectures were spoken of in the highest terms, as were her former lectures; in fact, when Mrs. Tving is announced to speak people are sure of something good. She has had a number of Orthodox and Catholic people in attendance since she has been here. She has also given three séances for the benefit of the Association, and gives the fourth this evening. On Thursday and Friday C. Fannie Allen comes, followed by Mrs. E. I. Webster on Saturday. Next Sunday both Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Webster lecture. We have the finest orchestra ever on the grounds, and the dance patronage has been good.

W. H. WILKINS, Sec'y.

N. Y. P. S. U. Convention.

Spiritualists, be sure and remember that the National Young People's Spiritualist Union holds its Second Annual Convention at Onset, Mass., August 25 and 26. Do not fail to attend this convention, for by so doing you will not only aid and encourage the Union, but will help the Cause of Spiritualism as well. Every young person who can possibly do so should attend this convention, for it may be a long time before another convention of this kind is held here in the East. Please bear this in mind and come to Onset prepared to do your part toward making the Second Annual Convention of the N. Y. P. S. U. a grand success. All young people who possibly can do so are requested to write papers to be read at the convention. We wish a large number so we can show to the people that our young people have an interest in the work. Send all communications in regard to the convention to WALTER I. PRENTISS, Local Manager, Onset, Mass.

On-i-set Co-Workers.

The annual election of officers of the On i set Wigwam Co Workers was held in the Wigwam, Saturday, August 5. Mrs. May C. Weston was unanimously elected President for the ensuing year. C. D. Fuller, Secretary, and C. T. Wilder, Treasurer. The meetings in the Wigwam are largely attended.

August 26, Mr. Charles Day made some very interesting remarks. We all hope to hear from him again. Mrs. Pennell of New Bedford was also with us, and spoke very feelingly of the Wigwam Co-Workers and their work.

C. D. FULLER, Sec'y.

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

(Notes under this heading, to insure insertion the same week, must reach this office by Monday's mail.)

Mrs. Jennie B. Hagar