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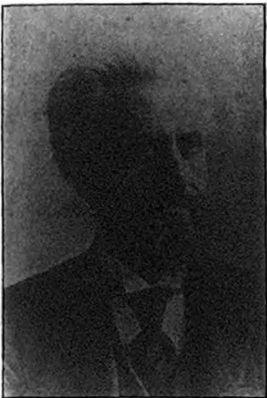
NO. 22

BEAUTIFUL CASSADAGA.

FAIR LILY DALE

BY JENNIE HAGAN JACKSON.

Like sapphires four, your soft blue lakes,
Set in the emerald hills,
All through the valley Nature wakes
In strange exquisite thrills
Of rapturous joy and sweet delight,
She finds her work so grand and rare,
And feels her power everywhere.



J. CLEGG WRIGHT.

The lake's blue waters she has blessed
With Flora's rarest pearls,
In golden dawn, or white robe dressed,
The water lily on her breast,
While fern and vine unfurl
That softly lie against the shore,
When summer's sun is bending o'er
The sloping hills, bedecked with moss,
And strange wild blossoms fair,
The lissome birds, on branches tossed,
Sing songs the soul of music lost,
Or scattered in the air.

All nature vies, in contrast kind
With man's exquisite art,
To make fair Cassadaga's lines,
To cheer the eye and heart.
The mammoth trees of centuries speak—
Man murmurs of today—
While all combine with truth divine
To guide us on our way.

Thy lakes, hills, gardens, flowers and trees,
Thy cottages, parks and hall,
Though we neglect not one of these
They're not to us the all
We love, prize and respect;
For in Cassadaga shines
The rarest jewel, intellect.

As years roll slowly on apace,
And joy and growth attend you,
Oh, may the noblest, wisest minds
'Gainst evil thought defend you!
'May Knowledge's jewels gem thy crown,
And Reason make their setting;
For in such union there is found
A cause with no regretting.

This progressive camp is now in full operation, and its platform is daily echoing with ringing words of truth and eloquence from the most gifted workers in our ranks. Its grounds are covered with psychics whose presences are being sought by thousands of eager investigators all of whom are in search of evidence of the fact that life continues beyond the grave. In the seeking, many of them find the truth, and are led into paths of peace by the kindly hand of the spirit. Verily "many who come to scoff, remain to pray," thereby proving the potency of the spirit to soften the most obdurate heart. Mourners are comforted, truth-seekers enlightened, and students instructed by the psychic teachers and their unseen helpers at this beautiful camp.

Cassadaga's scenery is also one of the chief charms. It has a unique location, on an island in the midst of four beautiful lakes, yet at an elevation of 840 feet above Lake Erie (which is only ten miles distant), and 1,306 feet above the level of the sea. Pine groves, oaks, cedars, beech, hickory and cucumber trees abound, while the hand of man has added scores of attractions to the natural beauty of the place. Driven wells furnish the purest of water to the visitors, and an excellent sewerage system provides for the sanitation of the camp. Row boats and steamers traverse three of the lakes, on the surfaces of which the white pond lilies float, like graceful swans, at peace with all the world. Shady walks, rustic seats, pleasant drives, make Cassadaga a most delightful place for the children and young people who annually flock hither for rest and health. Perhaps Cupid inspires not a few of them, and among Cassadaga's pines shoots his softest darts into hearts that are susceptible to his gentle influence.

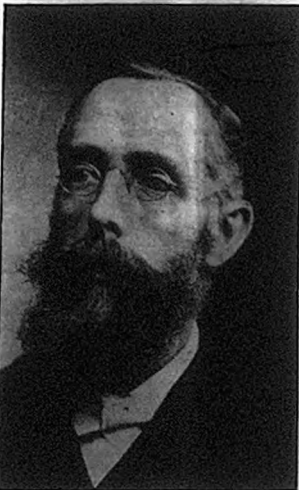
Cassadaga's history is interesting. Since the early seventies grove meetings or picnics were held in Alden's grove, adjoining the grounds at which many of the pioneer Spiritualist speakers were present. These assemblies were the precursors of the June picnics that are now annually held at this idealistic spot. In 1877 Jeremiah F. Carter, one of the early psychics of Western New York, heard a spirit say to him, "Go to Alden's and start a camp meeting." He obeyed the command, walked nearly seven miles, found Mr. Willard Alden ready to co-operate with him, and arranged for a ten days' meeting that very season. Mr. Carter and Mr. Alden worked with a will, and the result was a successful meeting. Mr. Carter stood in the road and collected ten cents from each visitor, and the mites received in this manner were sufficient to meet all expenses. Another meeting was planned for the next year, and it was also successful. Willard Alden suddenly passed to spirit life, and trouble arose with his heirs, so that a division occurred among the visitors, who were determined that a permanent camp should be established for the benefit of the Cause, as well as for that of men.

A body of earnest men and women formed



HON. A. GASTON, PRES.

grub-hoes and iron bars in their hands, and proceeded to the new grounds to prepare them for the coming camp. The women accompanied them, aided them in picking, piling and burning brush, besides cooking bountiful repasts for the toilers. It did not take long for these willing hearts and hands to clear a goodly portion of the land, and in 1879 the first meeting was held. The auditorium consisted of a fine log-hewn bower, with seats scattered among the trees. The dedicatory address was given by that noble



GEO. H. BROOKS, CHAIRMAN.

worker, Mrs. Amelia Colby Luther, who named the new camp "The Cassadaga Lake Free Association," and dedicated it to the cause of progressive thought forever.

Nearly all of the founders and pioneers at Cassadaga have passed to spirit life. Major M. R. Rouse and Thomas J. Skidmore are still members of the Board of Trustees, and have served continuously since their election in 1879. A. S. Cobb was the first President, but he was soon succeeded by T. J. Skidmore, who retired in 1887, and was succeeded by Hon. A. Gaston, who became a member of the Board in 1881. Mr. Gaston has filled this office with signal ability for fourteen years, and has labored earnestly to make Cassadaga an exponent of the leading thought in Spiritualism. We would be pleased to present cuts of all of the early workers at this great camp, but space forbids, and their names are not at hand, hence we cannot do so. But we recall the Cobbs, Purples, Rouses, Skidmores, Ramsdells, Sages and Rouses as among them, and can say that their devotion has been honored by the splendid monument Cassadaga Camp now is both to them and to our Cause. Mrs. M. H. Skidmore is not and should not be forgotten in connection with Cassadaga. For thirteen years she was a prominent figure there, and was missed most keenly when she fell at her post of duty in 1893.

Improvements have been made each year since the camp was founded. Nearly fifty acres are now included in its domain, additions having been made as occasion demanded, to the original eighteen acres first secured in 1879. "Caldwell Park" received its name from one of the benefactors of the camp, the Hon. A. B. Caldwell of Washington, Penn.

"Melrose Park" was named in honor of Mrs. R. S. Lillie, who was long a worker at Cassadaga, and whose home there fronted the park to which the name of Melrose was given. Lincoln Park was named by Mrs. Skidmore, while Lake View Park received its cognomen from its location. Electric lights make resplendent the nights and tip the leaves of the trees as well as the waters of the lake, with silvery brightness that adds another charm to Cassadaga's charms. Music, dancing, card parties, boating are the orders of the day, while the bowling alley and billiard room attract their full share of those who love the ball and cue. Excellent hotels and restaurants abound, and the visitor can choose the one that suits his purse and fancy most.

We take great pleasure in presenting several views of this beautiful camp, together with the cuts of President Gaston, Chairman Brooks, Mr. J. Clegg Wright and Prof. Wm. M. Lockwood. President Gaston is a man of untiring energy, and is best pleased when he is doing something for Spiritualism. He has made Cassadaga the centre of his thought, and has never flagged in his devotion to the interests of the camp. In the darkest days the camp has ever had, he has been filled with the light of a sunny optimism that rekindled the courage of many of his associates, and induced them to go on with their work. Geo. H. Brooks has filled the position of chairman since 1896, to the satisfaction of all. He succeeded Harrison D. Barrett, the present Editor of the Banner of Light, who retired in 1895, after seven successive years' service in the same office. Mr. Brooks is now serving his sixth season, and will no doubt be re-engaged for 1902. He is ever courteous in his treatment of all visitors to the camp, and aims to be absolutely impartial in all of his rulings. He is certainly an efficient chairman, and has won the confidence of all Cassadaga's guests.

The scenic views explain themselves. The one marked "Sunset on the Lake" is from real life, and is not exaggerated in the least. Many a time has the writer gazed upon just such a scene as is here presented in this charming picture. The soft, blue lakes, the still channel, the noiseless motion of the boat, the silent figures within it, the hills, the golden sunset and the trees make the scene unusually attractive. The gate entrance tells its own story. Here are the people assembled to await the opening of the evening's mail. Over the gate is the beautiful arch bearing the letters "C. L. F. A.," signifying a welcome as suggested in the words, "Come, Let Fear Alone," or, if spiritually interpreted, meaning "Celestial Light For All." The faces of the visitors indicate peace and content of mind, and prove that they are far from being the cadaverous looking objects the clergy are wont to consider the Spiritualists to be. These faces are types of Cassadaga's visitors, and it will be difficult to find a happier, more truly progressive and cultured people on the face of the earth. In

those of A. L. Pettigill and Campbell Brothers, whose homes would be a credit in architectural appearance to any city in the land. The interior decorations and furnishings certainly rank equally high. Along this line we might name the homes of T. J. Skidmore, C. B. Turner, P. L. O. A. Keeler, Mrs. A. B. Caldwell and others in different parts of the grounds as residences of great beauty and attractiveness. The auditorium is next noticed. This structure was designed by J. B. F. Champlin in 1883, but has been enlarged and improved on two occasions since. It will accommodate 1500 people with ease, but we have seen four times that number packed around it on several occasions. It is always most tastefully decorated, and is a charming spot to all. In this building the daily meetings are held, also the evening dances.

We next view Lincoln Park, fronting the Skidmore residence. Here is another beautiful spot. The trees and shrubbery speak for themselves, while W. H. Bach's Pagoda is a special attraction of itself. He has his book store, subscription books, confections and dozens of other things in this little



PROF. WM. M. LOCKWOOD.

building. Mr. Bach is a "husler" in the modern phrase. He is the editor of "The Sunflower," a wide awake Spiritualist journal that he publishes on the grounds, besides being a practical printer and all around master of all trades. The C. L. F. A. Management issues an Association monthly called "The Cassadagan," which is published by Mr. F. G. Neelin of Seaford, Ont., in his office at that point, but the Sunflower is published at Lily Dale. Mr. Neelin is a member of the Board of Trustees of the camp, and is an earnest worker for the Cause as he understands it. Mr. Bach is cosmopolitan in everything, and has a kindly



ENTRANCE TO THE GATE.

And love and peace will then abound,
As thy blue lakes are linked around
A place we're never forgetting.
For all who sojourn on its shores,
With gratitude or duty,
Awaken thoughts of love and joy,
To thy exquisite beauty;
And from each grateful heart awake
Warm praise for Cassadaga Lake.

an organization, and proceeded to purchase a portion of the present camp grounds. This tract was then a "howling wilderness," and little did the pioneers dream of what the results of their labors would be. As soon as the society was incorporated, the grounds were purchased and improvement begun. Devoted men shouldered their axes, with



SUNSET ON THE LAKE.

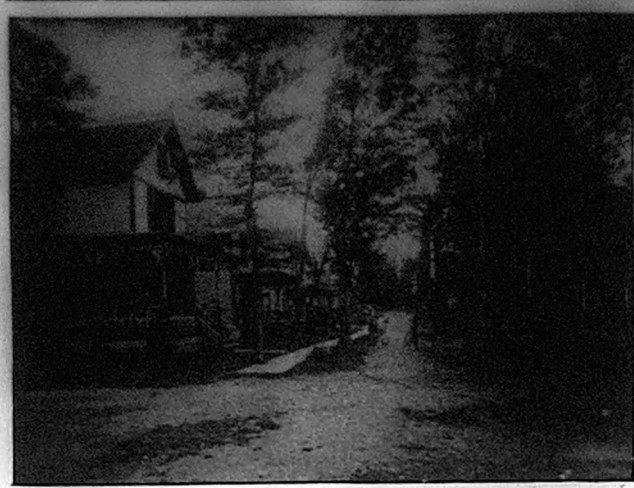
respect to morals, they rarely are "samples" for all denominations.

Our next view is "Melrose Park," studded with trees, carpeted with rich green grass, and adorned by exquisite flowers, hydrangeas and the national flag. Here are held each morning the "band concerts" for which Cassadaga is famous. This is one of the most attractive places on the grounds. On either side are the cottages of residents and campers, among which may be mentioned

word for all. These papers are testimonials to the enterprise of the Cassadaga people.

Our next view is that of "Cleveland Ave.," one of the main thoroughfares of the camp. It is lined on one side with splendid cottages, and by Lake View Park on the other. It is well worth seeing. Next we note "Lakeside Park," in the north of the Grand Hotel, and fronting the lake on the west. This is one

(Continued on page 11.)



CLEVELAND AVENUE.

WILLIAM DENTON and J. M. PEEBLES.

Come from the past, dear friend of days gone by,
Our Denton, stalwart, true as steel and strong.
Whose face was set against the wrong.
Who said of earth and heaven, its reason why?
Who for the Truth would even dare to die.
Thy speech was welcome as the poet's song;
More once again in power our midst among.
And give to us thy inspirations blith!
And Peetles, yet with all the sunset glow,
With whitened hair but sunshine in his soul,
A friend to us and all the human race—
These two the price of our religion show,
And are examples of thy life whole.
And in their goodness, good of all we trace!

—William Brunt.

Dream Life.

BY MARGARET VIRGINIA M'CADE.

Astrologers say I was born under lucky stars. Perhaps I was God knows: I do not. Until now I never thought I lived. Before I was mere existence; but tasting now the fullness of the joy of living, the past seems misty and gray. Yet I now know that from the first life was in my own hands to shape and fashion as I pleased; but my surroundings were too much for me. They hemmed me in as with strong mountain barriers—transcendental mentalities and the physical hereditary body was weakened by previous thought. Yet always something within yearned for the fuller comprehension, and grew day by day. The unconquerable soul, pushed down by fate and adverse circumstances, kept down by disease; the struggle was hard and long, but always and always the desire grew and conquered Fate. Conquered for all Eternity, and yet a dreamer.

I can remember my dream, half sad feeling, loneliness rather, while the mists from the river that cleft our mountains in twain, filled the valley so densely we could not see our hands held a yard from our faces; but later in the day, when the sun gained in power, the mists would rise like a curtain and roll up the mountain side, and everything was glorious in the autumn sunlight. O ye everlasting hills, you shut me in, but you never conquered the soul!

As the mists of life have slowly rolled themselves heavenward and let God's gracious love flow through all my being, I give thanks to the lessons the hills taught me; lessons I was slow in learning, fraught with pain and tears, but necessary links in the chain of life. Soul must have experience with matter. I missed the lower roads of the earthly realm, lived entirely in the middle story, feeling some aspirations for the higher building, but only contempt for the lower, and so to realize perfection of the spiritual existence it was necessary I descend from the intellectual plane, and know and feel the material; then rise with perfect knowledge into the spiritual. Now, all things are mine, for God never changes.

When the struggle for the soul's supremacy began, doors on all sides opened, and not only did the spiritual assert itself, but I saw the lower material plane, where foundations are laid and where we meet and touch human nature, through experiences grief laden of our own.

We cannot appreciate and sympathize with the sorrows of others until we too have walked the wine press of our own individual natures.

Once this vision came to me. Down long, spirally winding, iron bound steps I came—such a never ending succession of steps—and yet I knew not the top for it seemed the beginning of the dream found me in the midst of the way. Finally my feet touched a level space of most beautiful velvet carpet, green as the spring grass, and I passed on. A curve like the landing of more steps and then again I began the descent, but the steps were of stone, worn and rugged, uneven and steep, and the walls were damp and rolled like prison walls where plastering molders and falls. But I never reached the bottom—just as I had not started from the top. What was the vision? Life: with its trine states. We know not the beginning, we know not the ending, but we do know the harmony of living if we but realize the centre, and the smooth, level landing of my spiral vision signifies peace and contentment, when we have brought into subjection the molding, careworn, broken steps of the material and linked them with the iron bound curves of the spiritual.

We come into this life with no language but a cry. We pass out again, leaving the cry behind. Death comes to some in such repulsive form. Mortal mind is so filled with discords and they react on the body. Sorrow comes only as a chastening, refining influence. Each trifle rouses some part in the soul's building, and day by day the wish grows and broadens into the realization of divine purpose.

To repine and languish is death. To strive and grow and progress is life. Life, supreme, eternal, never changing for the blacker cares of desolation and loneliness. Do not stifle the cry of the soul.

Can we always still the longing for higher purposes? Are we always to be content to sit down at the foot of the ladder, and never look with wondering, questioning eyes up the rounds to the top? And if perchance we see the angels ascending and descending, shall we shut out the vision and put away the interpretation? No. To do this is annihilation. It is to make one's self lower than the beasts of the field.

We are so hasty to do rash acts, and spend our lives repining when we think it is too late; and it is never too late to step out into paths traced by a guiding hand. Only the material, reasoning mind says it is visionary.

foolish, to follow dreams. Keep yourself in the broad way of substantial money making schemes; nothing else counts! With prosperity comes all we need and wish! So it may be for a time! Life on this plane is but for a few years, and then we pass out leaving Time to obliterate the mark we perchance have made; and then what? No one answers. But all Eternity will answer. And the soul that lies dormant here will have all its work to do over again. Life is an arithmetical progression. The harmony of the means represents the perfect comprehension of the union of the soul and body, and as the soul increases for its everlasting progression, the body decreases and death snaps the cord.

Which is it to be? Increasing progression or blackest, cringing materiality? Man must progress, until it dares assert its independence and send forth its vibrations of unconquerable supremacy. Can any one forever silence the voice of inner consciousness because mortal life bids us walk by precept? Who does? Can any one open the door of his entire life and say, "I am free from sin against the laws?" No. Let that soul awake, and start on its journey, and await results. Deviations are the windings. Now over mountains, now into the valleys, but sure and steadfast as the sun that shines in the heavens, that soul will come into its own. The world may say with pity and secret rejoicing that troubles multiply, but what matters? In the end there will be light.

Let Eternity be what it may. The Present is given us to enjoy, and if we miss the way, then the fault is ours, and we must make the best of a bad business and so drag out our weary days. Oh, the pity of it all! Desires unfulfilled retard the soul's growth unless that soul has sprung into progression with great rapidity.

Oh Love, how long you tarry! When all the universe is filled with your presence. Every leaf and bud that grows, every wind that sweeps through the trees, every bird that sings, and every ray of sunlight, are but radiations of your fulness. You are everywhere, for you are God!

In our egotistical reasoning minds we call so much mere romance, not knowing the part imagination plays in the building of character, nor how much intuition paints correctly. Man falls so short of our ideals that we awaken to stern realities with an awakening worse than death. But possessing the key to psychic life, may we not touch the true manhood of the loved one, and set the true ideal nature to overcome the gross materialization of our earthly love? This has been done. There is no limit to the power of psychic suggestion.

We pray blindly and forget, but the answer comes. The magnetic centres are disturbed and the vibrations reach forth to meet responsive waves. But oh the years, sometimes, between the desires and fulfillments! If we count time by heart-throbs, we live longer or shorter years according to the conditions of our emotions!

But we don't know how to wait! We don't know how to live! We stimulate on and cry out in the darkness and mistake a little ray for the broad effulgence of the noon day sun. Life seems so full of sadness, so monotonous, so weary. I look around at the people I meet, with careworn, tired faces, and fancy what living means to them. Nothing. And so many seem only waiting for death to bring them a happy release. Poor souls! Not to know how to enjoy what is theirs now! Not to know that they do not have to wait for the pearly gates to open for heaven to begin.

Friendship is variable. Materialism terms it fickleness. Not so. It is only soul evolution. Friends, there may be, but unless two progress in the same line, they diverge, and afterwards will find they have grown so widely apart that the line is broken and indifference exists and even antagonism may step in. People do not understand magnetic circles. Combining they are harmonious, clashing they are destructive, as to outgrow surroundings produces half the diseased conditions of the body.

We women think until our very bodies grow weary with the force of our tumultuous brain, and in the end we have to wait developments.

Other lives effect us, and leave some impressions that eventually settle into the mass of weightier matters and when memory reproduces the half forgotten pain, we wonder why we were not stronger in our loves and intentions.

The world is weary just because we make it so!

If we would only study ourselves and then learn mankind. But we miserably grope along conscious of our mistakes and grieving because the world seems to have a grudge against us, while it is we, ourselves, who are out of tune with the Infinite. It may be due to preconceived thought, and we have to struggle against these preatent suggestions, which is the devil's work, and we walk side by side with saintliness and pride and only man made laws tell us thus far shall you go and no further.

We think we are free according to the law of God, and not the laws of man. We atomize the soul and body and find true living, and thus find true joy when the sun shines and clouds breathe only of Love. God is good. Like a tired child, a wee bairn, stretch forth your arms to welcome and grasp closer the riches of his blessing.

We are so weak and helpless with all our learning, with all our scientific explanations and experiments.

We think we have settled vexed questions and plant ourselves firmly on the foundations of our puny intellects have builded out of granite thought, to find it sand; and then we must go to work and build anew. How can we rest satisfied? Change is the law of our being.

My heart aches for the restlessness of people. They rush pell mell for any excitement, any break in monotonous lives, and seek a joy they know not how to find.

People are so tired, and the questions of the day hurry them forward as by a torrent that sweeps them on regardless of their wishes. Some are so strong in their own narrow selves that we really envy them the placidity of their lives. But to the thinking brain keenly alive to the mysteries so close beside all life, there is no rest, and neither will be rest unburdened.

Caesarean activity brings us nearer the eternal purpose. The silence in heaven for half an hour is not the silence devoid of work, nor is time of any consequence. Silence is supreme command, and rest from materiality.

Silence lifts the soul into touch with the all comprehensible, universal law, and there is but one law. Deep in the heart of man comes the command and silence reigns, while God whispers by the inner consciousness. It is rest and peace, but not cessation.

Only silence! Stranger than all spirit world is the strangeness of this human existence. How the brain of mortal man can conceive of the various forms of trickery, how it can plot and carry into execution all its devilish plans is beyond understanding and a study. Trickery is an art. Honesty is an attribute of more than earthly conception.

It amuses me to watch the cunning, the strange devices of people to gain their ends, and if they only knew and understood the great power that each one possesses above and beyond this gross ordinary means they use, the world would be a better, happier abode.

We individualize ourselves, and there lies the trouble. It is only the body that is separate and distinct. The true ego is one with all. Human nature is startling, and like sleep, we wait to follow a leader.

Conquering is the watchword of battle, and the stirring elements of excitement held in sway by a strong, commanding mentality rush on to victory or defeat. The result does not effect the effort, but the reaction may be as potent in either case. It is human nature falling back on itself, and the future of eternity is not effected. Hypnotism is a natural force. It exists everywhere and is the ruling power of all religious gatherings. The personality and magnetism of the speaker is the attractive force, and if he knows how to exert this influence, human nature is easily overcome and the result does not require much effort. One Force, one Law, pervades the Universe. Silence comes, and materiality sleeps, but the Hypnotic Force is exerted to save a shipwrecked world. What is true of one is true of all; only individuality marks out different roads, and the clouds of human life send the electric current in intricate devious ways. Perhaps we are influenced by another Force. Perhaps the leading comes in dreams. The ideal springs from the footsteps of earthly ideas and lifts mankind above the sordid dreams of mere earth existence; and with the poetic vision of soul inspired minds may speak by intuition the longing best known to each individual heart.

Each must live his own experience. Individuals live out their own personal existence and dress their own dreams.

We are so impatient. What we call miracles are only natural laws, and time is necessary to unravel so-called mysteries that prove to be no mysteries at all. Life is the greatest problem and we do not know what true life is. We set in motion the currents and they work out their own channels. There is nothing supernatural. It is a filmy uncertainty that reasoning, egotistical, narrow minds seek to throw around what they do not comprehend. The psychic world is the world of thought. It is the world of freedom and expansion, and uplifting from the material, gossiping, and criticism of envious, narrowed mentality. Some of us may spring at once into the intuition. Many of us learn by painful shocks, and the bravest and most fearless are they who can rise again plumed for the battle, knowing each experience is a necessary link in the chain of progression.

Of the evils of hypnotic control I have but little to say. Rightly enough it has been said that it is a power beyond our control, but I want to draw just one picture.

A man possessing this power and being of evil nature is in reality living a double life. In time the power will follow his inclination and become evil. Of the final ending of this man it is useless to say. Let him meet a woman of the purest life and thought. He may be met in a moment and become a man of peace and love, and he knows how to weave his subtle web and silently draw this pure, true life into his devilish net, because she, trusting, does not know she is being controlled; does not understand why her thought dwells so constantly on another; why his very presence seems near—as it is in reality—and she thinks it love divine and eternal, while it is the vilest kind of hypnotic control, the cruellest silent telepathic suggestion that makes her the victim, and is stronger because she knows it not and thinks she is acting her own desires and calls it Love.

Oh, my God, that such demons exist and are used in this power for such vile ends! Such cases have come to my notice, not one, but many, and I feel my soul cringe and shrink from the horrible, shattered nerves of the suffering victims, and the slow unwinding of this magnetic circle that, like a tiny cord, has been twisted round and round the object of this evil control. Only pure, true natures can stand the test. I pity with all human and soul pity both the hypnotist of this cult and his deluded subject.

I abrogate to myself no pride, no strength for clearly steering from the pitfalls of evil hypnotism. God's hand has blessed me with His power. I might venture further than many dare go, but my barrier held me back from destruction, for a great wave surged over my life and kept me true to the promptings of my own individual soul.

Science has made many strides, but none greater than the present century is accepting after so long struggling to shut out. Telepathy has gained its hold on the thinking people.

God being a force, pervading all life, is everywhere. God being life, perfect in every detail, and supplying all nature; mortal life being but a reflection of the Divine life, flowing through each individual connects all mankind, and when the subjective mind which is the developed body, we are in direct communication with God, and the God within comes to its fullest possession.

Understanding the direction of these forces, it follows we can closely come into communion with kindred souls. Only, evil can touch us as well as good, until we are so far developed as to control our own forces and only perceptive consciousness contact where we are willing to unbar the avenues auto suggestion can close.

Not until we have learned by hardest knocks are we free to draw our own circles around us and stand firmly grounded in our own power. The trinity of man is composed of the material, intellectual and spiritual. A man may never know any nature but the material, and by association, fear and expectation, he may literally and truly die. Some may rise to the intellectual, or be born directly into this middle sphere.

But when the spiritual is evolved, it be-

hooves the soul's perfection that it must know all these states; and for these, there is no death but a glorious transformation and an inheritance of all eternity.

Suffering and friction are the result of the soul's evolution. The greatest psychic the world ever knew—the Christ—experienced this.

Intuition, the soul's voice, would lead us on were we only to follow its guidance.

Selfishness forever shuts us out, but selfishness itself is put aside as the God eaters and takes possession. It is only when we place ourselves in touch with mankind and feel the same divine life pulsating through all life, that we realize true living and keep in the sunshine of God's love.

Are human beings altogether selfish? Do they think only of their own position and power amongst men? Will they blindly lead one on, and then stand back holding out their immaculate white hands while their hearts are black as hell itself could be? God forbid!

Do not silence the voice of the soul, by egotistical reasoning. Let the voice speak, if only to lift the veil away from the Real into the beautiful heaven of the Ideal, and the Ideal will be realized.

As a faint whisper of the future, in the early morning of my psychic development, this allegory steals across my intuition. A vast field of water, no land in sight, no song of birds or waving leaves, but deep, still water and the sky above. Out of that water rises a stone that seems to bear my name; but over that stone hovers a glorified, buoyant happy being, whom I know to be my true self; and just above that lonely, watery grave, shines one bright, clear star! Only an allegory, but it signifies much. The change of old life and thoughts and the ushering in of the happy liberated soul hovering between earth and sky, and one clear guiding star.

Forever after the vision of waters, rushing or tranquil, portend for me changes material as well as states of consciousness.

How I love the restless, turbulent sea. My untamed, erratic brain finds sweetest rest and comfort in its sympathetic wall, and the



LINCOLN PARK.

booming noise of the breakers dashing on the shore, seems to respond to the aching voice of the soul, as they tell of their dead in the depths below, just like the dead hopes of every human heart buried away from careless eyes. I love the lights and shadows on its changing waves. The white caps come dashing to my feet and break on the sands with a voice tuned to my every mood. Nature and I seem harmonious and the elements within are at rest, and with this rest comes the hypnotic control of the Universe. The control that has whispered its soothing conditions from the beginning, but has been tossed about like a wind-swept, stormy sea, while the heart of the storm was one great centre of ever abiding Peace.

Allegories are soul pictures. Dream true, or dream not at all, and learn to trust the impressions that come in rays from the Source. Trust not blindly, but with the reasoning sense of having tested the Truth and found it God.

Follow the path marked out, wandering on through thickest elements of earth-bound thought, but looking within to the light that guides, knowing nothing matters, for the end in time is one common end, and we may reach it sooner or later, just as we choose to follow the inclinations of our own faculties; but strive always.

Again I am asleep, and I see before me angry, surging waters, rushing, whirling against one towering rock that is the only thing near. Nothing but this rock and sea and sky. Then I see myself standing on this rock and with a shuttle in my fingers weaving around my form a magnetic circle that grows larger and stronger. Round and round the shuttle flies and I laugh aloud in my gladness, for this web encases my soul in its own harbor and shuts off all other strength. The clouds drift apart, and I look up into the radiance of the celestial realm and seem to hear a voice that sounded long ago in a far off sphere, "It is well."

Dedicated to my Guide in the Living Land of spirits, "Adramh."

Washington, D. C.

The Press-Writers a Power.

BY FRANCIS B. LIVEREY.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In your issue of July 6th, I see that D. Webster Groh, of Hagerstown, Md., has called attention to the American Press-Writers' Association. Several of its leading members are Spiritualists, among them being A. C. Armstrong, 17 Leroy St., Dorchester, Mass., to whom all persons are referred who wish to join.

Under the heading "Persecution is Rife," I see the same issue that Miss Etta Baker, of Baltimore, and Dr. J. C. Batdorf, of Grand Rapids, Mich., have been made the victims of persecution in connection with their Spiritualistic belief. Now our Press-Writers are just the foes to meet these persecutions, and all the Spiritualist members should feel it their duty immediately upon the heels of these persecutions to protest against them in the papers of the localities where they occur.

There is no greater foe to free speech, free mails and free press than Comstock, yet we have, by our processes, actually delivered from the clutches of his laws persons who were tried by them.

Spiritualists are an intelligent class, and there are among them hundreds of able writers who are perfectly competent to handle any adversaries that may appear against them in the press. By this appear-

ance in the secular press thousands of persons would also be made aware of Spiritualism who know comparatively nothing of it, and it would be found that no method extant would so introduce it to the people. Now that the orthodox sects generally are in a chaotic state, it would be an opportune time for able Spiritualists to enter upon this defensive and offensive line of work.

In the Little Pioneer Press of Martinsburg, West Virginia, I weekly give much practical information relating to the work of the Press-Writers of all parties and all sects. Having been in the work many years as an individual, I can say that I have accomplished all that I have attempted in the convention of ministers, priests, politicians, educators and others, who stand as opponents of mental and religious liberty.

Sykesville, Md.

American Press Writers' Association.

BY D. WEBSTER GROH.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In answer to numerous inquiries I have received about the object, nature and plan of the American Press Writers' Association, kindly permit me to briefly outline its purpose and methods.

It is a voluntary association of earnest, intelligent, generous, philanthropic rationalists who seek truth and its dissemination through the equal hearing of both sides of all important questions whenever practicable, and especially through the best possible means of reaching the populace, the daily and weekly newspapers, for advertising space in which shrewd business men pay immense sums, while we can thereby reach and educate the general public at practically no cost beyond the effort of writing brief, pointed, logical, courteous letters to the editors whenever they print an article allowing a reasonable basis for our comment.

Members everywhere forward each other such clippings or marked newspaper articles as they notice and think would form a good

basis for rationalistic comment, as well as such printed letters and criticism of other member's letters as they think would interest the writers.

They communicate personally with each other through "ring letters," passing consecutively from one member to another round a circle of six, eight or ten members, each one reading all the inclosed letters, adding his comments and forwarding to the next, using light weight paper to keep down bulk and postage.

Each one writes editorials comments whenever practical, so a member seeing some editorial needing rationalistic comment and immediately sending forty marked copies thereof to as many different members in various parts of the United States, knows the editor will promptly receive about that many comments thereon, which will somewhat surprise him and set him seriously thinking in the right line, besides liberalizing him and making him more careful next time on such subjects. As not one in ten thousand who read a paper will write the editor comments, forty letters, all in a similar vein, indicate that at least forty thousand of his readers think that way, and its wholesome effect on editors, even if they do not print those letters, is soon very discernible.

Many of our members are Spiritualists and more should join us, whose names will gladly be placed on our list of membership by Secretary A. C. Armstrong, 17 Leroy St., Dorchester, Mass., if application therefor is written to him.

There are no fees or dues and membership costs practically nothing but your own postage in forwarding letters and clippings. Those who would help enlighten the world through the most powerful means thereof in existence—the daily newspapers—should, by all means, immediately join the Press Writers.

Hagerstown, Md.

Elliptical Philosophy of an Indian.

Injun come because he have work with white man to do. White man do the one kind of work we not do yet, but we live and by and by we do same kind of work just as good. We not Injuns only in skin.

You well now, only you not hitched up to yourself. Hitch up to yourself and then you will be well. You hitched too close to ground. You hitched too close to chairs, to dishes, to things. Yourself no care for things, only just what it need for time. If all smash, yourself not care. You well; yourself come closer.

You well; you no care what folks say. Folks not know. Me say you well. You stand up strong inside. You say: "I no care for anything. I full; I big; I know; I spirit; Great Spirit mine; you no kill." Drink in spirit, you say to him. You live. You stand up to folks. You say: "Come to spirit. Come take you spirit; then you not want my spirit."

You ask you spirit what you do. Spirit say: "You come my way. My way take you up. You no feel rain, sun, storm. You no feel bad. Spirit open door right here." Maybe you feel bad 'cause somebody else lost spirit. He open door. He show. He let you read the story and he say: You keep fast hold. Then you shine with big, big light. Then your big, big light shine in him; he lost his spirit and he find him.

We all come together and we look, and down comes the light and shines all about. We come together every day and then we hold spirit; spirit hold us. No lose it; come every day.

Injun not say it just he see it. Never mind. You get together every day in the spirit, you see it yourself.

TWILIGHT REFLECTIONS.

When the twilight soft and tender
Is reflected in the lake
And the Christ our great Defender
Home with Him our souls doth take,
Then it is that faithful Willie
Leaps the barriers of the day
And the world's breath, stern and chilly,
At his coming melts away.
At this time our Sister Sarah,
Tall and stately, sweet and fair,
Disappears like a great Sahara*
With her perfume in the air.
John our true and noble brother
Takes our hands and leads us forth
To our saint-like, angel mother,
Soul of transcendent worth.
Precious M. moves her fingers
With delight to know that she
Is thrice welcome while she lingers
By her aged father's knee.
James the steadfast and true-hearted
Comes again to greet us all
He with whom we lately parted
When the leaves began to fall.
Rejoiced that wondrous beauty,
Pure and sylph-like treads the air,
Ever mindful of life's duty
For the wandering soul to care.
Sweetest blossom of the many
That has left us for that shore
Was our darling baby Fannie,
Whom we all did most adore.
What she promised is becoming
Was the beauty of her soul;
Not the world's wild ritual drumming,
But the grace of God the whole.
Now she gently forward moving
To behold the waiting band,
And be loved and also loving
Stretches forth her spirit hand.
God be praised for all these blessings:
Friends and foes are friends to-night;
Rapturous smiles and sweet farewells
Fill our souls with joy and light.
*Gloom.

The God of Israel.

BY F. J. RIPLEY

It happened to St. Paul during his propaganda that he came to a certain city in which, among a great many temples dedicated to as many gods, he found one inscribed to the "Unknown God." This was the apostle's opportunity, so he said to those agnostics:
"Whom ye thus ignorantly worship, him I proclaim unto you."
And straightway he began telling them about the God of Israel; just as the Scripture writers, from Moses on up, had been doing, and just as the theologian continues to do now.
As confessedly the God of Israel was "incomprehensible," the apostle's only chance to "proclaim" his God was to tell what he had done and would do in and for the world. And that is all that the theologian can now do. The only two exceptions are where the God of Israel is represented as sitting on a throne, and where he is said to be in all things, all things in him and in whom all things move and have their being—which two representations seem to be somewhat contradictory.
But Israel is not alone in the distinction of having a god specially its own. India, Persia and China each has one. Indeed most of those Oriental peoples had a god who, as their private property, naturally enough did many remarkable things for them—each people spinning its own yarn about the mat-

Port Jefferson, L. I.

Camp meeting commences Aug. 4 and closes Sept. 3. Lectures and public services will be given by the following: Aug. 4, President, Ira Moore Courlis, Dr. John C. Wyman; 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, Public Service, Ira Moore Courlis; 11, Wm. Wiles Sargent, Mrs. Tillie Evans; Mrs. Carrie S. Thomas; 12, Public Service, Mrs. Carrie S. Thomas; 14, Association Day, election of Trustees; 15, 16, Public Service, Mrs. Carrie S. Thomas; 19, 20, 21, 10 a. m., Lecture and Psychic Demonstrations, Mrs. M. C. Lincoln; 22, National and State Association Day, Harrison D. Barrett, Pres. N. S. A. is expected and representatives of the State Association will give addresses. National Association exercises followed by Psychic Demonstrations by Henry C. Dorn; State Association exercises followed by Psychic Demonstrations by Mrs. Tillie Evans; 23, Mrs. M. C. Lincoln; 25, Geo. A. Delaney, Mrs. Tillie Evans, Henry C. Dorn; 26, Public Service, Mrs. Tillie Evans; 27, Public Service, Henry C. Dorn; 28, Public Service, Mrs. Tillie Evans; 29, Public Service, Henry C. Dorn; 30, Public Service, Mrs. Tillie Evans; Sept. 1, L. R. Sanford, Beatrice A. Johnson, Dr. John C. Wyman, Dr. Wm. Franks; 2, Labor Day, Special, to be arranged; 3, Closing Exercises, Psychic Demonstrations, Beatrice A. Johnson.

GOOD SITUATION—For a gentleman, widow or girl. No outfits for sale. Address, with reference, 43 Fremont Ave., Dayton, Ohio.

Verona Park Camp Meeting.

The annual camping-out of the Penobscot Spiritual Temple Association will be held at Verona Park, July 26 to August 19. The following is the list of speakers and mediums:
July 28, A. F. Smith of Bangor, F. W. Smith of Rockland, C. A. Brown of Orrington, Mrs. Ella P. Hewes; 29, Mrs. Ella P. Hewes; 31, Entertainment by Ladies' Auxiliary; August 1, C. A. Brown; 2, Mrs. Ella P. Hewes; 3, Social Meeting; 4, J. S. Scarlett; 5, Social Meeting; 6, Memorial Day, 7, Entertainment by the Association; 8, J. S. Scarlett, Rev. B. F. Austin; 9, Rev. B. F. Austin; 10, J. S. Scarlett; 11, Rev. B. F. Austin; 12, C. A. Brown; 14, Entertainment by the Association; 15, F. W. Smith; 16, Annual Meeting. Election of officers and transaction of any other business that may come before the meeting; 17, State Association Day and N. S. A. Day; 18, closing lecture; "God be with you 'til we meet again," in 1902.

If you Lack Energy.

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.
It vitalizes the nerves, helps digestion, and refreshes and invigorates the entire system.

A Pleasant Occasion.

Miss Fannie Hendrick and Mr. John H. Wood, both of this city, were united in marriage by the undersigned, on Sunday, June 30, 1901, at the residence of Dr. E. H. Hendrick, father of the bride—an earnest worker for Spiritualism in this community for many years and one of the founders of the Missouri State Association.
J. Madison Allen.
Springfield, Mo.

sermon on the mount has never been equaled, and the sense of the world today, and I believe also the general desire of the world's people, is for an opportunity for just such an interpretation. With the constant onward movement, in a material sense, of the world's people, there is also a movement, with a spiritual force and impetus, of the spirit and soul of those people; in other words, the great universal soul of the world is growing more soulful, more loving, kind and gentle as it passes through its various periods of suffering, and as each and every soul is only a part of the universal, it must, through the very nature of affairs, be affected for good.

People are becoming more optimistic as the years are left behind, and that very feeling is doing much toward making better conditions in every sense of the word. Many there are who still say that such talk is unbecomely. Very well, those people are the losers and not the man who believes in the inborn truth and purity of the individual. It is proof positive of the divine source of the natural goodness of the world when it will rise above the conditions of the past and pierce the cloud of avarice, sensuality and bigotry which has spread like a funeral pall over the lives of men for ages, and which, toward the end of the vast machinery of man, has yielded a balm quelling to the discontented, healing to the wounds and strengthening, beyond power of judging, to the spirit and soul of the world.

Spiritualists, the world over, have an unequalled opportunity of making their Cause an honorable household word by doing all they can to assist in the spreading of the gospel of purity and truth. They must take the initiative in all movements affecting for good the human family and must set examples by their own lives of the beneficial results of such living.

The church as an organization has forfeited all claims as a benefactor of the race by her inaction at critical times and by an almost criminal negligence. Its members are beginning to see their mistake and some are following the new thought by connecting themselves with up-to-date organizations, while others are devoting their energies toward the rebuilding of the machinery of the church to advance the good of the world, but not in the old way.

But the fact remains that, controlled and supported by the moneyed interests of the world, as the church of today is, it is almost impossible for it to fall in line with the present day methods and be in any way successful and will be until it is divorced from its methods of obtaining funds or until the souls of its millionaire supporters are brought to learn the will of the world as taught in the sermon on the mount. That will be done in time and until then, those who are working for the best interests of humanity, must "come outers" in the best sense of the word.

One cannot believe fully in the natural goodness of the world until one comes to realize that "there is a great deal of human nature in me yet," and governs himself accordingly by seeking to improve himself before reforming the world.

Spiritualist Camp Meetings for 1901.

Cassadaga Lake, Lily Dale, N. Y., July 14 to Sept. 1.
Onset, Mass., July 14 to Sept. 1.
Lake Pleasant, Mass., July 23 to Sept. 1.
Clinton, Iowa, July 23 to Aug. 25.
Harwich, Mass., July 14 to 28.
Camp Progress, Mass., June 2 to Oct. 6.
Etna, Maine, Aug. 20 to Sept. 8.
Vicksburg, Mich., Aug. 2 to 25.
Ashley, O., July 14 to Aug. 14.
Chesterfield, Ind., July 18 to Aug. 26.
Queen City, Ark., July 10 to Sept. 8.
Niantic, Conn., July 14 to Sept. 9.
Earncliffe Grove, Chelmsford St., Lowell, Mass., June 2 to Sept. 29.
Island Lake, Mich., July 18 to Sept. 2.
Hasslet Park, Mich., July 25 to Sept. 1.
Sunapee Lake, N. H., Aug. 4 to 18.
Delphi, Ind., July 27 to Aug. 3.
Briggs Park, Grand Rapids, Mich., June 30 to July 23.
Lake Helen, Florida, Sept. 1 to Oct. 6.
Los Angeles, Cal., Aug. 11 to Sept. 11.
Temple Heights, Me., Aug. 17 to 25.
Zoo Park, Springfield, Mo., July 7 to 31.
Unity Camp, Saugus Centre, Mass., June 2 to Oct. 6.
Verona Park, Me., July 27 to Aug. 19.
Freeville, N. Y., July 27 to Aug. 18.
Port Jefferson, L. I., Aug. 4 to Sept. 3.
Madison, Me., Sept. 6 to 15.
[Others will be added to the list as soon as we learn the dates.]

For Over Fifty Years.

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

Imagination Kills—Can It Cure?

BY W. R. HEARST.

Mr. Harmsworth, editor of a score of English publications, sailed recently for England, carrying with him, we regret to say, an attack of United States malaria.

Mr. Harmsworth went to Florida early in the winter to catch tarpon, but the malaria caught him, and bothered him considerably for nearly a month.

Before he left the United States he expressed to this writer his great interest in that display of mental activity which is called Christian Science. A friend sent a Christian Scientist to him.

He read the Christian Scientist and allowed him to exercise his talents.

Mr. Harmsworth declared that he did not pretend to decide the merits of Christian Science, but he did know that this Christian Scientist or something else had unquestionably done him a great deal of good.

We feel bound always to mention Christian Science with respect. It expresses the sincere belief of a great many thousands of citizens, and all sincere belief is entitled to respectful treatment.

We feel bound also to say, whenever Christian Science is mentioned, that the Christian Scientist who pretends to deal with actual violent troubles, such as pneumonia, typhoid fever, broken bones, is a quack and a criminal.

Having stated this view of the most radical claims of Christian Science, let us examine the one interesting doctrine which Christian Science expounds.

The Christian Scientist gives to his converts a very thick book and a great deal of wordy explanation and comment. He tells the childlike believer that there is no such thing as pain, and imparts other nonsense of that kind.

The main idea in Christian Science, it seems to us, is extremely interesting and reasonable. Here it is: The mind, the imagination, represent the highest development in the human organism. Under proper control they should be able to control the human body, freeing it from ill, from much needless suffering and useless worry.

We are inclined to think that much good will result when men of real scientific ability, free from charlatanism and a desire for quick

profits, shall investigate the possibilities of Christian Science treatment.

If you resent the idea that imagination can cure, please explain how it happens that imagination can kill.

The Chinese, who have wasted centuries devising ingenious tortures, discovered long ago the art of destroying life through imagination.

Most of us have read about the Chinese torture which consists in allowing a drop of water to fall upon the victim's head at very short intervals.

The succeeding drops of water do no real harm. They do not pierce the skull or even the scalp.

But the constant, monotonous, regular drip, drip of the succeeding drops soon affects the patient disastrously through his imagination.

He waits for each drop to fall. The anticipation preceding each drop becomes intensely painful. The mental torment increases as time passes and the unfortunate victim of Chinese devilry and his own imagination dies ultimately in atrocious agony.

Mr. Julian Ralph, the distinguished American newspaper correspondent, who has traveled extensively in China, informs us that the Chinese have another method of inflicting death through the imagination; namely, by submitting the victim to the sound of a bell held close to the ear.

The bell rings once in so many seconds. It does no actual harm, apparently. It does nothing save excite the nerves of the ear, sending along a succession of useless messages to the brain.

But no man can endure the torture of the bell beyond a certain number of hours. His over-strained imagination kills him.

Since it is evident that imagination can destroy life, must it not also be true that a reversal of the imaginative killing process must strengthen and prolong life?

Everybody knows how a feeling of cheerfulness and elation overcomes despondency. Pleasure excites the heart, increases the activity of the lungs and the consequent absorption of oxygen.

Every remotest corner of our physical bodies must be subject to influences of the mind. That being so, there can be no question as to the importance of controlling these mind influences.—N. Y. Journal.

Pan-American Visitors

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

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-communications. 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 600 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 sender of that amount to a copy before the book is launched into 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.

It is the same force in the human breast which makes men gods or demons. Black sin is oft white truth, that missed its way.

And wandered off in paths not understood. Twin-born I hold great evil and great good. E. W. W.

To Let.

In the Banner of Light Bldg., No. 224 Dartmouth Street, a fine large front room, well adapted for a medium's physician's or dentist's office. Terms reasonable. Apply at Banner of Light Book Store.

"My only desire is to know the truth. My only fear to cling to error."

An excellent cabinet photo of "The Poughkeepsie Seer" (A. J. Davis) for sale at this office. Price 35 cents.

Not unrelated, unaffiliated but to each thing and thought allied is perfect Nature's every part.—Kierkegaard.

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

RELIGION OF MAN AND ETHICS OF SCIENCE.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

The Past has been the Age of the Gods and the Religion of Faith; the present is the Age of Man and the Religion of Science; the future is the Age of the Gods and the Religion of Faith.

PART FIRST—Religion and Science.
Introduction; Religion; Faith; Science; Philosophy; Metaphysics; Psychology; Ethics; Law; History; Literature; Art; Music; Drama; Poetry; Prose; Fiction; Non-Fiction; Biography; Autobiography; Journalism; Public Affairs; Social Science; Political Science; Economics; Law; Medicine; Agriculture; Industry; Commerce; Transportation; Communication; Education; Recreation; Health; Hygiene; Safety; Security; Peace; War; Crime; Punishment; Reform; Progress; Civilization; Culture; Education; Science; Religion; Philosophy; Metaphysics; Psychology; Ethics; Law; History; Literature; Art; Music; Drama; Poetry; Prose; Fiction; Non-Fiction; Biography; Autobiography; Journalism; Public Affairs; Social Science; Political Science; Economics; Law; Medicine; Agriculture; Industry; Commerce; Transportation; Communication; Education; Recreation; Health; Hygiene; Safety; Security; Peace; War; Crime; Punishment; Reform; Progress; Civilization; Culture; Education; Science; Religion; Philosophy; Metaphysics; Psychology; 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Random Reflections.

Life presents many strange anomalies despite the fact that poets and philosophers have endeavored to make it dreamlike, musical and idealistic in character. Joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain, are antitheses that are constantly occurring to all men, yet the cause of these succeeding states of mind is ever an enigma to the great majority of the race. If "joy cometh in the morning," few mortals are there who do more than to accept the fact that they are happy and are indifferent to the source from which this joy came. If sorrow is their portion, they grieve that they have been singled out by some power mightier than they, to bear the brunt of his displeasure. They seldom recognize that the real cause of the agony is to be found in their own natures, and that they only are to blame for that which they are called upon to endure.

Health, sickness, wealth and poverty are also antitheses traceable largely to the will of the individuals involved. Health is always attainable by mortals if they will but live health in their thought and soul lives through harmony and cheerfulness of spirit. Sickness never abides with a man or woman when he or she is in control of the forces of being, and is able to express them harmoniously. Wealth is the result of the same law. Those men who accumulate it relate themselves in harmony of thought and action to the forces of the business world, and draw unto themselves that which is dominated by their superior wills. This is also true of the condition known as poverty. It is the result of man's failure to adjust himself to his environment, and to grasp his rightful share of this world's goods. Mentality can be ruler over all things when men use their powers aright. In pandering to the senses, man loses control of his real self, and the result is mental power, physical strength, material prosperity, and social standing at once depart from him.

The soul-man rises superior to all of the untoward conditions pertaining to his environment, and is master of the situation at once from the fact that he recognizes his own powers and knows his own possibilities. At once the question arises, are the plotters of the world superior in soul-culture to those whose their exactions have made poverty stricken? Yes and no, both emphatically pronounced. Yes, in the sense that they have recognized the potency of concentration of will, the possibilities that may come forth from well trained mental action. They have trained all of their forces in the direction of accumulation through concentration, and have

won a series of triumphs that have astonished the surface philosophers of all nations. No, they are not superior in that larger view of soul relationships that the true philosopher must take in order to know life as it is. There are no castes in the world of souls. All souls are of equal value, possess equal merit, and are joint heirs to all of the wealth of the universe, materially, spiritually, morally and intellectually.

The plutocrat, having perhaps unconsciously to himself, grasped the law that gives him power, has pushed his advantage to the utmost possible extent. The fault of his great advantage lies not so much with him as with those who have failed to check him in his work of warping a natural law into a channel for his own selfish purposes. He grasped the meaning, the potency of mental action, and used the same for his own advantage. The law that made him could have been used to restrain him. The efforts he made for his own gain, under that same law, could have been turned to the nobler work of aiding his fellowmen. His fault was this, that he did not seek to awaken those who served him to the knowledge he possessed, but rather kept them subject to his will for the purpose of making them the means to his gain in dollars and cents. Their fault was that they meekly accepted conditions that were prescribed for them by others, and did not exert themselves to create their own.

The trust is the outward expression of this law of mental force. The remedy for physical disease, for national ills, for social sickness lies wholly in the realm of the mind. When men are led to see that they have wills of their own, that their souls are capable of acting independently of all other souls, they can then become masters of their own lives and destinies. Trusts, plutocracy, aristocracy and imperialism will then be impossibilities, for soul-force rightly directed will be operating to counteract the misdirected energies of those who are now utilizing this same power for their own selfish advantage. Then it will be as disgraceful to acknowledge illness of any kind as it now is to be branded as a criminal. Then sorrow will be as much to be shunned, to be looked upon with disapproval, as any so-called infectious disease now is. In fine, man's destiny is in his own hands, and his material prosperity today, his condition of mind, his state of health, are all subject to the use or misuse of the interior, or soul-force, of his own being. When he learns to control his own mind, he will be ruler over everything. This he will do when he becomes acquainted with his own soul, and graciously permits it to dominate his life. Then will sensuality, selfishness, ignorance, hatred and crime disappear forever, and the cardinal virtues of the real man come forth to bless the world through the exemplification of the law of the soul that commands us to live and to do for others.

Is It Justice?

Pretty Jessie Morrison, the daughter of Judge Morrison of Kansas, has been sentenced to five years in the penitentiary for the murder of Mrs. Clara Castle. Miss Morrison was in love with Castle and was engaged to him up to the time of his marriage with the unfortunate woman for whose murder Miss Morrison is now punished. Castle was sickle and married without Miss Morrison's knowledge. In a fit of insane jealousy and rage, she killed the young bride of a few days. Miss Morrison is reported to be a bright, intelligent girl, and how she could have wrought her fearful deed, out of love for such a man as Castle proved himself to be, is beyond comprehension. It is probable that Mrs. Castle herself was as much victimized by Castle as was Miss Morrison. Castle seems to have been popular with women, despite the fact that he was far from being a brilliant or extraordinarily good looking man. In any event, his escapades go unpunished, while his insane victim, Miss Morrison, goes to prison for five years, and the wife he deceived has gone into an untimely grave. Again we ask is this justice?

This question might also be asked with respect to many similar cases now on trial, or that have been recently decided. Dr. Kennedy, the alleged murderer of "Dolly" Reynolds, is out on bail, and it is hardly probable that he will ever be tried again. Roland B. Molineux is still in prison, and expects to obtain his release at least upon the Kennedy terms. Barker goes to prison for five years for his insane assault upon preacher Keller. In Maine, the negro Handa, who had as much to do with the Mosher murder as his accomplice, gets ten years in prison, while the man whom Hands accused gets a life sentence. It is rather singular that the word of a confessed negro criminal goes further in court, in the New England States, at least, than that of a reputable white witness. Grafman may be guilty of the Mosher murder, but it would take more than his past criminal record and the accusation of a guilty negro to make us believe it. Is justice done in any one of these cases? Kennedy and Molineux both may be innocent, but if they are, their long incarcerations, and expensive trials are most inequitable to them. If they are guilty, the delay of the law is far from being justice.

There is plenty of law in the land, but law and justice are far from being synonymous terms. Law is now made to be twisted to the profit of the lawyers, and to the advantage of criminals. Honorable men and women, in far too many courts, no matter how just their claims may be, stand idle or no chance to gain their causes. During the past four years, President McKinley has pardoned thirty-five defaulting bank officials, all of whom were proved guilty of the crimes with which they were charged. Bank robbing, and the consequent financial ruin of innocent depositors, are now virtues, worthy of the Presidential approval. The man who steals food for his starving family goes to prison for life, and there is no pardon for him. The bank officers stole enough to make themselves honorable citizens. The prisoner of food

only secured enough to make him a criminal. A bank cashier in Maine stole sixty thousand dollars, and went to prison for ten years. He was a Sunday School Superintendent, and a Bible class leader. He was therefore pardoned by the President after he had served five years of his sentence. The day after he was released from prison he received a telegram, offering a cashiership in another bank at a salary of thirty-five hundred dollars per year. He accepted it and within two years had again stolen a large sum from the bank. This time he was discharged—not punished at all! Is this justice?

St. Anne's Bone.

Just at the present time, no little commotion exists in Catholic circles over a so-called relic of St. Anne, the mother of Mary, the mother of Jesus, in the form of a piece of bone about three inches long. Of course, no one can prove that the bone was ever a portion of St. Anne's anatomy, as she passed away nearly two thousand years ago, and from the very nature of things, her bones must long since have crumbled into dust, as the art of cremation was not practiced by the Jews and early Christians. It is, without doubt, a relic, palmed off as such at least, by some clever salesman, who seized upon an opportunity to add a few dollars to his coffers by so doing. But this bone is alleged to possess healing powers of a wonderful nature, and rumor has it that thousands of people have been cured by touching it. It is said that the Pope himself has blessed and sanctified it, and sent it forth on his errand of mercy. People are flocking to the place where the bone is now held in droves, hoping to be cured of all their ills. The priests tell them they will be, if they have faith enough, and upon touching the bone, many of them loudly proclaim that they are cured.

That the bone is a fraud, there is little doubt, and it is the veriest nonsense to suppose that such marvelous healing powers are inherent within a bone of that size, or any other object. "But people are benefited by touching the bone," assert many people. Very true, but they are cured by the power of suggestion, and the exercise of the forces of the mind, rather than by the magnetism that exudes from a bone, even though that bone was once the property of a saint who lived two thousand years ago. In the final analysis it will be found that the mental and soul forces of man are the sources of power, and that they have absolute control over the body, even over disease, when they are exercised aright. What the world needs most is less superstition, mis-called religion, and more soul enlightenment on the part of all classes of people. Many Catholic priests, as well as nuns, are good mediums, and possess superior knowledge of occult science. Their great fault lies in the fact that they assiduously keep their knowledge from the people, and seek to control them through their fears and by means of pretended miracles. A miracle is an injury to liberty, and supernaturalism is equally irrational and unthinkable. Natural law prevails in all things, and there is no power that can set it aside, even though cures are wrought through a piece of bone from a mythical saint. Let the power of suggestion be made known, and the people of the world will be far healthier and happier than they are today. In fine, education along rational lines is the salvation of the race.

Camp Unity.

Special services of a very unique and intensely interesting character will be held at this progressive camp on Sunday, July 28. It is the purpose of Pres. Caird and his associates to make that day a prominent date in the history of the cause of co-operation in this State and nation. The exercises will be under the management of the National Spiritualists' Association, which organization will present a program of more than ordinary interest and value. Mr. Thomas Cross, Mr. J. S. Scarlett and Harrison D. Barrett, will be the speakers, while Mrs. Dr. Caird and Mrs. May S. Pepper will give spirit messages. Thomas' full orchestra will furnish instrumental music, while the regular choir and Mr. Charles E. Le Grande will furnish vocal selections. This day is to be made a "red letter day" in the history of Massachusetts Spiritualism, and all friends of freedom and progressive thought should make an effort to be present. Remember that Unity Camp possesses many attractive features outside of the talent presented from its platform. A beautiful pine grove, very easy of access, a delightful street car ride, and no mosquitoes! Surely these are features that should be particularly pleasing to those who are in search of a restful day's outing. Take 1019 a. m. car from Scollay Square for Cliffdale, then transfer for Saugus Centre of Camp Unity. Don't miss this important meeting.

Fred B. Nichols.

From our special Cassadaga correspondent, and from the columns of the Sunflower, we learn of the transition of this well known representative of Cassadaga Camp. Mr. Nichols was the leader of the famous Northwestern Band of Meadville, Pa., the orchestra of which has supplied instrumental music at Cassadaga for the past sixteen years. He was a most excellent musician, a kindly friend, and genial gentleman. His was a prominent figure at camp, for every one knew Fred Nichols and was always pleased to meet him. Mr. Nichols was a Spiritualist from conviction, hence knew the way he was going. He had not been well for nearly one year, but his transition came unexpectedly at the end. His wife, mother, three sisters and one brother survive him. They all have the comforting assurance of Spiritualism to mitigate their grief at this hour of parting with the one so dearly loved. Mr. Nichols had a kind heart, and loved to add to the

happiness of others through his musical art, as well as by his royal good nature and uniform cheerfulness of spirit. He will be greatly missed by a large circle of friends, all of whom unite in extending their sincere sympathy to his grief-stricken family. We have known Mr. Nichols well for fifteen years, and we mourn his early departure with those of his household.

A Good Suggestion.

While philanthropic persons in Europe and America are making contributions in aid of the starving people in China the Christian missionaries are making out bills and demanding exorbitant damages for alleged losses during the Boxer outbreak. Some of these bills are for sermons at the rate of \$200 a sermon. Missionary sermons come high it seems. I am satisfied that orthodox sermons of a better quality than any destroyed in China can be bought in this country for fifty cents a piece at retail. How would it do for the Chinese to buy new ones for the missionaries? Besides the saving in money there might be a gain in quality.—The Searchlight.

We hasten to second our valued exchange's timely motion. China has been looted enough of late, but it is the refinement of torture to pay three hundred dollars apiece for missionary sermons. They would be costly even at a penny apiece, hence we feel that The Searchlight has hit it about right in suggesting that an average fifty cents each be appropriated for new sermons. Were they to purchase of men who have hearts and souls, there would surely be a gain in quality. But men with souls oppose the rape of China by the Christians of the world, hence their sermons would not be wanted. Only the ultra Christians have adopted the Jesuit's rule, "The end justifies the means." There are some honorable Christians in the world, to whom war is abhorrent, and wholesale thievery utterly indefensible. It is to be hoped, for the sake of the peace of the world, that this class of Christians will soon seek to make their influence felt in the governments of the world. By so doing, they could aid the cause of civilization, not only in China, but especially in the United States where it is much more needed.

Remember August 10.

All readers of the Banner of Light who are interested in the children and want them brought into the liberal fold, will do well to watch for our issue of August 10, 1901. A goodly number of pictures of some of the Banner's wide awake babies will appear in that number, with sketches of the lives of each. For the first time since Mrs. Minnie M. Soule became identified with the public work of Spiritualism, her photograph will be given to the public. With her will appear the photograph of her little daughter, Marie, who has been in spirit-life for several years. All friends of our message department and Spiritualism in general will be more than pleased with this opportunity to secure pictures of this gifted lady her only daughter, and those of our "Banner babies," who have come into our circle through our children's column. We will order a goodly number of extra copies of this splendid edition, but we hope to determine the size of that edition by the advance orders received. Send in your orders at once. All extras will be five cents per copy, and you will want several each in order that the faces of all the Banner children may find their way into your scrap books. Let us hear from all sections of the country. Our circle includes children from many States, and their friends will want to know how the little Spiritualists look. Remember this, you want the Banner of Light of August 10, without fail. Order copies immediately.

A Reliable Healer.

It is always a pleasure to be able to speak these words in connection with those who claim to be able to heal the sick. Spiritualism has many noble sons who are devoting their lives to the work of relieving pain and healing disease. One of the most competent and reliable among the many is Charles E. LeGrande of Salem, Mass. We know the value of his treatments from personal experience and gladly bear this unsolicited testimony to the high character of his work. He is master of his art, and always sets out with the determined purpose to benefit his patient, without regard to the effect upon himself, or consideration for the financial results. He deserves well at the hands of all who believe in psychic and vitaphatic treatments, and we recommend him to the favorable notice of all who are in search of health and strength.

Madison, Maine, Camp.

Owing to a force of circumstances beyond the control of the management, this wide awake camp will open Sept. 6 and close Sept. 15, instead of Aug. 23-Sept. 1, as heretofore advertised. All Maine Spiritualists will kindly take notice, and govern themselves accordingly. All other camps will have then adjourned for the season, thereby giving all Spiritualists a chance to make Madison their rendezvous for the ten days in question.

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 38, daily. Also Pullman Parlor Car on trains 15 and 18, daily.

This is the Cassadaga number of the Banner of Light. Views of other camps will follow in subsequent issues, so that our readers may know something of the many attractions these Meccas of spiritualistic thought possess. By so doing, we hope to inspire many of our readers to attend one or another of these beautiful camps.

Cassadaga's Specialty.

The special class work at Cassadaga camp this season has already proved a most attractive feature, and there is no doubt that its popularity will continue throughout the summer assembly. With such able instructors as Wm. M. Lockwood and J. Clegg Wright, it could not well be otherwise. We take pleasure in presenting cuts of these eminent workers among the many other attractions of this Cassadaga edition of the Banner of Light. Prof. Lockwood and Prof. Wright meet their classes in the auditorium on alternate days, and admission is free to all. Our special correspondent and other friends at Cassadaga report a steady increase of interest in this new departure, and bestow upon the two teachers many encomiums of praise for their excellent work. We congratulate our Cassadaga brethren upon the progressive step they have taken, and heartily endorse the educational work they are doing. It is a feature that could be everywhere emulated with profit.

'Lisbeth.

Have you read this splendid work by Mrs. Carrie E. S. Tving? If you have not done so, you have missed a rich treat. You should have this book at once, and you can get it with but little effort. If you will secure one new subscriber to the Banner of Light for one year, you will receive a copy of "Lisbeth" for your trouble, while your friend will get the old and reliable Banner for one full year in exchange for his two dollars. Send two dollars to the Banner of Light Publishing Company and receive "Lisbeth" and the Banner for one year in return. This offer holds good until further notice, and affords all an opportunity to get hold of some good literature. "Lisbeth" ranks high in the literary world, and the Banner of Light occupies a position that commands the respect of all. Send in your orders, and see for yourselves the results.

Do You Want a Valuable Brick?

If you do, send one dollar to the office of the Banner of Light Publishing Company and secure a copy of Mrs. Corilla Baister's unique work, "I'm a Brick." It is one of the finest bits of satire, humor, and wisdom that has ever found its way into print. Those who are desirous of seeing the pretensions of the different religious sects as they really are will be given an opportunity to do so in the pages of this queer "Brick." Send in your orders. It is only one dollar per "Brick," and the foundation of every house of instruction will be incomplete without this new "Brick" nicely cemented into the understanding of the owner. Purchase your "Brick" at once, and urge your friends to do likewise.

"The Lost Will."

A most excellent storyette from the facile pen of that gifted writer, Miss Fleta E. Chrymer, will shortly appear in our columns. It is a most valuable contribution, and should be widely read. Miss Chrymer enters into the very soul of things, and makes her every word tell. We hope to present other offerings from the same inspired pen in the near future. If you take the Banner, you have a rich treat in store for you; if you don't take it, you should subscribe at once in order to obtain this charming story by Miss Chrymer and other equally interesting essays.

Freeville, N. Y., Camp.

This young camp is in line with the work of organization, and has generously set aside Wednesday, July 31, as "N. S. A. Day." On this occasion a special program will be presented, and the N. S. A. will be represented by its President. It is confidently expected that this day will be one of special interest to all Spiritualists who love their Spiritualism with the devotion of conviction, and it certainly gives them an opportunity to prove their belief in co-operation. We hope there will be many hundreds of people at Freeville throughout the camp.

Mrs. May S. Pepper

will be one of the prominent workers at Camp Unity on "N. S. A. Day," July 23. This gifted psychic will exercise her splendid powers for the benefit of the assembled multitudes, and no doubt will comfort many sorrowing hearts on that occasion. Don't forget the day and date, Sunday, July 23, at Unity Camp, Saugus Centre, Mass.

Eden B. Holmes, an aged citizen of Puyallup, Wash., took leave of earth on Thursday, July 5. He was a firm Spiritualist and passed to his rest in a most peaceful and happy frame of mind. He had no more doubt of continued life than he had of the existence of the earth, for Spiritualism had long been an open fact with him. Mr. Holmes was a native of Canaan, Maine, where many of his friends and relatives yet reside. They will miss the cheerful spirit of "Uncle Eben's" letters, but all will rejoice with him in his new found freedom in the spirit world. A wife and one son survive him. His age was 89 years, 1 month and 7 days. He was ready and willing to go, and met Death as a loved and valued friend. Peace to his memory.

Moses L. Colby, the only surviving brother of Luther Colby, late editor of the Banner of Light, passed to spirit life July 16, at the old Colby homestead near Amesbury, Mass., aged eighty years. He was a great lover of his country, and ever seemed to be a living expression of the spirit of 1776. He took no interest in Spiritualism, but ever treated his honored brother's views with respect. Moses L. Colby was highly respected by all who knew him, and many sincere tributes are paid to his memory, alike by the press and by the tongues of his friends.

Briefs

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SPIRIT Message Department.

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

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

These Circles are not public.

To Our Readers.

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

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

Report of Seance held June 27, 1901. S. E. 54.

Invocation.

To thee, oh spirit of infinite love, we turn. To thee we lift our eyes and our hearts and ask that the blessing of the understanding of these may be ours. Give us strength for the duties that await us. Give us hope and trust to pass on through the shadows as we find them and make us strong and sturdy in every effort of life. We gather with thee who desire more than all else to give their expressions of love, their thoughts, their sympathy to the ones left in earthly bodies, and we would help them. We would assist them. We would give of our knowledge and our strength to them. May the union be so complete, may the message be so well understood, that each heart will receive inspiration and be made strong through it. Help us all in every walk of life. Help us not only to understand and to be able to give to others this understanding of the great truth, but may we make it of practical use in our lives, in our homes, and among our friends.—Amen.

MESSAGES.

Henry Williams.

The first spirit that comes to me this morning is a stout gentleman. He has a full, gray beard and gray hair that is all pushed back from his forehead. He wears spectacles and is very pleasant and jolly looking. He walks over to me and says, "Well, here we are again. I didn't think that I would be the first one to speak. I even thought I would give up my place and let someone else take it, but it seemed so good that when it really came time and I found I was first, I thought I would come, along. My name is Henry Williams and I came from Schenectady, N. Y. I used to be in the hardware business in that place. I have been gone some time, but it doesn't seem long to me. Reckoning by your years, it would be about twelve, but by my time it seems as if it is only yesterday. I meet my friends. They come over. I see them and speak to them, and life is so real, so full of incidents, just as it was when I was in the body, that I can hardly realize that I am out of the scene of the struggle and the earth existence which was mine. I want very much to read word to Mattie. I am sure if she knows that I can get to her that it will help her, because she needs just this knowledge for her inspiration and her strength. Also please say to Arthur that I am with him and even try to help him, but he is not easy to give an impression to because he is so headstrong. He will know what I mean by that. It is not anything against him, but it is rather his own will that is bound to express itself in his way. That is all, thank you."

William Allen.

Now I see a man. Oh, he is so sad looking. His face is long and drawn and his eyes are blue and sad. His hair is gray and his whole atmosphere is of distress and pain. He walks right over to me and says, "As quickly as you can, take down my message because I am afraid I shall lose my power. My name is William Allen, and I came from Fall River, Mass. I have the greatest desire to go to Lizzie. She needs me so much and is so dispirited and unhappy. Oh, if I could only open the blinds and the doors and let the sunshine in. She must not stay in that depressing atmosphere, but must get out. It is better for me and better for her. I want her to get stronger and to try to understand something about me now. I am not dead, I am not dead; I am alive and oh, so anxious to give my word. Tell her our little girl is with me and that she comes today with such a bright, cheery nature, but that the tears are bound to come every time she enters the house. I have tried to walk about in a way that would attract attention, but it only makes fear and trembling, so I will keep still until the circle is formed, and then I will be able to express myself more perfectly than now. I am glad I settled in business just as I did. It was well I did it just when I did, and I am thankful for all she has done to carry everything out as nearly to my liking as she could, but I do want to give her this blessed, blessed assurance of my knowledge of her and her conditions. God is good to give me this opportunity, and good to send me these ministering spirits who will aid me. I know, to get to my loved ones. Thank you."

Annie Barry.

The next spirit that comes to me is that of a lady about thirty-eight years old. She is tall, rather plump, and just as sweet and refined as she can be. Her hair is dark, her eyes are blue, her face is long and she has a beautiful complexion. She is just as pretty and sweet as a flower and she comes over to

me and touches me just as though she knew me and was glad to come, but when she speaks I know that she never knew me and I never saw her before. She says, "Please say that my name is Annie Barry and that I used to live in Butte City, Mont. I am well acquainted in the east, because I went from the east to Montana. I didn't expect to die when I did. Life held very much in store for me, as far as I could see, and had I known that I was to go, I should have grieved and mourned. As it was, I went suddenly and could not feel that grief over leaving my friends that would have been mine had I known. I left behind a husband, who is so tired and so unhappy to be left alone. I often go to him. His name is Charlie and I often try to whisper that I am close about him. He doesn't know one single thing about this and has not the least desire to investigate. I have thought that perhaps if I could give some expression that there would be a word that would be dropped down to him that would make him anxious to know more. I know how troubled he is over everything. It seems as if with the barrier which came between us, all things grew dark and uncertain. Please give him my love and please do tell him that there is never a day that I am not near him and struggling to give him some expression of my life."

Albert Morse.

The next spirit is a man about fifty years old. He is quick and nervous like a little bee buzzing about the room. He is not very large and he, well it is not a busy-body way, and yet he is a very busy body. He walks over to me and says, "Don't bother to say any more about me but just give my name as quickly as you can. It is Albert Morse and I lived in Nashua, N. H. I was interested in all kinds of machinery, mechanical work and devices, and I want to get to Lou. I want her to give me a chance to say a word or two to her. Seems as if I couldn't stay here and yet I know I must. I have seen Nellie's baby and it is a dear little thing, and I know when they say, 'wouldn't grandpa be proud of him?' I hear them say it and I say to myself, if only they knew that grandpa was right there by them they would feel better about it. Nellie is mediumistic. She thought she saw me one night and I shall come again and make it sure. Tell Ed that his plan won't work as he hopes it will, but it will lead him into something else. Thank you."

Mary Channing.

Now I see a woman about sixty years old. She has snowy white hair and a beautiful face. Her eyes are blue and her skin is soft and fair as a baby's. She comes up to me with a kindly grace and easy way and says, "I see it makes quite a difference whether this truth is new to us or not. I understand all about it. I worked as a medium. I knew what it was to have the spirits come through me and speak as I am speaking today, and so it seems a simple matter for me to return and give my word. Many, many times I wondered what was the matter that the message was not clearer. I have found out that it is often the fault of the people who do not understand than it is the spirit who is trying to communicate. My name is Mary Channing and I lived in Concord, N. H., and worked and tried to show the church people that it was not all bad, and many of them will remember me and be glad to get this word from me. Thank you."

William Bennett.

The next spirit that comes to me is a man about fifty years old. He is just as bright and happy looking as can be and he comes as though he was very fond of children. He walks over to me in a noiseless kind of a way and says, "First, let me give my name. It is William Bennett. I lived in Auburn, Maine and I have very many people there now. I would give anything in my power to reach them as plainly as I am reaching this circle of people. If I could send a word to Jennie and have her accept it and really believe that I sent it, I would be so happy that I would feel I was given a new and beautiful life. Since I came over here, there have been three who followed me closely, Isaac, Harriet and Wallace, and they are all as anxious to speak as I am. Harriet's eyes are better. She can see now. She feared so much that some condition would come into her life and cut off her vision further, but before that came she came over here and now she sees and is happy. I wish I could say more, but my strength is leaving me and so I just give my love, my dear, dear love, and withdraw."

Lizzie Metcalf.

Now I see the spirit of a woman about forty years old. She has brown eyes, brown hair, rather dark skin, and very prominent teeth. She has a strong, magnetic looking face and she comes with an unusual strength and says, "Excuse me, I must say my message just the way I want to say it and the way it is easiest. I came from Newburyport, Mass.; my name is Lizzie Metcalf. I want to go to John. I want to tell him this, that there has not been one moment of unconsciousness or of sleep since I passed away from him. I have known every move of the family and have been conscious of every change and sometimes have felt that I worked as hard in making the changes as anyone of the family. I desire to help make another one. It has got to come and I want to use my effort. I don't like the work you are in now, John. I hope you can change. It will be better for me as well as for you. Tell Fred to be more careful, not to get reckless but be good for my sake. Give my love to Carrie."

Arthur Kennedy.

Now I see a boy about twenty years old. He is fair with blue eyes brown hair and a bright, open face. He comes up to me just as he would to his sister and says, "They

told me that you would help me and I hope you will. My name is Arthur Kennedy and I came a long way from here, Chicago, but some of my people have just become interested in this and if I could only help them to understand, it would mean so much to me. I'd like to think that I was instrumental in bringing them to the light. I worked in a cigar store and saw all kinds of people and used to think if I could only get onto the road that I would be all right; but it wasn't so nice when I got the job. I didn't stay long to enjoy it, and now I wish I had stayed as father wanted me to, in the old place. He thinks I never would have died if I had stayed, and perhaps I wouldn't, but at any rate here I am and I do wish I had done as he wanted me to, but I send my love and my helpful thought to do anything that I can for them. Thank you."

Verification.

In your issue of July 13, was a message for Nellie Lamb, given by Nellie Lamb. The living Nellie Lamb is my friend. As soon as I saw the message I went at once to see her, and her answer was, "This is just right; it is perfectly true; Nellie Lamb was named for me and called me aunt."

My friend, Nellie, was pleased to hear from both her and father. Every word in the message was recognized instantly.

Mrs. A. W. Gorham.

20 Corning Street, Boston.

Read and do Likewise.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In the issue of the Banner of Light of June 29, I read a spirit message from Susan Sanborn to her friends in Galveston, Texas, and as I am on a ship which runs there from New York, I thought it my duty to do what I could to have the message reach the parties for whom it was intended. Not knowing the people myself I called on the managing editor of the Galveston News, and laid the subject before him, and he kindly and readily consented to put the item in his paper, with the hope that it would meet the eye of those for whom it is sent.

I send you by the same mail a copy (marked) of the above paper, and I shall esteem it a great favor if you would acknowledge the editor's kindness to us, as I know he will be pleased to receive it.

I trust that our efforts may be rewarded by giving the parties mentioned spiritual comfort, and I will always assist with good will in finding any one I can to whom the comforting messages may come, and hope they may always give the recipient great spiritual happiness. Thanking you in advance for your own kindness, I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

Arthur Crabb.

Chief Steward S. S. "Alamo," Pier 20, East River, New York.

[We sincerely thank the editor of the Galveston News for his courtesy. He has shown that he is broad minded and generous, with a love for his fellow men, attributes that open the door to real knowledge.

The world is full of just such generous men and women. We have but to make the effort to discover them, as Mr. Crabb has done, and the spiritual truth will everywhere be known. Mr. Crabb has set a good example for all to follow; let each one do his part and peace and comfort will be the portion of all.—Ed.]

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-FOUR

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

"And having food and raiment, let us be therewith content," might do for the latitude of Palestine in the first century A. D., but we who live in 41 north latitude in the twentieth century need, besides food and raiment, also fuel for winter and a house to live in. There, the climate might allow persons to sleep out of doors under trees, or in caves in stormy weather; but here, we must be snugly housed, and we also need to have such a foothold in the house that we are in no danger of being turned out.

Still, it is quite true that the necessities of life are enough, that the love of money is the root of all evil, and that those who will be rich fall into temptation and a snare and into many foolish and hurtful lusts.

The epithet rich is after all a relative term. He who has enough capital to be sure of an income of \$200 a year is a rich man in the eyes of him who has no income at all unless he earn it with his hands; and yet the amount would seem a beggarly pittance to him who is accustomed to an income of \$2000 or \$30,000.

Many of our wants are purely fictitious. Some men cannot be happy unless they can go to Europe every year, like Chancrey Dewey, and we all know women who would feel that life was not worth living unless they could have a seal-skin coat of the latest cut, and superb dresses that cost \$500 or more. They think they must go to the opera or theatre every week, sit elegantly apparelled in the costliest boxes, and be conveyed thither and home again in a magnificent carriage, drawn by dock-tailed horses, and garnished by an obsequious footman.

Such wants are indeed purely fictitious, and those who sit in splendid boxes do not enjoy the music and the play a whit better than those who can go but two or three times in the winter, and sit in the gallery. For myself, I have not been to theatre or opera for many years, and am not pining at all. I think the last time was in Minneapolis some twenty years ago, when a friend and I made out to pay for tickets to hear Modjeska. Edwin Booth was always a temptation to me, and I suppose I have heard him a half a dozen times. Now, I should not think of spending money for anything of the sort, for

there are too many suffering poor, to whom \$1.50 means a great deal.

Having food and raiment, shelter and fuel (and postage stamps), one may indeed be quite content.

Some persons whose views are moderate have very extravagant families. They never know what unreasonable bills it is to be brought in. Such are indeed to be pitied, and the unkind accusation of parsimony on the part of their heedless relatives gives them mental torment besides.

I know a woman whose husband works hard to earn \$9.00 a week who fits her little girl with new kid gloves but has no money laid by for the winter coal, and is always behind-hand in her rent. Such cases are distressing indeed, and we do not wonder that the tolling husband is half distracted. Another woman near the former one has a husband who earns the same. Besides her housework, she earns a little money by sewing, alters her dresses till they are beautiful, keeps her little boy in neat and tasteful clothes, and always has the money ready for the rent. In both these cases, the husband places all the money he earns in the hands of his wife.

What are solitary persons going to do, who have become too old to earn a living by active work? Let them see just how much they have in money, or in estate that may be turned into money. If they own a house that is too large and lonesome, let them sell it, and see if it will not bring them enough to pay six or eight dollars a month for the rent of two or three rooms to live in. Perhaps there will even be enough to give them a dollar a week for food, and \$20 for winter fuel. I know this is enough for one alone, for I have tried it, and lived in just that way.

If they cannot realize as much money as the above, and if there is no relative or friend at whose house they can earn a home by being generally useful, and bringing the cheer of a sunshiny presence, then it might be well to go to an old gentleman's or an old ladies' home. To enter one of these, \$250 or \$300 must be paid down. If one has not this sum, it can surely be raised by the friends of one who has lived an honest and a helpful life.

Having so done, the temper of heart with which one enters on this life becomes all important. If one is always regretting an affluent past, and bemoaning the lot to which she has been reduced, one can be extremely unhappy. If, on the other hand, the person realizes what a grand thing it is to have food and raiment, shelter and fuel provided during the remainder of one's life on earth, she can be content. She can shed such sunshine, such light, such love, on all the inmates of even a Home for the Aged, that all will bless the hour when she entered its doors. And the best of all will be that when she closes her door at night, and lays her head on her solitary pillow, the loved and lost will tenderly hover near, and though she may not dream of their presence, she feels that God is good, and that she rests safely in the arms of the Infinite Father.

If an old person owns a house in which she can live, and an income of \$200 a year, she has enough. She need not heat the whole house in winter, but contract her quarters to a very few rooms, and be perfectly comfortable. If she owns no house, but can be assured of \$250 a year, she can live admirably well by hiring two or three rooms and living on the rest. If such a sum cannot be realized, then a home in some family, or in a Home for the Aged.

The great objections to many minds to such modes of life as those indicated above, have their source in pride. Because one has once lived in a large house, it hurts his pride to live in a small one. Because he once lived in his own house he does not like to live, like Paul, in his "own hired house." But the worst blow of all to one's pride is to live in a Home for the Aged.

Blows like these fall severely on us, if our minds dwell chiefly on what other persons think. It does not hurt to live in a small house or in hired rooms, or in an old person's home. The thought that others may think we have come down in life is what hurts. Now hurts of this kind are purely fictitious. They have no foundation in the realities of life. Of all persons in this mundane sphere whose opinion is worthless, it is Mrs. Grundy. And if persons who knew us in prosperity are pleased to see us living in a smaller way, and are inclined to triumph over our fancied fall, those are persons whom we may regard with entire indifference. They are so mean and so small that their words and conduct are not worth a second thought.

We have often thought that Thomas a Kempis, he who wrote "The Imitation of Christ," has indicated wisely the true way to be happy. His maxims grew out of life in a monastery; but as a monk is still a human being, and as a convent is the outside world in miniature, they are applicable to life on our continent in this century as well as in Europe in the Middle Ages. The portion of his work which has most impressed me is his steps to liberty and peace.

He presents these steps in the form of a dialogue between Christ and his disciple, but we think he dug them out of his own experience, as he had been an inmate of a monastery for thirty-five years when his work was penned. The steps that lead to perfect liberty and sweet peace are as follows:

"Constantly endeavor to do the will of another rather than thy own."

"Constantly prefer a state of want to one of abundance."

"Constantly choose the lowest place, and to be inferior to all."

"Constantly desire and pray, that the will of God may be perfectly accomplished in thee and concerning thee."

Some of our readers will doubtless say that such precepts as these are applicable to an ascetic life, and not to life now and here. We cheerfully concede that the application of the second and third precept would strike a death blow to the grand, fundamental principle which lies at the basis of our "Christian" business practice, the law of competition.

And yet, as we study these precepts as ap-

plied to our acts and emotions in everyday life, shall we not find that it is their violation that lies at the root of our mental distress and our heart-burnings? If we prefer a state of want to a state of abundance, will it trouble us that our income does not allow us the luxuries in which we once indulged? If we choose the lowest place, will it pain us to live in two hired rooms, while the woman whose social peer we were in bygone days drives by in her handsome turnout to her spacious mansion?

These precepts apply better to the old than to the young. Should the young practice them fully, they might not get on so well in life, and those dependent on them might suffer. But the old, who have already borne the heat and burden of the day, who have taken up the things the world considers most precious into their hands and found them worthless, who have measured the value of fine garments and equipages and even fame itself against love, and trust, and heavenly hope, and have found them of far less account, whose dear ones are on the other side of the shining river where they will soon join them, may well say that the lowest place, here, is good enough, and that a mansion in the celestial world outweighs all that this world can give.

As to the fourth maxim, that we want God's will to be done in us, what is that but adapting ourselves willingly and even joyfully to the on-goings of the universe, which are and will ever be the only means by which God's will can be made manifest to us?

If we were infinite we might measure ourselves against infinity, but, finding ourselves in a universe where law reigns, and one in which it hurts to kick against the pricks, we at last learn that the most perfect liberty and the sweetest peace lie in losing our egoism in the sum of universal happiness, and dissolving our will into harmony with the expressions of a will that transcends that of any finite creature. In social relations, we are happiest when we sink our will in that of those we love, and the same law holds good when the finite realizes its relation to the infinite.

Yours for humanity and for spirituality

Abby A. Judson.

Arlington N. J. July 13, 1901.

Lead Us not into Temptation.

BY IDA L. SPALDING.

In the days when life is young and the heart beats high with hope, the youth, looking out over the coming years glowing with promise, feels impatient to try his prowess in the conflict of mortal existence, to prove his courage, his fidelity to conviction, his intolerance of wrong and injustice, and his hatred of sin and crime.

"Lead me where the battle rages fiercest, that, with my good right arm and stout heart I may aid in turning the tide against oppression and evil! It is there that I shall establish my claim to the proud distinction of knighthood," he cries impetuously.

In the great unwisdom of untutored powers he exclaims: "It is only the arrant coward who dreads the test and flees from temptation! The upright, the virtuous, have no fear of the tempter in whatever guise he may appear. He who cannot trust himself wholly is not worthy to be enrolled in the ranks of brave and honorable soldiers."

With the blindness and intolerance of inexperience the youth does not dissociate the slayer from the sin, the criminal from the crime, and the violator of law is regarded with the repugnance excited by the enormity of the deed he has committed—in fact, the repugnance is often transferred from the deed to its performer, and no extenuating circumstance arouses his pity or evokes his sympathy. The world is, in his eyes, divided into two distinct classes, between whom lies a bridgeless chasm, the saints and the sinners, the victors and the vanquished. Even the repentant expletor cannot hope to be again numbered among the former, but must occupy a somewhat exalted station a little apart from the incorrigible transgressors of the law, moral and divine. However hardy won, his final victory over self and sin, he can never occupy the eminence whereon are grouped the sturdy heroes and the untired recruits awaiting the word of command to take their place in the thick of the fray. Having once fallen, no effort can reinstate him as an intrepid soldier. The stigma of defeat must ever after be attached to his name and fame.

But as the years go by and he learns the frailties of human nature, he has more compassion for the erring, who, after a long and valiant struggle, succumb to the weakness that overcomes him and is for a time vanquished by the Tempter. He perceives, if he is a close and intelligent student, that the human family are the heirs of a common inheritance, and therefore the children of one universal Father. Having established in his own mind the fact of the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God, he learns that there really is not so very much difference between the saint and the sinner except in the degree of strength possessed to resist temptation and the impetuosity and violence of the attack upon the individual.

"The aspiration for purity, holiness and righteousness is not stifled for long in the breast of the erring, the sinner, the fallen. It is innate in every human being, a part of every individual soul, and soon he attempts to rise from his low estate, maybe to struggle, falter, stumble and fall time after time. But hope never wholly dies out in the heart of man; the spark of divinity within impels him to try again and again, and, gaining strength by his every effort, he finally conquers his weakness, his error, his sin, and stands once more proudly erect, clothed in the dignity of a new and higher conception of the purpose and grandeur of life."

"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," prayed the inspired teacher eighteen hundred years ago. Full well he understood that "to err is human;" full well he knew the weaknesses of mankind, as well as their untold possibilities for good.

(Continued from page one.)

of the features of the grounds. Its beds of flowers, its trees, and rustic beauty combine to give it an unusual charm. President Garrison's cottage fronts this park, and so do others that indicate no little expense in their erection. At the north of this park are the electric light station, pumping house and bowling alley. We regret that we could not present views of "Caldwell Park" and "The Forest Temple," both of which are very beautiful. It was our desire to present the views of good "Mother Skidmore," her genial husband, Major Rouse, Mrs. Pettigill, H. W. Richardson, Dr. E. C. Hyde and other prominent camp workers. Our notice was too brief to enable us to do this, hence we accord them an honored place in our records, and reserve for some future day their presentation to our readers.

Our sketch would be incomplete were we to omit the names of D. B. Merritt, A. B. Gaston and Mrs. Minnie L. McKeever of the present Board of Trustees. In terms of service, Mr. Merritt ranks next to President Gaston, having been elected to the Board in 1885. As we have already said, Mr. Rouse and Skidmore have been on the Board since 1872. President Gaston since 1881, Mr. Merritt since 1883, F. G. Neelin since 1887, and A. B. Gaston and Mrs. McKeever since 1899. Dr. Hyde, Mr. Richardson, Mr. Turner and Mrs. Pettigill have also served as Trustees for several years each. They are found at the camp each succeeding year. Dr. Hyde is the resident physician at Lily Dale, and enjoys a large practice.

During the present season, an innovation in the form of free public classes, led by Prof. Wm. M. Lockwood and J. Clegg Wright on alternate days, in the auditorium, has been made. It is deservedly popular, and the management is entitled to much praise for making it possible for the people to listen to these able exponents of our faith at no cost to themselves. Classes for instruction in psychism in its several branches are also being held. It is lectures, lectures, study, study, talk, talk and investigation on all sides at Cassadaga. The mediums are all busy, the speakers and officials ditto. All of the Spiritualist papers are able represented on the grounds, and engage in a friendly rivalry for the patronage of the people. The Grand Hotel is under the able management of L. M. Worden, an experienced hotel man from Meadville, Pa., and is most highly endorsed by all who enjoy his hospitality. No one who wants a good time, with creature comforts, spiritual food, and all other good things will miss his aim if he goes to Cassadaga Camp. It is a beautiful place and a season there can be spent with profit. Health, mental and physical, spiritual light, and soul-wisdom can all be found at Cassadaga. Go there for yourselves, Spiritualists of America, and see if you do not find ample reward for your efforts.

Lily Dale, N. Y.

Meetings opened at Lily Dale Camp, N. Y., Friday, July 12, under most favorable auspices, with the popular worker, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twine, upon the platform. Mrs. Twine spoke earnestly upon the "Lessons of the Past Year, and Work for the Year to Come," portraying prophecies fulfilled, as in case of the great tidal wave at Galveston, foretold by Prof. Buchanan ten years ago, but at the same time she declared that no thought was being taken of the prophecies made during the same period about places upon the Western coast and Manhattan, and referred to the triumphs which spiritual organization had brought about in defeating obnoxious bills in the New York Legislature. Mrs. Twine then dwelt upon the lessons of death, and especially of the great loss felt in the demise of the leader of the Northwestern band, Mr. Fred Nichol of Meadville, Pa., who had so long done good service at this camp. She was optimistic for the year to come for the work of Spiritualism in its highest sense for the welfare of Lily Dale Camp and its progress.

Saturday morning, July 13, the usual conference convened. At 2 p. m. Lyman C. Howe delivered a lecture of great merit upon "The Inspiration of the Hour," beautifully illustrated of the harmonious working of nature's laws, the higher with the lower, the material with the spiritual, proving the final ascendancy of mind over matter, and the continuity of soul-growth after man's physical structure shall have decayed. Mr. Howe's discourse received the closest attention of a fine audience. Mrs. Margaret Gaule closed the afternoon session with a seance.

In the evening a social dance was enjoyed by a large number of young people. July 14—Sunday morning services opened with orchestral music, a vocal solo by Miss Phelps, and remarks by the genial chairman, Mr. Geo. H. Brooks, followed by Mrs. Twine, who took for the subject of her lecture, "The Attitude of Spiritualism Toward Reform." She said in part:

We owe much to children; tiny raps ushered in Modern Spiritualism, and its advent into the world meant something more than a name. Mediums worked to abolish slavery, and through the agency of the spirit-world, Abraham Lincoln was inspired to achieve great results. But slavery still exists in the United States, where thousands of ill-paid white people are yet struggling in the bondage of poverty and oppression. Spiritualists must labor to eliminate these evils, to establish better homes in which to rear their children, make better conditions for motherhood, identifying themselves with every reform movement of the hour.

The speaker warmly advocated woman's suffrage, believing the ballot would be granted to women when they became educated to rightly demand it. "The time is coming when all men and women shall be out of bondage, and the American flag wave truly over a land of the free. I ask that the attitude of Spiritualists be for the redemption of themselves." Benediction by Mrs. Watson closed the meeting.

The afternoon session was well attended, opening with music. Lyman C. Howe delivered an elaborate discourse upon "The Significance and Vital Bearing, Possibilities and Prophecies of Modern Spiritualism," a report of which we are unable to procure. A seance by Miss Gaule followed the lecture.

Sunday evening, the first of a series of debating meetings was held, carried on by Moses Hull and W. F. Jamieson, attracting a large audience.

A Children's Lyceum was opened Monday under the leadership of Mrs. Peterson. The daily thought exchange meetings held in Library Hall are interesting and well attended. The "Cassadaga Lake Free Association" will inaugurate special educational work at Lily Dale this season, arrangements having been perfected to hold free classes each day at the auditorium, with Prof. Wm. M. Lockwood and Mr. J. Clegg Wright as alternate instructors. All investigating Spiritualists should avail themselves of this rare opportunity to study the spiritual philosophy as scientifically demonstrated by these well-known exponents. This attractive camp offers every inducement to those seeking rest and recreation. No finer hotel accommodations can be found at any camp ground. Excellent band concerts are rendered daily, and good facilities offered for boating, bathing, etc.

A number of good mediums are upon the grounds, and the cottages well filled, while the hotel guests represent many prominent Spiritualists from all surrounding States.

The list of speakers for the ensuing week includes Moses Hull, Carrie E. S. Twine, Lyman C. Howe and J. Clegg Wright.

Monday, July 15, Mr. J. Clegg Wright, of Amelia, O., opened the C. L. F. A. course of free lectures, at the auditorium, a large audience greeting this eminently able speaker and instructor. Too much cannot be said commendatory of this free educational work at Lily Dale, which gives to the masses what only a few have hitherto been able to enjoy. Tuesday morning Prof. Wm. M. Lockwood, of Chicago, Ill., alternate speaker with Mr. Wright, instructed the class in a manner possible only to one of his long experience in the field of scientific research. Thus the classes will continue throughout the season, giving to sojourners here an opportunity for spiritualistic instruction never before offered at any camp.

Tuesday at 2 p. m., services opened with music by Scott's orchestra, and singing by Mrs. Parkes. Chairman Brooks then introduced Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twine, who spoke of her new book, "Jim, or the Touch of a Mother's Fingers," to be brought out the first

Scott's orchestra continues to furnish good music on all occasions.

Wednesday evening the usual dance was enjoyed by many.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lichtig, of Springfield, Ill.; Mrs. G. L. Humphrey, New York City; Mrs. Charlotte Colleen, Jacksonville, Fla.; Miss Annie Langston, Toronto, Can.; Mrs. Geo. W. Lane, Washington, D. C.; Miss Alice Johnson, Corsicana, Tex.; Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Rodkey, Allegheny City, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Gregory, Findlay Lake, N. Y.; Mr. John Peag, Cincinnati, O.; Dr. Savin, Boston, Mass. and Senator Washburn, Meadville, Pa., are some recent arrivals.

Lily Dale's nearness to Buffalo should enable all Spiritualists visiting the Pan-American Exposition to enjoy a sojourn at Camp Cassadaga.

Mrs. Georgia Gladys Cooley of Chicago, Ill., spent a few days at the camp last week. She will be at Clinton Camp, Iowa, during the month of August. C. E.

WHEATON, ILL.

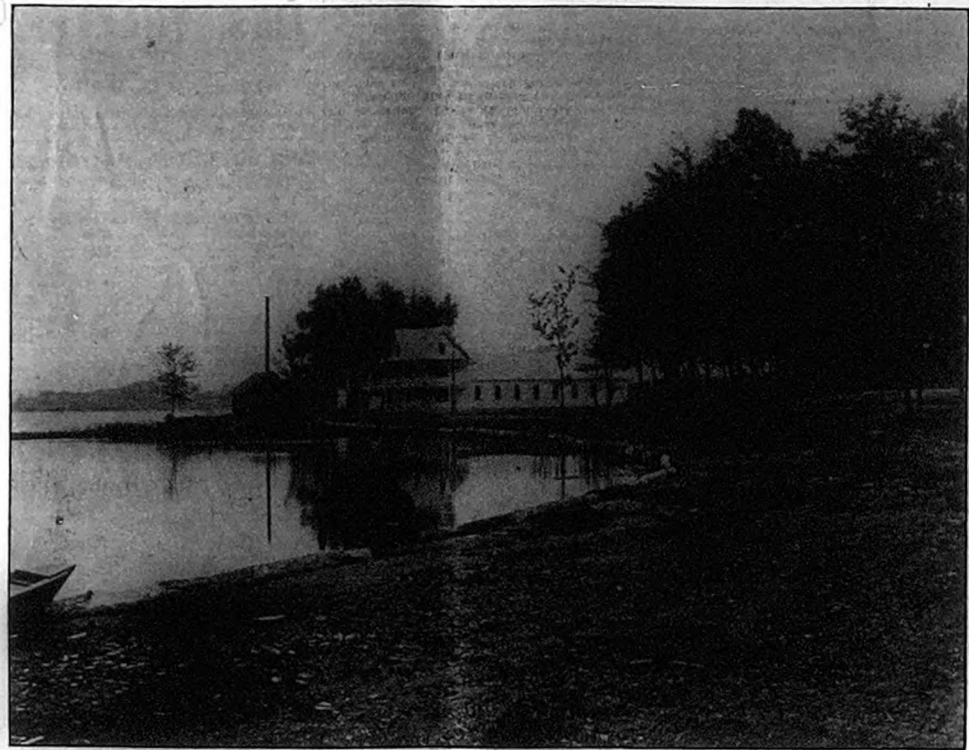
Mr. Geo. H. Brooks, chairman of the meetings at Lily Dale Camp, reports the organization of "The Unity Spiritual Society" at Wheaton, Ill., which held its first meeting June 20. Spiritualists at Glen Ellen, Elm-

mostly upon the speaker. Whether it comes from the other world or from this, a discourse must be worth hearing and well delivered, or there will be few listeners. Let our speakers have all the natural brain power good prenatal conditions can give, then add to this all the culture, all the knowledge, all the intellectual unfoldment it is possible for the best schools of earth to furnish, then add to this a high inspiration from the spirit world and we shall not often hear of societies declining and dying. Let us educate our workers just as if their whole success depended upon themselves alone just as if they could receive no help whatever from on high, then with inspiration superadded they would have a two-fold power and be masters of the platform.

Next May another session of the school will open. There should be not less than fifty of our workers to join it and make themselves earnest workers for self-improvement. Lily Dale, N. Y.

Ocean Grove, Harwichport, Mass.

Fog and mist, but out of them came to us a bright golden day, as Emerson says a beautiful "laughter of time." The organization resulted as follows:



LAKE VIEW PARK.

of September. The address by Rev. Moses Hull dealt with the "Evolution of and Evolution Out of Sectarianism," the speaker tracing the gradual evolution of man from the ignorance and superstition of sectarianism to the more matured spiritual plan of free thought. Mr. Hull's discourse was supplemented with reminiscences of his early days in the ministry, and Miss Margaret Gaule closed the meeting with spirit delineations.

The lecture Wednesday afternoon by Mrs. Twine, upon the subject, "Handsome," was listened to by a good audience, to most of whom this champion of Spiritualism has long been a familiar speaker. Mrs. Twine left here Wednesday evening to engage in platform work at Onset and other camps, where we wish her continued success.

Thursday's lecture by Lyman C. Howe upon the treatment of insane patients was one of valuable suggestion, pointing out specific methods for the care of this class of sufferers, and the distressing results attendant upon present modes of treatment. Mr. Howe closed with a fine poem, and Miss Gaule followed with messages to several in the audience. The chairman then announced with regret that this would be Mr. Howe's last lecture here for the season. He now goes to other scenes of labor, taking with him the best wishes of all the camps.

Friday morning the Children's Lyceum, already numbering about fifty, gave a little exhibition at the auditorium. Mrs. Amelia Peterson, leader, assisted by Miss Lucy A. Green, both of Grand Rapids, Mich.

In the afternoon Mr. Hull occupied the rostrum, and Miss Gaule gave psychometric readings.

The Hull-Jamieson debates are interesting and largely attended. Mr. Hull's position affirmative of spirit existence and return being demonstrated through the mediumship of Miss Gaule, and upon one occasion by that of Prof. Keeler, slate writer, while none can fail to appreciate Mr. Jamieson's level-headed reasoning, courteously sustained, on the negative side of the question.

NOTES.

The Grand Hotel, conducted this season under the auspices of the C. L. F. A., with L. M. Worden, of Meadville, Pa., manager, is giving excellent satisfaction. Patrons of the Grand will find good rooms, first-class table and attentive service.

A chorus has been formed under the leadership of Mr. Parker and Mrs. Bowen. A Ladies' Aid Society auxiliary to the Camp Association was organized Friday, July 19, under the name "Willow Workers." The following officers were elected: Pres. Mrs. W. L. Humphrey, New York City; First vice-pres., Mrs. M. McKeever, Washington, Pa.; second vice-pres., Mrs. Lees, Michigan City, Ind.; third vice-pres., Mrs. Reed-Burnham, Lily Dale, N. Y.; secretary, Miss Kate O. Peete, Greenville, Pa.; treasurer, Mrs. Ellen Park, Lily Dale, N. Y. All ladies visiting Lily Dale are invited to become members.

Mrs. Jahne's classes in oratory have opened at the Octagon.

To Miss Vera Phelps, of New York City, we shall be indebted for occasional diversion in the way of dramatic entertainment. The Sunflower Pagoda is an attractive new stand, where all spiritualistic journals may be found, together with the dailies, etc. A little steamer running from the camp to Cassadaga furnishes a pleasant excursion to those enjoying a short sail.

The South Park House and the Leolyn are both doing good business. Among prominent mediums located here for the season are the Bangs Sisters, Will O. Hodge, P. L. O. Keeler, F. Corden White, Dr. Dumont C. Dake, Miss Florence White, Wm. E. Hart and many others whom we have not space to mention.

hurst, West Chicago and Aurora unite with this society, and it is hoped that regular meetings may soon be established. A grove meeting took place July 1st at Glen Ellen, and Mr. Brooks is perfecting arrangements for a mass meeting in the early fall, when the services of good speakers will be obtained. The officers are: Geo. H. Brooks, pres.; Mrs. Jennie Kinsbury, vice-pres.; Harvey Brookins, sec'y; Mrs. Geo. H. Brooks, treas.

Close of the Spiritualist Training School at Lily Dale, N. Y.

BY A. J. WEAVER.

This school has just closed its fifth session with upwards of twenty in attendance. Its pupils came from Mass., Texas, New York, Wis., Ohio, Penn., and Canada. Quite a number of them are mediums and came here to prepare themselves to do work in the Cause. One of them, Mrs. Abbott of Alliance, Ohio, is already engaged to take charge of the Children's Lyceum at Vicksburg Camp in Mich.

This class was composed of most excellent material. One feature of it was the spirit's harmony and even tenderness and love which sprang up in the beginning and increased to the very end. Mrs. Jahne, the teacher of oratory, who had never become convinced of the truth of Spiritualism, became developed as a medium and was made a believer by attending the psychic class.

WHAT IS THIS SCHOOL?

It is not a theological school. The day of theology is past. The God question forms no part of the lessons. No dogmatism is taught nor creed imposed. No book is taken as authority but Webster's Dictionary. Even the text books we use are not our masters, but only guides and helps. The school is based on free thought. It uses the scientific method and no other. Its work is to open the door of knowledge and to inspire the members of the class to live and work for self-improvement in every way.

Every branch taught in this school is needed by our workers. As long as the Bible is universally defended as the "Word of God" and made the infallible basis of religious belief and life, so long will instruction in the Bible be of immense benefit to our workers, to teach them how to overthrow this error and make the Bible, as the work of man, a Spiritualist book. As long as Christianity is defended as a divine revelation from God because of its great age and because it spread itself it covered Europe and America in spite of the attacks made upon it by its opposers, so long will logic need to be studied that the worker for truth may be amply qualified to demolish this as well as many other popular fallacies. As long as we have workers who violate the simplest rules of grammar and disfigure their language by provincialisms and other crudities of expression, so long will there need to be given lessons on language. In the same way I could go through all the departments of our school and show how necessary they all are for the worker's highest success.

There is one other point. Much has lately been said about the decline of Spiritualist societies in certain localities. This is not because of any decline in Spiritualism. It is largely because many of our public workers are not qualified for their position. They have not the ability to hold together an audience for any considerable length of time. It is said "we ought to have settled speakers." It would do no good unless those speakers were able, Sunday after Sunday, to give attractive discourses. The success of any society in any denomination depends

President, S. L. Beal; vice-presidents, Capt. W. B. Kelley and Mr. Everett Harris; secretary and treasurer, Mrs. Lore C. Howes; finance committee, Capt. E. H. Taylor, Capt. T. B. Baker and Miss Minnie Nickerson. We are furnished with music by a male quartet, Messrs. Freeman R. Berry, Henry B. Snow, Albert D. Long and Frank H. Freeman. Miss Alexena Berry presides at the organ. Thus equipped, and with a few remarks by the president on the work of time, on what has been done for each branch the year, the importance of our present opportunities, and the work of this year's campaigning begins.

The first to serve us from the platform is C. Fanny Allyn. She is bright, witty, quick, sarcastic, pathetic and ready for any emergency. She drags us through swamps and morasses, carries us to mountain summits and dashes us in places on the solid rocks below, and then comes us together and bears us heavenward again and leaves us to care for ourselves, in a universe with no God. The subjects given her from the audience were: "Reincarnation," "Have we Lived Through the Eternities of the Past?" "Here and Now of the Greatest Importance."

"By reincarnation is meant that we return to earth in the forms of different animals, or again in the form of man."

"By living in the past eternities signifies that we have existed as individuals in the past. Theology tells us that we did not exist in the past. There was a time when there was nothing, and yet there existed God. If we should read the account of the creation of man in some pagan book, we would think it strange that the pagans could believe such a story. The trees before us exist not because they have been spoken into existence but because of the force and power back of them. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and we cannot tell whence it comes nor whither it goes. Not so, things have changed. We can tell whence it comes and whither it goes. The weather bureau man looks after it and gives us warning, and property is saved. Storms are foretold and men are saved from being drowned at sea, and there are fewer widows and orphans. Man improves the plants furnished us by nature. He cultivates and develops fruits, eliminates objectionable elements in them and makes them more palatable. Some dislike to acknowledge that their ancestors were apes. Geo. Wm. Curtis said we must go forward or backward. He preferred to attribute apeship to his ancestors rather than to his posterity."

The following subjects were given by the audience for a poem, viz: "Little Things;" "Spirit Home;" "What is Thought?" "Extremes."

Mrs. Allyn's subjects in the afternoon were: "Do Men and Women Know Themselves?" "Know Thyself;" "Rewards and Punishments;" "Compensation and Retribution." She said: "If men and women are immortal they cannot know themselves now. Bridges and tunnels, and tramways and the safety of vessels in storms at sea are wrapped up in the acorn. The possibilities wrapped up in man present to us the thought that he cannot be known in the present. It will take ages upon ages and eons of time to bring out what is in him. What we want is not Spiritualism, not Baptism, not Methodism, but the development of manhood and womanhood. Develop the manhood and then join what church you please. We magnify too often the evil we see in men and neglect the good. Ninety-five per cent. of the unfortunate and neglected children gathered up in cities and placed in good homes turn out to be good citizens. Our forefathers did not know themselves previous to the Revolution. We did not know ourselves in eighteen sixty-one. We did not know the Indians years ago. Benjamin Franklin dared the lightning from

heaven; the telegraph and the electric cars are outgrowths from his bold and daring deed. Eli Whitney did wonderful things through his invention; thousands and millions of people have been blessed through his efforts and it is not yet known what was in him. It is still unfolding. The best of us have some evil in us, and the worst of us possess some good. What we want is right thinking. We want that which will make us treat the meanest subject justly. We are Republicans and Democrats and Socialists because we do not know ourselves."

Subjects for poem: "Justice, Mercy and Goodness;" "Old Glory;" "Badness." Mrs. Allyn pleases, entertains and edifies. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. T. Bassett are directing affairs in the culinary department and their patrons are much pleased.

S. L. Beal.

V. S. U. Day at Onset.

Saturday p. m., July 20, was all that could be desired, in a weather point of view. The day was bright and a delightful breeze came across the Bay.

As the time approached for the exercises of the V. S. U., many veterans and those interested found their way to the grove. On the platform was the veteran worker in the Cause of Spiritualism, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes; next to her came one of the youngest in the Cause, Miss Lizette Harlow, then one of the most earnest mediums, Mrs. Effie J. Webster, and next one of the sweetest, Mrs. Minnie M. Soule. Mrs. Weston, president of the Wigwam, also graced the occasion with her presence, as did Mrs. Hiltche of Philadelphia, and Mrs. Carrie Thomas of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dr. George A. Fuller, chairman of Onset Bay Camp Association, presiding at a meeting in behalf of the association, welcomed the V. S. U. to the grove, and in fitting words introduced Mr. L. F. Symonds, president of the V. S. U., and turned the meeting over to him. Mr. Symonds accepted in behalf of the V. S. U., and made a graceful little speech of welcome to the audience bespeaking their co-operation in the object of the meeting.

Then followed that "sweet singer of spiritual songs," Mr. A. J. Maxham, and as a fitting continuance, Mrs. Soule offered one of her appeals to the unseen for aid and blessing on the exercises to follow. Mr. Symonds then addressed the meeting in earnest words, presenting a retrospect of the V. S. U. and the object of its organization, taking for his text a quotation from the preamble to the by-laws: "Realizing, etc." He spoke of the many earnest workers who have been interested and done so much to make it possible to have a home for the poor and homeless in Spiritualism but have now crossed to the other shore. He felt sure there must yet be noble men and women in the form who will come to our aid and do their part in making it possible to open the home at Waverly. After looking over the ground and investigating to know what is best to do with that property, the conclusion is that we can open it in the near future if the Spiritualist public will support us in the endeavor, and supply the money to take care of those who are waiting to be admitted. One generous friend stands ready to cancel the mortgage of something less than \$3500, just as soon as he is assured that we can see our way clear to open the home and that will leave the indebtedness on the home reduced to \$5000.

President Symonds then introduced Mrs. Effie J. Webster, who gave many messages, to eager listeners, with a force that assured the audience of the sincerity of them. Then followed Mr. Maxham, singing "Laugh and the World Laughs with You" and "You Weep Alone." Mr. Symonds in his remarks presented greetings from Harrison D. Barrett, one of the trustees of the V. S. U., and assured all of his interest and co-operation.

Mr. Symonds then presented Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, who gave one of her ringing addresses and urged the need for more workers. Mr. McDonald asked the president at the close of Mrs. Byrnes' address to request those in the audience who had been benefited during their lifetime by the last speaker as a compliment to arise.

Mr. Symonds with pleasant remarks introduced Dr. George A. Fuller, chairman Onset Bay Camp Association, who made a noble and brave address. He assured the people that he was in full sympathy with the object (which must appeal to all right-minded Spiritualists), and declared his intention of becoming a member of the Union, and also his wife would join him. We will not prejudges and personalities should be put aside and we should work for a principle. The president urged all to help what they could assuming them that the money would be carefully applied to the purpose for which it was given. He asked all to assume an attitude of prayer for a few moments and then Mr. Maxham followed with one of his songs, "It's Weary, the Waiting."

Then collection; and I would add that although the collection was generous for the size of the audience, I received money afterwards, making it one of the best collections in two or three years.

Miss Harlow was presented and gave the most practical address of the occasion. She gave illustrations showing how necessary it is to help our people and "to do it now, while you are here, that you may know that the benefit you wish will be derived. Don't wait until you are gone over. There are people today who are busy and waiting. We can supply our own needs, and even luxuries. We ought to deny ourselves so that we can help." She suggested that every Spiritualist procure little boxes and put in the price of a soda or even a penny a day; in a short time the debt would be paid and the home opened. "It has been said that it is impossible to pay off a mortgage—let us show that there is one body of people that can and will."

Mr. Maxham again added his inspiration in song and Mrs. Minnie Soule gave through her sweet little contralto "Bumble Bee" messages of comfort. Messrs. Eddie and Charlie Hatch added to the occasion with orchestral music.

Mr. Symonds presented the following resolutions:

Be it resolved by this assembly rising, that the generosity of the Onset Bay Camp Association in giving the use of their beautiful accommodations for the benefit of the V. S. U., is gratefully acknowledged, together with the generous services of the speakers and musicians and the contributors of flowers.

Mrs. Byrnes closed the exercises with a benediction, making a fitting ending to V. S. U. Day at Onset.

Mrs. J. S. Soper, Sec. V. S. U.

To a child who has not learned to read, the characters on a page of Shakespeare are only a jumbled mass of black scratches. They mean nothing to him. But the matured person sees no jumble of marks. He does not even see any letters at all, nor words. He sees through and beyond the page. He sees the thought which was in the mind of its author. He beholds the world which spreads out before the poet's imagination—Dr. Brown.