

Impromptu Poem. Subject Chosen by Audience.

UNIVERSAL RELIGION.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

There dwells within the human mind
The thought of one Eternal God,
Who rules the universe in love,
And in pure wisdom wields the rod.
No intellect can fully grasp
This great idea, this mighty theme
Transcends all finite reasonings,
And yet thro' all its light doth beam.

All seers and sages at the first
Have felt and thought of power supreme,
Thro' nature's outward lights and shades,
They traced life's changing cloud and beam.
But in their inmost selves they traced
The working of benign law,
And from this consciousness sublime
All prophets inspiration draw.

There are no limits born of age,
Or place, that can the spirit thrill;
For revelation unconfined
Is granted to the nations all.
Each race, each period, has received
The food adapted to its need;
And in the living present too
The bread of life mankind doth feed.

The rainbow arch which spans the sky,
The seven colors we perceive,
Are types of that interior state
In which all souls perfume believe.
And when the Rainbow Bridge is crossed,
Vahalla gained, as Norsemen say,
The splendor of unclouded light,
Will unto all its beams display.

When Egypt's pyramids were framed,
When India's temples rose in strength,
When Greece unfolded poetry,
When Christ appeared on earth at length,
When Hebrew prophets sang of peace
Amid discordant strife around,
Thro' all those varied ministries,
Shone forth God's love from depths profound.

The Buddhas who to India came,
Confucius who did China bless,
The Parsee teachers, to whom flame
Is sign of inward righteousness,
All speak with one accordant voice,
Thro' differing dialects they know;
The same spirit works thro' all
Its radiance on all paths to throw.

Send forth true missionary souls—
Let them with holy ardor teach
The one religion yelled in all—
The many creeds the teachers preach.
The law and gospel of pure love,
And show all bodies how to move
In union with the soul above.

God speaks to all, thro' all, always;
And if men different accents trace,
It is because the truth revealed
Adapted is to time and place.
Accommodated to men's needs,
The perfect rays of truth must be
Thro' prism broken, but itself
Can never part from unity.

If light shows red and blue and gold,
The three in one, the one in three,
May but reveal to human sight,
Both unity and trinity.
And if again the sevenfold light
Shines thro' the prism, all agree
That the divided beam on earth
Light ever is a unity.

The one religion that will bind
All peoples in a common band,
Making all wars on earth to cease,
And the wide world one fatherland;
Is that interior thought of God,
And thought of man that teaches well
The unity of the pure life
Which doth in every being dwell.

Let outward differences fade,
Let the spirit shined in all,
And soon the nations will agree
To let their various idols fall.
Seek for the best in every creed;
Seek for the noblest in each life;
And the one God of perfect love
Will be revealed; thus perish strife.

True Generosity.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

Among the many virtues which are universally extolled no one receives more profound respect or is greeted with more perfect esteem than generosity, a quality so near of kin to love and to benevolence, that it may well be regarded as inseparable from them. But though the thought of generosity is quite possible apart from any physical expression—even as charity may be considered as a sentiment of the mind and heart rather than as outward almsgiving—the general impression of a generous person is of one who takes active part in dispensing material bounties and whose goodness of disposition is chiefly displayed in ostensible acts of helpfulness. It is with a view to raising the popular thought of generosity that we compose this essay.

To be generous is not so important in proverbial esteem as to be just, therefore the oft-used proverb, "Be just before you are generous." A very excellent precept by the way, and one we will all do well to follow. In the order of graces or virtues which we all need to exercise, it is quite unnecessary to compare one with another in the sense of calling this one higher and that one lower, but though precedence in the order of dignity

may not be given, priority in the sense of orderly development may be important to consider.

First, be just, then be generous, is excellent counsel, for justice is comparable to the root and generosity to the fruit of a good tree of character. Justice or rather equity is the absolute need of the world today and until we are confirmed in this foundation excellence, we are destitute of rock on which to build an edifice of noble living.

Justice and mercy are two in expression, but they are surely one in essence. To be equitable is to be merciful as well as just; to be generous is to produce the rich, ripe fruit of equity. Justice and mercy may be described as bride and bridegroom; they constitute a holy pair, a divine-human father and mother whose union results in the bringing forth into expression of their lovely offspring—Generosity. As we are concerned with the heredity of children and interested in the gestative life which precedes birth into visible manifestation, so should we be vitally concerned with those fatherly and motherly traits of character from whose union the fairest child of practical virtue springs. Justice as a wise father is rightly regarded as the sterner half of the common head, while Mercy as a tender mother is the gentler though by no means weaker element.

Generous conduct is conduct attuned to the universal Golden Rule which amply stated reads: Thou shalt feel as well as do toward thy neighbor as thou desirest thy neighbor to feel and do toward thee. The Golden Rule is stated in various ways by different noble teachers, some of whom have insisted chiefly on the negative (which is always the weaker) while others have firmly presented its essentially positive aspects.

It is reported of Confucius that he contented himself with forbidding to his followers all actions of a hostile or unfriendly character toward others, saying in effect: "Thou shalt not do at any time to another what thou art unwilling to have done unto thee." Such negative counsel is good as far as it goes, but the stronger note is surely struck in the Jewish and Christian forms of the same commandment—"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," and "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them, for this is the Law of the Prophets."

Henry Drummonds' "Greatest Thing in the World" is certainly one of the noblest little books purchasable, because of his exquisite commentary upon the thirteenth chapter of Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians, he insists that love is the supreme power everywhere at all times, and that love itself never fails, for it never can fail. Love and charity in popular esteem are so far two, though in essence they are one, that we not infrequently hear the indignant outcry, "We are sick of Charity. Give us Justice." Had love been offered instead of a perfunctory doling out of alms, such a cry could never have risen to human lips. Generous people who are truly such, are first just then generous, as the proverb puts it, i. e., they are faithful, honorable, straightforward in all business transactions, never taking advantage of another's weakness, then out of the overplus of their store, they give freely and gladly to help the necessities of others.

Here we touch delicate ground and it needs more than ordinary discrimination to decide how far what is commonly called charity shall be accepted as a blessing or avoided as a curse. There are, of course, two sides to this great question, one of which is that the finest feelings of our nature should be always given the fullest play; the other is that it is only really kind to help people to help themselves, therefore indiscriminate generosity leads often to an increase of misery rather than to a cessation of want. Generous people often seem led by impulse rather than by knowledge; they feel much more than they understand and because good-heartedness rightly commends itself as unworthy of the highest esteem, one-sided people are apt to look down on clear-headedness as though it were always an accompaniment of coldness and indifference to the sufferings of the needy.

The Good Samaritan in the gospel story is usually cited as an example of noble generosity, but from such a text an emotional or impassioned preacher not infrequently goes to extremes entirely unwarranted by the narrative. "Go thou and do likewise" is a precept worthy of the deepest attention, but it needs examination into the nature and circumstances of the benevolent act and these we will now devote a little consideration to.

The thought of universal brotherhood is the first which strikes us as we listen to the anecdote. Jew and Gentile are brought together and contrary to the general custom of the time and place, the latter aids the former. A poor man in distress is helped by a practical philanthropist who cares naught for race or creed when opportunity is afforded him to assist a needy brother. The poor fellow who on the road between Jerusalem and Jericho has fallen among thieves may

have been a renegade, one who for misconduct had been cast out of the Synagogue and whom the ministers of the congregation had discarded. No matter about this—if the man had erred he had surely suffered and in the midst of his dire distress the kindly stranger lifts him up, and sets him upon a good ass, takes him to an inn, pays for his temporary maintenance, and in every way helps him to be a better and wiser man than he had been before.

To leave him to perish by the roadside was inhuman. It was not just and certainly it was not merciful. It was utterly barbaric, but as of old, still today, there are professors of religion and of ethics who would so far misapply the demands of the law of righteousness as to "Pass by on the other side" exclaiming aloud or muttering to themselves, "He has brought it upon himself. Having made a hard bed he must lie upon it."

Here is the wise example presented in the person of the truly generous traveler who sees an opportunity to aid an impotent person who cannot aid himself, and who immediately flies to the rescue of such an one entirely regardless of the petty question, "Is the sufferer one of my compatriots and co-religionists or not?" There have always been and there still are, blind leaders of the blind who extol creed at the expense of deed and whose views of patriotism are completely at variance with all enlightened views of brotherhood. Our neighbors are all whom we have opportunity to bless, and we bethink us if we turn from them on some paltry plea such as, "They are not of our household of faith," or "They are not our countrymen."

The generous man is a practical man; he does not encourage tramps to live in idleness; he does not support soup-kitchens for the encouragement of idleness, nor does he distribute money to those who say they are hungry for bread when they are only thirsty for whiskey. A fellow being in real distress should always be helped immediately in whatever way is most adapted to his necessities, but when it comes to encouraging virtual idleness, the welfare of society is at stake and true generosity must adopt widely different tactics from those adopted by the tender-hearted who, though they wish to be generous, have absolutely no sense of how to be truly helpful.

Let us discuss this question without passion and without partiality. We must all be well assured that there are many people in the world whose chief misfortune is that they are chronic beggars in thought. They do not actually go about asking for money or imploring food, shelter or raiment, but nevertheless they are entirely destitute of any desire or hope to earn an honest living. No one knows exactly why, but such people are imbued with the idea that in some mysterious way the world "owes them a living," and that God will bring some pressure to bear on this enigmatical "world" to compel it to pay its debt.

How the world contracted the debt is by no means clear, but because these people are moving about as consumers, though never acting as producers, in their opinion, they ought to be provided for. From the lips of such we hear a great deal about "free salvation," "a free gospel," etc., etc., and the words of the beautiful text, "Freely ye have received, freely give," are twisted by them into an utterly unjust and equally unreasonable travesty.

What, let us ask, should giving be all on one side and receiving all on the other? Is there no such thing as reciprocity; have we no interdependent relationships? To help the poor to help themselves; to provide educational opportunities in the way of the incompetent is noble, generous, and just, but we cannot say as much for the emotional sentimentalism, which, to use an expression finely employed by Kate Field, is to gratify one's own self esteem at the expense of others' self respect. Unfortunately in the cases we are referring to, there is little if any self respect in evidence, but as the germ thereof is in every nature, it is the task of the true philanthropist to cultivate this seed of a virtue surely latent though not yet active, and to do so is to fulfill the highest rule of kindness.

We should always stand ready to help others and never should we permit in ourselves the false pride which refuses to receive the assistance at one time from others which at another time it will give to others. We must place ourselves on an equality with our neighbors and cultivate that royal spirit of mutuality whose give and take is constant, equal blessedness. The "Poor Relation" and many another difficult domestic problem is soluble only by the application of the equitable rule of quid pro quo and service in exchange for service.

The nature of service varies, but the spirit in which services are rendered may always be the highest. Such kindly men in Boston as Edward Everett Hale and others who are with him are particularly earnest in their "Lend a Hand" movement to help people to become self-supporting and self-respecting. We must balance feeling with reason. We must seek the good of all concerned. We

must look to the effect of our actions upon our own moral character and that of others, and unless we do this we shall be perpetually applauding ourselves on the score of our alleged generosity, when in truth we shall be fostering false pride in our own imaginary goodness and contributing to the abject selfishness of many who need bracing help to encourage them to activity in place of demoralizing "charity," which, though well meant, is sadly mistaken in its methods and pitiful in its effects. Our plea is for a wise generosity. No lack of compassion should there be, but we must seek the highest good of the great mass of society in which we are all included.

Finally let us remember that happiness for every living creature grows out of activity and can never proceed from dependent idleness. We are all each other's as well as our own. In a sense we are all our brothers' keepers. Let us then cultivate that earnest generosity of thought which wishes well to all and believes good of all, and as a natural sequence in accordance with its own nature, works practical good to all in its wise external manifestations.

Over the House Tops.

Article IV.—The Lost Deed.

BY MRS. J. CLEGG WRIGHT.

Hamlet.—Alas, poor Ghost.
Ghost.—Fifty we not, but lend thy serious bearing to what I shall unfold.

Ham.—Speak, I am bound to hear.
Ghost.—So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham.—What?
Ghost.—I am thy father's spirit; doomed for a certain term to walk the night, and for the day confined to fast in fires, till the foul crimes done in my days of nature are burnt and purged away.

Dear Friends:—I will tell you one of the stories I loved best to hear my father tell when a child and I had crept up to his lap in his study, where as the dim twilight fell he rested after having written his sermon for the coming service, or some literary article he was preparing for the press. The memory of those twilight hours comes back to me sometimes, with a touch of pain, mingled with those of sweetness, but that pang at my heart only makes me treasure the memory of the words spoken then with greater eagerness, for those lips will speak no more.

The facts here related occurred when my father was about ten years of age, I think, and that would place the date of the occurrence about 1829.

My grandfather owned a large farm near Ashabula, Ohio. He was a magistrate, and was accounted a wealthy man in those days. His family consisted of ten boys and three girls. He was a man of strong opinions and sterling integrity.

There was at the time some political agitation, and a great log rolling was in progress. In those days log rolling meant something practical. The men gathered from far and near to roll real logs for the construction of some public or other building. It was a school house in this instance, and the politics came on in the evening when there would be speaking, and alas, whiskey. Many horses who were sadder than their masters got back home from such meetings as a result of their own sagacity and brought their masters along with them. Drinking was quite the custom in those days and was thought to be no disgrace, really considered no more than a cup of tea.

There was a man in the neighborhood of grandfather's farm who, though he occupied a fine property, a farm of good proportions, had never fully paid for it, yet had by dint of thrift and saving accumulated the amount for the last payment. This joyful fact, taken together with the log rolling to which he repaired and a habitual tendency to drink, completed the poor fellow's undoing. The gay crowd dispersed late at night and the poor drunkard, whom I will call Bronson, reeled away toward his home, too drunk to know his way, and in the early morning of the next day he was found dead with his neck broken. His head had become fastened between the crossed rails of a fence corner that he had evidently attempted to climb and he had hung there by the neck until his struggles terminated in death. Of course, everybody was shocked. Bronson was carried to his home where his motherless family awaited him. No papers or money were found on his person, so it was thought probable that he had lost the large sum of money he was known to have had when he left home. His oldest son, John, however, believed that his father had made the last payment on his farm, as he had told him that he intended to do so before going to the log rolling. So sure was the boy, for he was only twenty—that he went over every step of the road, followed his father's tracks like a woodsman back to the starting point, but was not rewarded by finding the precious deed that he felt with a sort of frantic conviction was in existence somewhere.

After the funeral he gathered the family together, and told them they must make a united effort to raise the money for that last payment on the farm, for the owner was a hard man and the contract was iron clad and he feared that unless something could be done the farm would be seized and they would be homeless. There was himself, his brother Dan, his sister Roxanna, and little Joe, all to be provided for. He unfolded his plan to them. He and his brother Dan, eighteen years old, would remain on the farm, and attend to the crops, the sale of which meant so much to them. Roxanna, he said, must go to Enquire Maltby's, my grandfather's, to remain as board-girl until she was eighteen. He had already made this arrangement. Little Joe he had found a place for at a farmer's about five miles away. Having thus provided for those who would be a burden, he and his brother Dan set out bravely to battle with and take from the land the profit which would save the farm. All went well for a week or two when a notice was served upon John that he must make the last payment on the farm during the present month or the mortgage would be foreclosed. Almost frantic, John went to the field the next morning. He worked all day, joining his brother in the scanty lunch at the noon hour. He returned to his work in the afternoon, but no light dawned upon his mind as to what he could do in his emergency. At last the night fell. The boys had worked late, and John went Dan ahead with the team and went out in a last vain search over the ground for the lost deed. The conviction that his father had paid the money and received the deed was fast becoming a dominant idea. He had even written the mortgage to that effect and received as answer a paper on which were the words: "Then produce your deed, you fool!"

As he walked along in the deepening shadow of a bit of woodland, he broke down and wept aloud. "Oh, father," he wailed, "had you kept sober but that one night, how different all this would be. I know you paid the money, father. You never lied to us and you said you would pay, and I know you did. We could always trust you, father, even when we were drunk."

The boy sank down on a log and buried his face in his hands. Some one came softly and stood beside him. He was too much engaged with his grief to perceive it.

"Oh, father," he cried hysterically, "if the deed could only speak. If you could only lift up your voice and speak to me—"

"I can, my son. I will."

The voice came from very near him. It was his father's voice. "Father," he cried, with a wild hope, "father, you spoke?"

"Yes, my son. Your father spoke."

The dominant idea that his father had come at his call to tell him where he had put the deed banished all apprehension from John's mind. He felt no fear.

"Where are you, father? Speak, I am listening."

"John," said the voice, and the voice took form and stood before him. "John, you see I am your father. I have been permitted to come to you to help right this wrong, though I can stay but a few minutes. Go to Enquire Maltby's and get him to go with you to my old farm. Pete Hunter, who keeps the grist mill, I left the deed with him. He has it safe, only he has forgotten it. He means no harm, John. We were both drunk that night. It is safe. Be sure you take Maltby with you, for you will have trouble. I must go now, but I have more to say. I will meet you here tomorrow night. Do this first and tomorrow night I can tell you other important things. Good-bye, my son. Do not tell Dan tonight that you have seen me. It will frighten him."

Bewildered and frightened now that the apparition had disappeared, John hurried out of the shadow of the wood and made his way home. He was sure with a perfect faith that his father had been with him, so without hesitation, he obeyed the voice of the spirit, and went to my grandfather's house the next morning. There only sympathy met him. It had not become fashionable at that early day to sneer and scoff at every one professing to have seen a ghost. Those were the days when people believed the spiritual part of their Bibles.

Grandfather went at once with John to obey the behest of the spirit. No other course was thought of.

When they arrived at the grist mill, Pete Hunter was found, and was surprised, say, angered, by the request made for the deed. "Do you take me for a thief, man?" he cried indignantly. "I'd board of the hard place the boy was in. Do you think I'd buy any piece of land I'd had the deed? I will fight any man that will say I would and his pa and me were good friends."

"Tut, tut, friend," said grandfather, "you are too hot and fierce. Your friend tells us you have the deed, and have forgotten it." "Forgotten, thunder. Do you think I'm a good friend?"

(Continued on page five.)

BY J. A. EDGERTON

Man's Aural Self.

BY CHARLES DAWDARN

Chapter II continued.

Chapter II continued.

gas, solid or liquid, he shared the experience of his mates: and presently, when for

own fractional proportions of the whole, can do everything done by the whole, to

The Power of Thought.

the universal intelligence, energy and substance, with its creative power, so he has own fractional proportion of the whole, can do everything done by the whole, to



The Creation of Personality.

He character created by the talented author.
the is thus that a reader is influenced by the

THE TRUE SAVIOR OF SPIRITUALISM.

themselves the genuine from the spurious course, resulting in their being swindled and left should such a course have been adopted.

One whole-soul man is worth a dozen slants. Deprivation, suffering, want and misery, at our doors, would be much greater, were not for those who recognize all humankind as belonging to the same great brotherhood of men.—Ex.

As counterfeit coins have almost wholly disappeared in consequence of the vigilance of the government, so would fraud in Spiritualism be banished at an early day if the Fraud Hunter would only play his part well. The honest, conscientious Fraud Hunter, always anxious for the exact truth, is really to be the Savior of Spiritualism. Kind and considerate, generous, he goes forth with the angels at his back, constantly receiving their approving smiles. He is simply looking for the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, and he receives the cordial endorsement of all on the right side of life who wish to see our Cause advance.

We again repeat that as a matter of fact the Fraud Hunter—the honest, painstaking, conscientious Fraud Hunter, is to be our Savior, to conduct the doubting along lines of investigation that will lead to the exact truth, and that prevent the decline of Spiritualism. The honest medium is never afraid of the Fraud Hunter, but on all and every occasion welcomes him. Those materializing mediums who fear the Fraud Hunter, know full well that their occupation is in danger, for if you grab the "spirit," you are almost sure to have the medium accompany you in your plans with artificial toggery on his person throughout. While the materialization of spirits is a grand truth, it only occurs in rare instances and under the best of conditions.

Spiritualism pure and undefiled is a glorious truth; it is the solvent that will redeem the world, and advance to a higher plane, but to have pure and undefiled Spiritualism, it must not be tainted with fraud, and in order to prevent that, the Fraud Hunter must be constantly on the alert.

In the case of this German medium, how long could he have practiced his method, with several hundred conscientious Fraud Hunters on her track and studying all her artful practices.

Banish the Fraud Hunter from our ranks, and Spiritualism would soon be in a decline from which it would be difficult to recover. Really the Fraud Hunter is the Savior to save our country from the hands of the Fraud Hunter after fraud brings that element, without one particle of foundation. The wisest spirits say that he who tries to find out whether fraud is connected with spirit manifestations or not, is on the only true path, is pursuing the right course.

Where would our spirit be without the Fraud Hunter? Adulterated!

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feeling, and we need expect nothing else. We can more effectively protect our genuine mediums by separating them from the frauds, and for this we need the assistance of kind, considerate, gentle, sympathetic Fraud Hunters.—Dr. T. Wilkins, in Progressive Thinker.

Fan-American Visitors

can secure choice rooms in advance by addressing C. Hagood, D. S., Morgan Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

Camp Progress.

Fully 3000 people were present Sunday, July 7, to enjoy the services. Mr. Fred De Boer of Boston, and Mr. James Smith of Cliftondale spoke, and Mr. Estes of Lynn gave tests. At the 2 p. m. meeting every seat was filled and as many more people were standing and eagerly listening to the services. After singing, remarks and invocation were given by the president, L. D. Millikin; solo by Mrs. Bertha M. H. Merrill, and a song by the quartet was followed by a charming recitation by little Estelle Bird of the Boston Lyceum. Mr. List of Chelsea gave "The Holy City" on the corner with organ accompaniment by Mrs. Merrill. Mrs. E. I. Webster was at her best in remarks and communications and many who had never been present at any spiritualistic meeting were completely surprised to be told of things which had been almost forgotten. At 4 p. m., Mrs. H. A. Baker of Danvers made a short, pleasing address. Prof. Arthur, the blind medium, was very successful in his readings. Mr. List again delighted the audience with his fine cornet solos. Mrs. Bird of Boston gave excellent tests. Mr. Smith read "Old Glory" and the services closed with singing "America" by the audience. The interest in these meetings is steadily increasing. This association is working this season under a charter from the N. S. A. and also from the State. The Camp Progress Spiritual Science Mission holds seances every Wednesday at 8.30 p. m., in the grove to which all are welcome.

For Over Fifty Years.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.

S. E. Ripley and son have opened the store and are doing a good business. Every train brings new arrivals and the question of the hour is, "Who has the Banners?" The well known mediums, Mrs. Stoddard Gray and DeWitt C. Hough of New York, accompanied by Mrs. Clara Damon, Collins of Chicago, have located at the Houghton cottage for the season. Mrs. Jane Floyd and Mme. Mullane have also opened their cottages. On July 25, the Union Picnic of the Barnardston Sunday schools will be held here, about 300 children will attend. J. S. Powers of Miller's Falls has taken the dry goods store and F. A. Baker will preside at the conveyance. Excursion parties from all points on the Fitchburg Division of the Boston & Maine R. R. went into effect July 1. The \$3.25 rate from Boston went on sale July 15. A new road from the railroad station has been built this spring by which visitors can enter the grounds without the necessity of climbing any stairs. It is a beautiful road, and the people and by the many invalids who come here to regain health in the invigorating air and water of Lake Pleasant. The road is now completed and has been named "Barber Avenue" in honor of its promoter, Capt. David P. Barber of Nashua, N. H.

Among the many recent arrivals were Mrs. A. E. Cunningham and Miss Lora Booth, Mrs. Mary T. Knight and two daughters, Mrs. Geo. Woodruff and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Blake and son of Keene, N. H., Joseph Ripley, wife and daughter, Mme. Seaman and Misses Alice Seaman and Floretta Sherwood, Misses Bessie and Sadie Bickford and J. H. Bickford, H. E. Emmons and wife, Chas. Huclat and family, and Mrs. Clara Chamberlain and son.

The grounds never looked cleaner or prettier and the cottages have been renovated and beautified in all parts of the grounds.

A splendid set of scenery has been staged upon the platform in the Temple, and greatly to the attraction of the interior.

People desiring hotel accommodations can write directly to Phillip Yeaton, Lake Pleasant. I will answer all letters regarding circulars, cottages or tents.

Albert P. Blinn, Clerk.
Lake Pleasant, Mass.

A Forthcoming Book by W. J. Colville.

With the kind permission of the Banner of Light, I desire to inform my numerous friends in America that during my residence in Australia I have been at work upon a novel founded upon actual fact, now nearly ready for publication, entitled "The Garden of Eden," so named because I have founded the good doctor in the story upon Dr. George Dutton of Chicago, from whose splendid standard educational treatise "Etiology, or the Way of Life," I have freely quoted. Dr. Dutton very kindly furnished me with advance sheets of his work, several of which I used in reviewing the book subsequent to its appearance; others I have embodied in my own new literary venture.

This story deals with various matters directly pertaining to spiritual philosophy, and I have carefully collected a number of authentic telegraphic and kindred incidents and also introduced some remarkable spirit-communalizations. The scene is laid in Australia and New Zealand, and also introduces experiences gained in Egypt, Ceylon, and other interesting lands of mystery and romance. The problem of universal religion is presented for solution, and I have introduced as often as possible exact quotations from scholars of ripe experience who have been for many years investigating the mysteries of the unseen universe.

When published, the price of the volume of some 500 pages in handsome cloth binding, will be \$1.00, but in advance of publication, 75 cents paid immediately to Banner of Light Publishing Company will entitle the reader of that most popular journal to the book as it is launched upon the general trade.

I confidently expect that every friend of mine in America will desire a copy of this new work, which will be published directly one thousand advanced subscriptions are received.

W. J. Colville.

Read "Two Thousand Years in Celestial Life." Price \$1.25. Astro Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.

It is a strange fact, but nevertheless true, that many people are better known by the company they can't keep than by the company they do keep.—R.

Central New York Spiritualists' Association

Camp for the Season of 1901.

The following are the engagements so far as perfected: Rev. Moses Hall of Buffalo, N. Y., July 7, to August 7, inclusive; Rev. Thomas Grisham of St. Louis, Mo., August 5, 9, 10 and 12; Mary Elizabeth Lease of New York City, N. Y., Aug. 11, a. m. and p. m., Aug. 13, p. m.; title morning address, Sunday, Aug. 11, "The Religion of the Twentieth Century." Title afternoon address, Sunday, Aug. 11, "The Signs of the Times." Title afternoon address, Tuesday, Aug. 13, "If a Man Die Shall He Live Again?" Rev. J. C. F. Grimblin of Syracuse, N. Y., August 15 to 18, inclusive; Rev. Lizzie Brewer of Syracuse, N. Y., during the entire camp. Psychometric reading, addresses, etc. Dr. G. C. Beckwith-Ewell of Syracuse, N. Y., formerly of Denver, Col., July 23, August 4, 11 and 18, test medium, will hold public test seances each Sunday evening. Quartettes, soloists, vocal and instrumental music, dances and entertainments. The camp opens July 27th and closes August 18th.

To Let.

In the Banner of Light Bldg., No. 204 Dartmouth Street, a fine large front room, well adapted for a physician's or dentist's office. Terms reasonable. Apply at Banner of Light Book Store.

Spiritualism.

To the Editor of "The Bulletin."

Sir:—Junius says: "If Mr. Crawford has any evidence why does he not submit it?" Mr. Crawford probably will do so, but it will be second-hand evidence to "Junius" as the following experience will exemplify. August 21, 1897, my sister, a fragile girl of 18, a gentleman, whom I will call Mr. H., and myself, placed our hands upon a small stand to obtain, or to see if we could, what are termed "table tiltings." My sister's right hand was immediately controlled, or began to move with an involuntary motion; in a few moments she could not stop it, and we two strong men, were equally powerless to do so. After the whole family and some of the neighbors gave up like efforts in despair, my oldest brother marked out the alphabet on a sheet of paper and placed it upon the stand, my sister taking a seat in such a position that she could not see the letters. Then the runaway hand would touch first one then another, and my brother wrote on a slate the letters indicated until he had three rows across the slate, but could make no sense of it. Placing the slate on the stand and giving the hand the pencil it pointed them off into words, and read: "I am D. S. Snodgrass, New Martinsville, West Virginia, July 4, 1856." My brother, unknown to us, had in 1852-3 corresponded with a young man by that name at that place. The last he heard from him was a postal card in July, '83; so he wrote to the postmaster at New Martinsville, and his parents were still residing there. His reply was: "Jefferson D. Snodgrass, of whom you inquire, died of consumption about the 1st of July last year. His parents still reside here." I would add none of the persons mentioned had ever seen anything of Spiritualism before, except Mr. H., and he was not present when the intelligence was obtained, having gone away to his home. 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Banner of Light.

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Looting.

This term is now in general use, and is applied to the Christian missionaries who have been operating in China. There is no doubt that the actions of these representatives of the Church caused the great Boxer uprising of recent fame, and led to the invasion of China on the part of the Great Powers of the Occident. China was a rich field for plunder and the tender fledglings of the Christian faith could not withstand the temptations they found on every hand. They must save souls, for that was their business, but they could do the work of salvation much better by looting than by any other process. It made them acquainted with the habits of the poor heathen, and led them to see just where they could find the most booty at the least labor. Bibles, whiskey and soldiers came into requisition, and everything worked together in their favor. They wanted to make Christians out of the Chinamen, and conceived the idea that by partitioning China among the nations of the earth, this much desired result could be sooner obtained.

They abused the Chinese in many ways. They ridiculed their religion, made them feel that they were a subject people, and took what suited their fancies of the personal property of the poor heathen, to convert it to Christian use. They carried their predatory efforts to such an extent that the Chinese revolted and tried to protect themselves by an uprising of the injured people. In this the Chinamen made a great mistake, followed by a worse one when they assumed the official representatives of other nations. But the provocation to hold all foreigners responsible for their ill was indeed great, and justifiable in many ways. These errors gave the missionaries their opportunity; they clamored for "protection" (?), and urged the invasion of China by the Christian soldiers of the world. The soldiers came, and China soon lay at their feet the spoil of the pious looters and their allies, the men who carried the guns. They were not long in making use of their chance. But the missionaries "looted" at every opportunity, and when the Chinese protested, they called upon the soldiers to punish the protesters, either by death, or by some kind of torture, adapted to the needs of the hour, invented, of course, by their superior Christian skill.

Hostilities ceased, but the missionaries kept up their looting, and some of them have returned to the United States to defend, in words that burn with Christian eloquence, the righteousness of their actions in stealing from the heathen Chinamen. Mark Twain told some very plain truths about them, and while some deny his charges, others tacitly and

even openly admit the truth of the same. The partitioning of China has not yet commenced on the part of the so-called Great Powers, but her spoliation at their hands and those of the missionaries has been going on for some time. The governments of the several nations whose soldiers were sent to China are now following the example of the missionaries in looting the Chinese people through the treasury of their Government. The missionaries got at the people directly and despoiled them, whereas the Christian rulers purpose doing the same thing by indirect methods. They are now to rob the Chinese National Treasury through exorbitant indemnities. One of the strange features of this spoliation is the awful spectacle of the United States Government joining with the potentates of Europe in looting the people of the Celestial Empire.

Our Government has positively refused to lessen its demand for indemnity, but now claims its pound of flesh with the robber nations of Europe. Our Government could take less than one-half of what it demands, and still be well paid for all its expenses in the Oriental imbroglio. Were it to do so, the exorbitant demands of the imperial nations of Europe would have to be scaled down, and China would be given a chance for her life. She is now being "held up" by six armed robbers, who are taking from her the very last drop of her financial blood. These robbers are Christians, let it be remembered, who are only following the lead of the missionaries in their scramble for plunder. The Administration has a right to be Christian if it chooses, in its individual capacity, but as the representative of the people, it should know no religious bias, and acknowledge fealty to neither Jesus, Buddha, Confucius nor Mohammed. If the missionaries, one and all, were forced to give up their lootings, the Christian nations of the Occident would find very little more due them, even under their present most thoroughly unjust claims. China should pay a fair indemnity for the expenses incurred through the attacks of her rebellious subjects upon the foreign legations, and no more. In return for this, she should be told that the missionary pest will hereafter be kept at home in the Occident, or if the pestilence persists in fleeing to China, the Chinese shall be left free to deal with it as they see fit. When missionaries are forced to mind their own business, they will have to stay away from China, and then the cause of the present troubles will be removed.

John Fiske.

This eminent scholar and gifted teacher has taken leave of earth. No man of the present age has made a greater impress upon the lives of thousands than has he. He was great in his ability to acquire knowledge, and greater still in his wonderful capacity to impart it. His was not the influence of a teacher in the school room, or college; his scholars were the people of the world, and his was the university of life itself, in which particular institution he was a teacher of teachers. His literary style was peculiarly his own; it was clear and vigorous, and his words could be easily comprehended by those who make no pretense at being men of letters. In "The Destiny of Man" and "The Idea of God," John Fiske has spoken to the people of the centuries to come as well as to the reading public of his own day. As the interpreter of Darwin and Spencer, he has no equal, and under the spell of his skilful elucidation, the doctrine of evolution becomes a glorified truth to all his readers. It has been said that to hear John Fiske talk upon "Evolution" was to see the mighty march of man from the monad to his present condition of enlightenment, even as one beholds a majestic army passing in review. The works of John Fiske will live. In history as well as in philosophy, he was a power. All of his writings read equally well, for his great mind possessed a versatility of talent, seldom if ever equaled by any mortal being. He was to sail for England in a few days where he was to deliver an address upon the one thousandth anniversary of the death of Alfred the Great. Dr. Fiske's knowledge of history rendered it singularly fitting that he should be the one to speak on such an important occasion. But he has gone in the full strength of his years, leaving his great work uncompleted. He has enriched the knowledge of the world by his life, hence is worthy of the promotion that is now his. Peace to his memory.

Rev. E. Case.

This gifted worker for humanity has passed to the higher life from his temporary abiding place in Townsend, Vt., at quite an advanced age. Mr. Case in the late fifties took up the work of acquainting the world with the sublime truths of Spiritualism, and for many years was a well known writer and lecturer on that subject. He was an inspiring and true speaker of great power, and gave many valuable truths to the people of the world. As a poet he ranked high, being inspired by the very genius of poetry itself to pour forth his songs for the benefit of his fellowmen. Like many other earnest workers, he became worn with service, and the lack of organization gave him no permanent means of support. In company with a number of our most gifted workers, he entered the Universalist ministry, where he continued his public labors for the good of his fellow men. His sermons were broad, progressive and spiritual in character, and he was frequently accused of being too liberal, even for the Universalists. He could not forget, nor did he wish to do so, the sublime truths of Spiritualism. He deftly wore them into the warp and woof of his discourses, until they became the substance of all his teachings. He was a profound scholar, and loved learning for the sake of the company it gave him. Books made known to him their authors and drew around him the cultured

souls in spirit life who gave him the advanced views that he poured forth in his eloquent discourses. After a score or more of years of faithful service in the pulpit, he felt his limitations so keenly that he was constrained to retire from public work. Advancing years admonished him also that he must do this. But his pen was kept busy, and many of his contributions found their way into the Spiritualist and Liberal Journals. He also lectured for the Spiritualists for a short time, retiring in 1893 finally to the company of his books, where he spent the remaining years of his life. He was nearly or quite eighty-five years of age at the time of his transition. Two daughters and five grandchildren are left to mourn his departure, his wife having preceded him in spirit-life nearly twenty years. He has earned his promotion, and his troubled mind is now at rest.

The Children's Banner.

By this we mean that our issue of August 10, 1901, will be of special interest to the children and their parents. We shall present cuts of a good number of "Banner of Light Babies," as they are called by contributors to our children's department, together with one of Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, the Banner of Light circle medium, who has taken a special interest in the children ever since their column was opened. With Mrs. Soule, we shall present the cut of her spirit daughter, Marie, and that of one or two other spirit children whose parents are interested in their department in the Banner for their sakes. Other items of interest will also appear, such as brief sketches of each baby's life, and descriptions of their introduction to Spiritualism. All readers of the Banner will want extra copies of this special number, and we ask them to send in their orders now, so that we may know at an early date the size of the edition we must issue. No one can afford to miss this Banner of Aug. 10. Order extra copies at once. Only five cents each. Each Banner will be worth ten times its cost to the purchaser.

Camp Cassadaga.

The managers of this progressive camp are endeavoring to inaugurate an educational work of the utmost importance to Spiritualism during the assembly now in session. Prof. Wm. M. Lockwood and J. Clegg Wright are to be at the camp throughout the season. In addition to their regular lectures named upon the program, they are advertised to hold private classes at a small admission to each lesson. It is now proposed by the management and by these eminent teachers, to make these classes free to all, and to hold them in the auditorium each weekday forenoon. Mr. Lockwood is to hold his class one day and Mr. Wright the next throughout the season. This is practical work, and the Banner gives the project its hearty endorsement. In order to make these valuable instructions free to all, the liberal-minded philanthropic Spiritualists are requested to aid the Cassadaga management with generous contributions. This work is for the good of all, hence no one can hesitate about giving for such a noble purpose. We hope the small amount required may be at once forthcoming, and we urge our readers at Cassadaga to do all in their power for this new movement. Education is the need of the hour, and the two gentlemen named are well qualified in their respective fields for the positions of teachers. Call upon President Gaston at the headquarters of the Association, or write him at Lily Dale, N. Y., enclosing such sums as can be spared for this special work for the "good Cause."

Spiritualists, Read

the splendid article on our second page from the pen of that fearless writer, Dr. T. Wilkins. Its importance warrants us in reproducing it in full from the columns of our esteemed contemporary, "The Progressive Thinker," of its issue of July 6. The symposium contained in that number upon the condition of Spiritualism is of great value, and cannot fail to do good, especially so if it awakens Spiritualists to the necessity of supporting their organizations. We congratulate our contemporary upon the excellent array of talent it has marshaled to this interesting discussion. The opinions of the various writers are interesting, even if they are deductions from some instances from impossible premises. Many other articles in that same number are most excellent, and should be widely read. We shall endeavor to present some of them to our readers in the near future.

The Mystic and Medium.

The July number of this fearless exponent of occult truth is at hand and brings the news of its change of location. It is now published at 504 Market St., San Francisco, Cal., instead of Los Angeles. Editor Lunt is the same staunch defender of truth as he ever has been, and makes the frauds and tricksters squirm every time he opens up on them. He is making a brave fight for the right, and deserves success in his unselfish efforts to free Spiritualism from the terrible incubus of fraud that it has had to carry so long. His task is neither a pleasant nor an easy one, and we know just what he will receive in the way of condemnation for his plain truth-telling. It is a thankless task to engage in reform work of the cleaning up order, and his efforts to instruct some of the Spiritualists in the methods used by fakirs will return him little else than censure. We have tried it and can speak from experience, but we have learned that it pays in the end. Be of good cheer, Bro. Lunt; the truth-telling, truth-revealing angels are with you in your good work, while all Spiritualists who believe in honesty, progress and reform are also on your side. Truth will triumph in the end, and the blows that we are receiving and

those that are showered upon you, prove that we have given the serried hosts of falsehood some deep wounds. Light is breaking in the East, and a new day will dawn for Spiritualism when its followers are awakened by the glorious revelations of wisdom from the sphere of the soul.

The Higher Law.

This excellent magazine comes regularly to hand each succeeding month, filled from cover to cover with the choicest of intellectual vlands. Editor Horatio W. Dresser, himself one of the foremost writers of the day in the field of progressive thought has called around his table a corps of contributors whose minds are equally illumined by the rising sun of the new age. He and they are making "The Higher Law" a most attractive periodical for all who wish to think for themselves, and we trust that they will not forget to subscribe for it. It is only one dollar per year, and each issue of itself is well worth that sum to all who really love good reading matter. We advise our friends to try it and see for themselves.

A Question.

Miss Ida Hatheway, a young lady in Hartford, Ct., a professional nurse who became totally blind through her devotion to duty, in whose behalf the Hartford Times appealed for funds for her relief, has published a letter of thanks in which she gives credit for all donations made to the Lord. Our question is how much did the Lord have to do with it? The Times fund for her relief is now over eight thousand dollars, and we hope it will be doubled ere it is closed. She deserves every cent she will receive, for total blindness cannot be compensated in dollars and cents. Besides this, she lost her sight in doing for others. The Times publishes the names of all donors to this fund and thus gives them credit for their generosity, but Miss Hatheway declares that the "Lord did it all!" The poor wounded woman would have fared ill had she waited for the Lord to make up this splendid purse for her. Men and women of noble impulses have made up this money for her, many of whom, no doubt, are far from being acquainted with any "Lord" outside of that of money. Miss Hatheway should remember that it takes material means to produce material results, and that visible forces are never able to produce tangible results unless they have tangible instruments through which to work.

Two Prizes.

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, through its president, George T. Angell, offers two prizes of fifty and twenty-five dollars each, to the owners of the most intelligent, unbroken, kind, road or working horses in Massachusetts. The owners must certify to the facts with regard to the animals, and forward the same, together with a photograph of each horse to Mr. Angell on or before Oct. 1, 1901. The society will print a part, perhaps all of the statements received, in book form for gratuitous distribution, hoping thereby to promote the kind treatment of horses. This is a most worthy object, and we wish the generous promoters a full measure of success in their noble work.

Onset Camp

is now open, and people are gathering at this spiritual mecca for instruction and soul-comfort. All Spiritualists in New England should make this camp a visit. It will pay in the matter of health, also in spiritual illumination, and soul-cheer. Write to Geo. A. Fuller, Onset, Mass., for further information. By the way, subscribe for the Banner of Light before you go there, or as soon as you arrive on the grounds, so that you may keep yourself informed with regard to camp news, both at Onset and elsewhere.

The Royal Blue Line

is the official route for the Eastern Excursion to the National Spiritualists Convention in Washington, D. C., October next. Good coaches, home comforts, rapid transit, splendid scenery, and a first class time for all, at the very low figures of \$27.50, including tickets, sleepers, meals en route, hotel board, transfers, etc. Eight days of pleasure for this small sum! It is cheaper than staying at home would be. Remember that it is "The Royal Blue Line" that makes these terms possible. Write J. B. Hatch, Jr., excursion manager for full particulars. Address 74 Sydney St., Boston, Mass.

Cassadaga Camp

is booming. You want to have a part in its glorious work for the summer. Go and hear the eminent lecturers who are to speak there, that you may know what Spiritualism is and what it is not. The Boston & Albany, N. Y. Central & Hudson River, L. S. & M. S. and D. A. Y. & P. R. R.'s, take you direct to the camp grounds. Change cars at Buffalo to see the Exposition, then go on to Lily Dale to the camp. Write A. S. Hanson, Terminal Station, Boston, for further information about trains, and to A. E. Gaston, Lily Dale, N. Y., for camp circulars.

J. Harry Bastian.

Many of our veteran Spiritualists will recall at once the medium who bore this name, when in the active service of Spiritualism a quarter of a century ago. For more than twenty years, Mr. Bastian has resided in Europe, but is once more in America on a visit of a few months, and is at present located in Hamburg, N. Y. Letters addressed to him at that point will be sure to reach him. He will undoubtedly be pleased to hear from his many friends in this country.

J. B. Hatch, Jr.

This well known worker is the official representative and sole agent of the Banner of Light at Onset Camp for the present season. We trust that the patrons of Onset will give him a call in his official capacity, and leave with him a substantial reminder of their love for the Banner of Light in the form of a subscription.

Miss Cella Emery

is the sole agent of the Banner of Light at Cassadaga Camp, Lily Dale, N. Y., as well as its official representative. We trust that our brethren of the Lake region and of the nation, for Cassadaga is a national mecca for Spiritualists, will make her acquaintance during the camp season, and through her become subscribers for the oldest and best Spiritualist paper in the world. Your money is well invested when you subscribe for The Banner of Light.

Buffalo Excursions.

Commencing Thursday, July 11th, the Boston & Albany R. R. will run vestibuled high back seat coaches between Boston and Buffalo on trains 7 and 18 except Sunday, and on trains 29 and 36, daily. Also Pullman Parlor Car on trains 15 and 18, daily.

President McKinley gravely announces that he is not a candidate for a third term, and that he will not accept the nomination of his party, were it to be offered. This declaration means little to politicians. Mr. McKinley believes himself to be a man of destiny, and if those who control him, were to inform him that a third term was necessary in order to save the country, there is little question but that "Barkis" would be willing. It was good politics to make the declaration now, and it was made. Three years hence the words now uttered may mean nothing to the amiable gentleman now occupying the White House. The imperial idea is too strong in certain quarters for its official head to ignore its behests.

Connecticut, by the grace of its all-potent Legislature, is going to have a Constitutional Convention. It is to be hoped that that important body will do some real work for the people of that Commonwealth who are now law ridden, almost beyond endurance. Its capital punishment, compulsory vaccination, medical, Sunday and other unjust measures are cases in point. One of the chief reforms it should inaugurate is that doing away with the present unjust method of representation. Cities of one hundred thousand inhabitants only have the same legislative power as do towns with only a few hundred people.

The political boss in Maine frankly says he wants to be the next Governor of that State. Governor Hill may have to move out with only one term if the wishes of J. H. Manley are obeyed. What a pity it is that the people commit their liberty to think, to vote, and to act as becomes civilized men to the care of others! The lawyer, doctor, and preacher were once the only monitors of the people, whose commands they had to obey. Now the political boss has been added to the all-potent trinity, and the average citizen in some sections is beginning to wonder if he really has any right to live, let alone to think.

The Coming Day, London, Eng., edited by that fearless, scholarly champion of our Cause, Rev. John Page Hopps, bestows a high compliment upon The Banner of Light, by reproducing with kindly comments, one of its editorials against war. Mr. Hopps will find The Banner of Light his earnest supporter against this horrible relic of barbarism. We are pleased to be at one in thought with our gifted brother on this important subject.

The Epworth Leaguers are on their way to San Francisco to attend the annual Conference of their National Association. No doubt they will all endeavor to have a good time, and get the full value of their money. Their visit to Boston has not been forgotten, neither have the memories of the escapades of some of the elect yet faded away. Perhaps San Francisco will be spared Boston's experience, but there is no means of telling what the Leaguers will do, when they once endeavor to do it.

All mediums whose familiar spirit is an Indian should visit the Pan American Exposition, and see for themselves the seven hundred Indians who are there for the season. They would return to their homes with several new ideas in their heads, were they to do so. They would learn that a true Indian is the very embodiment of dignity—that he is sedate, imperturbable, and well-behaved—that there is no nonsense, no chicken English, no absurdities about him. It would be a godsend to Spiritualism were many mediums and their Indian spirits, made to realize these facts.

The Social Crusaders claim to have averaged one hundred dollars per Sunday in their collections during the month of January of the present year. Can any association of Spiritualists make the same showing? If not why not?

Astrology is making rapid strides throughout the Occident. Its established journals are constantly improving, while new ones are of frequent appearance. It is a subject that should be carefully studied with an unbiased mind, for it certainly contains many rare truths that should be known to all mankind.

SPIRIT

Message Department.

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

The following communications are given by Mrs. Boule 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 Seance held June 20, 1901, S. E. 54.

Invocation.

Unto thee, oh spirit of Truth and Life, we would draw near this morning; unto thee as a child to a father we would come and ask for the blessing of strength to overcome evil with good, strength to look through the darkness, trouble and despair and see the light that is; strength to stand firmly in the midst of temptation and tribulation, strength to walk out into the light purified, clean, and whole. Oh, bless us as we gather here; give us the influence of thy love; bless us as we put out our hands to help those less fortunate than we. Help us to be so patient, so kind, and tender to them that they will come into the blessed realization of what thou art and what thy life is. Our especial mission, look unto kindly. May our effort to bring the word of understanding to those who stand in misty places, may our effort to reach the broken-hearted and give them assurance of the continued life and presence of those passed beyond their vision, may our effort to scatter the seeds of truth wherever they may be most needed be kindly looked upon by the spirit of wisdom, of power, and of love. We thank you with humility for what has been granted unto us. We look and strain our eyes for the light always and ask that we may be guided aright. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Annie Carter.

The first spirit that comes to me this morning is a girl about twenty-five years old. She is slight, about the medium height and rather dark. Her hair is combed plainly and looks wavy round the forehead. She steps up to me with the dearest little way and says, "I have been trying so long to get back that I can hardly realize that I am here and speaking as I want to. I want to go to my mother who needs me more than I can tell you. She believes something in this and yet she does not understand how to make conditions for me to get to her and it is this that I have come to say to her; that she doesn't need to make so much effort; if she will only stand still and listen. I think she will hear my voice and I am sure that she will feel my presence. My name is Annie Carter and I lived in Atlanta, Ga., and my mother's name is Dora. She will be glad to get this word. Tell her she won't have to keep so secret about it, that some of the people right in her circle of acquaintances are just as much interested in this work as she is and if she will only talk, she will find out who they are and how they can help her. I have seen Charlie and I want mama to know that I am trying to help him because he needs it so much. It is not to bring him comfort but it is to make him understand that he has more power than he realizes and that he is misusing it with what he is doing now. Thank you."

Etta Mansfield.

I see now the spirit of a girl about eighteen years old. She is fair, with blue eyes, brown hair, and a round full face. She doesn't seem to have much to bother her, but is bright and merry and comes as though she would bring in the beauty and the sunshine of the life where she lives to those who are here and as she comes up to me she ripples out the brightest little laugh and says: "My name is Etta Mansfield and I lived in Elmira, N. Y. I have been gone about five years and I can truly say that in all of that time I have never had anything like unhappiness. I thought it was not any use to try to get to my own people, those who were left, so I just entered in with joy as I had here, without regret or fuss or fretting, and oh, I have had so much to make me happy that now I stand with my first grief, and that is that my desire to get to my people does not find expression as freely as I would like to have it. My father's name is Tom. I want him to know that I have come to realize that I can help him. I know he is so much difficulty that a word from someone on whom he could depend would mean very much to him and I want him to know that Grandpa Stevens says that he is pretty nearly out of his difficulty. He must not let Henry have too much to say because he is not capable of taking the responsibility of decisions. I will go to the home and do anything that it is possible for me in my condition to do but I want to give him my love and my word of understanding of the case and perhaps that will help him more than the rest. Thank you."

William Marsh.

The next spirit that comes to me is a man about fifty years old. He is stout, of florid complexion, with very thick hair brushed back from his forehead with an air of being done in a hurry. His eyes are sharp like buttons sticking out of his head. He laughs when I

say that. I don't think he was a very sober man, but still he takes this so seriously that he has not the old mirthful way which I see signs of in his makeup. He comes right up to me and his hands are as far as a baby's. He takes hold of mine and says: "Give me a lift, will you? If you were over here and you did not know how in the world to get back to someone you were extremely fond of, you would ask anybody to help you until you got where you wanted to go. My name is William Marsh and I lived in Toronto, Canada. I want to get to Hattie. She is sick and she needs mental treatment more than medicine. She thinks she never can get better. I know she can. I would be glad to have her come to me, but what's the sense? There are people in earth life who need her, and it is better for her to stay a good while and do what is hers to do than it is to grow discouraged and want to come over here. Tell her that Martha is with me and that she says, 'God bless my child. I will do all I can to make life brighter.' This Martha holds-up a peculiar looking bedspread. It is very coarse and looks as though it were one that they had had, and she says, 'It is put away and she will find it. She need not worry about it being stolen. It is all right and in the house.'"

Josiah Emery.

Now I see the spirit of a man who is tall and slim, with side-whiskers, broad forehead, and brown hair with a little gray mixed in it. He has an old-fashioned hat on his head, and his hands are long and slim and look as if they never did hard work. He stands right up before me and says: "No, I didn't do much hard work from your standpoint, because I was a minister. My name was Josiah Emery and I lived in Barnstable, Mass. I tried hard to understand and lead my people to God. I studied and prayed and worked unceasingly for this purpose. I have nothing to say about my success. I know I was sincere, I know I would have thought that this was the height of folly and I have come back to make acknowledgment of my weakness and of my impatience with anything that savored of this line of thought. That is the least a man can do if he has raised his voice against a truth; he certainly ought to raise it for the truth when he sees his mistake, and I want to do this thing. I meet my people over here constantly and they ask me why I did not tell them of this and I hang my head in humiliation and say because I did not know and did not believe it was worth while to try to know. I have one friend in particular, Alice, and I want her to be assured that it is my own free expression that I am giving and however different it may be from what she would expect I want her to believe me and to make some investigations for herself."

To Fannie R. Richardson.

The next one that comes is a little girl about eight years old. She is just as cunning as can be and walks right over to me. She has dark eyes and dark hair and a pretty little mouth. Her hair is straight and is combed right back from her forehead. She says: "Oh, I didn't know that I could talk myself. Can I?" and then she says again, "I want to get to my mama and my papa. Their name is Richardson and they live in Tewksbury, Mass. My mother's name is Fannie Richardson and mine is Marion. If you will just tell them that I come and that I am just as happy as I can be with my grandma and my auntie Joe, I shall be glad. I will go to the house and try to rap on the glass that is over my picture. I have tried to before, but they did not pay any attention. Please give them my love. Good-bye."

George Goldsmith to Elsie Hornbeck.

There is a spirit comes now of a man who has a full dark beard, a broad forehead and deep, deep eyes. He is as pale as can be and he stands here as though such an anxiety came over him. The first thing he says is: "My mission is to help. I don't belong to the one to whom I send this message in ties of relationship, but I do feel a desire to bring her out of her somewhat limited conditions and give her an opportunity for broader life and activities. Tell her that I desire to have her go on with the work the spirit has attempted to do through her, that this little illness is nothing but temporary. She will soon find her usual strength and her usual inspiration. My name is George Goldsmith and I send this word to Elsie Hornbeck. She is well known because of her effort to carry on our work and I send this message for her encouragement and because I know she needs it."

Etta Harris.

The next spirit that comes to me is a girl about eighteen. She laughs and laughs as though she just thought this was a good time to come to, and she says, "You would laugh too if you felt so happy. It seems such a pleasure to come and be able to be seen and see. I can see you people better than I can see my own when I go to them. I find that the understanding of spiritual things by people in earth life makes them more transparent and better understood by their own friends. My name is Etta Harris and I lived in Bangor. I have quantities of friends there and quantities of them over here. I want to go to Ed. Harris who lives there, and I want him to know that I have seen him and I have seen Fred and Mattie, that over here with me is Myra and Sadie. I don't like the school. He will know what I mean by that. I don't like what they have done about it and I am sorry it had to be carried out. I do like the new carpet, and when it was put down I heard what was said, that 'Et would like that all right, for it was bright enough to please her.' I don't want to say a word about being sorry about coming over here. I don't want to say anything that would bring sadness. I only want to say that I am happy, that I am conscious, and that I know that they will come to me when the time comes for them to leave the body."

Charles Fenno.

I see another spirit and it is a young man about twenty-five years old. He is tall, slim and has blue eyes and dark hair. I know he did not live in Boston but it seems as though he lived out a ways. "Oh, yes," he says, "I used to live in Concord, Mass. My name is Charles Fenno and I have a mother and father still living there now. I wish to send this message to them to let them know that I am safe and happy and able to communicate if they will only establish a line for me. I hear them talking about me very often, but they always say 'Poor Charlie, too bad he couldn't have lived,' or something that seems to put me in the past more than in the present. There is nothing more humiliating to a young man than to have his name put away as a thing to be mentioned only with tears, and as something that had been. It would be much sweeter to have them say, 'I wonder if Charlie is here and if he is not able to give some message to help us.' Ask them to sit round the table for me and I believe I may be able to make some manifestation for them."

Mary Cartwright.

Instantly when he goes away, I see a woman. I should think she was about thirty-eight years old. She has dark brown hair, dark eyes, and is rather tall and slim, and as she comes up to me, she puts her hand in mine and says, "Oh, I wish I were as strong as the last spirit who came, but I am so overcome when I start this way it seems as though I could not express myself. I have tried so many times before to come and each time someone got ahead of me, but now I want to say before I lose it that my name is Mary Cartwright, and that I lived in Washington, D. C., that I knew something of this and thought that I would be stronger, but it does not seem to make much difference how much we know unless we are able to apply our knowledge, and I just cannot apply anything I ever knew. I just stand here and give my name hoping that I will be made stronger by this communication. I want to get to Alice; I want him to feel that I am there. He is so unhappy, so lonely, that if only I could get word to him I am sure it would relieve him. Tell him that his Mary is just as anxious to please him as ever, and would open any door herself if she were able but awaits anxiously and lovingly for him to open some for her."

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY THREE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home," sang the poet, whose one song nestles for all time in the heart of Christendom. Home is one's abiding-place. It may be a palatial mansion or a small hut, it may have belonged to one's ancestors to remote generations, or it may be a room temporarily hired in some crowded tenement-house, it may be even an old boat like the one inhabited by Peggotty and his family, or a log-house in the wilderness. One may live in it with a large family, or dwell in it solitary and alone. Circumstances may vary, and yet where our abiding-place is, there is our home.

Perhaps we dwell in the same old homestead where we worked and played in our childhood. Sisters and brothers dwell far away, or have passed to the silent land. The forms of father and mother were laid long since in the burial-ground. The companion of our life is no longer by our side, and our children have made homes of their own elsewhere. We dwell there solitary and alone, and yet it is the dearest spot in all the world. Memory recalls the companions of the past, fancy re-people the silent rooms, or fills the empty chairs, and if we be gifted with the precious power of discovering spirits, we can catch short glimpses of the immortal dead.

When we are eating our solitary meal, the sister we played with in the far-away hours of childhood enters the room, and lays by our plate a bouquet of heaven's own flowers with a love message slipped between the buds, and when we sit down in our resting chair, we find ourselves enfolded in our father's arms, or feel the tender caress of our mother again.

One of the dearest teachings of the spiritual philosophy is that the homes of earth are renewed in the spirit world, and that every feature that made them the happiest place in all the world is faithfully reproduced in those homes beyond the shadow. The assurance that this will be so goes far to soften the losses of old age, and we do not wonder that though the young find much to attract them in the promises of Spiritualism, it is yet the aged who rest in its teachings, and cling to its blessed hopes, with an even greater tenacity.

Some persons have never known what it was to have a real home. Little foundlings laid in a basket on some door-step, and carried to some charitable institution, where they are cared for by hundreds like themselves, may grow up to manhood or womanhood, and never know what it is to have a home. They may make useful men and women, but when they hear others speak of childhood's home, with one's father and mother, brothers and sisters, the forlorn consciousness steals into their heart that there is a sweetness in life which should have been theirs, which alas! they never knew.

I have had that same forlorn feeling in my youth. Left in this country at the age of ten, I dwelt in the houses of other persons, but did not know what it was to have a home. Some relatives "gave me a home," as the saying is, and were praised for doing so, but I had the inward feeling that I was kept only under surveillance, and did not really belong anywhere. I was happiest when my girl companions invited me to visit them in vacation, for I could then fancy myself for a little while a daughter in the family. But these times were fleeting, and I longed ever for the old home in Burmah, where we played under the plaintive trees, were petted by our father,

and tucked into bed at night with the charm of a loving mother's tender kiss.

And yet my lot was a fortunate one, and was unspeakably happier than that of the poor little waifs who are brought up in company with hundreds of others, and have not been able to speak of "my father and my mother and my home."

One of the most philanthropic labors in this humanitarian age is the one just begun in East Oakland, California, by Mrs. F. Marion Smith, whose design is to make real homes for two hundred little girls. The work is in no sense reformatory, the object being to give deserving orphans and destitute children a chance to grow up under the influences of a real home.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith have great wealth, and after providing magnificently for their daughter, who is one of the heiresses of the Pacific coast, and amply for their nieces, they have made a great endowment, with the design of substituting the home for the institution.

Last Christmas, Mr. Smith deeded his wife thirty-five acres of beautiful land, in the immediate vicinity of their own villa. On this land twenty houses, each accommodating ten little girls with their "mother" are to be built, and the first one, named "Marion Cottage," is already built and in operation.

The central part of the cottage has a living room with its piano and pictures, a dining-room, a kitchen, a bath-room, a guest room which is also used in case a child is ill, and the mother's room in the centre of the house, and so situated that she can hear from her little girls if they should call to her in the night. There are also two wings, each containing five small rooms connected by sliding-doors. Each little girl has thus her room to herself, and no room will ever be vacant, for as one girl goes out into the world for any reason, her place will be supplied by a newcomer. All the rooms in the house are perfectly furnished and provided.

The work of the house will be done by themselves. They are taught to be saving, and to plan as thriftily as the mechanic's wife in her own home. They go to the public school in the neighborhood, and to the church. They will be educated in the lines for which they show the most aptitude, so that they may be self-supporting as they grow up.

If they show ability in music, in art, in teaching, in sewing, in millinery, in housework, and so on, they will be encouraged and assisted in these different directions.

The "mother" is never to go away. Her children will come back to see her, and she will in time see their children as well. The homes are thus permanent, and each child is as safe in the shelter of a home as if she lived with her own father and mother.

"Marion Cottage" cost \$6000, and is the model for the remaining nineteen, making any alterations in the plans and mode of operation that may be suggested by experience.

Each cottage has its own flower-garden and orchard. No board is charged, as an allowance is made for each cottage out of the endowment. They will be encouraged to feel such pride in their home that they will try to provide new carpets and table linen as the old wears out. Of course their clothes and other necessities will be provided out of the endowment, which cares for them in all particulars as members of a comfortable home.

This is, so far as we know, the only scheme of the kind on a large scale, though we know that many women have in a private way gathered little destitute ones about them, and taught them to know what it is to have a home and a mother. All honor and praise to this noble mother-heart on the western slopes of California who has planned so skillfully and given so generously to make permanent homes and mothers for two hundred little girls!

We have long desired that more of our wealthy men would appropriate funds to give homes to the homeless millions in our land. Instead of building costly libraries and endowing great universities, it seems to us that the sum of human happiness would be better enhanced by buying vast tracts of arable land in the temperate regions of our country, dividing them into farms large enough to support one family, building a comfortable house and barn on each, deeding each piece of property to a homeless family, and then paying their railroad fare and the freight of their goods to their own home.

To make the gift complete, their benefactor would give them a sum of money sufficient to support them for one year. That would give them time to begin to raise vegetables. In time, trades would spring up. Some of the men would be carpenters, or cobblers, or harness-makers, or grocers, or blacksmiths, or of other necessary avocations, while women would be found who could nurse, or make dresses or bonnets, or do washing for those who needed to have it done. In this way, the persons composing the settlement would become self-supporting.

Think of a suffering family living in a small flat in a great city, in constant dread of being turned out the street through failure to pay their rent, being transported to their own home and barn on their own little farm in a fertile region! We do not know which would be the happier, the family so provided for, or their benefactor.

This work need not be done on a large scale. There are many well-to-do persons who could not do this for a hundred families, but they could do it for one family. They could purchase a small farm provided with comfortable buildings, and give it, "to have and to hold," to some worthy pair who would gladly bring up their little ones in the country air, rather than in a crowded tenement-house.

John Howard's wife Harriet had a benevolent disposition like his own. Like other proprietors in England in the last century, he found his tenants living in filthy hovels, with no drainage, the moisture oozing through the walls and roof, and malaria and typhus fever rising from the damp and unclean ground. He set to work to cleanse the whole property, and to build comfortable and sanitary homes for his tenants.

Once at the close of a season of very hard work for the good of the tenants, the good Howard told his wife that he had a certain sum left over, that was sufficient to give them both a delightful outing by a visit to London. As they were both somewhat feeble, he suggested to her that they should use the money in this way.

"What a pretty cottage it would build!" said Harriet.

They did not go to London, but another cottage was built in Cardington, which became "one of the neatest villages in the kingdom." If you asked one of the villagers to what or whom it owed all this, the answer would have been, "John Howard."

When I visited St. Paul's Cathedral in 1876, I found much to interest me. But the monument that thrilled me the most was the one erected to Howard. He is represented as holding a key in his right hand, and with broken chains trodden under his feet.

He died at Cherson, Tartary, of the plague, in 1790. He was trying to find out how the plague could be mitigated. Instead, he succumbed to the destroyer, and went to his Harriet, who had died long before. The inscription closes thus:—

"He trod an open but unfrequented path to immortality, in the modest and unimpaired exercise of Christian charity. May this tribute to his fame excite an emulation of his truly glorious achievements!"

The monument to Nelson is not far distant. But in the white light shining down from the spirit world, one would far rather be Howard the philanthropist, than the brilliant hero of Trafalgar.

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,
Abby A. Judson.
Arlington, N. J., July 6, 1901.

Mark Twain's Opportunity.

The next chapters in the history of the punitive work of our missionaries in China will be furnished by the reports of General Chaffee to the War Department, which are now coming in and will soon be published. Of one of these reports, just received, the Washington correspondent of the New York Herald says that it discloses "high-handed and heartless brigandage in the interest of a missionary society, endorsed by Minister Conger and backed up, through a misconception of purpose, by the United States Army."

The operations described are those of the Rev. E. G. Tewksbury, who succeeded in obtaining a detachment of United States troops to aid him in exacting contributions of money and lands from the Chinese, although he confesses that he did not know when he enforced these exactions how many native Christians had been killed, or to what extent the property of the converts had been damaged. With the help of the army this missionary brigand compelled various villages to contribute money and lands, until he had collected \$12,000, obtained deeds for ninety-six acres of land, and had secured permission to construct nineteen chapels and twenty cemeteries. Lieutenant P. W. Gurney, the officer who had command of the troops sent on this nefarious business, reports that this money was collected by the men who did the damage from inhabitants who are now and always have been peaceful. Large amounts were sent into Tungchow, and a considerable sum was collected in Tungchow itself. "I know of this indirectly, and Mr. Tewksbury promised to give a complete account of it to the American Minister in Peking. I requested Mr. Tewksbury to give me the name of every person making a claim for damages, and amount of damage claimed and character of settlement made. He replied that he did not know the men whose property was destroyed nor their whereabouts, but that he thought he could give the names from some of the native members of his church who were assisting him in collecting money."

We respectfully submit that Mark Twain has not half done his duty in dealing with the facts in this case. Here we have an American missionary, with a lot of American soldiers at his back, joining hands with a lot of Boxers in China, who despoiled certain unnumbered and unidentified "native Christians," and proceeding to rob and despoil other innocent and inoffensive Chinamen, as "retribution" for the misdeeds of these same Boxers.

No wonder the officers of the United States Army are ashamed of their part in this miserable work, and are putting the real facts on record in their official reports. Where one real Boxer was killed or punished fifty innocent coolies were killed or punished, as a result of the combined activity of the soldiers and the missionaries in China last year. It is a story, the horrors of which do not seem likely to be mitigated by anything that remains to be told.—Hartford Weekly Times.

"The Soul."

"The soul is immortal; it will live forever; ever progressing, fulfilling the mission for which it was created. We should ever keep in mind, this earth life is the primary school."

"We are all scholars; some in a lower grade and some in a higher and we all have talents according to our capability of improving them. We have our own field to cultivate and each one must do his own work. We should cultivate our best self; it may require hard labor on our part but we must gain a victory over our besetting sins, whatever they may be. If all would do that, we would be a law unto ourselves."

"Sabina Mosher."
P. S. The above is a little of the inspired writings of Sister Mosher during the last few years of her earth life; and we wish to add that she has been for nearly eighteen years a devoted Spiritualist, a staunch friend to all mediums and a sincere lover of her fellow-men, with charity for all and malice toward none.

To send an uneducated child into the world is little better than to turn out a mad dog or a wild beast into the streets.—Paley.

What Is the Cause?

BY EDWINA FRANCIS

As one considers conditions as they exist today throughout the nations of the world, there is evident a spirit of unrest and turmoil. Nation wages war against nation, and nowhere do we find rest, peace and harmony. It would seem no easy task to penetrate these conditions and learn the cause; there is no effect without a cause.

Let us reason together, and see if we are able to understand some of the possible causes producing this derangement in the various avenues of life, financial, political, moral and religious. It would appear that the financial problem is most difficult of solution, owing to the different degrees of business capacity in man's organism. One seems to have a special adaptation to the acquiring of riches, and at his hands everything turns to money, while his neighbor, perchance, is scarcely able, by diligent application, to provide for himself and family the necessities of life.

We hardly see how these extremes can be regulated, at present, as legislation is unable to reach the nation as a whole, but legal to hold and control millions, whether honestly or dishonestly acquired, while his brother man suffers the pangs of poverty and starvation; but the moral right to withhold from the unfortunate one, sufficient to satisfy the actual needs of life, of the millions of wealth which its possessor is unable to compute, and each passing hour adds to the fabulous wealth already possessed, an amount which the son of toil and poverty would consider a generous supply for all the needs of himself and family, the moral right to withhold is, we say, debatable.

Let us consider the political problem, and consider the situation. First, we note the need of honest voting. The right of franchise is the greatest gift which our nation dispenses freely to its citizens. It carries with it the right to have a voice in its legislation, and, honestly practiced, is the only factor which places every citizen on the same platform, free and equal, the only factor which makes possible an honest government, "of the people, for the people and by the people."

This sacred right is too often lightly held and slightly appreciated. Too often, we fear, the question is not, "Is he honest and true?" but rather, "Is he of our party?"

The times demand the placing of men in positions of responsibility, from the chief executive to the humblest servant of the smallest town, of faithful conscientiousness and character, as well as of business capacity.—men who will stand up for the principles of justice and the rights of the people, and who will be as diligent and honest in the discharge of their duties as they are in the pursuit of their business. Such men are to be found, living in obscurity, doubtless; like Lincoln, for example, comparatively unknown until the time was ripe for him to enter into the arduous and perplexing experiences for which he seemed to have been raised up, and to which he was so admirably adapted; a man whose memory is revered and held sacred, because of the confidence which his honesty of purpose and faithful conscientiousness inspired among every nation and people throughout the world.

This is a vital question to every individual citizen of these United States—"What force is it possible to command, to equalize, and bring about a better state of affairs?" It is a question which lies at the door of every individual citizen to bear a part in answering, according to his better judgment, based on an understanding of the importance of the situation.

How? do you ask, can every citizen bear a part in the answer? Simply by casting an honest vote, voting for that only which appeals to his best judgment, knowing full well that the most influential citizen can do no more than to offset the vote of the humblest citizen of toil. Think of it, and do your part towards bringing about that state of things which appeals to you as best. Help to make yourselves free citizens of a free government, holding the foremost place among the nations of the world.

There is no dividing line between the moral and religious life of a nation or a community. Morality and religion are one, in the inspiring force which influences the lives of mortals. The great teacher taught a practical religion, and demonstrated its power in his life. The religion which he taught, had love for its foundation principle, love for God, and for the neighbor. As written, we have no record that he followed any prescribed rule of action, was not held by dogma, nor bound by creed, but went about doing good, healing the sick, the lame and the blind, living a religion of love, practical and useful.

We fear the simple, natural religion which he lived and taught is today too much forgotten and lost sight of, becoming too theoretical and too impractical, too much of the letter, too little of the spirit. If, in Jesus' time, as according to his teachings, love was the foundation principle of all action and pure religion was to do good, "to visit the widow and the fatherless, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world," why should not we, of the present day, accept as ours that religion which it is claimed he established? In his experience he met those who were uncharitable toward those of a different thought, saying to his disciples, "They who are not against us are for us," and "what is that to thee?"

The pilgrims crossed the seas that they might enjoy religious liberty, the right to worship as conscience dictated. If in any of life's experiences liberty is desirable, it would seem especially so, regarding ones religious convictions. The field is large, and there is room for all, and all are striving, professedly for the same end, to establish the kingdom of heaven on earth.

There is ample opportunity for the exercise of sweet charity in this work for the betterment of humanity. The same rule follows, and will apply in religion, as in all departments of life: indeed religion, keep one's self into, and become a part of life, or what purpose does it serve? It is also as true in religion as in politics, and all life's varied avenues, that the result, the outcome rests with the individual, and purity of life and action in the individual must create purity of home, town, city and nation, and many of the seeming wrongs be corrected and peace reign universal; nations learning war no more, a literal establishment of the kingdom of heaven on earth.

All people who are training their minds should maintain an attitude of steady watchfulness with regard to the thoughts that "come into the mind," and should exercise towards them a constant selection. The refusal to harbor evil thoughts, their prompt rejection if they enter, the immediate replacement of an evil thought by a good one of an opposite character—this practice will so tune the mind that after a time it will act automatically, repelling the evil of its own accord. . . . Living, as we all do, in a continual current of thoughts, good and evil, we need to cultivate the selective action of the mind so that the good may be automatically drawn in, the evil automatically repelled. —Annie Besant in Theosophical Review.

Fire-Walkers in Many Lands.

It seems that the ceremony of Fire-walking which is occasionally practiced in India, and which is such an interesting phenomenon, to Westerners especially, is by no means unknown in various other countries. It is now believed to have been practiced by the Fiji Islanders, from time immemorial, and has been witnessed, and reported by English people of undoubted veracity. It is common in Japan, as will be noted later on; but the most recent report comes from Honolulu. In January last, a Tahitian Kahuna walked four times over the hot stones, "the fierce, red glow attesting to the heated condition of their under side." According to the account in Theosophy in Australasia, "He was clothed in a loose, white wrapper, girded at the waist with a rope of TI Leaves, a crown of which he also had on his head, and he held in his hand a bunch of them, with which he thrashed the earth twice, each time before passing over the heated stones, at the same time inwardly invoking the fire spirits and praying to 'Hina Niu, to Alama Vahine Niu, to Alama Niu, to God, Goddess and Spirit.'" Following is the concluding comment: "This shows that the old Polynesian sorcerers also did possess mysterious magical powers and secrets, carefully handed over through initiations, and which were evidently remains of the great magical knowledge of the Atlanteans."

More than a year ago there appeared in The Wide World magazine, an article which described in detail one of these thrilling performances, and the elaborate preparatory rites enacted by the priests, and was illustrated with fourteen photographs—making the whole description seem wonderfully real. We have space for one or two extracts from this account.

The bed of charcoal was 15 feet long by 5 or 6 feet wide and "was a glowing red-hot mass," and the heat nearly scorched the spectators who stood a little way off. The court-yard was densely packed with Japanese, Europeans and Americans.

One by one the acetics assembled, all dressed in a single white cotton kimono. At last one of them stood at the head of the fierce and glowing furnace, his head bowed in prayer, and holding high in both hands an offering to the god to whose power they attributed the casting out of the spirit (heat) of the fire so that they were enabled to pass over unharmed. A silence fell on all. The watchers or spectators, whether sceptical, curious or wondering, were breathless.

A movement—the man strode forward—step upon step over the 15 feet of glowing, scorching fire. Not gingerly or timidly, mind you, did he tread, but with well-planned, firm and fearless feet—thus did he pass over. Not even the smell of burning reached our expectant nostrils, though the dusky white gown was down to his ankles. Another and another followed, making a well-worn path across that marvelous road of fire. The acetics, or priests, went over several times, and then called out that they had tried the fire—that it had no power to burn, and anyone who liked might now pass over. Then a strange thing happened! The Japanese men, women, and children around me went down and walked over unhurt. A continuous stream passed over the dull furnace. Their clothes were unscathed and their feet unhurt, for I myself, with some of my friends, went to examine them afterwards. Some begged me to try, telling me that the fire would make my feelings very strong and my "feelings would become good" (i. e., comfortable), were I to do so. Alas! I had neither their faith nor their simplicity, and so I did not turn fire-walker.

The scene was a remarkable and impressive one, however the fire-walking may be accounted for.

Curiosity prompted me two days later to visit the temple and ask the High Priest for an interview. I told him how strange it had seemed to me that I had seen, and asked him if he could explain what appeared a miracle.

"To you," he said, "and the ordinary spectator, it seems an impossible thing, and you try to account for it by assuming some vulgar trick or conjuring, but to me it is not strange."

"We of the Shinshukyo sect believe in our god and by invoking him we are enabled to pour boiling water over our bodies, to walk over fire, and to mount sword-blades without sustaining any harm."

"But," I said, "are you and your disciples able at any time to walk on fire without being hurt?"

"No," he said, "it is only after long prayer and invocation that we can do so, and the gyoja (ascetic) must try it before an ordinary believer, to find out if the power has been drawn out of the fire."

"My disciples never eat meat, or fish—never drink any stimulant of any kind, either wine or coffee or tea, nor do they smoke tobacco, nor eat anything so strong as onions or garlic; and we only eat twice a day—in the morning and evening. We must be clean in heart and body, or we should be burned."

The Theosophist.

Passed to Higher Life.

July 5, 1901, 2:05 p. m., our beloved sister, Sabina Mosher, aged 77 years, 2 months and 18 days. Two children, one grandchild, one great-grandchild and many friends remain to mourn the loss of her physical presence, but in spirit we know she still lives. Services were conducted at her home, 61st and Wallace streets, Saturday evening, July 6, 1901, at 8 o'clock, by the Rev. First Spiritual Mission Church and Mrs. Mary Cochran, officiating. A faithful, charitable, loving soul has gone to her reward.

From Springfield, Maine, June 30, Mr. Harry L. Richards, aged 28 years, from his home. He was tenderly cared for by the family, to whom he was soon to be married. His disease came very suddenly from that disease, peritonitis, which so frequently proves fatal. He was a young man of most exemplary character, respected and loved by a host of friends. He was a fine musician, and the brightest of prospects lay before him. The funeral services were conducted by the writer at the home of his father and mother in Foxboro, Mass., on July 3. The floral decorations were very elaborate, and the musical part of the exercises all that could be desired. The attendance of friends was very large, and the readings and speech appropriate to the occasion. The father, mother and sister are sustained by the truths of the spiritual philosophy, and the intended bride cheered both by the sense of having performed her duty most faithfully, and the thought that he is near her in spirit.

Geo. A. Fuller, M. D.
Onset, Mass., July 11, 1901.

It is not erudition that makes the intellectual man, but a sort of virtue that delights in beautiful and vigorous thinking, just as moral virtue delights in vigorous and beautiful conduct.—Hamerton.

"Profound students of the times tell us that we are great absorbers of print, but the art of thinking is gradually becoming a lost art. To have ideas is to gather flowers; to think is to weave them into garlands.—Madame Swetchew.

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A new copy of the Report of the Convention of '99, '98, '97, '96, '95, '94, '93, '92, '91, '90, '89, '88, '87, '86, '85, '84, '83, '82, '81, '80, '79, '78, '77, '76, '75, '74, '73, '72, '71, '70, '69, '68, '67, '66, '65, '64, '63, '62, '61, '60, '59, '58, '57, '56, '55, '54, '53, '52, '51, '50, '49, '48, '47, '46, '45, '44, '43, '42, '41, '40, '39, '38, '37, '36, '35, '34, '33, '32, '31, '30, '29, '28, '27, '26, '25, '24, '23, '22, '21, '20, '19, '18, '17, '16, '15, '14, '13, '12, '11, '10, '09, '08, '07, '06, '05, '04, '03, '02, '01, '00, '99, '98, '97, '96, '95, '94, '93, '92, '91, '90, '89, '88, '87, '86, '85, '84, '83, '82, '81, '80, '79, '78, '77, '76, '75, '74, '73, '72, '71, '70, '69, '68, '67, '66, '65, '64, '63, '62, '61, '60, '59, '58, '57, '56, '55, '54, '53, '52, '51, '50, '49, '48, '47, '46, '45, '44, '43, '42, '41, '40, '39, '38, '37, '36, '35, '34, '33, '32, '31, '30, '29, '28, '27, '26, '25, '24, '23, '22, '21, '20, '19, '18, '17, '16, '15, '14, '13, '12, '11, '10, '09, 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Children's Spiritualism.

JULY.

"When the angel cardinal tells
Her dream to the dragon-ey,
And the lady breeze makes a nest in the trees
And murmurs a lullaby,
It is July."

"When the host like a mist-vell doats,
And poppies flame in the rye,
And the daisies in the meadow's throat
Has softened almost to a sigh,
It is July."

"When the hours are so still that Time
Forgets them and lets them lie
'Till petals pink till the night stars wink
At the sunset in the sky,
It is July."

—Susan H. Swift, in St. Nicholas, 1902.

Two Little Ants.

I am going to tell you, in my own words, what I read about some ants, a while ago, in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Around one of his maple-trees a man had dug a trench that he could fill with water and so give the thirsty roots all they wanted to drink. When the trench was dry a number of ants crawled into it in search of food to carry home. And while they were there the man took the garden hose and sent through it a stream of water into the trench. Here the ants were as surprised as people that live near the shore when a big tidal wave sweeps in and floods everything. And the ants, just as people would have done, scurried away from the water, with all their might, and climbed to the top of an overturned clod of earth in the bottom of an overturned clod of earth. The ants found themselves high and dry and safe—or at least they thought they were safe, and no doubt congratulated one another on their lucky escape.

But the water kept rising higher and higher and again the ants became frightened. They ran this way and that, but there was no way to leave the trench and they were on, and it was fast disappearing beneath the water. The poor ants huddled together, finally, and stood still, waiting for the end. They knew that they must drown.

But the man saw them, and, being kind-hearted, he laid a stick so that one end was on the island and the other end was on the ground beyond the trench. At first the ants did not notice the stick—they were so frightened and had so entirely given up hope.

After awhile one ant, who, unlike the others, was still looking for help, noticed the stick and hastily ran across it and found himself safe. "Do you suppose that he ran away from the trench and saved himself," thought the ants in distress? No, indeed. He ran directly back over the stick to tell them how to escape, and the tiniest ant of all followed him out of danger. Then they both went back together and each guided an ant across, and then back again for more ants, and so on till all the ants were safe. For some strange reason, or at least for some reason we human beings don't understand, each ant had to be led over the stick instead of all following the lead of their rescuers.

The tiny ant was afraid that perhaps one of their companions might have been overlooked, so he ran back and found the stick. The water had been rising all the time, and now but a wee bit of the island was left. As the ant reached it the stick that had been used as a bridge was covered by the water, and it looked as if the brave little insect would perish. He soon understood that there was no hope of escape and he stood quietly waiting for the water to sweep him away.

But the man, who was still watching, took the stick from the water, placed one end on higher ground and the other end on all that was left of the island, and the little ant ran over the stick just in time to avoid being drowned.

How surely is the tiniest living thing a thought of God, and so a part of God, and thus capable of loving and doing good! No human being could have done a nobler deed than this insignificant ant that many a person would have thought too small to be worth his foot. And yet in that little body was the purest and noblest purpose. Did not Jesus tell us that to give one's life for another shows the greatest possible love? And was not this little ant ready and willing to lay down his life for others?

F. P. P., in Mind.

A Palatable Feast for 2 Cents.

Did you know that the Deerfield Valley and Hoosac Country traversed by the Boston & Maine Railroad is one of the most beautiful regions in the country?

As a scenic paradise it has no equal. On every side the scenery changes with panoramic swiftness to the intense delight of the beholder.

Then, too, there is no little historic interest attached to the territory journeyed through. This interior country is a delightful vacation ground, and on every hand there is to be found unlimited accommodations for the vacationist who delights in a rural out-door life. Another pleasurable feature is its accessibility from not only the whole of New England, but from New York and the West as well.

The Boston & Maine has just issued a book bearing the name "Hoosac Country and Deerfield Valley," which is a delightful written story of the country, and after reading it you will want to visit the region. Send a two-cent stamp to General Passenger Department, Boston & Maine System, Boston, for Book No. 15; you will enjoy reading it.

Bostock's Wild Animals.

One of the most instructive exhibitions on the Midway at the Pan-American Exposition is the great animal show owned by Frank C. Bostock, rightly called the "Animal King." In an immense circular pavilion are 1000 well-kept and well-fed denizens of forest, plain, jungle, mountain and ocean. In the centre of this pavilion is a steel arena 70 feet in diameter in which many daring feats are performed with wild animals. Among these are:

Captain Bonavita enters this mammoth cage with twenty-seven African lions and puts them through a series of groupings that are most thrilling.

Madame Louise Morrell performs wonderful feats with twenty leopards who snarl and growl in vain as the intrepid woman makes them act.

Labelle Selles, a beautiful, graceful girl, trips lightly in and dances around a group of African lions, cracking her whip in their faces with the utmost ease and frolic.

Several new additions have just come in from London and India. One is a South African lion, her, valued at \$20,000. Another is a lion constrictor from India thirty-six feet long and twelve inches in diameter. There

are baby lions and a group of baby kangaroos all natives of Buffalo.

Frank C. Bostock, the owner and manager, has the figure and grace of a gladiator. He is a born animal trainer, being the son of the famous Mrs. Wombell of London, who for many years directed the largest wild animal collection in Great Britain. His uncle, Charles Wombell, was the originator and founder of the first traveling menagerie in the world. Mr. Bostock is the successor of this gentleman in the business. His policy with wild animals is to conquer them first by establishing his superiority and then by kindness. His methods are worthy of the serious consideration of the humanitarian and psychologist.

Common Sense.

Has Spiritualism Declined?

In common with many others, I have noticed the article from the Philadelphia Press, on the "Decline of Spiritualism," but do not really agree with its pessimistic view of the situation. In my judgment there was never a time when there was more interest manifested by intelligent people on the subject of Spiritualism than now; and while believing this to be true, there is a notable decline in local societies and for good and sufficient reasons.

That much fraud does exist is a lamentable fact recognized by Spiritualists themselves, but the percentage of fraud is nothing like the estimate of the article in question. It is doubtless true that the phenomena do not attract the attention of the wonder-seeker as in former times, but it is also true there is a large and intelligent class who are attracted to the philosophy and only need a proper presentation and demonstration to claim the attention of people everywhere.

Here is the rub—a proper and intelligent presentation of the subject. As long as the average local society depends entirely upon the speaker, supplemented by tests, and these many times of doubtful character, and depending on a door fee to meet the running expenses of the meeting, it will decline and ought to decline.

I know of no class of people except Spiritualists, who expect so much for nothing, who are so apathetic, so lazy, so indifferent and positively stingy in sustaining their organizations.

We boast of having the best philosophy and the grandest religion ever given to mortal man, and it would seem that Spiritualists should appreciate the fact, have some pride in the matter and be willing to sustain their meetings by voluntary subscriptions and donations, instead of sponging from the general public.

When they awake to the grandeur of the Cause (if they ever do), what it means to themselves and to posterity, and will rise to the demands of the occasion, their privileges and responsibilities, and institute better methods instead of being at the mercy of every Tom, Dick and Harry who is seeking for one-month stands in order to take out a protection. We shall hear less about the decline of local societies.

When this is done they can command the services of intelligent speakers and worthy demonstrators and become a factor in the onward march of the age. We have a few such societies and they should be multiplied everywhere. A letter from a western city before me as I write, complaining bitterly that they have been so cursed with frauds and fakirs that decent people have become disgusted and have lost all interest in the subject. Unfortunately this cry comes from nearly every point of the compass, while those who complain do not seem to realize that the fault lies with Spiritualists in permitting such a state of affairs to exist. The only remedy lies in a thorough and compact organization. When we have the good sense to thoroughly organize, all these matters which we so loudly complain of can be adjusted.

The N. S. A. has a fair start, and to it we owe whatever standing we have among intelligent people. The silly cry that "we need no pope and Spiritualism needs no creed" is but the nightmare vision of certain people who are more in love with their own pet theories and opinions than with the Cause which they wish to wholly represent. There have been entirely too much times and too many words wasted in trying to determine "who shall be greatest in the kingdom of heaven," instead of sinking personal differences of opinion regarding matters that are non-essential. This was plainly evidenced quite lately over the question of Infinite Intelligence. In the declaration of principles set forth by the N. S. A. There was a demand for such declaration, and sincere effort to meet the demand, when presto, we were immediately in the midst of a hornet's nest, and for nearly a year we had what in modern parlance is called "chewing the rag," and upon the failure of the N. S. A. to take up the question at its last annual convention, there have been complaints because it did not furnish another rag to chew.

The N. S. A. should by all means be sustained. It possibly has made mistakes, and who has not. The cry of poverty among Spiritualists as a reason for not sustaining the N. S. A. is both pitiful and contemptible when twenty-five cents a year from every Spiritualist would furnish funds for missionary work that would place Spiritualism where it rightly belongs. The trouble has been, we have had no concert of action, no organization, and consequently no method. If we do not like the action of the officers and board of the N. S. A., let us change them. If we do not like the declaration of principles, let us substitute others. Personally I am in favor of a declaration of principles that recognizes the rights of mankind in every relation of life.

Only through organization can we successfully cope with the horde of fakirs and disreputables who infect our ranks, and who continually discredit the work of honest mediums. It is a fact worthy of note that there is not a dishonest medium, an unworthy character or fakir pure and simple, who is not opposed to organization and the N. S. A.

As a rule they may be known by their opposition and their continual reiteration of the falsehood that the president of the N. S. A. is a great animal show owner. If I am glad to know there are persons deluded from certain privileges, because they can not secure the endorsement of the president of the N. S. A. Why should we not have workers accredited and endorsed by some state or central organization? Why should not credentials issued by such a body be a proof that the person holding them possesses integrity of character and is competent for the work assigned? And why should not such organizations have the power to recall such credentials when used unworthily?

Too much like the church? Well, suppose it is. It is good enough, and it is time we adopted common-sense methods.

Spiritualism is not declining; it is Spiritualists who have declined common-sense methods and have failed to grasp their opportunities. Spiritualism will continue on its mission, giving light and hope to the sorrowing, and dispelling the clouds of darkness which shroud error has cast over humanity. It may be absorbed by other existing organizations; this will depend upon Spiritualists. My firm conviction is, that now is the

time for action and, that if we do not now sustain the N. S. A., Spiritualism as a distinctive movement will prove a lamentable and ignominious failure.

Will C. Hodge, Progressive Thinker.

Literary Department.

Books Here Reviewed are Sold at Banner of Light Bookstore.

TRUST IN MAN.

SIXTEEN CENTS.

We must trust a man, to save him;
Make him think he is a man;
Then the good that is within him
Strives to do the best it can.
Call him "rascal" and we drive him
From all goodness by the ban,
And the bad that is within him
Strives to do the worst it can.
Distrust never yet has gathered
One poor soul to God and life,
But has often furthered him
On to hatred and to strife.
As man thinks so he can be great,
And the best that is within him
Strives to reach the wished-for state.

HEALTH HINTS, by Ella A. Jennings, M. D.; a pamphlet of 33 pages; price 10 cents.

This little work is particularly addressed to mothers about babies, but it contains invaluable suggestions to other adults as well. For instance: "Natural, healthful foods, pure air, water and milk with plenty of physical culture, deep breathing and noble thoughts, would soon make health and happiness the rule instead of the exception."

The front page is adorned with a picture of Dr. Jennings. Her pleasant face and healthful look give one the impression that she knows whereof she speaks. She advocates no new fad, unless it be deep breathing and cheerful thinking, but gives specific and quite commonsense directions how to keep well and be happy.

We are tempted to quote indefinitely, but it seems unnecessary. The book is but ten cents and therefore within reach of all.—M. C. B.

LIFE FORCES, by Margaret Virginia McCabe. Paper cover, 37 pages.

To write a book seems to be the fate of all thinking people in the present age. They grasp a bit of truth and it burns them until they have shared it with the world, in printed form. While each effort of the kind does a greater or less amount of good, no one is so thoroughly benefited as the author, who never knew how much or how little he possessed until he tried to give it to another. But as this writer well says: "Nothing comes to us but for the good of all. Nothing happens to one but for the benefit of the world."

Margaret V. McCabe has had a great awakening, has begun to realize how bright a thing is life, and has tried to turn our attention to the real thing. It is a question whether she has not dwelt too much upon the necessity of sacrifice. If we give up for another's sake that which we desire, do we not thereby enrich our own soul? If our awakening comes through intense physical and mental suffering, is it not due to ignorance? Should we then consider the crucifixion a necessity?

She says: "Two graves had to be opened before the truth came to me. I had to go to the very borderland, before my crucifixion was accomplished." One would infer that those graves were made for her sole benefit. Again: "Crucifying mortal mind, I let the illumined soul follow its own direction." Had the mortal mind become receptive to the soul, it need not have been crucified.

One more thing she says: "Soul cannot come into its own but by crucifixion of its mortal consciousness, but when the dark hour is passed, and the resurrection is assured, let us not live in the shadow of the cross, but beyond in the illumination." This conclusion is worth emphasizing, as she does: "Elim their form, and then the world of the illumined church has worshiped the man nailed to the cross. The shadow of that cross fell across the human race, and by suggestion only the suffering, bleeding Jesus has been the world's Savior, and this thought has vibrated through 1900 years. A crucified man has been worshiped, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, and even Jesus, the world of the illumined church has worshiped the man nailed to the cross. The shadow of that cross fell across the human race, and by suggestion only the suffering, bleeding Jesus has been the world's Savior, and this thought has vibrated through 1900 years. 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