



A LEGEND.

"There has come to my mind a legend, a thing I half forgot,
And whether I read it or dreamed it—ah well, it may
be not.
It is said that in heaven at twilight a great bell
softly rings,
And man may listen and harken to the wonderful
music that rings,
If he puts from his heart's inner chamber all the passion,
pain and strife,
Heartaches and weary longings that throb in the
pulses of life—
If he thrusts from his soul all hatred, all thoughts of
wicked things,
He can hear in the holy twilight how the bell of the
angel rings.
"And I think there is in this legend, if we open our
eyes to see,
Somewhat of an inner meaning, my friend, to you and
to me!
Let us look in our hearts and question: 'Can pure
thoughts enter in
To a soul if it be already the dwelling of thoughts of
sin?'
So then, let us ponder a little; let us look in our hearts
and see
If the twilight bell of the angels could ring—for you
and me."

Life and Death as They Are.

BY FRED DE BOS.

You may open any biology or other work involving a scientific definition of life, and you will find that nothing can be said to live which has not the power to die. In fact, it lives only as it does. Death is an attribute of life. Nothing has an honorable self-existence that lacks the power to decay. A definition of life is: (1) The power to take up matter and assimilate it and thus grow or sustain growth. (2) The power of steadily wasting matter after it is used. Partial or steady death is an absolute qualification of living, so that loss of substance is made up by assimilation, and that is as constantly balanced by destruction. Life, then, is the wise balance between growth and decay. If we could not decay we would cease to live as promptly as if we could not assimilate. All dead things differ from us in this, they may grow, but they cannot die; they, therefore, cannot live. A grain of salt may become a drop of saline water, and then a grain again; it has not lived nor died in the change. We eat, and what we eat we transform into blood, then into tissue; at the same time we burn up in our body a large amount of material to secure heat and perform motion. This is dying.

Every step you take is at the expense of a small fraction of life. Every song you sing is a waste of a part of your existence. You write, you speak, you feel, you pray, at the cost of life. To live is to die. To live grandly is to die rapidly. To be a power is to be quick at decay. To live well is to die harmoniously. The orator who thrills you does it with his life. The more perfect the life the more rapid the death, so that life only can be complete that works accurately and dies rapidly. So a man may be alive yet not alive as his neighbor is, alive to some things only, and dead to others. You perhaps have not yet come to life in relation to more than a fraction of the universe about you. Not being able to assimilate a thought, you cannot use it, and you are not yet alive to it. You cannot eat a certain food because you cannot get rid of it. Organizations may be supposed vastly more alive than any existing human being, but more alive only as they are able more grandly to carry on the process of dying. His ability to die made Emerson superior to his cloddish neighbor. The brute man dies as a brute dies, and thus he lives only as the brute lives. A big truth, a scrap of the poetry of nature clogs him; taken into his eye or ear, they cannot be made to die into a clear joy or a more harmonious course of action. He cannot, therefore, broaden his life with them.

The intellectual man dies in brain action, but he thereby has brain life and power. The last thing a man should try to escape from is death; he has no attribute equal to it. That which we should dread is to stop dying. We may well say that the true object of ambition is to reach, not a deathless state, but one in which living is broader because dying is more harmonious.

Carry the thought into morals. Jesus applied it in a paradox. He that dies to himself lives in others. He that would save his soul must give his soul. Or he that would save his life shall lose it; but he that would give his life shall save it. Here the equilibrium between dying and living is carried over into morals. We are alive in the higher sense of joy in generous work just in proportion as we give ourselves to others. Howard lived; Miss Nightingale lived; Wilberforce lived; Washington lived, in a sense that they could not have lived in selfishness. Can we conceive what Jesus would have been had he lived driving nails like Joseph and holding the creed of his mother? A narrow believer and a builder of houses; one of a million like him. But he lifted his life out of this, and by giving

himself to truth and to the poor, he lived so richly, so greatly, so deeply, that his life may be called a God's life.

The emotional man lives in praying and singing, which is only a way of wasting his energy. What he calls the joy of religion is his way of dying. When highly charged with vitality, he prays with terrible energy, and while fancying that he is beheading God to his will, he is simply dying, he is losing a part of his strength. No wonder if at times in the ecstasy of his effort, he loses the equilibrium of life and dies altogether. Nor is it surprising that the final throes of life in a deeply religious person, who has made it his business to die daily in prayer and praise, shall lose their agony in a shout of glory, and his death scene be very much like one of his praise meetings. All that you can make out of the death-bed victory of a saint, when the angels come and he shouts victory, is that his dying is all concentrated on one idea, and that idea is intensely alive and blazes up in a glow of magnificence. On the other hand, the drunkard concentrates all his dying on the gross indulgence of the flesh. The nerves burn, the stomach is on fire, the brain blazes, the senses live for one last scene, he sees demons, horrors, and in the balance between life and death he is at once and forever destroyed in an act of indescribable agony. One can die on a cross with a shout of joy, but a sensual life cannot end in a scene of victory.

A great joy is only a rhythmic and happy process of dying; and a very great joy sometimes closes up living and dying at once—it is too rapid death.

Nearly all diseases, instead of being a difficulty with living, are a difficulty in the way of dying. Now note that all life must be looked on as the sustenance not only of an individual existence, but very subtly involved in this individual is the past. It is a life that repeats and sustains the life of old individuals. The father physically is repeated in his son, and all the past is a flow of life, which has flowed through thousands of organisms, and has never ceased to be life. All the generations of humanity are linked without a break from first to last of so much as one minute. Each body grows out of another body, as a bud grows out of a plant. The functions of Adam are those that operate in you. So life is something bigger than the life of individuals, it is a vast, unbroken unity, of which we are representatives. In this continued life, which flows from previous and eternal life, there is not simply a repetition of one life form, but in the tide is a propulsion of a sort which we call evolution. Life appears steadily in higher form. The life of today is a larger, more complex affair than it was a million of years ago.

So also involved in life is all the future. Very subtly there is today in us a tendency not merely to assimilate to waste, to reproduce, to act, but there is an unconscious tendency to higher physical, mental and moral forms of life. Nor is this wholly unconscious. We have in us the potency of Paradise, and a will to make it. There is no conceivable, no expressible height of existence, no glory of life that it will take millions of years to reach, but the potency of that life is in us today. The nineteenth century after Christ was germinally in the nineteenth century before the huge Saurians dragged their slimy folds through the hot seas of antiquity. So the nineteenth century after Darwin is germinally in you and me. Here life appears in a light that must be considered by us before we cry out for the perpetuity of our individual selfhood.

Let us go a step further in the consideration of this subject. We have seen that life is one flow, one fact reaching through vast ages of time with a unity of act and a unity of purpose. We have seen how utterly unlike the living is to the lifeless, the thing that assimilates and does to that which is made up by mechanical force and ended in the same way. But on this globe life had a beginning. How did it originate? Is it a phenomenon of the lifeless? Did it spring from that which does not live? We have not the least proof of it. It is more rational to believe life to have sprung from Life. Science avers it could have originated in no other way. Then we are faced by this magnificent suggestion: Is all life as it is and has been and will be on this globe, or anywhere else, is it only the heart-throb of life that is eternal? Is there really no such thing as death? Is the universe alive? Is what we call death only a change, only forms of progress? And is that life, that eternal change, that embraces us, and embraces all life, is it the only God? How, then, shall we define life? It is the only single and only fact of the universe, and it flows out in infinite ways; it is the life in us, in God we live.

What, then, is that process in our career which we call death? It is but the process of the eternal life, the God in whom we live and have our being. Does it bring our conscious existence to an end? Of course, we are not lost to the universe. It becomes then a living question how to carry on our daily dying wisely; in what way to waste ourselves for the most real profit to ourselves and to

others; for we shall live grandly only as we die grandly day by day.

Everett, in his address at the funeral of Longfellow, said: "His age was as beautiful as his manhood and youth." "Mortui Salutamus," that marvelous poem, is perhaps the grandest hymn to age that ever was written; it is no distant dream. He feels that the end is drawing near. But there he stands strong and calm, with sublime faith, as at the first. He gathers from the coming of age, from approaching night, not a signal for rest, but a new call to activity. He cries:

"Is it too late? No, nothing is too late,
Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate."

And so he takes up his glad work again, and I think more of his sweetest songs date from his latest period. His was a calm, loving age, full of activity, confidence and peace.

The child cries as soon as it is born. Man never gets beyond that instinct. In hours of anxiety or in his higher moods he yearns with longing toward what he calls his Father. Now laying aside all the influence of superstition and of terror, there is still something here to account for. I cannot see that it is less than an instinctive feeling of life for life. Where it came from is not so easily answered. The primitive man had it in strength. And it is the strongest propensity of the highest culture. Sitting Bull and Emerson are equally subject to the innate tendency; it is a coarse or a refined passion, according to the make up of the man, yet never lacking. The tide of life that has evolved man is never quite lost to its source. Father and child are one, they instinctively love. The universal Fatherhood is felt in the sonship everywhere, and there is a mutual seeking and loving. This explains the universality of prayer. Under the gross beggary of prayer there lies a deep instinct for God. Nor must we overlook that so far as instinct of this sort is concerned, primitive man was nearer the causative life than we are. What we determine by higher process of reason, he felt.

Every religion worthy of the name has worked out the problem of life on the side of hope as ending in a state of painlessness and peace. Now we know that such a state is not in any way like the active conditions of this life, because in nothing is struggling more fertile than pain. All doing involves undoing; all moving involves disturbance; all activity involves change; so that no good thing in this life can ever be permanent. The babe grows up, but he grows up out of your arms, and out of your house and you grow apart. The final demand of life is that you shall die. You die to give others life; it is altogether a process of feeding on each other.

On the other hand, a painless state can only be possible in an inactive state or in an unconscious state; where you are either absolutely dead, or your living is absorbed in the unconscious universe.

Happiness, then, must be sought in one of two things: the activities of living which are also the activities of dying; that is, one must find his joy in change, not in permanence, in dying, not in stability; or he must seek it in escape from change, which is escape from all living.

There is in nature a subtle principle that whoever in any way seeks selfish ends, makes a fatal blunder. That self can never be happy except in his relations to all others. No one can alienate himself in the slightest degree from any other and attain happiness. The happiness of a single soul cannot be an accomplished fact while one other soul is miserable. So the Buddhist said and said: "I will not accept Paradise while one remains in misery." Any effort to be selfishly happy is at once punished by the misery always involved in selfishness. Life must go on together. Whatever salvation there may be from the miseries of existence cannot be obtained by trying to escape from the crowd and be saved individually. It is a law in every direction. Vanderbilt cannot shut himself in to enjoy wealth. Calvin cannot be shut up in Heaven while Servetus is out, for the self-seeking of Calvin gnaws at his heart. If he is honest; if he is dishonest, he is a liar even when he says that he is happy. There is no breaking up of the life family. Out of unconsciousness we came into life. We must work out the problem of existence together. But if in this phase of life we cannot attain the goal of peace, and if in another the goal of painless rest can only be the cessation of living, what hope have we? This, to cease struggling for individual salvation from the troubles of life processes; to be content that God's will shall be our will, to make the Universal Cosmic Purpose our purpose; what then? You have ceased your petty struggles for selfish ends, which involve the misery of many others and your own also. Now ordinary religion is a struggle to get away from the troubles of existence. Reason requires us to give up the desire to escape; on the contrary, to be reconciled to Life and whatever life is; that is death, and the processes of life which are pain and change.

Is there then no end, no escape from the dying, but in escape from the living? None whatever, for living and dying are one. Living is then an eternal process.

Prayer.

BY WILLARD J. HULL.

The burdens of this world are caused by thought force. Good and evil are the wings of mortal endeavor in its flight along the path of progress.

The evils that beset Spiritualists in their efforts to build for the highest good are brought about by the thought forces of malcontents in both worlds.

The struggle of goodness is a hard one. It is in the moral and spiritual arena what the struggle for survival is in physical evolution, a constant warfare with the baser and stronger elements of being.

As it is easier to fall than to rise, so it is easier to do evil than to do good, take the mass of humanity into consideration. Attraction and repulsion are co-ordinate in the physical and mental realms, but gravitation governs all and a leaden body falls easier than a feather.

So evil falls and runs rampant because it is the dead weight of the mental world. An evil thinker and an evil doer is of far more importance in the building of a just and stable spiritual edifice than a host of good thinkers and doers.

A man lays out the plans for a noble structure. He sets his architect to work on them. Cost for excavation are made and soon a large force of laborers begin their work. After days of toil and much treasure the excavations are ready for the stone and the masons' labor with skill and patience, and, true to line and plummet the stately walls arise. Aeon the superstructure is begun and as days go by the beautiful outlines of the building grow as the workmen proceed.

And all of this outworking in material endeavor was a thought in the mind of the projector carried forward by the architects and builders. Just as the roof is being placed a storm of the elements comes on, a lightning bolt strikes the building, crashes down through it, and the flood following washes away the foundations. And all in the twinkling of an eye the work and wealth of weeks and months are lost.

Just so does the evil thinker and the evil doer wreck havoc in the work of societies and individuals.

As the projector of the building works from a selfish motive, relying on his wealth and the chances he takes of getting ahead of his fellows, the fate of his building and of his effort is in obedience to the law of compensation. The brothel or the low dive beside his building is likely to fare a better fate—in the storm.

In like manner the fate of societies, of groups, and of communities whose interests are buried in self aggrandizement, and lacking the cohesiveness which consecration to the higher good would give to their work, become victims of the moral parasites preying upon them, and they go down.

We now come to the significance of prayer and reliance upon the soul in action, which in unity and concord raises bodies above the baleful influence of malevolent spirits, mortal or otherwise, just as the centrifugal force of a planet tends ever to overpower the force of gravitation.

Prayer is the athletics of the spirit body, the exercise of the soul's muscles. It is the lodestone to which is attracted the supply equal to the request. In no other way can evil be offset and itself merged into the good.

We have often spoken of prayer. We emphasize it here. Not lip service and loud intonations to be seen and heard of men. That quality of prayer carries the elements of its own decay.

It is the prayer of the Silence with clean minds and pure hearts that counts in the upbuilding of humanity. It is, in the work now at hand, the key that shall open the prison houses of men's souls; a thought force to counteract the thought forces of evil in our ranks and capture the malevolent spirits, wherever they are, that are all the while working the destruction of spiritual religion.

Of this we are certain. Mortal man, as a person or in groups however large they may be, is incapable of accomplishing the upbuilding of the spiritual state, the economic state, the thought state, wherein justice and wisdom shall rule the shrines and forums. Men in races, nations, and communities have tried it and failed throughout the whole long causeway of power and conquest from Sesostris, Tanerlane and Alexander down to the puppets of plutocracy, that impersonal vampire which is the consensus of the evil thought force of our day and generation. They have supplicated to a god of gold and nailed themselves to the cross of rapacity. Governments and institutions measured by that standard are failures in the sight of God and heaven, and must go the way of all abortions in the progress of mankind.

The independence of the Soul of man is yet to be declared in tones of thunder from the New Sinai. Olympus must come to Sinai. The revelers in the bacchanal of voluptuous sensation are to see the new legend on the

walls of their regal palaces. It is not the Declaration of a nation. It is the Declaration of the whole mighty host of earth's children. Not one Joan De Arc, not one Christ, the isolated, but an army of them is the work of the future and every intrepid soldier of that army must have his own Gethsemane, his own desert, where he can hear the Voice and heed its call to consecration and determination.

From what section of society shall this enlistment be drawn?

From the Spiritualists. They are the only people who today hear any voice at all from the eternal sources of causation.

How shall they know their calling? By prayer, and devotion to their souls. Consecrated prayer and action in this crisis is the forerunner of victory.

We possess the truth, a larger truth, a more comprehensive truth than any people the world over. Our question to our souls today should be, What are we doing with it?

Our refuge is in unity and amity guided by prayer and contriteness of spirit. We are to be led. We can no longer lead. Our day is done in that respect and we might as well confess it now. There are mightier forces, more exalted intelligences than we possess or can boast of. The man or woman who stands alone will fall alone. United they will neither stand nor fall.

There are bonfires to be built amongst the rubbish of this movement. There are confagurations to be burned in the souls of those who espouse this movement.

But there is a phoenix as there is a sphinx within every one of us. The phoenix will rise from the fire and ashes and by reason of the burning gain a little clearer the riddle of the sphinx. That is our work, Spiritualists, people, men, women and children. Are you ready to enlist in this service?—Light of Truth.

One Page of Life's Book.

She came to earth. As she stood upon the earthly shore the waves, the trees, the birds, all living mortal things conveyed an unceasing mystic message which cast a dreamy spell over her and her Soul was dumb.

She was an unattractive child. Why, unattractive? Ah, that dumb Soul—that was the why—dumb only in terrestrial life. How it struggled to throw off the spell!

She drifted on through earthly experiences, revealing no beauty—the Soul still dumb. The outer was ever afraid, the inner, fearless; the outer, unloving, unloved, the inner, loving and loved; the outer, foolish, the inner, wise.

The stillness of the outer deceived mortals. They said: "She cares not for Love."

The Soul heard but could not speak. It struggled within till the flesh quivered with the intensity of feeling and gradually outer consciousness awoke and perceived the desolation of the earthly tenement.

The quest, misunderstood, of the inner for an outer expression of Love, wrecked the spellbound clay, and now hopelessness instead of unconsciousness made the outer dumb. Mortals thinking her indifferent drank at her fountain of life till the elixir was gone; the clay, dry and hard. But, at last, in the silence, the Soul found voice and spoke:

"You have allowed the house of earth to be despoiled; but, though the outer is devoid of beauty, the inner is still fair."

"Have patience; have patience; thou shalt yet understand."
"If a mortal partake of another's life force, ere long he will lose his own, and long will be his journey back to the source of his being."

"If thou dost allow thine own dwelling to become useless, thou wilt have to build anew. Repine not, but awake! Thou art thine own architect. Build thine own. Such is the lesson of life."

"Thou art foolish if thou dost think thou canst build for others. Each must build for himself."

"Thou art wise when thou dost thine own, leaving thy sister and brother the same privilege. If thou wouldst be kind to others, teach them, by being, to find their own."

"Thy earthly dwelling has become a mask hiding the beauty of being. Quickened thy dormant faculties. Ask not the help of another. Do it thyself. Lean only on thine own immortal Self and the light of thy Soul will shine within and without; the beamed clay, illumined, will radiate immortal beauty."

"We have libraries, books, and newspapers; we want more thinkers."

"He who breathes good cheer through every pore of his body irradiates his atmosphere and thrills with new life whosoever comes within his influence."

It is, the act of an ill-instructed man to blame others for his own bad condition; it is the act of one who has begun to be instructed, to lay the blame on himself; and of one whose instruction is completed, neither to blame another nor himself.—Epictetus.

BANNER OF LIGHT.

BY KENNA D. PITTS.

Dear Banner of Light! long mayst thou wave
Thy snowy folds far over the land;
Yea, far beyond where blue seas lave
With brine far "India's coral strand."
Bear tidings of the golden truth—
The truth which thou hast long proclaimed;
Foreswearer of eternal youth.
Art thou, long years ago ordained.

Thou message bearer to the ones
Bereft of love's apparent form,
Of kindly eyes and tender tones
That illumined the awful storm—
Be more the harbinger of all
That makes life here a paradise;
That purifies and makes the soul
A dweller fit for yonder skies.

Dear Banner of Light! thou pioneer
That blazed the way for lesser lights,
Be brighter still thy sunny cheer,
More lofty yet thy radiant heights;
And mayst thou see the glorious dawn,
That throbs and glows above the crest
Of superstition, coming on,
To make the unborn millions blest.
Cortland, N. Y.

June Meeting No. 44.

Two Days' Sayings and Doings at the First Spiritual Church of the World, Sturgis, Michigan.

One of the best and happiest meetings ever held in the Free Church, has just closed, and the president of the Harmonical Society, Dr. E. H. Denslow, upon whose shoulders the responsibility rested, deserves the highest credit. His forecast, zeal and general executive ability, united with his suavity and politeness, are beyond praise. As usual at these annual meetings many of the participants had come from long distances to attend, and other states were represented. At the last and largest of the sessions, a resolution was offered by Mr. Daniel Smith, of Vicksburg, Mich., and unanimously adopted as follows:

"Resolved, that the secretary be requested to furnish full reports of these meetings to the leading Spiritualistic newspapers of America."

In obedience to that requisition, I send the following report to the Banner of Light, in which I have condensed as much as possible and consistent with the importance of the occasion and interest of the reader.

The platform decorations seemed more beautiful than ever before; there was a profusion of rare and suggestive flowers, the representatives of characters and principles.

Saturday.

It is not usual to formally open these annual meetings until afternoon, but a few hours came early, an informal reception was given, and the house was addressed by Rev. Dr. B. F. Austin, Mrs. E. C. Woodruff and others.

At 2 p. m. the convention was formally opened by the president, Dr. Denslow. At the symposium preceding the regular lectures, Thos. Harding, the secretary pro tem, was the appointed leader. The subject of discussion was "The Duties of the Spiritualist." He said that he was the oldest of the "old stock" remaining on terra firma, he supposed it was his duty to welcome visitors to Sturgis in the name of the Harmonical Society, and give the people a short sketch of the history of the Sturgis June meeting, which he said nearly as follows:

"The foundation stone of this, the Free Church of Sturgis, Michigan, the first of its kind in the world, was laid in the year 1856. Its building was a necessity at that time, for the Spiritualists and independent thinkers of this vicinity were excluded from every church building. They had no place where they could use one house which their money had more than half built, so that, figuratively speaking they, like one of old, 'had not where to lay their heads.' Then arose the just indignation and loud protest of an outraged people. They declared they would have a house of their own—that it was not for them to be free and that no denomination should be shut out from it. Then the bank notes and donated material came rolling in—the hundreds, the fifties and ten dollar bills, and it was said to the credit of many church members, who loved liberty better than an anathema, they contributed both time and money. Oh, there was great excitement when the long train of wagons arrived from the country loaded with building material—brick, lumber, shingles, everything! and the people shouted, and the teamsters cracked their whips when the cry arose, 'Hurray for freedom of speech! Hurray for religious liberty!' The few who still remain at this side, who were present on that day, can never forget it."

"The house was dedicated on the 16th of June, 1857, to American liberty and freedom of speech. So earnest were the friends of our great Cause that they could not wait until the seats were put in and the house furnished, but as soon as the platform was erected the notables of that early day were invited to attend, and on that memorable occasion there stood on that new rostrum many of the famous men, and at least one famous woman, of early Spiritualism. Old Judge Coffinbury was there, and Frank L. Wardsworth, Joel Tiffany, Cora H. Daniels, now Mrs. Richmond of Chicago, Elder Farley, J. M. Peabody, Giles B. Stebbins, J. G. Walt, Harrison Kelly, Mr. Baum-Gardner and others. And one circumstance occurred there which ought not to be overlooked: Judge Coffinbury was a medium, so was Joel Tiffany—and while the business of the dedication was proceeding the Judge was entranced on the platform and commenced to address the meeting in an unknown tongue; then Tiffany also became entranced, and in that condition translated into English, sentences as they fell from the lips of the Judge, although in their normal state neither they nor anyone in the house understood a word of it. Forty-four years have passed away since then, and of all who stood on that platform on that never-to-be-forgotten day, not one man and one woman remain. Dr. J. M. Peabody and Mrs. Cora H. Richmond; all the rest have passed on from labor to reward. But that dedication has not been forgotten—not a single link has been broken of that chain which encircles 44 years. The sons have done honor to the memory of the fathers, the daughters have not forgotten the mothers. Many changes have occurred in Sturgis since then—some of the poor have become rich and some of the rich have been laid low, but the old church and its free platform stands forever, a monument to religious liberty and American freedom of speech."

"The subject for our consideration this day is 'The Duties of the Spiritualist.' I shall leave you to discuss that. It seems to me that the duties of Spiritualists are easily determined."

(Note: The writer was not present at the dedication, but is indebted to Dr. J. M. Peabody for most of the names and incidents above given.)

After music by the choir Rev. Dr. Austin lectured. He gave a very interesting account of his confinement trial by the Methodist conference and ultimate expulsion from that body. When asked whether he should ever

return to Methodism, he replied that he never knew a chicken to return to the shell after he had worked his way out, neither did he know of one Spiritualist who had been thoroughly convinced of its truth over to return to orthodoxy. He spoke of the various gifts of the spirit which the apostle Paul referred to. He said Dr. Newton by spirit aid healed 130,000 sick or maimed persons, which was a much greater number than Jesus ever healed. He wished to be understood in speaking most respectfully of the healer of Nazareth. He entertained no hard feelings against those ministers of the conference who expelled him. He pronounced them "a noble set of men," but they are living in but one room in the Father's house. Spiritualism requires men to grow, to expand; it teaches generosity and causes a largeness of soul.

After music and the solo "E. C. Before," by Miss Henrietta Pontius, Mrs. G. C. Woodruff lectured. She endorsed what Dr. Austin said. She knew Dr. Newton personally and pronounced him a noble man. The writer apologized to Mrs. Woodruff for not reporting her address at greater length, but his hearing is deficient. Mrs. W. was applauded.

7:30 p. m.—Music by the choir. Recitation by Mrs. Woodruff. Dr. J. M. Peabody lectured. He could scarcely realize that 44 years had passed away since he stood on that platform at the dedication of that house. The rest of the men are dead. No, no, they are not dead; they are more alive than ever. Thoughts, he said, are not things. That's a thing, he said, lifting a book from the desk. Thoughts cannot be handled, they belong to the spirit side of life. We call the spirit world the "Summer Land," but alas it is a winter land to those who indulge in bad thoughts and bad deeds. "I had a miser come to me once from that winter land; he had accumulated property at this side of the line. But oh, he said, I wish I had been a beggar." Mr. Peabody wants to finish up his wrongs, he says, and round out his character. The Shakers are the only Christians he ever met; they practice self denial. An Episcopal priest came to them. "I like your style," he said to the elder of the Shakers, "and I would like to join you, but I cannot." "Why so," said the elder. "Oh," he replied, "I cannot because I believe in God. God the father, God the son and God the holy ghost."

"Why," said the elder, "we don't care how many gods you believe in, but if you joined us you'd have to behave yourself." "I am often in Heaven," said Dr. Peabody, "as in Heaven now! Brother Harding put that down."

After a vocal solo by Miss Kate Bostetter, named "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," Prof. Evelyn Arthur See, Ph. D., of Kalamazoo, who represented a new organization named "The Church of Christ, Truth," lectured and expounded the views of that body, vs. "God imminent in man." "The indwelling spirit," and so forth.

Mr. See is president of the board of extension of his church. He fills the pulpit of the Free Church every other Sunday. He is a liberal and thoughtful gentleman. His lectures delivered at the June meeting were quite orderly. He began at "the beginning" and went up step by step until he reached his climax. It would be impossible to give anything like a short report of such without occupying too much space. I shall therefore give a few of his points which convey an idea of the conclusions he seeks to impress.

After referring to many philosophical thoughts with which intelligent Spiritualists have long been familiar he says: "These points have been recognized by Spiritualists, but there is another very important point that the consciousness of the 'I' is just opening to, namely, that which is able to establish a relationship with me from without is symbolical of that which is within me as able to receive the message which the environment sends. The message which I am able to receive of myself is the use of my realization, testifies that my consciousness is open to equal depth in order to receive. We are coming to know that the spirit of God dwelleth in us here in the body and that it is through his immanence of spirit that we are put in touch with our spiritual environment. And that it is only through the use of this spiritual correspondence, brought to realize the immanence of spirit that the spiritual correspondence has any real value to us." Prof. See says further, "In the deep reality of our own existence we are prior to association, prior to body, prior to matter, prior to will, attitude and emotion. We are one with God before the world was. That we are each of us actually the Son of God whom he hath appointed heir to all things." If Prof. See had been a reader of the Banner he would know that Spiritualists discuss all such questions, and as well up in metaphysical and occult philosophy.

(To be continued.)

Mark Twain's Religion.

It perhaps is not generally known, but the fact no longer need be concealed, that Mark Twain is not especially religious. He smokes the heaviest kind of big, black cigars, punctuates his conversation with the expletive words—when Mrs. Clemens is not present—and at stag parties reveals a command of an underground vocabulary that was the envy of the late Eugene Field.

All of which is not here recorded to the discredit of Mark; it is merely in the interest of truth, that at least one of my experience is that men who swear a bit, or occasionally tell "Lincoln's stories," are neither better nor worse than those whose speech is immaculate, and in a few instances I have known men who never in public voiced an off-color word, yet whose souls were full of rottenness and dead men's bones. On the other hand, some of the gentlest, most generous and many men I ever knew told stories on occasion that would make your hair curl.

There is a good-goddy tale going the rounds, and recently published in Rev. Dr. Witt Talmage's Christian Herald, of how General Grant at a party strictly hush, snuffed a bit of facetiae from afar, and arose and informed the company that he could not remain in the presence of those who indulged in remarks not viced by Anthony Comstock. This, however, is a beautiful vagary worked out by Dr. Klopach for the edification of the undisciplined General Grant was no fool. The man who reads Balzac's "Droll Stories" with a relish may be a very saintly character; and if he hand-illuminates one of these stories, as Mark Twain sometimes does, and gives it out in public, it is no proof of his depravity. Truly this is the plan of allowing a man to tap his moral paucity; but what can you say of the white-chokered prig who bottles his badness up in him, refusing to give it vent for fear someone will think him indecent?

And this brings us up to Mark Twain and George W. Cable, who traveled together for three weeks and never spoke to each other, excepting on the stage. It all began by Mark telling a few warm ones to Major Pond in Cable's presence. Cable, fearing he would be smothered, or wanting to prove his purity, flew. At other times Mark would reveal a transgressive streak or nothing while George was studying his International Sunday school lesson leaves.

George decided he would win Mark over to the Lord's side. To that end he made an appointment with him where they were to meet at a certain time to talk over a matter of great and serious import.

Mark thought it was some business deal, and made no objection. When they met, Cable began the trouble by looking at the door, dropping on his knees, and praying aloud that Mark would cease his unhallored ribaldry, quit tobacco, abstain from smoking and give his heart to Jesus. Mark lit his pipe while the prayer was in progress, and finally said, "Hell!"

Then Cable got up and ranted with Mark as to the sin of smoking, especially smoking in bed; the folly of turning in at three o'clock in the morning, and eating breakfast at noon; the vice of profane swearing, and the heinous sin of telling tales that bring the blush of shame to the cheek of innocence.

Mark urged Cable to his knees right there and made an appeal to the throne of grace for pardon. He was urged to resolve then and there to live a clean, wholesome, Christian life, to have family prayers, to say grace at meals, and to go to church on Sunday. "Turn your tobacco pipes, throw the budge bottle out of the window and make no more use of them, and I will never utter another swear word; do it now, Mark, in the name of your sainted mother, do it now."

And the little man, with his arms around Mark's neck, tried to force him to his knees. But the big man, still smoking, finally said, "George Cable, inventor of the ree, said, 'Keep your religion and be damned, and I'll keep mine.'"

Then Mark indulged him in a demonstration of ill-concealed weariness, and, going to the door, he unlocked it and called in Major Pond and requested him to take the runt out and buy him a Scotch high ball to steady his nerves.

Cable was furious with disappointment and rage. He declared that Mark had insulted him. He protested that all he had said and done was done in love and for Mark's benefit, and he declared he would not again speak to Mark until he apologized.

Major Pond was sorely troubled. There were seventeen cents ahead, and if these men parted now it meant the loss of thousands of dollars. The Major begged Mark to apologize and heal the breach, but Mark smiled grimly and said the little Creole-catcher could go to the devil he believed in for all of him. Yet the major, by his diplomatic, held the combination together, and every night for three weeks Mark Twain and George Cable read from the same platform and made sly remarks about each other before the audience, who thought it only kindly banter.

But never did they speak when they met, although they traveled together 500 miles, ate at the same table, and stopped at the same hotels. Whenever Cable entered a room where Mark and the Major were, the entrance of Cable was the cue for Mark to include him in a knock-wood demonstration.

Mark says he holds no enmity towards George, but he has never refused to apologize, and thinks that George should apologize to him for trying to take away his religion, which consists in Every Man Minding His Own Business. On the other hand, Cable has given Mark up as lost—irretrievably lost. And there the matter rests.—The Philistine.

Among the Rockies.

BY ADA L. PRATT.

Thinking the readers of the Banner might be interested in some of the places I shall visit during my trip across the continent, I will endeavor to give them a brief sketch of my slight sojourn from Boston to Colorado Springs.

Leaving Boston Tuesday a. m., June 4, via Fitchburg R. R., I journeyed through the bright-green Deerfield Valley, getting a glimpse of Lake Pleasant as we sped on towards the Hoosac Tunnel to Albany, my first stopping place. Probably the most magnificent capital in our Union is here situated, and I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in its construction, one does not wonder it has cost the State of New York so many millions, it is such a beautiful edifice. Situated on a high hill the view from the windows is most charming one, overlooking the city and surrounding country. Ascending the seventy-six broad stone steps, I stood upon the high platform of the city and took a rapid survey of the city and its environs. I took this opportunity to inspect its exterior and interior. It certainly is a marvel of architectural skill and beauty, equal if not superior to any government building I saw in London or Paris. Aside from the political jobbery in

BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY, located at 204 Dartmouth Street, Boston, Mass., keeps for sale a complete assortment of Spiritual, Theosophical, Metaphysical, and Miscellaneous Books, a Wholesale and Retail.

TRANS. CASH—Orders for Books, to be sent by Express, must be accompanied by all or at least half cash; the balance, if any, must be paid C. O. D. Orders for Books, to be sent by mail, must be accompanied by cash to the amount of each order. Fractional parts of a dollar can be remitted in postage stamps.

Remittances can be safely sent by Express Money Order, which will be issued by any of the large Express Companies. Some under \$100 can be sent in that manner for cents.

In quoting from THE BANNER care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and correspondence. Our columns are open for the expression of important free thought, but we do not endorse all the varied shades of opinion in which correspondents may give utterance.

No attention is paid to anonymous communications. Names and addresses of writers is indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return cancelled articles.

Newspapers sent to this office containing matter for inspection, should be marked by a line drawn around the article or articles in question.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1901.

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON AT 4 O'CLOCK FOR THE WEEK ENDING AT DATE.

Entered at the Post-Office, Boston, Mass., as Second-Class Matter.

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE
No. 204 Dartmouth Street, next door to Pierce Building, Copley Sq.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS,
THE NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY,
14 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,
and 41 Chambers Street, New York.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE
Per Year.....\$2.00
Six Months.....1.00
Three Months......50
Postage paid by publishers.

Issued by
BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.
Harriette D. Barrett.....President.
Frederic G. Turner.....Treas. and Bus. Mgr.
Harriette D. Barrett.....Editor-in-Chief.
Marguerite C. Barrett.....Assistant Editor.

Matter for publication must be addressed to the EDITOR. All business letters should be forwarded to the BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

ADVERTISING RATES.

25 cents per Apage Line.
DISCOUNTS.
3 months.....10 per cent.
6 ".....20 " "
12 ".....40 " "
OR
250 lines to be used in one year...10 per cent.
500 lines to be used in one year...25 per cent.
1000 lines to be used in one year...40 per cent.
20 per cent. extra for special positions.
Special Notices Extra: first column per line, Minimum, one insertion.
Notices in the editorial columns, large type, called matter, fifty cents per line.
No extra charge for cuts or double columns.
Width of columns 3 1/2 inches.
If advertisements to be renewed continued rates must be left at our Office before 12 M., on Saturday, a week in advance of the date whereon they are to appear.

Suffrage.

The Constitutional Convention now in session in Alabama is actually considering the proposition to double the white vote by extending the right of suffrage to the white women of the State. Colored women are to be rigorously excluded from the provisions of this clause. In fact, the Convention is wrestling with the proposition to do away with the male negro vote altogether, hence the precaution to exclude the colored women. The extension of the suffrage to the negro in the days of Reconstruction was a grave error, and paved the way for many of the evils that have followed. But the Constitution of the United States declares that the right of suffrage shall not be abridged on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. This gives the negro the right to vote, and any State that declares otherwise is violating the fundamental principle of our Government.

If white women are to have the right to vote, well and good, but that right should conform to the Constitution of the United States and be extended to colored women as well. No sane man objects to woman's suffrage per se, and its real opponents are the women themselves. When they demand it, and enforce their demand, they will receive it at once. But the Alabama plan is not in the direction of equal suffrage for the sexes, and its adoption will retard, rather than advance, the cause of reform in this respect. Suffrage should be uniform in its extension if it is granted at all. Morally there is no valid reason for the course the wisemen of Alabama are pursuing. If they would make an educational test for whites and blacks alike, male and female, with respect to the use of the suffrage, there would be everything in its favor, and no arguments could be brought against it. Some states have laws tending in that direction, but they should be made broader and more general in their use.

By making intelligence the basis of the right to vote for both sexes, and for all classes of people, there would be no danger from ignorance. Still, misdirected intelligence becomes a menace to the peace and well-being of society. The best educated persons are often the most cunning knaves, hence there should be a moral requisite connected with intelligence in the use of the suffrage. Spiritual Illumination, through which the brotherhood of the race could be recognized, would be of great help in this connection. In some of the Northern States, notably Massachusetts, the educational test is now applied. The law was designed to militate against the Democratic party, and it has partially succeeded in its purpose. In five of the Southern States, laws have been enacted to militate

against the Republican party in suppressing a large percentage of its vote. It is, therefore, a matter of location as to which of the great parties is the aggressor against the individual voter. In view of this fact, suffrage should be removed from the reach of the crafty politicians, and made the thoughtful consideration of statesmen. The provisions of the Constitution of the United States should be enforced, and the basis of suffrage made the same, for both men and women, throughout the nation. We recognize the danger that may come out of the negro vote, but it is no more dangerous than that of the Poles, Finlanders, Hungarians, Bohemians, Italians and Irishmen who are naturalized by thousands every year, in utter ignorance of our laws, customs and institutions. Let ignorance everywhere be subject to the same conditions and our beloved Republic is safe, at least in so far as the privilege to cast the ballot is involved.

Persecution is Rife.

The arrest of Miss Etta Baker of Baltimore on the charge of fortune telling, followed by the apprehension of Dr. J. C. Batdorf of Grand Rapids, Mich., on the charge of fraudulently using the United States mail, is a warning to Spiritualists as to what they may expect, if they continue in their present inert condition. Miss Baker was found guilty, but was recommended to the mercy of the court. Sentence was suspended, pending an appeal to a higher judicial tribunal. She declared that she was not a fortune teller, but that she gave only what was given to her by the spirits—that Spiritualism was her religion, and she was one of its mediums. This testimony had no bearing on the case, and she was found guilty as charged. The result will be of interest to every Spiritualist in the land, for the case will serve as a precedent in determining the relationship of fortune telling to Spiritualism.

The case of Dr. Batdorf is somewhat different, as he uses the mails for the purpose of carrying on his practice of healing the sick. About six years ago, he was subjected to a similar indignity, and was victorious in every respect when the case was brought before the United States Court. If he can and does heal the sick by means of what he sends through the mails, it seems rather strange that he should be persecuted and prosecuted for doing good. There is no doubt whatever that the medical fraternity is back of this attempt upon the doctor. The members of that tyrannical trust would not scruple at anything to secure the overthrow of a successful irregular practitioner. We are not familiar with the present charge against Dr. Batdorf, but it is similar to the one with which he was confronted in 1895. We have no hesitation in declaring it without foundation, having been begotten in iniquity and based upon fraud.

If Miss Baker and Dr. Batdorf are frauds, then of course they should be brought to justice. But the question of fraud is or seems to be a side issue with the prosecution. It looks as if their aim was directed at those who can and do parvey spiritual wares to the public. In other words, it is the destruction of mediumship by prosecution, rather than the rooting of fraud that concerns the officers of the law. This is just what Spiritualists may expect, so long as they refuse to organize and faithfully support their Cause. Were it not for the suffering it would entail upon innocent people, general persecution would be wholesome medicine for all Spiritualists to take. The Christian Scientists became more and more devoted to their Cause under persecution, even sacrificing much to sustain what they felt to be the truth. Spiritualists, on the contrary, have been in the habit of slinking out of sight when persecution has come, and have folded their hands with a sigh of regret, saying, "We can do nothing," and then put an iron clamp upon their pocketbooks, lest ten cents or a dollar would find its way into the treasury of some organization.

These self-same Spiritualists would even smile complacently at those who were persecuting them, then go up and vote the Republican or Democratic tickets, regardless of the character and standing of the men for whom they cast their ballots. Even when the men they elected to office pass stringent medical laws, and make our mediums outlaws, many of the Spiritualists continue to train with the old parties, preferring party fealty to liberty, justice and honor. If the Spiritualists would but join their organizations, and then support them faithfully with their money, many of the most obnoxious laws now on the statute books could and would be repealed. Spiritualists should vote as a unit for the principles that are near and dear to their hearts. Because they have not done so, they are now face to face with unjust class legislation against their clairvoyants, magnetic healers, and mediums. They have only themselves to blame for it, and are reaping just what they have sown. They yet have redress for their ills—it is organization, and through organization, the ballot. When they recognize this fact, they can render every true medium in the United States perfectly safe, and make it impossible for frauds to find support.

Admitting, for argument's sake, that the accused parties are guilty as charged. The very next arrest may be that of the most reliable medium in the field today. What protection has the honest medium? None whatever, and, as a matter of fact, she is even at a disadvantage as compared with the fraud. The former has no organization to help her either with money or sympathy, while the latter is sustained by one of the most systematic organizations to which our attention has been called. Money is contributed freely by it to the fraud's defense, and the result is an acquittal, whereas the genuine is convicted from the lack of proper support. It is for the sake of the true medium that we urge the necessity of organization upon Spiritualists. They have their N. S. A. and its little nucleus at Washington. It is now their only centre invested with power. Let them rally around its standard, and fill its treasury with the coin of the realm, that true mediums

may be protected, local societies strengthened, and missionary work carried on. Now is the time to act! Persecution is at hand—indeed, is even now rife. Get in out of the rain before it is too late. Support the N. S. A. and victory is yours.

James A. Herne,

known throughout the world as the originator of realism on the stage, has passed to the higher life. Mr. Herne was eminent in his particular line of work, having no equals, and so far no successors. "Shore Acres," "Sag Harbor," "Griffith Davenport," and like productions were created by the genius of Mr. Herne. These selections were deservedly popular because of the heart side and the home side of life upon which he laid so much emphasis. No actor has ever done so much in this respect as James A. Herne. His life was exemplary, and his influence has always been exerted for the good of his fellow-men. He was a philanthropist in his way, leaving an estate of only thirty thousand dollars, despite his large earnings upon the stage. He will be missed by thousands to whom the naturalism of his stage work was at once a solace and an inspiration. He has made the world better because of his noble, useful, and unselfish life. It is not surprising to learn that this good man acknowledged no fealty to creeds, but stood apart among the unchurched multitudes as a humanitarian. He decreed that no religious services should be held over his remains, and his wishes were observed to the letter. A friend read a brief account of his life work, closing with a fitting eulogy. Mr. Herne will be held in loving, grateful remembrance by all lovers of the theatre, and especially by all who knew him personally. His age was only sixty years. It is to be regretted that he could not have been spared for many years to come to round out in a hale old age his splendid career.

A Just Act.

A young nurse in one of the hospitals in Connecticut recently lost her eyesight in the discharge of her duty. The Hartford Times at once took up the matter and proposed that a fund be raised for the lady's benefit. The suggestion was at once acted upon, and subscriptions came in rapidly. At last accounts the sum of two thousand three hundred dollars was in hand for the use of the unselfish martyr to duty, with the prospect of being largely increased in the immediate future. We hope that ten thousand dollars will be the sum finally placed to her credit. Ten times that sum will not restore her sight, nor compensate her for her suffering.

Free Instruction Interdicted.

The resignation of Prof. Ross of Stanford University, followed by that of several other instructors in that institution, is a most serious setback for the cause of freedom in instruction. These men were virtually told that their views must conform to those of the influences in control of the university, otherwise they must step down and out. This attempt to muzzle the advanced teachers of this age is a blow at the very fundamental principles of Americanism. Topics that are unpleasant to concentrated wealth must not be discussed by teachers in a school founded by wealth. No European monarch could be more despotic, nor could popular education be given a more direct thrust than it has received at Palo Alto. The places of the deposed teachers can not be filled, but the men who take them cannot but be looked upon as the servants of others, rather than as original thinkers.

Ex-Gov. Pingree,

of Michigan, has passed to the higher life at the age of fifty-eight years. He was a self-made man, but never forgot that he was one of the people, even when wealth and honors were lying at his feet. He fought for three-cent fares on the street cars in Detroit, favored the taxation of rich corporations, and strove to lighten the burdens of the people in consequence. He was for ten years Mayor of Detroit, four years Governor of Michigan, and was frequently mentioned as a candidate for President of the United States. He was often erratic in his judgments, but he was at all times sincerely devoted to the people whom he tried to serve. His transition is a loss to the country, and will, no doubt, be a matter of rejoicing to the corporations against which he warred so long and well.

Capt. George W. Walrond.

This well-known friend of occultism and Spiritualism is said by the Denver (Colo.) Post to be about to come into the possession of a large fortune in England. Capt. W. is said to be one of the direct heirs to the estate of the great English Admiral, Sir Francis Drake. Capt. Walrond was long a gallant soldier in the British army, and we know of no one whom we should be pleased to see inherit millions from this generous friend of our Cause in Denver. We trust that his hopes may be fully realized, and that his share of the Drake millions may speedily fall into his hands.

Dr. E. A. Pratt.

This gifted psychic and generous friend of the "Good Cause" is seriously ill at his home, 122 Dartmouth St., Boston. He will be taken to his summer home at Onset at the earliest possible moment, where, without doubt, he will be speedily restored to health. Dr. Pratt is one of the true and tried friends of Spiritualism in New England, as well as a most gifted healer. His friends are legion, and they will all unite most heartily with us in wishing this noble veteran a speedy return to health.

An Appeal for Aid.

Many of our readers are familiar with the public work of George F. and Emaline Perkins. They have been upon our platform for many years as the representatives of honest mediumship and true Spiritualism. Long and faithfully have they labored for our beloved Cause and are deserving of the sincere thanks of all friends of progressive thought. Early in April, Mrs. Perkins was stricken with paralysis, and has been a helpless invalid ever since. Mr. Perkins has gladly devoted himself to the care of his sick wife, but has been forced to give up his platform work in order to do for the sufferer. They are now in Hollis, Missouri, without friends, and wholly without means. They deserve a better fate than this, and we appeal to the liberal minded in our ranks to send them, out of their abundance, such aid as will relieve their wants, and give them a chance to regain their lost strength. It is possible, in fact, more than probable, that Mrs. Perkins will never again regain her health. Let us not have it said that Spiritualists are neglecting their own. Send contributions to George F. Perkins, Box 64, Hollis, Mo., or to the office of the Banner of Light, whence they will be promptly forwarded. May the responses be prompt and generous.

Mrs. W. P. Thaxter.

This well-known and singularly gifted medium will be at her Boston address, 204 Dartmouth Street, during the entire month of July, but will be out of the city from Aug. 1 to Sept. 1, during which period her office will be closed. Her patrons will kindly take notice of this announcement and arrange their visits accordingly. It would be well for all who desire sittings with her during the month of July to make appointments in advance by letter, in order that no errors can occur with regard to time. Mrs. Thaxter's mediumship is of a high order of excellence, and it is with pleasure that we recommend her to the investigating public. She has been a most faithful worker, and deserves the vacation she is about to take. We wish her a pleasant and profitable rest during the weeks she will be away from the city.

F. Forest Harding.

This well known worker for Spiritualism is about to take his departure for Victoria, British Columbia, where he has obtained a lucrative situation. Mr. Harding purposes remaining at least one year in Victoria, and may make that growing city his permanent home. His wife, Mrs. Nettie Holt-Harding the gifted psychic, will remain in Boston for the present, but may join her husband in Victoria at the close of the year. The Banner wishes Mr. Harding a safe journey and a prosperous year, but hopes that he will yet make "The Hub" his permanent home. Both Mr. and Mrs. Harding are true and tried friends of the Cause, and we need many such in Boston at this important crisis in Spiritualism.

Cassadaga Camp.

Have you seen the official program of this progressive camp for the season of 1901? If not, write A. E. Gaston, Meadville, Pa., at once, and secure a goodly number of copies for yourself and friends. The platform attractions in the way of speakers and mediums are the best that can be found, while class work of the most advanced thought under the tuition of such able teachers as Prof. W. M. Lockwood, J. Clegg Wright, and Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond will be an outside feature of extraordinary value. By all means go to Cassadaga Camp for a week at least. Take the Boston & Albany, and New York Central Railroad direct to Lily Dale, N. Y. Both of these lines are now under one management and offer the best of accommodations to travelers. Write to Geo. H. Daniels, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent, N. Y. C. & R. R., New York City for full particulars.

Hon. Luther R. Marsh.

We are under obligations to this veteran champion of our Cause for a tastefully bound copy of his splendid address, "A Lay Sermon," delivered by him in Christ Church, Middletown, N. Y., May 12, 1901. Mr. Marsh's thought is as vigorous as ever, and he has no hesitancy in speaking out in defense of the great truths of Modern Spiritualism. Mr. Marsh has fought a good fight, and has kept the faith with unswerving fidelity. Long may he dwell in the form to enjoy the rewards of his well spent life.

"I'm a Brick."

This remarkable book will soon be out of press, ready for the literary market. Its unique character will appeal to all book readers, while those who are interested in occult lore will find in it some inspirations of a high order of excellence. It should be widely read. Send in your orders. It is only one dollar per volume, and is worth double that sum to any one who wishes to study human nature through metaphysics. It is from the pen of Mrs. Corilla Banister, formerly of Texas, and is for sale at this office.

Don't forget the Ninth Annual Convention of the National Spiritualists Association in Washington, D. C., Oct. 15-16-17-18. Write J. B. Hatch, Jr., 74 Sydney St., Boston, Mass., for full particulars with regard to his popular excursion. The Royal Blue Line will be the official excursion route. All Spiritualists should attend the convention.

Our friend Peter S. Chase of Brattleboro, Vt., has our sincere thanks for copies of a poem by Lorenzo A. Dodge, "Boys of Vermont" written in honor of Decoration Day of this year.

Barker, the man who shot Rev. Keller of Jersey City, for assaulting his wife, has been found guilty, and will be heavily fined, and in addition thereto, will probably spend seven years in prison. This is rather severe upon a man who was, according to his own and his wife's evidence, the victim of an outrage. The judge ruled out all testimony with regard to the alleged assault, and by arbitrary decisions seemed to favor the prosecution from the first to the last of the trial. Keller was a preacher and it is not nice to have the sins of a preacher shown up in court. Keller may be the victim of a false charge. If so, Barker's punishment is well deserved. At this distance, however, it looks as if he were the victim of the faults of others, and that the real offender is not to receive the punishment his due.

The sudden death of Adelbert S. Hay, the oldest son of Secretary of State John Hay, at New Haven, Ct., a few days ago, cast a pall over the Yale graduation exercises. The real cause of his death never will be known, but it is supposed to be due to the fact that young Hay fell asleep in his window, lost his balance, and pitched out to the ground. It is perhaps a warning to young men to keep better hours, to let cigarette smoking alone, and to sleep in their bed, or in some other equally safe place.

The Banner of Light has always entertained a very high regard for Thomas Paine, the author-hero of the days of the American Revolution. We believe that Spiritualists in general profess to hold Paine in high esteem. If they do, are they consistent when they uphold and defend by voice, vote and pen the man (or men) who defames Paine and applies abusive epithets to him? We hold that Thomas Paine is worthy of the honest respect of every true American, and shall defend him from the aspersions of even the rulers of the world in case of necessity. These words are respectfully referred to those Spiritualists who love their political parties so well that they will dishonor Paine by voting for men too unworthy to unloose his shoestrings.

The Boston School Board has actually decided to dispense with some of the text books that have been in use in the schools for nearly a quarter of a century. The geography of the world has changed somewhat during that time, and there have been not a few improvements in the methods of writing, reading and spelling as well in that period. When the School Board ceases to play politics, and attends to business as it ought, the schools of Boston may receive decent attention at its hands. For the past few years, its members have been more concerned about securing the dismissal of competent teachers, whose places were to be filled by political henchmen or their friends, than they have about the progress of the schools. Partisan politics in school work is absolutely contemptible, and indefensible.

Our readers will do well to note the card of Dr. Andrew Jackson Davis in another column. Dr. Davis will see his patients two days each week during July, and will not be accessible at all during August, when he purposes taking a needed vacation. He will celebrate his seventy-fifth birthday August 11th, on which occasion the Spiritualists of the world should send him messages of love and gratitude in remembrance of what this greatest of all earth's prophets and seers has done for them and for their Cause. He is truly the one great light of the modern centuries. May he long be spared to minister to the mental and physical errors of his fellowmen.

J. B. Hatch, Jr., will be the authorized agent of the Banner of Light at Onset Camp during the coming season, while Miss Celia Emery of the Banner staff will fill the same office at Lily Dale Camp, Cassadaga, N. Y. We trust that the friends of the Banner, and all lovers of good literature, will keep these facts in mind.

Rev. D. C. Stevens of Fairhaven, Mass., has resigned his position as Librarian at that point and purposes spending the summer at his country home in Belgrade, Maine. Mr. Stevens is the only son of Judge Stevens of Augusta, Maine, a well-known Spiritualist there. He was a welcome visitor at the Banner office en route to his father's home in Augusta.

Cuba has accepted the Platt Amendment, and now awaits further commands from the imperial government of the United States. The Cubans claim that they accepted it, fearing they would not get their independence without doing so. They have voted to accept it, but independence has not yet followed. Does that mean annexation? It looks that way to many patriotic Americans as well as to the Cubans.

Four girls were recently suspended from a Connecticut school for whispering and mimicking one of the teachers. He could not bear to see himself as others see him, so the girls had to go. It would seem as if the dignity of the teacher would have been sustained had he reprimanded the young ladies in public, and permitted them to finish their school year. Masculine vanity is indeed hard to please.

The intense heat of last week did not quite melt the type in our printing office, nor did it burn up the Banner itself. It did, however, succeed in reducing the physical weight and mental activity of all of the Banner staff. When the thermometer points to almost one hundred degrees Fahrenheit in the shade, in the city of Boston, it is "hot" weather, and there is no doubt about it. Some of our good friends have suggested that the present heat is only a forerunner of what all Spiritualists may expect in the life to come. Perhaps it is, but one thing is certain, there will have to be plenty of fuel to produce the heat, hence we may confidently expect that our opponents will furnish the heat by which Spiritualists are "roasted." In other words, they will burn first.

100

SPRIT Message Department.

MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

The following communications are given by Mrs. Soule while under the control of her own guides, or that of the individual spirits seeking to reach their friends on earth. The messages are reported stenographically by a special representative of the Banner of Light, and are given in the presence of other members of The Banner staff.

These Circles are not public.

To Our Readers.

We earnestly request our patrons to verify such communications as they know to be based upon fact as soon as they appear in these columns. This is not so much for the benefit of the management of the Banner of Light as it is for the good of the reading public. Truth is truth, and will bear its own weight whenever it is made known to the world.

In the cause of Truth, will you kindly assist us in finding those to whom the following messages are addressed? Many of them are not Spiritualists, or subscribers of the Banner of Light, hence we ask each of you to become a missionary for your particular locality.

Report of Seances held June 6, 1901, S. E. 54.

Invocation.

Oh beautiful spirit of love made manifest in our lives in such a variety of ways, so many expressions made evident to us from day to day and night to night, we ask that this love may still be made manifest, may be more clearly understood and expressed by and through us and unto others. Make us strong in the effort, in the understanding and in the carrying out of all that is of Thee and that is best and truest. Lift us to a more exalted position. May we have more faith, more of trust and love, and may we through these things be brought to the perfect knowledge and the perfect condition. Oh may the hearts that wait here with trust and with hope be strengthened as we are. May the messages that are given by them be carried by swift winged messengers in their fullest love and comfort. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Alice Potter.

The first spirit who comes to me this morning is a very pretty young girl about eleven years old. She has a light complexion, gray eyes, brown hair; her hair is combed quite plainly back from her forehead and her brow is broad; her mouth is small with thin lips. She looks a little pale as though before she went away the trace of suffering was on her face and I see it now on her return. She says: "My name is Alice Potter and I used to live in Paris, Me. I have been gone quite a while but still feel the desire and the influence to return to my people. Some of them have gone away from that place but there are a few remaining and it is to them that I would send this word because I want them to know that I am able to help and to accomplish some things even though I am not recognized as one of the influences in their home. I want this to go to Will. I want him to know that I have seen the work he has been doing. I don't quite like the effort he has had to make but perhaps it will bring out something that is for his good. I was buried on the side of a hill and I often walk to that place and look around and feel as though it is all a dream, that I am still as much in a body as I ever was, and my surprise is great when I feel that I am not recognized and I wonder and wonder why it is."

Frances Coleman.

Now I see the spirit of a real old lady. She has dark eyes, white hair, a ruddy complexion and is about the medium height. Her hands are plump and rather red and she seems one of those active kind of people that if she could not find something to do she would never be happy. She says: "What do you think anyway that I would do if I went into a condition of eternal rest? A condition like that would be as bad as anything I could have and I am pleased to say that I am just as busy and just as happy being busy as I used to be when I was alive. My name is Frances Coleman and I lived in Salmon Falls, N. H. I never took much stock in this sort of business but I did not have very much use for any kind of religion. Sometimes you people think that all the old folks had Bibles in their hands and dreams of heaven where harps would be the only instruments of praise, but this is not true. I used to go to church because it was a custom and I thought it was a little more decent but I never read my Bible, that is to say extent, and had no special use for any set form of worship. This has helped me in my new life because I didn't have to grow out of any preconceived idea of heaven and the life hereafter. I stepped in with a ready heart to receive whatever there was and I have received and have grown strong. I want to say that Samuel comes with me today; he says, 'God bless the people I knew because I always believed he (God) was able and I will believe so and give expression in that way.' We want to reach George and if he will only answer this message perhaps we will be able to get a stronger hold and give him some help in some way in the days that are to come."

William Humphrey.

I see a man and the first thing he says is, "I wonder if a man from Dedham can come in and send a message. I had an idea that this was for old Spiritualists to return and send word back to their friends but I was told the other day that any kind of a person would be welcomed if only he were strong enough to give a message and express in a tangible way, so I will try. My name is William Humphrey, and I lived for a long time in Dedham. I never had the least idea that there was anything in Spiritualism that was worth the effort of investigation. Indeed I knew there was such a thing and I knew that they were making more or less talk about the other life but I rested secure in what seemed

to me the only proper way and attitude. Today, I stand not only anxious but eager to give my message to those who are left. It seems sometimes as I stand in the spirit as though I would give anything, any power, any number of years, just to be able to speak a word to my wife and let her know that I am actually in her presence and conscious of her thought. Tell her, her name is Jennie, that I desire so much to give her my word and to give her comfort and to tell her that I still love her and would do anything possible for her growth or for her health. I wish I was stronger to say more, but this is all at this time, and I thank you more than you can know for letting me come."

Henry Tetlow to Frank Fiske.

I see another spirit of a man about the medium height who is rather strongly built and comes in a jolly fashion as though he wanted to make everybody feel as good as possible and he says, "What is the use of always having a sad face. One might as well speak right out from the heart with joy and with mirth as to be always carrying gloom and sorrow round everywhere. My name is Henry Tetlow and I used to live in Georgetown, N. Y. I had quite a little business there and did about as I pleased and had a good time. Everybody knew that when I said a thing I meant it and they sort of depended on me. When I came away it was rather sudden and I can tell you it rather took me by surprise and set my ideas flying. I could not imagine what had happened to me, didn't know what had come over the spirit of my dreams, that all at once I had lost my hold on my business and my friends, until after a while my mother came to me and said, 'Let us go together and see what this life is like,' and such a happiness and peace entirely new, so strange, came over me; I at once realized that I was what you people call dead. I have not many friends left in earth life now but what few I have I am sure will be glad enough to know that I am all right and that I am just as ready to help as I would have been had I stayed with them. Please send this message to Frank Fiske. He will know and be glad to hear from me."

Harry Blake.

The next spirit that comes is a boy about fourteen. He has blue eyes, light brown hair, and a kind of freckled face. He is just as bright and happy as he can be and comes jumping along as though he had nothing to fear and nothing to express but love and happiness. He says, "My name is Harry Blake and I didn't live here. I don't know many people here but I used to live out in Madison, Wis. I thought if I could come back this morning and just say to my people who still think of me and who still wish I was there that I am just as happy as I can be because I can go out all I please and don't have to be the least bit careful and I think they will be pleased to hear about it. I have a sister in earth life and her name is Lizzie, and I want her to know that I go with her in her studies, that I see her when she goes to take her music lesson and I am glad that she is studying; I hope it won't be long before she gets through school as she hopes. Tell her she need not be afraid. She will graduate all right if she doesn't get afraid. Tell her to think of me. I guess that will help her some."

Alice Palmer.

Now I see the spirit of a beautiful woman about the medium height. Her hair is gray and crimped, her eyes are dark blue and her face is round and smooth and she has beautiful hands. They seem so expressive and strong. She has in her hand a book. She says, "I am often asked if books form any part of our life in spirit land and I thought I would come this morning and say that I find much pleasure in the recorded word of spirits in other parts of spirit land just the same as I used to when I was in the earth life and found the recorded thought of people in other parts of the world. I sometimes write myself as I used to when I was here but it is not often that I express myself in the same way that I did here because here I wrote more poetry and in the spirit land I just speak out in the language of the spirit the thoughts that come to me and they are recorded themselves. My name is Alice Palmer and I lived in Brooklyn, N. Y. I desire to go to Joseph Palmer; he will understand everything that I have said. Give him my love, my tenderest thought, and tell him I understand his desire to get into touch with me and my life."

John Freeman.

I see the spirit of a man about fifty years old. The first thing he says is, "Don't try to give a very accurate description of me. You can say I am lame if you want to because I was. My name is John Freeman; I lived in Troy, N. Y. I was an old soldier who loved my country better than I loved my life and fought for it when I wouldn't fight for myself and I come here with that same feeling of loyalty, strength and desire to do something for my country's sake. It is pretty hard for a man when he has loved so earnestly and served his land the best he could, to go into a new life, new condition and be so utterly helpless to do any more. There is a good deal said about dying for country's sake, but somehow I would a good deal rather live for it and fight for it with my life. I want to tell Hattie that her father has the same interest in her he had when he was here. Never a day goes by that I don't go to her home and look at her and the little folks and wish that I could speak to them in a language they would understand. I know she has kept the things that were so dear to me and that the flag goes up whenever there is an opportunity. She teaches the children that the flag is the thing to love first and then my heart aches that I am not there to tell them stories and to help them understand more perfectly than she can what it is to be a lover of one's native land. I met William Harris the other day and he said, 'Send word for me if you ever get a chance and tell them that I too am getting along as well as could be expected.' Thank you."

Sarah Burnham.

I see the spirit of a woman about sixty years old. She is as nervous as a witch and comes round and picks up first one thing and then another and then finally settles herself as best she can and says, "Oh, it is a good deal harder than I thought. I thought all I had to do was to come and say my word and it would be over, but somehow the memories and the desires vie with each other until I am hardly able to say anything. My name is Sarah Burnham and I come from Florida. I died there. I went there for my health as so many do and like many another, did not return. My people are all north. They never quite understood the way things were done. It was because I was not quite myself. I lost my head and if I could say one word that would make them feel better toward me, I should feel that my duty had been accomplished. It is a dreadful thing to, through weakness, do something that makes your name a word forbidden in a family circle and to be conscious of this and unable to straighten the matter out is harder still. I had a home in Brookline and had always thought that I would dispose of it in a certain way and that is where all the trouble is. If I can send this word to Arthur and tell him that I am more sorry than I can tell. While I know that doesn't do the least good, it may perhaps help me mentally. I have no message of love. I want to see if this is received and if it is, I will try again. Thank you so much."

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-ONE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Some one remarked of late that one may possess knowledge and yet have a cold heart, while wisdom is always accompanied by love. Kindness is thus at the root of true wisdom, and we observe that the greatest geniuses have possessed great hearts. This fact is one of the proofs that beneficence is the mainspring of the workings of the universe. Were it not so, the power of divinity would be overshadowed by that of devilry.

When we consider man in his relation with his fellows, we easily see that he owes them both kindness and respect. It is not enough to be courteous and just; we must also be kind, and manifest this kindness by doing good to all so far as we have the opportunity.

At a cursory glance, it may be thought that kindness is shown more particularly by those who have it in their power to bestow favors on others. According to this, the well-to-do may show kindness to those who are in need, and the needy ones may reserve their kindness for those who are poorer than themselves, but are not under obligation to be kind to those who have relieved their wants. Many persons regard these relations in this way, but we think they mistake, and that the poor should show the same kind spirit towards their benefactors, as they have received at their hands.

Dishonesty violates the law of kindness, for it has its root in selfishness. It is the same with monopoly, which seeks to gather to itself alone what should be shared with all. It is also unkind to insist on being the one to bestow all the favors on others, accepting none for himself. True kindness is reciprocal. It does not vaunt itself, but is willing to have kindly words and deeds run to and fro. The person who is truly kind is as willing to receive favors when he is in need, as to bestow them on others when in affluence.

It is just to pay our honest debts, but to give from our greater abundance to those who are not so well supplied goes a step further. While it would be unkind, as well as unjust, not to pay what we owe, yet not to freely give, to share heartily what we possess with those whom hard fortune has dispossessed, would be still more unkind.

Socialism teaches that there should be no poor, and that when the world has reached the ideal state pictured by Bellamy, all will have enough. There is now enough for all, but the few get the larger share, and the many go unprovided. Such is now the condition of things, and while they remain thus, it is surely the grace as well as the duty of those who possess more to share with the rest.

Moses declared to the Jews that "the poor shall never cease out of the land," and he inculcated charity on this account. He was practical and wise in every day affairs, but we cannot expect one who lived 2500 years ago to advance the principles of modern socialism.

Jesus was far more ideal, and yet in the dreary days that preceded his arrest he commended the woman who poured costly ointment on his head, on the ground that they would always have the poor with them, after he had departed from them. Jesus was a poor man from the beginning, and always expected to be poor while on earth, but how graceful and loving was the gratitude he poured out on all those who befriended him!

Buddha was not poor. He was a king, and assumed poverty by stepping down from his high estate, but he could have resumed his power and his wealth, had he chosen so to do.

We love Buddha, and we love Jesus. Some discern one, so as to crown the other. We crown them both in thought, and are thankful that two such men have lived, so that all others may take courage, and try to attain the character that they attained during their earth career. What they must be now, after the progression of so many hundred years in heavenly places we may fancy but cannot compass while abiding in the clay.

Yes, Jesus was very poor. He had not even a place where he could lay his head, unless it were urged upon him by some compassionate Zacchaeus or Lazarus. But he gratefully and tenderly accepted the smallest unction, and in order to illustrate the law of reciprocity and brotherly love, he washed the way-worn feet of his followers.

Philologists teach us that the words, gratitude, grace, and charity are all derived from the same primary root, and we claim that the essence of this root is kindness.

A well-lired and charming person accepts the slightest favor with grace. He or she seems truly grateful for each little thing that is done. A person of the contrary disposition and bearing is a churl. He acknowledges nothing, and his surly air betokens a total want of appreciation. Gratitude and grace are closely akin. We cannot be truly gracious unless we note and recognize the slightest favor. This trait made Emerson so gracious to all that he was a prince among men.

Careful parents see that their children say "thank you" when anything is done for them. One baby gives a bite from his own stick of candy to another tot. "Thank you," licks the baby recipient. Thus early in life does he begin to practice a grateful recognition that will smooth a pathway in life that might have been rough and briery if he had not learned in childhood to say the words of thanks.

I suppose, I am old-fashioned in many things. I do not like the modern "thanks" so well as the simple "thank you" that my mother taught me. "Thanks" seems somewhat brusque. It is as if one felt that circumstances compelled him to say something, and so, yielding to necessity, he makes it as short as possible.

Truly charitable persons are the truly grateful ones. A person who is charitable when in easy circumstances is grateful for kindness when he meets with reverses. The converse is equally true. A poor person who is grateful from the heart for kindness will when fortune has reversed her wheel be tenderly helpful to those who now suffer what he used to suffer in bygone days.

But a churl, like Nabab of old, who would not give a loaf of bread to the starving David, might when cast down into poverty, bite the hand that offered him a cup of water.

To be ungrateful to one who is good to us is to be exceedingly unkind, and he who indulges in it debases his spirit as much as if he were uncharitable. When in circumstances of need, and when receiving favors, we should carefully guard against a spirit of mortification that would prevent true thankfulness. But by feeling the sweetness of gratitude our inner nature is softened and purified; and by and by, when we become able to assist others, the heart will spring to the practice of benevolence like the mainspring of a watch that has been wound.

One class of beneficiaries is seldom grateful. We refer to habitual beggars. Such persons are dishonest, for they are ever reaching after the possessions of others, and yet they do not feel what Shakespeare calls "the beggarly thanks." Those who are ungrateful for favors received are apt to become insolent when the one who has befriended them finds himself unable to do any more.

Habitual begging develops ingratitude. The one who practices it is never satisfied. If the favors do not come as quickly as he desires, he begins to be insolent in his impatience, and when he finds that nothing more can be obtained, he may follow up his demands with insult. Of course gross selfishness is the spring of his conduct, and selfishness has its root in an unkind spirit.

In other persons, the practice of habitual begging develops a complaining spirit. Whatever is done for him, whatever is given to him, he is always fretful, fault-finding, and discontented. By and by he imagines slights and neglect, and those who have been kind to him become so weary of him that they feel no more like aiding him, and he becomes so sour to even his best friends that their kindness towards him dwindles away.

It should be always noted that in order to win gratitude those who desire to assist the needy should not stoop down to them as from a higher plane. We should not speak to them "from the point of the lips," as the French say. We must not stand on a pinnacle of superiority, and condescendingly reach down money and bread to the wayfarers below. The only right way is to walk with them in their lowly paths, to sit with them in their humble homes, to listen to their tale of grief like a brother or a sister. If we find them ill and cold, we can break up some kindling for the fire, run out and buy bread, butter and tea, and make some tea and toast. Then sitting on a bare chair close to the poor bed, we can feed the sufferer. In moments like these, we can, if in conscious touch with the invisible world, feel the angels near. So doing, reciprocal love flows between us and the sufferer, and we echo the words of Jesus:

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

I will add to the above that the dear mother of the four small girls, whose noble character was delineated in Number 178, now has a little boy, who is going to be called Adoniram. The little girls are delighted to have a brother, and were enchanted by the picture I drew of him wearing trousers by and by, and running up the stairs two steps at a time.

I hope our readers will pardon me for begging so often for the poor and needy, but I assure them that any money they may send me for this afflicted family will be well bestowed. The doctor and nurse must be paid, and some one must care for the children, while the husband and father is doing carpentering work, which he has secured. When one has no money at all, and must pay rent July 1, and ten dollars to the doctor, a dollar a day to the nurse, a dollar a week to a young girl to do the work, and feed all these mouths, it comes hard indeed.

As to the noble woman in New York, of Number 176, she is gaining somewhat. About the first of July she is going to visit two excellent Spiritualists in Bristol, Pa., who were led to invite her to their home by the perusal of the aforesaid letter.

This lady was very benevolent in years past, when she was in affluence, and I have never seen a more grateful spirit than she has manifested during this time that the friends are coming to her aid. It was pondering upon her sweet spirit that led me into the train of thought expressed in the former part of this letter.

How wonderful are the threads of human influence, and how closely do they bind souls to one another!

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,
Abby A. Judson.
Arlington, N. J., June 22, 1901.

Proof of a Spirit's Identity.

Translated from 'La Revue Spirite' of Paris, France.

BY FRED DE BOS.

Mr. Segundo Oliver, a man of merit, initiated at an early age in the Spiritualist's teachings, which he defends on all occasions with that knowledge acquired only by a steady, conscientious study of the various phenomena and teachings; a man who is earnestly seeking to uplift Modern Spiritualism to the unassailable heights of science and philosophy has sent the following account of a very interesting fact of the identity of a spirit. In November, 18—, M. C. M. asked me to call on one of his friends. In answer to the request, I went at once. I found there three men, very learned, but unbelievers, and who were seeking the truth in all sincerity. They asked me to try to produce some phenomena which would convince them of the reality of spirit communications. I answered that my mediumistic powers were to diagnose diseases, without auscultation or any of the means generally employed by doctors. Two of these men were suffering with chronic diseases, and asked me to tell them which one of their organs was affected. Without promising anything, yet fully resolved to give them a proof of the truth of my assertions, I took writing materials and asked the three to withdraw for a few moments. As soon as I was alone, my hand automatically and without my thinking wrote this message:

Isidora; aged 50; born at San Sebastian, died March 31, 1870; disease, intestinal cancer; left three sons; their names and age: P., 15; C., 19; M., 25.

Having written these words, without the least notion of their meaning, the pencil fell from my hand and nothing more was given me. I called back the three men, and not telling them the contents of the message, I commenced to read it backwards; 25 M., and so on. Sirs, I said, during the few minutes of your absence, has any one of you thought of the number 25 and of the letter M connected with it? They all answered no. Have you thought of number 19 and the letter C? Agala no. Have you thought of number 15 and the letter P? With the same negative answer, and so up to the Isidora, which I did not utter. Their answers were precise, they had not thought of any of the things which my hand had written. Well, sir, I said, since you affirm that, while my hand was writing, you had no idea whatever of my communication, it was clearly impossible that you suggested to me, or that I could have read it in your minds. This is the communication, and as I do not understand it, and as I wish to do so, I beseech you, sir, to help me to interpret it. It may have come from a spirit which you will recognize. Has one of you known a woman of the name of Isidora? Certainly, said one, I know such a one. How old was she? 50 years. Where was she born? San Sebastian. Do you know the date of her death? Yes, March 31, 1870. Of what disease? Intestinal cancer. How many sons did she leave? Three. What is the first letter of the youngest's name, and how old is he? P., 15. Of the second? C., 19. And of the oldest? M., 25. Do you recognize in this the identity of a spirit? Or would it be an indiscretion to ask you who she was? No; she is my mother. She has told the exact truth! I declare that I was not thinking of her, and instead of this proof of her identity, I was expecting the diagnosis of my disease. This man was very much surprised and moved by this communication, begged me to ask the spirit of his mother if she had some advice to give him. I took the pencil in my right hand, and you may imagine his surprise and his joy when in less than five minutes he saw me draw a perfect likeness of his mother. He was more surprised still when told that I had never learned drawing.

I can not describe the joy of this man thus to have a picture of his mother, as during her life, she never would consent to be photographed. I was then able to give other proofs satisfactory to the three. But what surprised them the most was my diagnosis of their disease without a touch or a question. One of them, a doctor-pharmacist, said: You have more science in diagnosis than all the professors of the world. I had no trouble to convince them that I had no merit, that I was only an instrument in the hands of the spirits, who like to give, through my mediumship, proof of our immortality to all who seek such a proof in all sincerity and intelligently. Unwilling to do as many others, and in obedience to the request of the men, I will not give their names. Nevertheless, I will say that one was a professor of mathematics in a university, another was a doctor in medicine and pharmacy, and the third was a priest who has pledged himself never to preach against Spiritualism.

This was translated from the Review of Psychological Studies of Barcelona, Spain, for La Revue Spirite by Joseph de Kronheim.

The minutes following are ever the best.—Ex.

It is unwise for one to try to make himself less faulty, by enlarging on the faults of others.—Ex.

If you want to be worse, read bad things, think bad thoughts. If you want to be better, get, and keep in sympathy with all that's good.—Ex.

If the heart is full of goodness, it will beam in the eyes, shine through the countenance and pleasantly ripple in the laugh.—Ex.

There is not a greater coward in the world than the man who has not the courage to do what he knows he ought to do.—Ex.

Beware of thinking that you are sick—thoughts make sick, thoughts may make well.—Ex.

Time is a part of eternity. When time is no more the Infinite will cease to be. There is no "mystic future" with the Infinite. Now and ever is time and the inconceivable eternity is the whole of it.—Ex.

Children's Spiritualism.

A SUMMER SONG.

Oh, come, little baby, come climb on my knee;
The sun's shining down on the west,
The south wind stirs the foliage, and see
The birds flying home to the nest.
Come, rest in my arms, for the day has been long
Now twilight fades over the sea;
And I will croon softly a lullaby song
To quickly bring slumber to thee.
The dark eyes are closing, the lashes drop low,
Like sunshine alight on a rose;
Try mother will kiss thee and rock thee, and so
Away off to dreamland she goes.
Oh, many a mother holds close to her breast
A drowsy head yellow as thine;
And yet I know well, if the truth is confessed,
There never was baby like mine.
—Jean Flower in Bazz.

Black Susie.

(Sent by special request to the Banner of Light.)

There's a big man who comes here, and he said to me talk to the little boys and girls who have got hard bodies. You see I haven't got any, and don't remember of ever having any. But my Mammy, she lives with some real nice white folks, and I come and see her and sometimes stay with her. My Mammy is black (black) and I'm black, too, awful black. But it's heap better to be nice black and live with quality folks, than be pore white trash.
And my white folks have got nice boys and girls who go to school and I go with 'em. It is a big school where lots of boys and girls go who haven't got hard bodies. When I go to school, I have to leave Bob, and that ain't nice. Bob's my dog, and he ain't got any hard body either. He's nice, I think, but he's black, too. I can hear Bob talk and he knows what I tell him. You can hear your dogs talk? You could if you would just listen with your inside ears. Our teachers say all Souls can talk to each other, and Soul is your inside ear. You inside ear. Dogs have an inside ear just as much as folks, so you should treat them nice.
Don't you think I am just a putting on airs to talk to white folks? I never spect to be white, 'cause I can't, but I love the beautiful white folks and had rather be white black than be pore white trash. My Mammy with quality, she wouldn't live with pore white trash, and when the big fighting man said, "Susie, you come and tell the little boys and girls of Boston that black people live, too," maybe that will help them that live in pore hard bodies on earth. Please excuse me if I intruded, but I's used to hear white folks say like little black girls to come, I'll just love to come again, for I do just love all on you, 'cause you're the beautiful folks that made my Mammy free. Sincerely yours, Susie.
—Dictated through the mediumship of Jessie E. Pettit Flint.

An Indian Story.

If I can write anything interesting to the children, or to grown up people either, who read the Banner of Light, I shall be pleased. But where shall I begin?
More than fifty years ago, when I first came to Oregon, a family of immigrants had settled near an Indian village on the Clackamas river. Now there were Indian children in the village, and white children in the settler's family.
Joe was a white boy of about 12 years of age, while Luke was an Indian boy about the same age. But Joe was afraid of the Indians. He had read in the history of the early New England settlers that the Indians made war upon the white people, and he thought all people who made their homes in the forests must be savages. So he would not go near them alone.
But Luke was not afraid of white people. One day when he and other Indian children were playing in the shade of the fir trees near Joe's house, he called to Joe:
"Cha co tehe" (come and play).
Joe did not understand the words, but said to his mother:
"He wants me to go to play with them, but I am afraid to go."
Some time after this, one warm afternoon, Joe's mother sent the smaller children out to play with Joe, giving each a good slice of nice white bread. They went a little way towards the village, but kept inside their own grounds. Soon they met Luke with a few other Indian children coming out of the woods.
Luke spied Joe and called "chaco" (come). Joe, not understanding, repeated the word "chaco," so Luke and those with him came forward to the fence. Joe gave them the bread that was left and they ate it as if they thought it was good. Indian children in those days had no bread of their own. The next time Luke and his playmates saw the white children Luke carried in his hand a small basket made of woven grass.
This is called wire grass. It is round, about the size of a six-penny nail, and grows from one to three feet in length. When dried it is painted red, blue, and yellow with a peculiar paint the Indians make from themselves, and woven into the web of the basket.
In this basket were some wapata and lacamas tubers which had been dried and stored away as bread for winter's use.
Now these wapata are only found at the bottom of shallow lakes of clear water, and are gathered by the Indian women who wade into these lakes and pull them up with their hands.
The wapata tuber is about as large as a hen's egg, and is shaped like a fig. But lacamas tubers are found abundantly in upland swales. These are also gathered by the Indian women. They use a peculiarly shaped wooden tool made for that purpose. These tubers are about one inch through the centre and are shaped something like an onion. Both these and the wapata tubers have a taste similar to that of rice.
Luke gave these dried tubers to the white children who ate them as though they had been sweet fruits.
As the summer season passed, the white and the red children became better acquainted and played for hours together in the cool shades of the firs.
One day in late autumn, Joe had a few square rods of potatoes to dig and store away to the cellar. He built a fire at one end of the lot and put in some potatoes to roast. Soon

Luke and a few of his playmates drew near and called:
"Close, nesika, thera monmook wapata?" (Please may we help to dig the potatoes?)
Wapata is the Indian name for potato.
Joe having learned a little of the Chinook tongue at once replied, "Mow wika sika, close mesika chaco." (Yes, friends, come and welcome).
Then Luke and those with him climbed over the fence and began pulling the vines and piling up the nice white bulbs. In the meantime Joe had put more potatoes in the fire, which, when well roasted, were raked from the hot ashes and spread as a lunch for his helpers and himself.
In a few hours the potatoes were all dug and were being stored away when Joe's mother called to dinner. The Indian children started home to a dinner perchance of dried salmon and a slice of broiled venison. But the good dame would not have it so. She called them all to the house, gave them water to wash their dirty hands, then set before them a dinner of beef and potatoes cooked together and bread and milk. The poor children seemed never to have dreamed of such good things, and when the potatoes were all stored away, Joe gave Luke all he could carry home with him.
This act of Joe's mother in giving the dinner and the sack of potatoes seemed to please the whole village. When the salmon seasons came, from the first fish that were caught one was sent to Joe's home as a present.
So the door of exchange or barter was opened. The Indians gave fish in their season for any article of food or clothing the white people had to spare.
Joe had learned that Indians were human beings and entitled to our respect. Give them confidence and they will show a noble nature. Befriend them and they will never betray you. And their deep mourning for their dead draws them near to the divine.
Joe and Luke are still living on earth, though their days have reached three score years and more. Each lives on a farm of his own, Joe in the valley of the Luckinetti, Luke on the reservation on land given to him by the United States government.
Uncle William.
Clackamas, Oregon.

Literary Department.

Books Here Reviewed are Sold at Banner of Light Bookstore.

THE NOVEL.—The primary reason for a novel's existence is to afford pleasure; not by the extravagances of some late of Munchausen, neither by the beauty of its language, but by its plot, its story of life and the skill with which the author portrays the characters and weaves the intricate pictures that go to make the work what it is, a novel.
So much for the purpose and the nature of the novel; now the failure of the work to please and in the way and along the above lines marks the failure of the book, as a novel. Books may be offered as novels for the purpose of reaching novel readers while the work is really of another class; instance, "Looking Backward," a really valuable work, because thought-provoking, but not as a novel. You and I have forgotten the story and the names of the characters of "Looking Backward." Items we remember in our favorite novel.
A novel is a work of art; and the office of art is "to hold the mirror up to Nature." It is not essential that a novel picture the everyday life of everyday people; it might not appear artistic, or it might fail in its first requirement, namely, that it please. Were you and I artists and to paint a landscape, the most pleasing we could conceive we might choose a cottage from one place, an old tree we saw somewhere else, some bit of road far distant in nature from the cottage and the tree, then for a background paint in a mountain, or a stretch of water rising from or washing the shores of some foreign land, still we should strive to have the bits true to nature, real land and water, true and pleasing in form, color and reality.
So much the novelist may do. He may pick and choose from all the men and women he has ever met for his characters, he may lay his scenes wherever his fancy may dictate so long as character, scene and plot are true and pleasing in form, color and reality.
While the novel of today is invariably available in other parts, the point I wish to attack is that of the material used in the romance of the structure. For available lovers the bride or the groom prospective must be rich or titled or both; the lady, if the story would aspire to be an A1 article, should be the petted daughter, only child of a multi-millionaire, while the hero should be titled. He may be a wreck in all but a foolish pride and a name, but those things he must possess to be utilized as a hero lover in popular fiction. Yet this America, these are worthy portraits for the delectation of Americans, a people among whom no grade or class is fictitious wealth or honest poverty effects the esteem in which a man or woman is held.
Young brains giddily whirl in the contemplation of the highly colored picture of European society; he taught by the disclosures of the courts in the frequent divorce suits between titled foreigners and their American wives. Study these cases; you will be appalled by the ravages of the cancerous condition so generally underlying European society. Having observed conditions abroad I know that but one side of European life is pictured, since one side only is attractive. The life of the "navy" is a constant struggle with the wolf. "Oh, yes, but—," I hear your romantic soul exclaim, "I do not wish to be the victim of a wolf." I do not wish you to be, nor do I wish you to be a beneficiary, a pensioner in a social system, but one remove from chattel slavery. Because of the existing conditions these novels dealing with transatlantic society are not true in form, color and reality.
A large majority of the society novels of today are open to attack on this point: They must be possessed of something more than mere health, common culture, honor, in short of something beside true, competent manhood if he would hope to ally himself to some fair Gertrude. Some few of the writers of today may still be partial to honesty and virtue in the popular story, and may upon the stage of their stories, but such writers are more often called "old fashioned" and "finkly" than "popular."
Yet titles and wealth lead to purchase happiness, create happy homes or produce brilliant offerings, the great ones of earth, those men and women who crown the race have been born or want and obesity.
"Pierres are born in palaces, while over the child of genius is the thatch of straw."
All recognize the influence of literature, else why should we frame laws to suppress the pernicious. Faulty ideals are pernicious and young minds are lured by the adoption of ideals frequently upheld by novelists.
We are known to the world as a nation of mammon-worshippers; art, culture, true, broad, fervent life have been neglected in the mad race resulting in a group of millionaire victors and an army of hopeless losers, tramps. Honest labor has come to bear a stigma while wealth, however dishonestly gained, is honored and bowed down to. The portraying of success always robed in wealth has had much to do

toward forming those harmful ideals to achieve which men and women feverishly strive, clambering unheeding over others, and often stilling the better promptings of their inner selves, thinking no price too great to pay for the bubble wealth.
Novels that tell how fortunes are made by some shrewd speculation, by some favor of smiling fortune are as bad in their way as those "rags" and "stories" that first the brain of adventurous boyhood. Speculations of whatever class are but modified forms of gambling, and while some few come from Monte Carlo laden with wealth, more rest in unmarked graves in the little cemetery on the hillside where the authorities bury the unknown suicides; so when authors tell of the joys of the life, or the pleasures purchased with means thus obtained it can but "make the judicious grieve," since the picture is not true, lacking harmony in form, color and relation.
Another matter to be thought of in passing: many a match in novel, and real life as well, is sanctioned because the contracting parties, both witty or pretty, or both as though the institution of marriage was a forming of a brilliant combination for a season rather than the forming of partnership for life, designed to be strong to buffet the worldly gales of busy gossip, the storms of passion and the tempests of jealousy; to be so adroitly managed as to keep from the strong currents of selfishness, neither touching the bars of preference nor the rocks of prejudice; a ship in which the voyage of life is to be sailed to wreck-struck coast or the fair haven of happiness.
Humble occupations, homes owned by their occupants and brightened by smiling faces, gladdened by childish laughter and made divine by the abode of love, such are the things that may fill the pen of the author, that may fill the youth of our land with desire natural and holy, attainable and yielding harvests kings might covet.
ERASMUS IN PRAISE OF FOLLY. Cloth, gold top, 327 pp., many illustrations. A subhead of the book tells us that it is "an oration of feigned matter spoken by Folly in her own person."
The statement as true it gives the lie to the adage that "whoever pleads his own cause has a fool for a client;" since she proves conclusively, by many examples, that the case she undertakes to prove, namely, "That it is from my influence that the whole universe receives her ferment of mirth and jollity," is a sound and just case, truthful and irrefutable.
The survival of the work for more than four centuries would demonstrate the validity of the claim, and show the verdict the world has rendered. Emerson's idea that a book that outlived its copyright was of such worth as to warrant its reading, if applied to "The Praise of Folly" would indicate its possession of great value; and among that class I place it, for the book is due a careful analysis. The work would materially affect it, but if I can by what I may say lead any one person to buy and read the book it will have another advocate, and I shall be entitled to the gratitude of that person.
To do such a work justice it should be given more space than I am allowed in one review, for the book is due a careful analysis. The author should be given a lengthy study. The reader, to appreciate the witty and often most caustic remarks, should be told that Erasmus was a priest, an extensive traveler, a ripe scholar and one of the most famed teachers and writers of his day.
You wish to know that King Henry VIII. of England was his one time patron, and remember that Erasmus is contemporary of Van Dyke and Luther.
If I had time and space to tell you these things, then the quotations that follow would be rich because of the meaning you could see half concealed in the seemingly impersonal sallies he makes.
Knowing the land and the king of whom he is to speak, Erasmus set the reason for the statement: "It is Folly that in a varied dress governs cities, appoints magistrates, and supports judicatures; and, in short, makes the whole course of man's life a mere children's play and worse than push-pin diversion." Of course (?) King Henry VIII. and England are the only man and country of whom that could be said.
Since the late Col. Ingersoll was familiar with the writings of Erasmus it rouses a questioning attitude of mind and I wonder could the orator have been aided by this old book, in the forming of his belief, for it was of that importance to him, concerning suicide? After naming several suicides that had been famous, he says: "But if all were thus wise you know how soon the world would be unpeopled, and what need there would be of a second Prometheus to plaster up the decaying image of mankind. I (Folly) therefore come and stand in this gap of danger and prevent further mischief; partly by ignorance, partly by inadvertence; by the ease, the wealth of the gratifying member, and the hopes of advantage may be grateful to expect, together palliating all griefs with an intermixture of pleasure; whereby I make men so far from being weary of their lives, that when their thread is spun to its full length, they are yet unwilling to die, and hardly can be brought to take their leave of their friends."
In this place, while our thoughts are of Ingersoll it might be well to quote what is said by Folly concerning lawyers, "They of all men have the greatest conceit of their own abilities. They will argue as confidently as if they spoke gospel instead of law." This brings us to the consideration of the subject and the class of writers of the author has the most to say, to wit, theology and theologians, most likely he has most to say of them because with them he was best acquainted since the subject was his study, the class his fellows. Of preachers he says, "If what is delivered from the pulpit be grave, solid, rational, discrete, all the congregation grow weary and fall asleep, all their patience be released; whereas, if the preacher (pardon the impropriety of the word, I mean prater) be zealous, in his thumps of the cushion, his antic gestures, and spends his time in the telling of pleasant stories, his beloved shall stand up, tuck their hair behind their ears, and be very devoutly attentive; and of those who go pilgrimages—"By all means must travel a pilgrim to Rome, Jerusalem, or some shrine of a saint elsewhere, though he have no other business than the paying of a formal obsequious visit, leaving his wife and children to fast, while he himself forsooth, is gone to pray." This at the time Luther was working the Reformation and by a priest: "The next to these are another sort of brainless fools, who style themselves monks, or members of religious orders, though they assume both titles very unjustly; for as to the last they have very little religion in them; and as to the former, the etymology of the word monk implies a solitariness, or being alone; and they will pick a quarrel, and be implacably passionate for such slight provocations as for putting on a coat the wrong way, for wearing clothes a little too dark in color, or any such nicety not worth speaking of." After picturing a probable scene between the monks and Jesus, in which the former are denied entrance to heaven, he says, "Then these monks and friars shall meet with such a shameful repulse, and see that

ploughmen and mechanics are admitted into that kingdom, from which they themselves are shut out, how sneakingly will they look, and how pitifully slink away!"
Yet how the church treated those who dared to be thus outspoken our author knew full well, none better; he says of divines, "It may perhaps be most safe to pass them by, and not to touch upon so marsh a spring as this subject of 'what is right' and 'what is wrong' may be very hazardous, for they are a sort of men generally very hot and passionate, and should I provoke them, I don't doubt would set upon me with a full cry, and force me with shame to recant, which if I stubbornly refused to do, they would presently brand me a heretic, and thunder out an excommunication which, as their spiritual weapon to wound such as lift up a hand against them."
The word pictures of the book are well painted, the philosophy is ripe, and in many instances as applicable to the conditions of today as when it was penned. The illustrations by Holbein are numerous, quaint and a valuable feature of the work.
A. C. Smith.
Austin G. Wheelock.
I take this opportunity to inform you of the death of Austin G. Wheelock of Barre, which occurred on the 25th of May. He was well known to many of your readers, as a man of deep spirituality, unquestioned probity and the qualities that make up manliness of character. He held many places of trust and responsibility, acquitting himself with fidelity in them all. He was a native of Barre, well descended and reared in the homely New England manner. He was born on the 21st of June, 1824. His father, the late Phineas Wheelock, was a respectable farmer at Barre Plains, widely and favorably known for energy, diligence, and thrift. The mother, Mary, or Polly, as she was more generally known, was the youngest daughter of Abel Wilder, of Peterham, and was distinguished for her positive character, housewifely qualities, and devotedness to her family and social obligations. Her persistent self-reliance was characterized by a resoluteness in caring for herself even to her latest years. She had the misfortune to break the upper part of her hip, from which she never recovered, but lame as she was she advanced in years, she took care of her own premises, sweeping them as she balanced herself on a crutch, preparing her own meals and setting everything in order. She is still remembered. Her death occurred about fifteen years ago.
Mr. Wheelock was the worthy son of such parents. Like them he was an attendant at the Unitarian Church of Barre, of whose ministers were such men as the Rev. Dr. James Thompson and Dr. O. Wellington. He was fond of study, and though only a pupil at the district school, and that mostly in winters, he was more proficient than others, and early became himself a teacher. He was successful as an instructor and disciplinarian, possessing rare tact in imparting knowledge and impressing it on the minds of those whom he taught. He was a favorite both with pupil and parent. He afterward engaged in business in Barre, and the firm of Woods and Wheelock was engaged in the manufacture of "Shaker hoods" till these went out of fashion. He then became clerk in the Union Store and afterward in Shattuck's drug store. He held the office of assessor of town clerk for many years, and was appointed postmaster by President Cleveland. He was a democrat in politics, but voted for McKinley. He was always active at town meetings and diligent in performing all the duties of the citizen. Of sterling integrity and uprightness, he deservedly held the respect and esteem of all; and he was ever engaged in his strong and firm opinions in all matters of public importance, he never forfeited their regard, although many might differ in their views.
He took a warm interest in the philosophy of Spiritualism, while laboring earnestly for the prosperity of the church to which he had always belonged, and was its treasurer and clerk. In 1858 he was married to Harriet N. Clark. One child was born to them, but died at an early age. Mrs. Wheelock herself died in April after a long illness, during which he gave her the most assiduous care. His own brother and sister had already preceded him, leaving no relatives alive nearer than cousins. He anticipated his own dissolution, and so he had his business in order with the most circumspect exactness. Advanced in all his views of life, he directed his body to be cremated after death. On Sunday, the 26th of May, he attended service as usual at the Unitarian church, and retired early to bed that evening telling his housekeeper that he would rise early to build the fire, and would continue to do so while his health permitted. Falling to do this, she arose and presently on calling him found that he had passed away. He was literally sleeping the sleep that knows no waking. He had left the common activities of life to participate in the more genuine realities of the unseen world.
Mr. Wheelock was the last survivor of my first cousins in Massachusetts.
Alexander Wilder.

Cost of Seeing the Pan-American.

Extravagant stories as to the cost of board and lodging in Buffalo have been going about the country and may have deterred some of our readers from planning to visit the Pan-American Exposition.
The only basis for these stories is the fact that a few of the larger and more fashionable hotels are asking, and getting, rates as high as eight to ten dollars a day, which certainly is enough to stagger a man of moderate means. But many of the more respectable hotels and countless boarding houses and private homes where one may lodge comfortably for not to exceed one dollar a night, and meals can be procured both within and without the exposition grounds for prices little if any above the normal. We saw this after careful investigation, and we have placed billers through our free Accommodation Bureau at rates which fully sustain our statement. Leaving out the cost of railroad fare and sleeping-car berth, which varies with the distance, the day's list of expenses in Buffalo for one person may be set down as follows:
Lodging \$1.00
Three meals 1.50
Admission to the grounds50
Incidentals50
Total for one day and night, \$3.50
These figures are neither high nor low. They are moderate, and reliable. By a little effort eating-places can be found that will bring the item of meals considerably nearer one dollar. Under incidentals we include such expenditures as street car fare; one or more Murray admissions at ten to twenty-five cents each; light refreshments at five cents and upward; and so forth.—From the Roller Mill.
The time to live well and be good is now. All time is for the development of the finer side of man. One enjoys more to give than to rob. Giving tries the better feelings; robbing sets in motion the grosser.—Ex.

It triumphs over obstacles!
Enables you to gratify your
deepest wishes, to achieve
what you desire, to attain
what you long for.
It makes the difference
between success and failure
and makes man the master
of his destiny. A practical
science in a few days at your
own home, you can cure diseases,
habits and wild wonderful power
of influence over others. Our
richly illustrated book on Hypnotism,
Personal Magnetism, Magnetic
Healing, etc., tells how. It's
free. It is intensely interesting
and full of startling surprises. It
has been the means of starting
thousands of persons on the road
to success. A postal card dropped
in the box at the corner will bring
this wonderful book to your very
door.
New York Institute of Science,
Dept. MT19, Rochester, N. Y.

POEMS OF PROGRESS. By MISS LIZZIE
DOTY, author of "Poems from the Inner Life."
This book will be found in many of the best
libraries, and is the publication of her first
volume of poetry. Illustrated with a fine steel engraving
of the talented author.
Price \$1.50, postage 25 cents; full gilt, \$2.50, postage 25
cents.
For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

OLD AND NEW
PSYCHOLOGY.

By W. J. COLVILLE.
Author of "Studies in Theosophy," "Dashed Against the Rock," "Theosophical Researches," and numerous other works on the Mystical Principles of the Ages.
The author says in his introduction: "The writer lays no claim to having written a complete or exhaustive treatise on Psychology, but simply has undertaken to present it as popular a form as possible, some of the salient features of the contemporary theories."
Reports of twenty-four distinct lectures, recently delivered in New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia and a host of prominent cities of the United States, have contributed to the basis of this volume.
As the author has received numerous inquiries from all parts of the world as to where and how these lectures on Psychology can now be procured, the present volume is a decided and authoritative answer to all those kind and earnest questions.
The chief aim throughout the volume has been, to secure increased interest in the wonderful possibilities of a theory of human nature, thoroughly optimistic and, at the same time, profoundly ethical. As several chapters are devoted to improved methods of education, the writer confidently expects that many parents, teachers and others who have charge of the young, or who are called upon to exercise supervision over the morally weak and mentally afflicted will derive some help from the doctrines herewith presented.
CONTENTS.
What is Psychology? The True Basis of the Science.
National Psychology as presented by Aristotle and Swedenborg, with illustrations thereon.
Relation of Psychology to Practical Education.
Study of the Human Mind.
Imagination: Its Practical Value.
Memory: Have We Two Memories?
Instinct, Reason and Intuition.
Psychology and Psychology.
Mental and Moral Healing in the Light of Certain New Facts of Psychology.
Mental and Moral Therapeutic Value.
The Power of Thought: How to Develop and Increase its Concentration of Thought, and What it Can Accomplish.
The Psychology as Applied to Education and Medicine.
Telepathy and Transference of Thought, or Mental Telegraphy.
Mediumship, its Nature and Uses.
Hypnotism, how Acquired and how Mastered; with some Occurrences on Occultism and its Remedies.
Spirits and Prophecy.
Dreams and Visions.
The Scientific Method and the Problem of the Human Soul.
The Human Aura.
Hereditary and Environment.
Astrology, Palmistry and Periodicity; their Bearings on Psychology.
Individually vs. Collectively.
For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

The Great Poughkeepsie Seer
Still Lives!

COMPLETE WORKS
OF
Andrew Jackson Davis,

Comprising Twenty-Nine Volumes, all neatly bound in cloth.
ANSWERS TO EVER-RECURRING QUESTIONS FROM THE PEOPLE. (A Sequel to "Familiarity.") Cloth, \$1.00.
APPROACHING CRISIS; or, Truth vs. Theology. Cloth, 75 cts., postage 10 cts.
ARABIAN; or, The Divine Quest. Cloth, \$1.00, postage 10 cts.
BURNED THE VALLEY. A description of the Magic Staff, an Autobiography of Andrew Jackson Davis, from 1840 to 1860, containing six attractive and original illustrations. \$1.00, full gilt, \$1.50.
CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LECTURE. A Manual, with Directions for the Organization and Management of Sunday School Classes. 16 cts., postage 5 cts.
CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LECTURE. A Manual, with Directions for the Organization and Management of Sunday School Classes. 16 cts., postage 5 cts.
DEATH AND THE AFTER-LIFE. The "Stellar Key" is the philosophical introduction to the revelations contained in this book. Paper, 10 cts.; cloth, 15 cts., postage 5 cts.
DIAMONDS AND THEIR EXISTENCE. A philosophical explanation of much that is false and repulsive in Spiritualism. Cloth, 15 cts.; paper, 10 cts., postage 5 cts.
FOUNTAIN. WITH JETS OF NEW MEANINGS. Illustrated with 125 Engravings. Cloth, 75 cts., postage 10 cts.
FREE THOUGHTS CONCERNING RELIGION. Cloth, 10 cts., postage 5 cts.
GENESIS AND ETHICS OF CONJUGAL LOVE. This book is of peculiar interest to all men and women. Paper, 10 cts.; cloth, 15 cts.; full gilt, \$1.00, postage 10 cts.
GREAT HARMONIA. Being a Philosophical Revelation of the Nature, Spiritual and Material, of the Universe, in which the principles of the Harmonical Philosophy are explained. Vol. I. The Teacher. Vol. II. The Seer. This volume is composed of twenty-seven lectures on Magnetism, Clairvoyance, and Spiritualism. Paper, 10 cts.; cloth, 15 cts.; full gilt, \$1.00, postage 10 cts.
HARBINGER OF HEALTH. Containing Medical Prescriptions for the Human Body and Mind. Cloth, \$1.00, postage 10 cts.
HARMONICAL MAN; or, Thoughts for the Age. Paper, 10 cts.; cloth, 15 cts., postage 5 cts.
HISTORY AND PHILOSOPHY OF EVIL. With Suggestions for More Knowledgeable Institutions, and Philosophical Systems of Education. Paper, 10 cts.; cloth, 15 cts., postage 10 cts.
INNER LIFE; or, Spirit Myself Explained. This is a sequel to "Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse," revised and enlarged. Cloth, \$1.00, postage 10 cts.
MAGIC STAFF. An Autobiography of Andrew Jackson Davis. Cloth, \$1.00, postage 10 cts.
MEMORANDA OF PERSONS, PLACES AND EVENTS. A series of authentic and reliable facts, recorded in Magnetism, Clairvoyance and Spiritualism. \$1.00, postage 10 cts.
PNEUMATICA. CONTAINING HARMONICAL ANSWERS. The topics treated in this work are mainly theological and spiritual, and questions of practical interest and value are answered. Cloth, \$1.00, postage 10 cts.
PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE. Cloth, 10 cts., postage 5 cts.
PHILOSOPHY OF SPECIAL PROVIDENCES. The so-called "visions" of the harmonious works of the Creator is given. Cloth, 10 cts., postage 5 cts.
PRINCIPLES OF NATURE. Her Divine Revelation, and a Voice to Mankind. (In Three Parts.) Thirty-fourth edition, with illustrations. The author's complete record for marriage, births and deaths. This is the first and most comprehensive volume of A. J. Davis's works. \$2.50, postage 25 cts.; red line edition, full maroon, \$3.50, full gilt, \$5.00.
STELLAR KEY. TO THE SUMMER-LAND. Illustrated with Diagrams and Engravings of Celestial Society. Cloth, 10 cts., postage 5 cts.; paper, 5 cts.
TALK OF A PHYSICIAN. On the Seeds and Fruits of Crime. Cloth, 10 cts., postage 5 cts.
TEMPLE. On Diseases of the Brain and Nerves. Developing the Origin and Philosophy of Mental Disorders and Crimes with Directions and Prescriptions for their Treatment and Cure. Cloth, \$1.00, postage 10 cts.
VIEWS OF OUR HEAVENLY HOME. A Sequel to "A Stellar Key." Illustrated. Cloth, 10 cts., postage 5 cts.; paper, 5 cts. Price of complete works of A. J. Davis, \$10.00. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.