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NO. 15

SONGS, SUNG AND UNSUNG.

MARY BAIRD FINCH.

The song was stilled in the poet's breast, And scarcely a note on the morn he am But ao orlote flew from her swinging nest Piping the wainut boughs among; And the poet heard her song and sighed, That the morning lymn in his heart had d

Mocking-birds safe in the mulberry tree
Sang an orchestra strain in praise of June,
Sweet c untatas learned over the sea,
With the ocean's bass to their lightest tune.
The soul of the lonely poet was sad,
Tho' the singing birds were merry and glad.

The black-bird's songs were hearse with joy While warbling and trilling a mad cap lay, A wild, loud song that might not eloy. The lis eners who lived just over the way; But the poet was dumb—his hand at rest, With his lifeless head dropped low on his brea

But he woke to sing in the Summer Land, And touch his silvery harp anew; His spirit was tuned with a guiding hand, While sweet birds dwell on the isles of blue And smilling he wrough with the Heavenly ct Whose birds sing sweeter than any of ours.

bring them the love light from the heaven spheres that they may know joy cometh after the night time. And to those who are weaker, a heavenly word of strength and peace: Love one another.

a heavenly word of strength and peace: Love one another.

O (10d let them no longer judge one another harshly, let them no longer require perfection of those who are climbing toward leaf and bud and blossom and beauteous fruitage, but let them clasp hands, those who believe and those who do not believe, in love and light and charity. Thou art the center of all, universe upon universe.

We ask thee to strengthen the soul of the brother who has ministered here so faithfully; pour light into his heart and let him feel compensated for the sacrifice those make who venture to open the word to the world. It is a sacrifice for all we know, even in spirit as well as mortal, there is none perfect save God alone—infinite perfection. We know how our workers suffer, how they shrink in spirit and body ere they give voice to us who seek to minister to humanity, and knowing this we pray for a new baptism of compensation and joy to rest upon our brother and all who have ministered and who are to minister to the people of this place, and the same blessing upon each soul here.

Oh, may each man and woman and little child learn to look within and lean upon God, the infinite strength, the infinite sweetness, the Infinite sweetness, the Infinite strength, the infinite sweetness, the

found. Under the present conditions of mau's life and of his organization the soul can not with all its force build up a structure capable of giving forth the highest art. It sometimes occurs, when there are high purposes and resolutions reached in the celevial states to be carried out on the earth, that there should come to the earth an artist, a thinker, a revealer, who shall be an epoch man, a creator of new features and powers in civilization. The soul comes to the matrix of birth convoyed by spiritual forces, great infinences concentrated on that organic creation to give capability, exalted capability above the average, capability, exalted capability above the average, capability of the heredity, a sort of accidental interposition in the common law of evolution; building up extraordinary power, developing extraordinary genius. Sometimes it will appear in statesmanship, sometimes in the life in the significant of the imagination, sometimes in the sciritual realm of ideal moral culture, sometimes in the extraordinary increase of sensitiveness in the psychical relation, to be the expresser of exalted inspirations.

when the state is the presentation of the state of the st

ages will come within the pale of an artistic and scientific explanation. The "thosts" of the olden days—"ghost walking"—the phenomina produced by them, will be explainable on the lines of the new psychology.

It is too late to ridicule the concentrated powers and the majestic power possessed by the spirit in dealing with what you call physical things. Physical things are spiritual things in a mode of motion different from those modes of motion in celestial states, and when the soul as an artist develops its power of concentration, when it can point its force and can fix that force closely by will on the atomic plane, it becomes a supreme creative artist. Look what a mechanical artist the soul working below its consciousness is. See what an artist it is. See what it does in the flower. That soul is unconscious of being a flower, but behold the wonderful direct polarities and affinities and thought combinations there are in the presentation of that form. The mind of man calls it beautiful, because it harmonizes with a thought in his soul, unexpressed until he sees the form when sensation awakens in the soul's consciousness the form, then it becomes knowable to the soul and beautiful.

The soul made this body; made it and did not know that it was making it. The mechanical consciousness acquired by an infinite experimental evolution through an eternal past traveling its road to consciousness, belonging to the thought, somewhere in the plane of being you saw that flower or you would not see it now. Somewhere you have met before or you could not feel the affinity of consciousness, and could only find it through the organization of a mind and attaining to mind you attain self-consciousness, so that the work the soul is accomplishing is its artistic development.

The song that pleases me I overheard in the eternities of modes gone before. The prin-

soul is accomplishing is its artistic development.

The song that pleases me I overheard in the eternities of modes gone before. The principle of truth dawning upon my mind I have seen before or I could not see it now. But in the heredity it is stored, in the karma of nature it exists; it is inscribed on the tablet of the infinite, to turn up before the aperture of mind sometime and be seen.

The process of artistic evolution in consciousness is orderly, it is gradual, it follows inference and deduction for a time and then steps over and becomes invention. When the thought of the spirit in the spirit mentality touches the soul, the soul is awakened to that thought, just as the soul is awakened to that Chaught, on the material plane, and then the soul plunges the thought to the mind and it is a revelation.

thought, just as the soul is awakened to the throught, on the material plane, and then the soul plunges the thought to the mind and it is a revelation.

A little boy poring over his Euclid, struggilling with the theorems—of geometry, works, toils to comprehend, and suddenly comprehends the problem. He says: "I see!" He did not see till the two concepts met in persect harmony. You cannot see until the form subjective and the form objective became perfect harmony. You cannot see until the form subjective and the form objective became perfectly related and that perfect relation is persected. When you see the work of a greaterist where genius has thrown its power and life and revelation, the thing, the form, the lines, the totality of the expression pleasing, delightful, charming, you are as great as the creator. You are as great as Shakespeare, when you understand Shakespeare, when you understand Shakespeare of You are as great as any best of the stand Euclid. You are as great as any best of the stand Euclid. You are as great as any best of the property of the seems of expression. You have the greatness of expression. You have the greatness of these thinkers, these souls in consciousness, while here, and you will equal their expressions when you atthin the spiritual plane. It want to make this thought clear to you: that the power of the artist within you, that the power of the thought attained here, unexpressible here in this physical life, is, in the spiritual world, yours to express, so that having developed the concept in the life which is to come.

From this, then, you will perceive that the true life on earth is to attain the behavioral.

comes a workable concept in the life which is to come.

From this, then, you will perceive that the true life on earth is to attain the highest concepts of being so that you will, as spiritual beings, be able to express the concepts you at a trained here, when there. This is the art that you have to acquire. It is subjective and it is objective and the end of the artist is to express. He is helping you.

I do not know that there is any field of art so capable of developing the mind, of man's expression, as the poetleal or dramatic art. But today it is so imperfect as an art the world is at a loss for a powerful critic, an exalted judge of that which is troe and correct in art. Art to be true and correct must be expressed in such a manner as to produce beautiful freelings. All art that rails to do that is imperfect art; all caricature is imperfect art; extravagance is another name for caricature. Art is that which is correct to nature, correct to feeling, correct to panelses and leads to a higher good. Carry this means the content of the correct to higher good. Carry this means the content of the correct to higher good.

ure with you and you will perceive that men are not living for the development of the pursest emotions, the purset passions, the purset logical conceptions and the purset intuitions. Selfahness steps in to mar the pletture; leal-ousy steps in to mar the glory of the art; the feeling is robbed of its power and its beauty, the passion is robbed of its splendor and its glory. Vice is not an object for art to deplet; berime is not a subject for art to deplet; but virtue, wisdom, heroic qualities, intellect, art and passion. The pletture must be beautiful. The immoral can never be beautiful; injustics can never be beautiful. Negative teaching is tragedy is not the highest art; that which tragedy is not the highest art; that carries with it woe is not in the highe that which

carries with it woe is not in the highest sense art.

Carry the artistic life into your home: make that home life a picture, every part of which will be beautiful, where the lights will play from thy generosity, where thy devotion and thy sympathles will radiate around thy family circle, then thy life will be artistic. Search for wisdom, for thy life must be a wise lift or it is not in harmony with art, that is, it is not beautiful. Falsehood is never beautiful; ignorance is never beautiful. Imporant innocence may excite thy sympathy and stir thy emotions as a tribute to the beautiful in nature of thy reflective consideration, but the beautiful is wisdom delineated in expression and form.

nature of thy reflective consideration, but the beautiful is wisdom delineated in expression and form.

The orations of Edmund Burke are sublime because they reflect wisdom, generosity, justice and public duty, in words that are exphantions, in rhetoric that is choice and elegant, in simile that never calls to the mind the imperfect or the deformed. Those rhapsolies called hymns which speak of a "dying Savior," of being "washed in the blood of the lamb," are barbaric in their nature and not calculated to elevate the mind by an exalted ideality. The loftlest ideas of beauty and grandeur prevent suffering. It is true that the concept of justice involves the concept of injustice; true that the concept of heroic visue involves the concept of danger and of vice, and the consciousness analytically perceives the contrast and there is a beauty, there is a joy, and there is a happiness after the pain, but better had the pain not have been better had the thought of evil not have been indeance when his life was rescared by the heroism of another; better that the pain had not been there, for by it the thought is weakened, the soul pulled down in its vibrations.

So that the cultivation of this life is the So that the cultivation of this life is the

weakened, the soul pulled down in its vibrations.

So that the cultivation of this life is the proper cultivation of the faculties of the mind. The faculties of the human mind are necessary to the development of this conscious life, but there is an intuitional freedom and you can missue a faculty, you can indulge a propensity, yet never does indulgence come to man without the consequential pain and lowering of the soul's wibrations, and the result has to be eliminated before the grandeur of celestial experiences.

I will not attempt to prolong so interesting a delineation. My purpose was to emphasize, the object you are living for: to find yourself in God. You are living to find the paradise of your consciousness, to find a thirst of knowing, where pain will not be present, where sin will not be: you are seeking the perfect. Away out yonder in the infinite is the realm of perfection. It is a long journer. The soul has come up through the fog and darkness, wandering across the barren desert ever following the instincts of the past, acquiring unconscious relationships: o'er sandy plain and desert wild it reamed and struggled on. There we see a posy growing by the river's brink, expressing life and beauty; then on and up through forms of increasing meatally. Crystallizations appear. Nature starts from noble states and growing forms, and crystal worlds rush out to play their gambols in the meadows of the universe. At last material forms, like battleships, struggle on the mighty deep; the world becomes a seeme of carnage and of storm. Roll on, re agent An atmosphere enversas, like an envelope, the world, and gradualty appears animal lifetites man appears. It is soul coming up the steeps of thme, soul steeping forward to ha God, journering to the "I know," the Logon of the Infinite, the end of life. Weary souns the way, long, tolkome, painful the ages as they go, but youder o've the hills of them I seems of the Infinite, the end of life. Weary souns the way, long, tolkome, painful the ages as they go, but youder o've see the brilliant light of day and the of heaven, and it arises into the conness of my life, and in the transglories of eternal law my soul at last in God.

My notices about life are much the as they are about traveling; there is a deal of ammement on the road, but, all, one wants to be at rest.—Souther.

"It is good to be po thought, or of one blee

y rose-buds, whose perfum

ped her form in lustrous ped soft folds of flimsy lac slender, pulseless wrists, terneath the patient face.

she lay in perfect rest; roices, late so slow to praise, ed her many virtues o'er, poke of all her pleasant ways.

eper heeded not the wreath soom that lay within her hand; it a word of love or loss scaled lips could understand.

we so often keep the flowers in folded hands at last! le luxuries of life old, till care of them is past.

Withhold, till tale to the state of the weight of the willing toller by our side!

The willing toller by our side!

Why keep the full-blown flower of love Until our friend we loved has died?

—Ex.

The Abbey Chimes, or the Mystery of Glen Avon.

MABEL A. VAN HISE

CHAPTER VIII.-Continued.

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"But dreams never do come true, do they?"
—though the strange visions I have, often come out just as I see them. But those are not real dreams, are they?"
—'No, dear," replied Mrs. Priestly. "Those are reflections of things that have passed or are to come."

Both remained silent for some minutes, each occupied with her own thoughts. Clarice rested her head on the soft cushions of the chair, and closed her eyes. Mrs. Priestly glanced at her; then she waved her arms back and forth towards Clarice for several seconds; dropping them gradually, she said in a commanding tone:

"Speak! tell me what you see."

The young girl's eyes opened slowly, and fixing them intently on a large oil painting that hung over the head of the bed facing her, she opened her lips, but no sound came from them.

"Speak!" again commanded Mrs. Priestly. Then slowly, and in a much chaaged voice, the young claric story and the seed of the bed facing her, she opened her lips, but no sound came from them.

"Speak!" again commanded Mrs. Priestly. Then slowly, and in a much chaaged voice, the young claric beforom; it is evening; the first the prome looks cheerful. He is stiting an armehair, and there are others in the rom. They stit around a table. On the right of Sir Cecil is Marcus; next, Lestor Avon; on the left is Lady Avon. Ah, how pale she looks, and how her eyes glitter. They are ladying cards, they—"

"Go on," came in that stern, commanding tone again. The clairroyant proceeded.

"The door opens, someone is coming in; each, it is Marie. Marcus rises and offers her a chair. He shuffles the cards against the wall; she is walling for something. What ild you say?—Wall on some her physical form; they do not see her.—Ah, yes, Marcus sees her; she stands back against the wall; she is walling for something. What ild you say?—Wall how cardees! Marcus heart the edge; it is between Marcus away from his elbow and pushes it near the Lestor. Marcus mearly knocked that glass over; it is Lestor. Marcus mearly knocked that glass over; it is Lestor. Marcus m

makes it nearer to Lestor. They play again; Marie has won! she is laughing over it."

"Go on, there is more yet," said Mrs. Friestly.

"Ah, how stupid! Lady Avon has dropped her cards; some have fallen under the table. Marcus and Lestor both stoop to pick them up. Ah!—what do I see? While they are engaged thus, Lady Avon, under pretense of preventing Marcus' alsas from being knocked down, reaches her hand across and oh! she has dropped some white powder into the dissolved. How quickly she did it! No one saw her action. Now they are—oh, not yet."

The clairvoyant had almost risen out of the chair as she uttered her vehement protest against the vision's too sudden disappearant. Ams. Priestly's face more on the cushon, her cyes closed part of the remained perfectly still and silens a study during this recital. Her wondrul eyes were now filled with excitement hook under her. After awhile she there were more composed, and bethought for it has a still. Once more she made passes before Clarice's face, and after a long-drawn eight he girl sat upright, and rubbing her yes alsepily, asked Mrs. Priestly what had happened.

"I know I have been talking, and that I have been away somewhere in company with an stral shade, but somehow I do not re-member anything this time. What have I

happened.

"I know I have been talking, and that I have been away somewhere in company with an astral shade, but somehow I do not remember anything this time. What have I said?"

have been away somewhere in company with an astral shade, but somehow I do not remember anything this time. What have I said?"
"Nothing of any importance, dear," returned Mrs. Priestly calmly. "It will come to you some other time, no doubt; you really must go to bed now. You will lose all your roses. I insist; go right to bed. I am quite comfortable, dear little nurse. You have done your duty, and all nurses have to sleep sometimes, you know?

"Well, as you are so determined to get rid of me. I suppose I may as well go," said Clarice, kissing her friesd, and churried to her own pretty pink and the hurried to her own pretty pink and the bower.

All through the night, until the gray light of morning craim Priestly lay thinking, thinking, think her brain ached, as well as her and the her brain ached, as well as her and the priest of the way of the way of the word of the way of the well of the word of the way of the word of

well," she thought, "I don't mind so long it can get along on it somehow." Then log back into bed once more, she made plans of war on Lady Aron. She consid to rest in bed all that day, however, thousing the value of complete rest in a

yes, Mr. Lejoindre, you must stay, cannot get ready to go home under

"Oh, res, Mr. Lejoindre, you must stay, Marie cannot get ready to go home under two days, I'm sare!"
"Well, well, I'll see," replied Uncle Dick, During the evening, while all were in the library enjoying themselves,—that is to say, all except Sir Cecil and Mrs. Priestly,—Lady Avon slipped out of the room into the hall unobserved, threw a heavy cloak over her seed and shoulders, and opening the front door, glided out, the steps, across the lawn in the direction of the woods. Then making the genular cery of an out, he stood still and issened. Again she gave the strange uncarrily screech, and this time to some purfor, however answered by another similar cry, as a youth bounded through the buller and stood by her side. They held a while pred conversation, then Lady Alice said and a set of the strange and stood by her side. They held a while pred conversation, then Lady Alice said and a set of the strange and stood by Lady Alice said and a set of the strange and stood by Lady Alice said and a set of the set of th

whispered conversation, then Lady Alice said aloud:

"I am glad you and Zephane did not go with the rest."

"Zephane is slek, Minott," returned the lad. "8he cannot be moved yet."

"Well, here is money. Get wine and medicine, for her; and, oh, Zano, the bracelet—where is it?" asked Lady Avon.
"Zephane has it; it is safe—do not fear."

"Tis well," said the Lady. "Now do not forcet anything I have told you."

"I will not forget,"

The boy ran back-through the trees. Lady Avon went silently home the way she came, and a few minutes later re-entered the library.

They were all laughing heartily at a ghost.

They were all laughing heartily at a ghost story told by Marie, when Lady Avon en-

and a few manufes are recentered.

They were all laughing heartily at a ghost story told by Marie, when Lady Avon entered.

all seem very merry over something; what is the joke?" she inquired.

"And it's true," declared Marie, her black eyes shining with wrathful tears, and her red lips pouting at their unbeller.

"I did see it, so there! and I'll never walk through that old picture gallery again. I'm glad we harea't any picture gallery again. I'm glad we harea't any picture gallery as if she had just jumped out of the frame. It was the very same face as Sir Cecil's grand-mother, and she had on the same queer short-waisted dress. Her hair was fixed up with side combs somehow. She appeared to be weeping, though she did not make any noise—" ("Like you do," chimed in Unel Dick, the incorrigible,—"but went on up the stairs wringing her hands," continued Marie, giving Uncle Dick a killing glance. "She went up and did not stop until she got to Lady Avon's rooms, and then took herself off somewher, body and all!" (looking at Clarice and half-smilling). "I wonder what she was in such trouble about?"

"Why didn't you ask her?" said Uncle Dick.

"She didn't stop still long enough for any conversation," said Marie, "but before I'd be such a miserable looking ghost as she was, I'd—"

Lestor laughingly inquired "What?"

"Why, I'd just stay in my own country and

"She didn't stop still long enough for any conversation," said Marie, "but before I'd be such a miserable looking ghost as she was, I'd-"
"Why, I'd just stay in my own country and not go poking around people's houses like she dild, making out I was looking for something I'd lost, or had the loothache, or some other family trouble, like that ghost did!"
This raised another longth, more boisterous than the last, at poor Marie's expense.
"I'm goling to bed now! I hate to be lasted at the truth."
With that crushing remark, and a very red face, Marie we'nt out of the room. She did not mind the others so much, but when Lestor Avon laughed at her, it made her very wroth.

"I'm a grown woman, and he treats me just like a baby," she declared, stamping her little foot as she went along. Lady Avon left the library about the same time as Marie, and in the hall they met.
"Are you really going to retire so early?" asked Lady Alice.
"Yes, my head aches and I feel tired," returned Marie, sighing. They had now reached the door of Lady Avon's apartments; to the surprise of both, the door was open and Mrs. Priestly, stood on the threshold.
"Good evening, Marie," said Mrs. Priestly. "No doubt you are surprised to see me here, Lady Avon, but my askle feels so much better—"

"So I perceive," sneered Lady Avon.
"And," went on Mrs. Priestly, affecting not to notice the interruption, "I wanted so to see you. Knowing that you spend much of your time in your room, I fully expected to find you here."

Marie where."

Marie when good-night and depart.
Marie where.

Marie when good-night and depart.
Marie when the good-night and depart.
Marie where. The me good-night and depart.
Marie where."

Marie where. The me good-night and depart.
Marie where. The me good night and depart and the passibility of Sir Cecil hearing what she had to say.

"Come in," said Lady Alice, haughtly, pointing to a chair. "Your business with ner"

"I have come to ask you once more and for the last time, if you intend to right the wrong you have done?" No nawer from L

"I have come to ask you once more and for the last time, if you intend to right the wrong you have done?" No answer from Lady Avon.

Mrs. Priestly repeated the question, and in a slightly louder and more determined tone, adding:

"The time I gave you is now up, and I am ready to take further steps in the matter."

"I will do as you wish, when we are all together tomorrow evening." replied Lady Alice slowly, as if she wanted each word to thoroughly impress her enemy of its geaulineness. "Is that all you have to say?" she asked caimly.

"It is," that all you have to say?" she asked caimly.

"It is," that all you have to say?" she re no, and leave me in peace."

"Then the door closes on he case."

"Then the door closes on he case."

"The ready of the type," "The type of the type of the crief. "Yes tomorrow I will right the wrong added! Two shall be removed from my path. One shall be placed behind prison bars. The other in heaven!"

CHAPTER IX.

CHAPTER IX.

The following morning dawned bright and clear, though the cold was still intense. Marian Priestly rose cariler than usual. Her sakle being firmly bandaged, she managed to get about very well.

"I will just put my bonnet and shawl ou, and try the air a little while. It will help to strengthen me," she exclaimed. And suiting the action to the word, she was soon dressed and out of the house, though she limped slightly yet. She walked down the lane and had nearly reached the end when a tall youth with an olive skin, very black eyes and hair, approached her with rapid steps. "Give me some money, lady," my mother is sick and we are very poor," he said with a slightly foreign access.

Mrs. Priestly, without the least hesitation took out her purse, and gave the boy a few small coins: as she did so one of the Glen Avon grooms passed her on his way to the stable. He tipped his hat respectably and returned her cheer," good-morning. The dark-hair lady," disappeared into the words of the chemical with the stable of the sta

ch better, and the morning was so I thought a short walk would not

he hurried up to her room as quickly as ankle would allow. Good morning, ma'am," said one of the id servants as she passed her in the upper

"Good morning, ma'am," said one of the maid servants as she passed her in the upper hall.

"Good morning, Milly," returned Mrs. Priestly kindly.

After the mid-day meal was over, Lady Avon went to her husband's room. She took a seat by his couch and was amusing him with a recital of Marle's ghost story.

"I had a strange dream last night," said Sir Ceeil. "I, thought you lost your new bracelet. By the way, Alice dear, you don't seem to wear it much. Not tired of it already, I hope."

"No, indeed, Ceeil. On the contrary, I prize it very much; to lose it would grieve me terribly. That just puts me in mind of it. I neglected to put it in the case. Dear me, how careless! It has been there since yesterday morning; too. I will go and put it in the case and lock it up at once. Excuse me, I will be back again in a few minutes."

She had not been away tea minutes, before she burst in upon they hasband with:

"It is gone! I clannot find it anywhere! My bracelet has been stolen! Oh, Ceeil, and I prized it so much because it was your gift." She sat down and began to sob hysterically. "Don't you keep your room door locked, my dear?" he asked.

"Yes, generally," she replied teartuly, then suddenly dashing away her tears, she cried. Ceeili I know; I know now. Last the best was pour to our room.

"Don't you keep your room door locked, my dear?" he asked.

"Yes, generally," she replied tearfully. Then suddenly dashing away her tears, she cried:

"Oh, Cecil! I know; I know now. Last night Marie and I were going up to our rooms at the same time, when to our astonishment. Priestly standing in the doorway and Mrs. Triestly standing in the doorway were both samppood to see her there, because she was suppood to be confined to her room with a sprained ankle. She, I believe, is the thief!" "My dear! My dear! What are you saying? I am sure the wildow of poor John Priestly would not do such a thing. Be careful whom you accuse, Allee. Remember her late husband was my boyhood's friend. Besides, how dare you accuse one in particular, when there were so many other people in the house at the same time?" said her husband seriously.

Lady Avon did not answer, but continued to rock herself and sob.

"Now try to calm yourself, my dear wife. Be entirely guided by me. Say nothing to anyone about your loss at present. I will send to headquarters for a good detective, and soon find the bracelet or the thief—perhaps both."

Sir Ceell kept his promise, and early on the Glowing morning the detectives arrived at Glen Avon.

(To be continued.)

"Fated or Free."-An Appeal.

SUSIE C CLARK.

Argument is always profitless and never convinces any one. Especially is it unwise to enter into any disconsion of re-embodiment, which truth even a Buddha did not discover until the typical lot tree was rembodiment, which truth even a Buddha did not discover until the typical lot tree was reached; and when such a flash of revelation comes to any soul, it remains hence/forth an abiding possession; it proves a vantage ground from which there is no back-diding. It matters little whether any other advanced student accepts it or not, today, since all must in time, If it be truth. Therefore, the writer, in her former article, did not undertake to "convince" our erudite brother (who so courteously responds with kindly compilments), the job is too vast. He may recall that she did not once make alussion to any personality, but kept strictly to a statement of principle, which seemed to furnish a more hopeful outlook for humanity. For she weil knew that when a man wears blue glasses, the whole world must present a sombre tint, and be can never know through argument, the warm red glow which a cheerier lens might lend.

But to consider like lugersoil, one world at a time, seems unworthy of immortal beings, and it is as impossible to thus limit a conception of life as it would be to separate one of the hours from the dial-face of the clock. If the soul is eternal, its career endless, then its experiences must be continuous and cannot rightly be judged in sections, or limited to the "scope of mortal life."

If a person who had never heard of communion with an invisible world, were told of the possibility of such interchange with souls whom they could not see, hear, or touch, would they not probably meet such statement with the exclamation "absurd," and such verdiet would not affect the truth of the matter in the least, sury more than does a similar opinion of our girled correspondent regarding pre-existence, or choice of parentage. A truth which comes as a novely to our consciousness, however old to our carn, is often pronou

wrong can rest with one who has attained freedom therefrom, through long effort and experience. The only "original sin" is the sin of ignorance, the sin of the child; all human mistakes and errors are the result of it, and only prolonged experience can transform that ignorance into knowledge, weakness into strength, since the passage of one brief martal existence does not seem to Eccomplish it. The path to the heights often lies through the mud and mire of the morass, the sloughs of despond and sin. "Souls can indeed be purified" by contact with "material corruption," for only thus can they triumph over it. Even the Christs of the race are perfected through suffering. It is only he who overcometh who receives the crown, and how can one overcome what he has no contact with? We fate ourselves by our inertia and slothfulness. There is no other fate or Semesia, save such as the soul chooses as opportunities for its material achievement.

The serial conditions, comes thitter through the rateway of undesirable theritance, where is the vision (which each chaince doth ruled) in a soul thus embedded, mot improving such golden opportunity to learn dominance, to achieve mastery over ever tearn of such cases.

remain in "a puny body?" Are there not others similarly circumstanced, who have trimphed over such limitation, souls anchored to their pillows through long, weary years, paralysed and helpless, but who, when the power of the split over the clay is fully revealed to them, have thrown aside their shackles and walked forth, forever free.

Such instance could be cited in a friend of the writer from whose cup of physical and mental woe no drop was spared, but who thus was enabled through such testing process, through tasting all forms of suffering reself, to become better qualified to relieve and remove similar and divers kind of suffering from ethers. This soul, though very far from illumination as yet, has gained the recognition of an hour preceding birth, when this life line was clearly seen, the choice then was freely hers to remain in that peaceful, though unexpressed state, or embrace this opportunity of going forth (even as missionaries do today, to carry the light of truth, as they see it, for darkened minds), so this active spirity carned over the weary, the sick, the tempest-toesed on this planet who awaited the light of health and freedom. The possibility of such helpful ministration, hard and thankless as the task might prove, was freely hers. But, lying darkly between this decision of birth and that future sphere of usefulness, stretched long years of helplessness, prostration and pain, the preparation for the coming mission, because only through this experience could the ignorance which made such bondage possible be outgrown, only thus could the scars of former weakness and mistake be overcome and mastery attained, both for herself and others, only through the discords of mortal existence could the pean of harmony and freedom ring forth to the world. And so she deliberately plunged into the Lethean waters which effaced the menory in part of the bilss left behind, and entered upon the path of mortal suffering which has proven a blessed teacher, as it ever is, an emancipator, as it should be, to all. She

entage entitle you to but perfection, a health that is unassailable, a strength that knows no limit?

"Back of thy parents and grandparents lies The Great Eternal Will. That, too is thine Inheritance: strong, beautiful, divine."

Then enter upon thy birthright. Live no more in your stomach, but seek closer fellowship with your soul. Is there any good sense in your remaining "a life-long sufferer," in allowing the impotent flesh to dominate thy masterful spirit? No physical laws of heredity can be stronger than a divine soul expressed through an unconquerable will. Do not wait till you get to the spirit world where you will have "ample time," for we have been told that more progress can be made in one year of earth life than in one hundred years spent in the first belt or zone surrounding the planet, which purgatorial experience it is possible for the free, triumphant spirit to clear at a bound, escaping such limitation altogether. Brash the dust of mortal inheritance from your eyes, and both "hind-sight" and "fore-sight" will be yours, the consecutive chapters of Life's long, complicated story shall be clearly read. Then awake, brother, put on thy strength; it is rightfully thine. Does not your belief in fate cost you rather dear, since "as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he?" No one knows better than you that we are spirits today, that it is possible to live a spiritual life of freedom, and emancipation from the bondage of physical infirmity, now and here. Your soul is large enough to fill the slender form with poise and power. There is no chance, no destiny, no fate Can circumvent, or hinder, or control.

"There is no chance, no destiny, no fate Can circumvent, or hinder, or control, The firm resolve of a determined soul."

The firm resolve of a determined soul."

The world awaits the devotion of your varied talents to lis valiant service. There are songs of freedom which your fertile muse must yet sound. There are other fettered souls which you will be so intent on liberating that you will forget all about your own. If you do not desire another embodiment, see that you thoroughly learn the lessons this one would teach. If "Mother Nature" is not "performing her work perfectly," help her out with your own possibilities of god-hood, since you have them. You are no more fated to suffer "against your will," than the American colonists were fated to remain subjects of George III. Write your declaration of freedom in strong, deep words of power and victory, and may all the forces of the Infinite speed you on.

"If you get there before I do.

"If you get there before I do, Just tell them I am coming too."

March 31st

March 31st

is usually understood to be the anniversary of the introduction of Modern Spiritualism, the manifestations in the Fox family's abode at Hydesville, New York State, commonly known as the Rochester Knockings, being accepted as the initiation of the varied physical and mentral phenomena pertaining to present day Spiritualism. As we have affirmed on more than one previous occasion, this assumption is not stirctly correct; phenomena more varied than that which occurred in connection with the "Fox" girls having been common among the Shakers at least ten years earlier. We have read records giving details of physical manifestations, visions, trance, personal messages, the gift of tongues, and exaited spirit teachings received and recorded in the annals of the society during the years 1837-8, concluding with the announcement that, at no distant date similar manifestations would be given to the outside world. The manifestations given through John Brown, known as the "Medium of the Rockies," a simple farmer on the Pacific Slope, commenced some seven or eight years prior to the Hydesville phenomena, and included powerful physical manifestations, levitation, spirit writing, and tests. Baron Guldenstolbe, a Swedish nobleman, commenced to procure direct spirit writing in 1841, and between that time and 1857 received about two thousand messages in different characters and languages, containing many proors of spirit identity. His method assully was very simple, yet equally convincings the would enter some religious edifiewhen none were present save a friead, or perfuse the would enter some religious edifiewhen none were present save a friead, or perfuse the would enter some religions edifiewhen none were present save a friead, or perfuse the would enter some religions edifiewhen none were present save a friead, or perfuse the would enter some religions edifiewhen none were introduced as witnesses, place a plece of blank paper on a monument or statue of some celebrity, retire a short dis-

tance and wait in prayeful most, carnestly desiring a response from the spirit represented by the monument. Hetaraling after awhile, he would frequently find a message on the paper, sometimes in languages he was unfamiliar with. The testimony of this is of the highest character. The late Dr. Joseph Rodes Buchanan claimed to have-cartanced a subject he was experimenting on mesmerically in 1843, and received through hera message from the spirit world. But the nost important revelation since Swedenborg's time, that anteslated the Rochester Knocking, by about five years, was the description given by Andrew Jackson Davis, while in a deep, mashetic trance, of the relation of the spirit world to this, which was published in that remarkable volume "Nature's Divine Revelations," in 1845. This book may be looked uphenomena, but of its present day philosophia, in it, after giving a very beautiful desiration of the spirit spheres and the natural life and general conditions there prevail as seen by him when in the superior contion of spiritual lacidity, he says:—"It is truth that spirits commune with one anothewhile one is in the body and the other in thispher spheres—and this, too, when the person in the body is unconscloss of the Influx and hence cannot be convinced of the fact; and this truth will ere long present itself in the form of a living demonstration, and the world will hail with delight the usbering in of that cra when the interiors of men will be established such as is now being enjoyed by the inhabitants of Mars, Jupiter and Saturn, because of their superior relinement. This is a distinct prophecy and avant courier of the series of the superior relinement. This is a distinct prophecy and avant courier of the series of the superior relinement. This is a distinct prophecy and avant courier of the series of the superior relinement. This is a distinct prophecy in their spring and the spiritual communion will be established in their professed origin. The instruments were somile, and some of the work uncouth, but it tance and wait in prayerful desiring a response from the

One of the Old Guard.

Harvey W. Pinney, of Mill Brook, Conn., passed to the invisible May 14, at the house of his son in Winsted, Conn., after a short liness, aged by years. He was one of the "common people" who heard Andrew Jackson Dil's gladly when that marvelous prophet-lifterent and grave his message to the invitation of the property of the property

parade of grief."- His wishes we with. The rags of old theolo faunted in his face, the millinery

were henest tears.

In a recent issue of the Hanner was a singularly just editoral tribute to a singularly gifted man—Andrew Jackson Davis. It was a tribute free from fulsome or intemperate praise. On an extended trip through the West the writer said he found the works of Mr. Davis prominent on the bookshelves of the leading Spiritualists, as ordence that the philosophy of A. J. Davis influenced the thought and to a considerable degree molded the lives of the great body of stanch believers wherever found. That issue of the Hanner not being at hand no pretence of exact quotation is made. Berly no probet was ever more honored in his own country. The man of whom these lines are written was one of the early admirers of the "Pouga-keepale Seer." and in the early dars of Modern Spiritualism it may be imagined that had he been tolerant of family altars in his house the image of God placed thereon might have worn the unmistakable features of Davis. But he had not much of the worshipful spirit. He was neither an idealist nor an idealour, nor troubled overmuch with other worldiness. He never ran wild after anything or anybody. In the "Divine with other worldiness and a dozen others, hasks of the old theology on which his soulhed and inhospitable post. To Davis, the found something better than the dry basks of the old theology on which his soulhed and inhospitable post. To Davis, the found something held; and to the thousands like him who quietly fill their places in the world, asking nothing in the way of compensation save such satisfaction as their facts the world was such satisfaction as their should sometimes acknowledge before the world may seem praise, exemplary in its way. They watch throughout the night at their isolated posts, and how few have seen much more than faintest rays of any coming morning?

May 18, 1902. L. V. P.

May 18, 1902.

A Chance to Make Money.

I have berries, grapes and peaches a year old, fresh as when picked. I used the California Cold Process. Do not heat or seal the fruit, just put it up cold keeps perfectly fresh, and costs almost nothest can put up a bushel in ten minutes. The properties of the process of the

Ira Moore Courliss.

A jubilee was given Sunday evening. April 6, at the Aurora-Grata Cathedral, in Brooklyn, N. Y., to celebrate the fifth anniversary of the ministerial labors of Mr. Ira Moore Courliss in the field of Spiritualism.

The great auditorium was crowed to its utmost capacity. The church was profusely and beautifully decorated with rarest flowers, and Mr. Courliss could have all with the port, "It sat't said with an experiment of loving roses dww. Come was paid by the same the constant of the country Dr. John C. Wyman, who five years on introduced Mr. Courliss to the public, and sent him forth to bless the world with his wonderful inspirational work. He gave a vivid description of his call to service, the gift of prophecy, and the consecration to a great life-work which had led Mr. Courliss step by step to devote his life to Spiritualism. He depicted in glowing words the marvelous growth, and abundant reward that had crowned his every effort, and thrilled his hearers with a prophecy of what his work was yet to be, and closed with a tender and eloquent benediction upon his faithful coworker.

Mrs. Mary E. Lease, who was presented to

was yet to be, and closed with a tender and eloquent benediction upon his faithful coMrs. Mary E. Lease, who was presented to the vast audience as a speaker of world-wide fame, gaze the address of the evening. In glowing words she outlined her theme, and paid just and brilliant tribute to the wellloved minister. "We come today," she said (turning to the pastor), "to beautify a life which you have glorified by loyalty to truth, reverence for the Christ life, and principle, and devotion to the upliftment of your fellowmen. Go on in the work which you have chosen, and for which you are so well adapted by reason of your spiritual unfoldment and unblemished career; our hearts' best love and loyalty are yours to cheer and sustain you in your labors for the world."

Mr. Courliss has reason to be proud and happy because of the loving and enthusiastic reception tendered him on this occasion, not only by the members of his own faithful flock, but by the most prominent people of New York and Brooklyn, and his many friends are equally proud of his splendlad record and stainless public and private life. It is certainly an instrument in the hands of a higher power to resurrect the mardered truth of Spiritualism from the monument of commercial fakism under which it has been buried, and to the work to which he has devoted his life, is the heartfelt wish of all who know him.

The Source of Profit.

The Source of Profit.

To how many property owners—people that pay out their money for paint and painting—has it ever occurred that it is unprofitable to the painter when paint is too durable? The expense of painting is in the labor of applying, not in the material applied. The actual cost of the paint used in doing, say, a hundred-dollar job, is scarcely more than ten or fifteen dollars, the rest being workmen's wages and painter's profit. On the paint the painter may make possibly one or two dollars, but on the application of it he makes perhaps ten dollars or more. It follows that the oftener he can repaint the more money he makes.

the oftener he can repalit the more money he makes.

Now, while I do not mean to intimate that the average painter has figured the proposition out in this way and deliberately proceeds accordingly to defraud his patrons with paints that he knows to be inferior; yet at the same time I do think that many painters are unconsciously biased by the facts of the case, and this may explain their adherence to materials which all experts have agreed in pronouncing inferior.

The whole paint world, outside of the painters, has long since decided that a fair proportion of zinc white is essential to durability in any 'white or tinted paint, yet the old-time painter still clings to 'straight lead.' If it does not "stand," he considers himself free from biame; but he profits by the necessary renewal, and the consumer foots the bill. This paint problem has many sides, and this is a phase of it that has as yet received but little attention.

Stanton Dudley,

Stanton Dudley.

Missionary Work in Illinois.

We have given about a month of time to holding meetings in Illinois, and find it a state that needs that needs and include the state. Some of the speaker and mechanise research and needs are stated in the contract of the state. The state and the compensation poor, but our Cause should be developed. The public exponents must make some sacrifice; and the local people should develop some interest and support. Local Spiritualists are too slow and dependent. They are waiting for outside help unss and epeakers will more readily visit these places if a little support will be provided. Too often only one person in a locality can be found willing to help—often none are willing; yet no locality is without friends of our Cause. Other sects would have temples and a settled pastor with as many adherents of other cause as we neadly find are Spiritualists. We lack espirit and liberality. Too much is expected of our speakers and too little granted them usually. Illinois is a fertile state for our missionary work—and sadily needs it. The State Association should look after the localities of its jurisdiction with more diligence and thus reap a reward in growth that will put it to the fore of our state auxiliaries. A hundred splendid towns in Illinois can be organized by a devoted work in a year or two. This means that missionaries and local friends shall each and all work heroleally.

We have held coring under and Macomb Each of these places offer indiscements for others to follow us; and they can all be added to the State Association. Watseks is now chariered by the N. S. A. We started a society at Macomb, where we held our first growe meeting this year. Lelloy has good prospects for a temple. Peoria would sustain a local speaker. Springfield needs a worker who will assume executive care. Each worker who will as

The Waukesha Camp.

The waukesha camp.

The arrangements for the camp at Waukesha are progressing rapidly, and from the present outlook everything points to one of the most sufficient of the most sufficient of the most sufficient of the camp of the most sufficient of waukesha, which in itself is sufficient guarantee of the desirability of the location. Waukesha, as all know, being a summer resort of note.

The management of the camp will endeavor to place on its platform taleat of the highest order, not only as far as ability and psychic power is concerned, but also individual character. Already the following talent has been secured, viz: Hev. Moses Hull, Harrison D. Barrett, Mrs. Mattie Hull, and Mrs. Catherine McFarline. The management is in correspondence with other workers who will be brought to the camp, and whose presence will add greatly to the success of the meetings.

be brought to the camp, and whose presence will add greatly to the success of the meetings.

The accommodations will all be of the first order and visitors may be assured of a delightful time at a reasonable expenditure. The programs will be out early, and will give in detail all the advantages of the camp. Tents will be supplied at reasonable rates and intending visitors would do well to write the secretary of the State Association regarding same. In order to secure tents, etc., it would be advisable to apply early.

The camp is under the auspices of the Wisconsin State Spiritualist Association, and will be in session during the entire month of August. Special attention will be given to that most necessary part of our work, the "Lyceum." This will make the camp ground a most desirable place for the young. Make your plans, and bring the little ones that they may have an outing and rational spiritual training at one and the same time.

Will J. Erwood,
Secretary W. S. S. A.

1334 Pine St., LaCrosse, Wis.

For Over Sixty Years

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

The Camp Meeting at Wonewoc, Wis., July 12 to 28, Inclusive.

The program and preliminary arrangements for the Wonewoc Camp are rapidly nearing completion, and the illustrated announcements, will be ready about June 15th.

This Camp is given by the Western Wisconsin Camp Association, chartered by the State Association, and organized for the purpose of spreading the truths of Spiritualism, through the medium of camp and other meetings.

consin Camp Association, chartered by the State Association, and organized for the purpose of spreading the truths of Spiritualism, through the medium of camp and other meetings.

Wonewoe is the home of one of the oldest spiritualist societies in the State of Wisconsin. Here a faithful few, years ago, banded together, and for "Truth's Sake," struggled against opposition and persecution, gradually growing, until bow they own their own little temple, and the grounds upon which the camp is to be held this year.

The camp grounds are situated on a bluff, and afford a fine view of the town and valley below. The air is pure and spiritual, and those who make it a point to visit Wonewoc, will go hence with a feeling that they have been benefited not only spiritually, but physically. The location is at once picturesque and beautiful. The Chicago and Northwestern Road runs six daily trains through Wonewoc, as the town is situated on the main line of that road. The Omaha Road comes within twelve miles, which gives splendid railroad facilities.

The best of talent will be placed on the rostrum and a treat is in store for all. Moses and Mattie Hull, those sturdy plonner workers, are engaged; Mrs. Catheriae McFarline, one of the most pleasing workers we have, and Mrs. Francis Wheeler, formerly of Madison, but now of LaCrosse, whose test work at the Wonewoc Camp last year gave such general satisfaction, and Will J. Erwood of LaCrosse are also societed for the entire session. Besides these, the management is in correspondence with other well known workers.

This Camp will offer a splendid opportunity for those living in southern Minnesota and for the camp and the such of the most pleasing to the minesota and for the minesota and minesota and minesota and minesota and minesota and

correspondence with other well known workers, some of whom will be added to the program.

This Camp will offer a splendid opportunity
for those living in southern Minnesota and
western Wisconsia, to enjoy an outing and a
spiritual feast. Meals will be served at reasonable rates, on the grounds. Two excellent hotels will serve the visitors with the
best at the lowest rates. For all rates, and
general information, write to the secretary of
the Camp Association. All those wishing
tents should apply early. Make your arrangements shead of time and thereby avoid
all confusion.

The ground will be much easier of access
this year than it was last. This means much
greater comfort. Lyceum work will be a feature of the camp, as it is Mrs. Hull's wish to
get our State Lyceun—work thoroughly organized as soon as possible. Special days will

New England Resorts.

LITERATURE PUBLISHED BY THE BOSTON MAINE RAILROAD.

The summer heat has already been felt by the numerous inhabitants of the cities, and with the first experience of the season comes a desire and a longing to be free from the noise and hubbub of the city find to escape the accompanying heat and general unpleasantness by a swift retreat to some of the far-famed and celebrated resorts of New England.

Already the tide of travel has commenced. The many beaches and mountain resorts are all in readiness, and with the constant advance and improvements in the attractions and accommodations at our high class resorts, there is no doubt that this season will find them better equipped than ever before.

A complete list of the many resorts and tours, together with a list of the hotels and boarding-houses and their rates are contained in the Boston & Maine Excursion Book for 1902. This book has just been issued, and anyone contemplating a trip for the summer should send to the Boston & Maines Passenger Department, Boston, and a copy of it will be sent upon receipt of address.

The coast resorts extending from Boston to Newfoundland have no equal as summer beaches in the country.

The ideal mountain resorts, including the celebrated White Mountains Region, which is praised and admired throughout the country; the multitude of lakes and rivers around whose tranquil waters the tired mortals from the city find health and repose and a goodly supply of sport during the fishing season; the many curious and historically celebrated spots in these quaint old New England towns: all these are pictured in a series of beautiful half tone reproductions of photographs. Likes, Mountains, Seashore, Rivers and Ficture-sque, and each book will be mailed upon receipt of six cents in the Maine Passenger Department also four first summer resorts. The reading matter in these books is both interesting and instructive, and they will be mailed to any address upon receipt of a two-cent stamp for each book.

Good Work at Niagara Falls. Persons and Events.

Good Work at Niagara Falls. Persons and Events.

Sanday, May 18, I met with the New Society of Spiritualists at Niagara Falls, and a full house greeted me. Spencer II. Parker presided, and his manly qualities lent dignity to the occasion. He is a lawyer, and brother of Galea Parker, whose music and acting charmed so many at Lily Dale last season, as they have done for years at North Collins and Binfalo, and elsewhere. I was royally cared for at the quiet, restrul home of C. C. Baker, and the mental quickening and social inspiration were helpful to me. Many people know me whom I do not know, and Bro. Baker is one of them. He reminded me of meetings at Alton, N. Y.; in his yard and grove we held meetings thirty years ago, when Bishop A. Beales sang with a sweetness and power that closely resembled the great favorite, James G. Clark.

Mr. Haker was at those meetings, and he informed me that good Dr. Ostron passed on two years ago. He was a rare man and splendid representative of the best teachings of our gospel. Then, too, Geo. W. Taylor was in his prime, and did valuable service in the same vineyard. Now both of these noble men are in the land of light and bloom.

Grant Taylor, the image of his father, married the daughter of Mrs. E. L. Watson of California, and is now there equipped with all the professional qualities of a lawyer.

These revivals of other days have more than a momentary use as a pleasure. They awaken the great deeps of the soul and evoke new meanings to life in its changeful activities and add power to the purposes of today. Mr. Baker and wife—who is a representative of the Methodist Church—are growing spiritually. Havling lost her church—are growing spiritually. Havling lost her church—are growing romained to her work, both as speaker and medium.

Mrs. A. Atcheson of Buffalo has served this society several Sundays, and I heard excellent reports of her work, both as speaker and medium.

Mrs. A. Atcheson of the family, but a room rull of patients waiting for her elairvoyant examinations. These te

Is your Brain Tired? Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. Y. S. Troyer, Memphis, Tenn., says: "It recuperates the brain and enables one to think and act." Makes exertion easy.

May Report for Newburyport.

Mrs. Effic Webster of Lynn was the worker for May 4, and she gave the usual satisfac-tion to the large audiences present. On May 11 we were served by Mrs. Clara Strong of Boston, assisted by Mr. Hersey, I believe the readings were mostly recognized as correct.

on May 11 we were served by Mrs. Clara Strong of Boston, assisted by Mr. Hersey. I believe the readings were mostly recognized as correct.

May 18 was given to a stranger, Mr. Parker Hitchcock of Bradford. He made short addresses before giving his readings and delineations. He is a very successful healer.

Memorial Sunday closed our season's work in a very satisfying manner, both as to the excrises and the audiences present. Mrs. Hattle C. Webber of Boston was our speaker. She was in poor health and suffering from the strain upon her incident to the loss of her only son just one week before, but those whose thoughts she voiced were able to give us two fine lectures, on the power exerted in the world by both good and evil thoughts, and the uplifting work the Spiritualists should always be doing, if an opportunity offered.

Our congregational singing was better than usual, and was much helped by the daets of the two children of our organist, Edith and Marion Woodman of Byfield. They sang "The Land of the Biest." and "Let the Riessed Sunahino in." the audience joining in the chorus, (Mrs. Webber said this was her son's favorite song.) In the evening they gave us (by request) "Hello, Centrall Give Me Heaven," in a very sweat way. After the lecture, before the messages were given, we sung Mrs. Lille's hymn, "Shout the Song of Glad Thanksgiving," with an earneetness born of the knowledge that "All the loved and lost are living, living forevermore."

The whole service was a fit closing to a most successful season, and our "unseen fromes." Who were with us must have enfoured the control of the season's work that it would be a successful one, and it proved true.

Our speakers for October will be Mrs. Lis-

e D. Butler, Mrs. S. C. Cunningha dgar W. Emerson, Mrs. A. J. Petter ray of talent which should (and)

sie D. Butler, Mrs. A. J. Pettengin, S. Edgar W. Rinerson, Mrs. A. J. Pettengin, array of talent which should (and undoubtedly will) bring us a full house.

Our annual meeting for election of officers occurs on June 4th.

I must not forget to give public recognition.

I must not forget to give public recognition of the control of the

Briefs.

Boston Spiritual Temple, Chickering Hall, Huntinaton A. May 25. As this was the closing Sunday morning service of the season. Depth Wazun reviewed the work of the last elosing Sunday morning service of the season. Depth Wazun reviewed the work of the hast elosing sunday morning service of the season. Depth was repoken. A season followed the discourse. A short talk was given in the sevening the society and his own personal tiles that Spiritualism was a taught wherever treat the society and his own personal tiles that Spiritualism was polent and the society of the society and his own personal tiles that between the season of the society of the s

DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?

cy Troubic Makes You Mis



acientific research by Miller the eminent kidney and bladnent kidney and bladnent kidney and bladse specialist, and is
wonderfully successful in promptly curing
lame back, kidney, bladder, uric acid troubles and Bright's Disease, which is the worst
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Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is not recommended for everything but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be found
just the remedy you need. It has been tested
in so many way, in hospital work, in private
practice, among the helpiers too poor to purchase relief and has proved so successful in
every case that a special arrangement has
been made by which all readers of this paper
who have not already tried it, may have a
sample bottle sent free by mail, also a book
telling more about Swamp-Root and how to
find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble.
When writing mention reading this generous
offer in this paper and
send your address to
Dr. Kilmer & Co. Blipp
hamton, N, Y. The
regular fifty cent and
Bross of Swamp-Boot
follar sizes are sold by all good druggiets.

W. Emerson of this city care a fine leaver.

W. Emerson of this city gave a fine lecture. In spite of the warm weather we had a large crowd, as Mr. Emerson is well known here. His lecture was followed by "Senheam," who gave some fine spirit delineations, all of which were recognized. J. Frank Baxter of Chelsea, Mass., conducted the services June I, which closed our season.—Albina L. Warsen, Scientary. helsen, Mass., conducted the services June which closed our season.—Albina L. War-m. Secretary. Old Lodies' Hall. 446 Tremont St., Sunday, lay 25.—Circle opened by the president. All

Old Lodies' Hall, 46 Tremont St. Sunday, May 25.—Circle opened by the president. All three sessions were harmonions. Those assisting: Mrs. Mosier, Mr. Cohen, Mr. Wood, Mrs. Grover, Mrs. Branch of Baltimor, Sincing afternoon by Miss Newton, Meetings all summer, 11 a. m. and 2.30 and 7 p. m.—Mrs. Gutierrez, President.

Mrs. Nettie Holt Harding spoke in Caledonia Hall for the Psychic Research Society of Victoria, B. C. Her lecture was highly entertaining and her delineations were of such a character that she has won the esteem of the Spiritualists of Victoria in her unassuming and pleasing manner. She is second to none in the line of missionary Spiritualists and that the climate may assist her to build up her health in the glorious Cause of the truth.—Mary Caven, Secretary; F. F. Harding, President.

Substances are fine or course—the grade is beyond human expression, beyond human comprehension. Every grade is finer or coarser, positive or negative to every other grade. The grosser is always material to the finer. Earth matter is material to individual bodies; earth bodies are material to individual spirits; more ethereal bodies are material to soul centres. Lower grades, in everything and everywhere, are material to higher grades. There is no getting out of the grades, or beyond or above them. Get the thought on the natural scale of things—Marion Enterprise.

JUST ISSUED

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By W. J. COLVILLE.

The Strittmal Man, Ris Power and Privileces: The Tidd Man; Conscience, Intention, and Line level Him hatton; Felf, Direams, and Visions: Hernal Surger thosa; The Attractive Power of Thought; The Description in the Attractive Power of Thought; The Description in the Christ Within, The New Life, Realings the Atonement.

The long list of this more-stell writer's books contains a volume of greater impertance or profounder beightness that the profits of the profits of the profits of the profits with appreciate with appreciate with appreciate profits and the profits and the profits and the profits of the anti-materializing position that should commend it not less to the orthodox religional than to the most of the anti-materializing position that should commend its most of the profits of Cleth and Gold, \$1.00, postpaid. For sale by Bannan of Lieur Publishing Co.

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IMMORTALITY

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This work contains chapters on Marier Past, Phenomenal Proofs of Immortality, at Moravia, N. Y. and Blase-bore. Ma England, Scientific Investigations, Port Panilly, The Spirit-Bory, Power of Spi Unity of Porces and Phenomena, Raising to Bellef in God, The Divine Shahrer this Spiritualism to Morality, The Message Purther Proofs Palpable. In no. paper. In



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BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1902.

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Editorial Notes.

Editorial Notes.

"Why are we here?" is a question that is frequently heard among those who are not whelly lost in the present day social scramble for wealth and power. Are we here to gratify the whim of a tyrannical ruler of the universe, whose pleasure is best augmented by shifting human beings upon the chess-board of life, as does the expert chess player in his well planned game? Have mortals been forced to accept an expreience they did not seek? Are they to be compelled to suffer through a few years of earth-life without knowing the meaning or the purpose of it all? Has their coming been due to chance, whose pittless edict has fettered them to a condition that is nothing less than refined crueity? Are they destined to eternal misery because of their errors in a life they did not seek, and would not have accepted had they been consulted beforehand? . . .

If finite beings are sparks from the soul of the Infinite, why were they unhered into mortal expression? The Infinite is and has always been absolute Perfection. The earthly expressions of millions of beings cannot add to the sum total of that which of litself was perfect when they were forced into mortal forms. If the Infinite cannot be made more perfect, cannot be made greater and more loving, by and through the lives of its finite expressions, what is the use of an earthly existence anyway? Why should or would Infinite Perfection exert a perfect will to do a work that would neither add to its perfection, nor increase its happiness? Why should not Infinite contentment be content with that contentment? Why should it divide itself into myriads of finite parts, send them forth on such painful missions, complacently view their aspon, yet remain at ease in all respects after giving cause for results that could neither add to nor take from its perfect enjoyment? . . .

It is but fair that the above questions should be asked, and it is only right that they should receive respectful consideration at the hands of the philosophers and teachers of the world. The writer lays no claim to being one or other of these, hence feels that the replies to these queries should be left to those whose special mission it has been to deal with specialities and metaphysical themes. Some claim that it is an assumption of the baldest sort to agree that all finite life is traceable to an Infinite Cause. They speak learnedly apon "The Principles of Nature," and argue that through the coalescing of Nature's

forces, under Natural Law, life results. This is simply begging the question—nothing move—nothing tess. Those words neither explaintife, nor do they define its cause. Science has demonstrated the fact that life cun only be explained by Life, hegee it is more than a "working hypothesis" to assert that Infinite Life is the First Cause of all life.

Life is the First Cause of all life.

This being true, the question at once arises, What is the purpose of these manifold expressions of Life? Are they ephemeral in character, thrown out for a time only to be absorbed and reabsorbed linto the reservoir of Infinite Life at the close of an earthly or a plauetary experience? Can Infinite Life gain anything for itself by giving forth finite particles for expression in plant and animal life? If these finite particles gain anything in the school of experience, then are absorbed into infinitude at their exit from earth, they must of course add what they have gained to the Source from which they came. To add to the Infinite in any way is an unthiakable proposition, contrary both to logic and reason. It therefore follows that some other hypothesis must be found to solve the present riddle.

Some one says that life results from the combination of certain forces in Nature which of themselves originate in God, and that God is not directly involved in their creation. In other words, life in its finite form is constantly being created, under laws that were laid down by an Infinite Law Giver. By appealing to reason, to science and to philosophy, it is found that whatever has a beginning, always has an ending. Therefore, if finite life is due to an arbitrary creation, it must by the very nature of things, be destined to pass out of existence. But this position is also untenable for other reasons; it is beyond reason to imagine anything being created in a universe that is already absolutely perfect in itself, nor is it possible to suppose that finite life can come into being in a universe that is already full of Infinite Life. Life can only creaturate from Life, and the blotting out of the most infinitesimal spark of life destroys the Infinite and overthrows the universe.

Why are we here? Not to gratify some heavenly despot, nor to dance as puppets at the dictum of a quixotic deity, nor as accidents, nor as special creations, but as the results of intelligent cause. Infinite Life is universal in its nature, and impersonal, non-individualistic in its character. It involves volltion and intelligence, from which eventuate the causes of all things. Souls are expressions of intelligence, form which eventuate the causes of all things. Souls are expressions of intelligence, dominated by Will. Like Life, they are intangible, and invisible, yet possess the dynamic force that gives expressions to thought. These finite souls, derived from infinitude itself, involve the desire to approach in all essential attributes, the Source from which they came. They must therefore have Infinite experience cre they can become like unto the Infinite. To approximate the Infinite experience cre they can become like unto the Infinite. In all ways; they must add to the sum total of their knowledge, expand their mental faculties in ev . . .

ties in every direction, and develop every portion of their being by means of experience.

These souls, therefore, with the goal of infinitude before them, aspire to soul-growth. They can only grow by the exercise of all their faculties through every possible experience that Life involves. Therefore, they seek expressions on earth, and on all other planets that are capable of sustaining life. They realize their wants in full, and carefully select such parents as will add the most needed experiences to their store of knowledge. Parenthood is determined always in the realm of soul, ere it finds expression on earth. Parents do not create their off-spring; they are but the mediums through which Souls find expression in their quest for wisdom. It therefore follows that finite beings come to earth at and through the volition of Souls in the realm of the invisible, for the purpose of gaining knowledge in the school of experience, that will peak them onward in their quest for Infinity exidom. Each Soul expresses itself again and again in various ways, adding something each time to its priceless store, yet never solving the problem of Infinity, because the end of Infinity can never be reached. The purpose of each Soul, seeking embodiment for its child, is wisdom—its aim is perfection—its method action. Through these manifold expressions, of finite life, souls become neophytes in wisdom, and goods in power.

The Spiritualists of Philadelphia are superior to the conditions by which they are environed. They face an adverse decision by the courts with ealm courage; and are unfaltering in their determination to have their righteous cause finally adjudicated in the highest courts of their state. The McIlroy will is to be taken to the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, where it is hoped to secure a decision in harmony with the principles of right and justice. When judges are elevated above political bias and religious prejudice, they dispense justice fairly and imparially, therefore I hope the jurists of Pennsylvania will not be f

The citizens of Philadelphia, with the possible exception of a majority of the Spiritualists, are face to face with many strange conditions just at the present time. In one instance, six mear resorted to stuffing the ballot box in the interest of a favorite candidate. Their crime was discovered, the false ballots found, and their plot in part frestrated. The villains fled from the state to scape the consequences of their acts. One of them returned, confessed his share of the guilt, and was sentenced to prison for one

year. After two years, the other five re-turned, surrendered themselves to the au-thorities, and said they would stand trial. This they did. Their guilt was proven over and over again, yet the intelligent (7) fury, aworn to decide according to the law and evidence, rendered a verdict of not guilty in overy case! By this decision, the man who confessed his crime, and went to prison for it, is made out a falsifier, and his imprison-ment virtually declared to be unjust!

confessed his crime, and went to prison too.

It, is made out a falsifier, and his imprisonment virtually declared to be unjust!

Shades of Matthew Hale and John Marshall! What do you say to this verdlet?
What will the decent people of the world say? What will Philadelphia say and do about it? One of the jurors has, since the trial, been found to be under three ladictments himself for criminal offences! Yet he sat on the jury throughout the trial, and voied to acquit the rascals who tampered with the ballot-boxes! Is this a fair sample of the political intersity of the citizens of Philadelphia? If so, it is no wonder that Quay's machine wins such stupendous victories there, nor can Spiritualists be surprised at such verdicts as was readered in the McIlroy will. The presence of a criminal upon the jury does not seem to invalidate the verdict, hence the ballot-box rascals are to retain their ill-deserved freedom. One of them is to be sent to the State Legislature next fail to help make the laws for the people! Isn't this an index of political virtue with a vengeance? No doubt his first bill that he will arge for passage will be a measure to make ballot-box stuffing legal in ull parts of the state. It would be in keeping with his character up to date.

Philadelphia gives me another text as I write today. Its public schools are involved in the lessue to which I now refer. A scandal has arisen that persists in refusing to be downed by any one until the nauscating facts are placed before the people. The teachers in certain precincts have been found to be victims of blackmail, politically speaking, on the part of certain members of the School Board. The officials bargain that the male relatives of the teachers shall bind themselves to vote as they dictute, and, further, that the teachers shall pay a generous portion of their salaries to the officials whose votes elected them to their positions as instructors of the teachers shall bind themselves for the young. This is not quite so bad as it was in one city where the t

woman should act in the matter. It is not very far from a monetary assessment to an assessment upon the virtue of a woman, hence all lovers of good schools and public morals should see to it that the present scandal be thoroughly sifted and settled.

scandal be thoroughly sifted and settled.

A New York man is reported to have deserted his wife because of his anger at her for having borne him four living, healthy bables at one bither. This made him the father of fourteen children by one mother, and he decided to shirk the responsibility of their care, so departed for sections unknown. His feelings of resentment were possibly similar to those of the man who was forced to be away from his home for five years at one time, and returned to find that his loving wife had given birth to four fine children during his absence. He was surprised, somewhat indignant, and almost wished he had not returned home. It is said, however, that he overcame his anger, took up the responsibilities of life anew, and went bravely forward in the great battle of life. Here are two anomalies in human nature—the one abandoned his innocent wife and children to the cold charities of the world—the other, rising above real injuries, and going forward, man fashion, to care for the weak and help-less, which of these two comes nearer to being a real man? The abandoned wife has obtained a divorce from her recreant spouse, and will care for her children by her own efforts.

. . . Miss Nina Danforth, the deformed girl who recently slew Andrew J. Emery at South Framingham, Mass., declares that she thought she was legally married to him until some two or three weeks prior to the shooting. She avers that she went through the marriage service with him, not knowing he was already a husband and father, and that he becomes the fact after she had

ing. She avers that she went through the marriage service with him, not knowing he was already a husband and father, and that her brooding upon the fact after she had discovered it, caused her to kill him. She has as yet presented no legal documents to substantiate her claims, hence it is not known what form her defense in court will take. If her story is true, it will exert quite un influence over the minds of many people. Murder, however, is never justifiable, save in defense of one's own life, hence this poor, misshapen girl has laid up a store of agony for herself in the, world of souls that is fearful to contemplate. Let us send the stricken wife and children of her victim thoughts of kindly sympathy, and extend to her who is the cause of this sorrow our tenderest pity, with the hope that she may awaken to consciousness of soul a truer and better woman.

Mt. Pelee is yet in a state of eruption and the people of Marthalque are in terror of their lives. The report of Prof. Hill, the great scientist who has been sent to Martinique to make special observations of the phenomena produced by the volcano, is most thrilling. He confesses that he, too, was terrorized by the awful events that transpired before his game. George Kennan, the explorer of Siberigi is also in Martinique and will doubtless have something of interest to say within the riext few weeks. In the meantime the plons orthodox preachers will continue their elequent (?) dissertations upon God's awful wrath, and solemnly warn their hearers to repent of their sins ere it is foo late. They will keep on talking while others who are less plous, but more humane, will work with a will to relieve the wants of those who have lost their all through Pelee's terrible outbreak. It is most inspiring to learn that the needs of the sick, the homeless and

the hungry, have all been met in full through the generosity of the various nations of the earth. The brotherhood of the race is be-coming more and more a fact through just such services as have been rendered the sufferers at Martinique. · · ·

Margaret Stowe speaks golden words of wisdom in the New York Journal of May 28, in her most thoughtful article entitled "The Effects of Public Praise on Children." It is now a serious problem for American parents to solve and they cannot begin too soon to deal with it. It is a grave error to discuss the virtues and wonderful (7) talents of children in their presence. It fatters the vanity of the little ones who are far more acute than their parents suppose, and gives them an exaggerated idea of their importance. Modesty has not yet become a crime, although the majority of the schools and churches of the land have tried hard to make it so. A child with a sunny disposition, a loving heart, and active mind, is far more preferable to every intelligent adult than is the gaudily dressed parrot who is daily told of her great beauty, her wonderful talents and encouraged to parade herself upon the stage as a singer or as an elocutionist, to be seen and admired. I believe Miss-Stowe to be wholly right in her demand for the abolition of commencement day exercises, and all Sunday school, charity and other exhibitions involving children. Let us train our boys and girls to be natural in their daily lives—make them little men and little women, and we shall have done them lasting good. Public praise and applause is not only hurtful, it is positively sinful.

The coal strike in the unthracite regious is giving the people no little trouble these days.

The coal strike in the unthracite regions is giving the people no little trouble these days. In some sections, the price of hazd coal is already from ten to fifteen dollars per ton, while nowhere is it less than seven dollars fifty cents per ton. In view of the fact that the supply has been totally cut off, the price is-bound to rise higher still. The miners in the bituminous regions may also strike, in which case business would be in a very deplorable condition. It is fortunate, in one way, that the great strike came during warm weather, as there will be no suffering from the cold among the poor. Gas ranges will be called into requisition by everyone who can secure them, hence there is but little danger of suffering from lack of food. It worst comes to worst, there is plenty of wood that can be obtained as soon as the railroads cau be forced to bring it to market. These strikes are preparing the way for governmental control of all rutural products in the interest of the people. May that day speedily dawn is the prayer of the fact, that the mine owners would not in the strike to the sufficient of the people.

In view of the fact, that the mine owners could not did not required to the strike that it is the strike of the people.

In view of the fact, that the mine owners could and did pay good wages to their men, yet made a good profit on their coal when they sold it for three dollars fifty cents per ton in cities a thousand miles from the mines, is not the profit beyond all reason now that the regular selling price is more than double the figure named? It proves that the combination between the mine owners and the railroad officials was for the purpose of robbing the people who consumed the coal. This they have done systematically, yet they have not raised the price of the wages of their men, nor reduced the cost of transportation to the consumers. These facts and figures speak eloquently in favor of governmental ownership of the mines, and their operation in the interest of the people. It should be the same with railroads, telegraph lines, telephones, street cars and all other public utilities. Direct legislation will be the best immediate means to the desired end. Let us work faithfully for this needed reform, then note the results. note the results.

If Spiritualism were but properly understood how changed would be the social and industrial conditions in everyday life! There would be no attempt on the part of the strong to take undue advantage of the weak, nor would the desire for financial profit submerge man's ideas of right and justice. He would realize the nearness of his spirit friends, and would refrain from wrong doing for their dear sakes. He would find in the phenomena of Spiritualism daily revelations of the life beyond the grave, and would become so desirous of spiritualizing his own life on earth, that all sordid considerations would be trampled under foot, and he would seek to live the life of the sool, under angelic guidance. When Spiritualists unite their efforts to present an orderly, scholarly, soulfull Spiritualism to the world, they will see the dawn of the day of soul-civilization of which the angels have been speaking through all the centuries. the centuries.

Do you want to aid Spiritualism in its great work of civilising the world? If you do, then you who are readers of the Bainer of Light now have a splendid opportunity to do so; you can renew your own subscription to do so; you can renew your own subscription to tit, and induce your neighbor to whom you have been leading your paper for so long, to subscribe for it in his own name. You can also send in a subscription for a friend to whom you wish to give a valuable present. The Banner of Light is all that its name implies, and will do much to dispel the clouds of doubt and fear that hang so low over the souls of the children of men. In its historical sketch of the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia, and its report of the jubilee of that organization, the Banner gave its readers many times the worth of their subscription money. It is only fair that those who have been thus blessed should reciprocate, hence they should send us at once their reaewals, accompanied by the money of their friends who want the paper for a year. Try it and see how this plan will work.

"He who doth give of his best, of that best is the certainest user, While he who withholds finds himself of his gaining the pitiful loser."

Ignorance will not admit the superiority of anyone, and offers itself as an example of perfection.

Of Things Seen and Heard.

BY SIGNA TODIAC

Why does a God of perfect goodness permit, or cause, volcanic convulsions and the sud-den destruction of thousands upon thousands of innocent children, and all the grown up men and women?

Men and women endowed with reasoning powers are unspeakably astounded at such horrible conduct on the part of the "Creator." If this manifestation of the infinite power is real, where shall men look for a reasonable explanation. Is not the infinite goodness equal to the infinite power? Is not His merey equal to His might? What a construction! What a magazine of wrathful destruction is the being called "God"?

We read in the so-called "Word of God" (Bible), of the destruction of wicked cities by a rain of fire and brimstone sent down out of heaven! We read in the same sacred volume of the destruction of the whole humanity (except some five or six), by a flood sent down out of the heavens! We read also of the "Ged of battles"—the slaughter of thousands of heathen by the chosen people of God! Behold, the "Lord God omnipotent reigneth." Is He not, therefore, the cause of all these unspeakable sufferings, and the cause of all wars, volcanoes, and death?

Certainly, most certainly, He is the origi-nator and the immediate cause of all and every kind of evil and misery, that is—if He is a Person.

Through the vast opening of this "if" the perfect comprehensive explanation of all these problems can pass into all human reason.

In proportion as the mind of man has expanded and outgrown stupendous ignorance, in that same proportion has vanished and perished forever the old and superstitious theologies of personal God or gods. Polytheism and monotheism alike have retreated in proportion to the advance of intellectual and spiritual development.

Now comes the great and most magnificent conception of an infinite wholeness—"whose body Nature is, and God the soul." Principles, animated by eternal self-thinking ideas, cause and control all things and persons. "Now a bubble bursts and now a world." There is nothing more unreasonable in the eruption of a volcano than there is in the ripening of a boil on the body of a man. Each is the natural result of imprisoned fluids and ethers. The vital parts of the earth are full of the tremendous fires of life. They slow like mighty tides, to and fro, earth are full of the tremendous fires of life. They flow like mighty tides, to and fro, within the great organism of our glorious, beautiful, revolving, unfalling globe. And thus, at vast intervals, these internal oceans and streams of vital fire become embarrassed and obstructed in their flowings. Consequently, and as natural as smoke ascends a chimney, the obstruction is manifested by thunderous noises, accompanied with lightnings and quakings, and lastly by volcanic upheavals and a destructive tornado of long pent up atmosphere and fire.

The universal great harmonious whole is not purturbed—any more than the strong healthy human body and mind are necessarily disturbed because a pimple ripens and discharges its foul fluid upon the face or fingers. It is only natural; not arbitrary; nothing attributable to an "overruling Providence." The reasonable mind will move away from places where earth's vent holes (volcanoes) are liable to break forth with violence and inevitable destruction.

Let not these local afflictions unsettle your reasonable confidence in the power, wisdom, love, goodness, Justice, perfection of what is called "God." You behold the unchangeable harmony of the Infinite Whole! When a boll ripens and breaks, when local islands tremble, when your stomach is overloaded to yomiting, when a volcano belches forth its fire and lightnings, be thou caim in the knowledge that no enemy, no God, no devil is the cause. The event, so perfectly natural, is under infinite principles of wisdom and love and universal justice.

Let all truth-loying minds continue to "look facts in the face." Fear is an imp of ignorance. The superstitious are the most cowardly. "A wise man forsecth an evil and hideth himself." It is not wisdom to live in the presence of an evil—an epidemic or a volcano—but it is wisdom, not to spend time praying to a personal God, but to pack up and more awar! move away! More anon.

John Vedder, M. D.

John Vedder, M. D.

This gitted friend of the human and brute creation has taken leave of earth at the advanced age of more than eighty years. The believers in that unspeakable cruelty, vivisection, have lost their most formidable opponent, while the dumb brutes have lost their best friend. Dr. Vedder was an earnest, consistent opponent of vivisection throughout his long life, also of its twin infamy, vaccination. His home was at Saugerties, N. X., the headquarters of the anti-iv-lisection society of which be for many years has been the efficient president. Earth life has been made better by reason of this good man's sojourn in his physical form. We shall miss our good friend sorely.

It is not in being good to the agreeable that has merit, but in being good to the disagree-able and antagonistic,—Ex.

Thoughts are substances, finer-than the air we breathe, or the electric element which may be the terra firms of worlds beyond. Thoughts build, form, shape. They withrat the individual atmosphere near and remote. They shape the whole man. As they come and go man is.

Dr. A. T. Still.

Missionary work that will diffuse its effect into various localities of the United States, fell to our opportunity. We were asked by Dr. A. T. Still, the founder of Osteopathy, to visit Kirkwille and give a course of lectures and demonstrations in his Institute Hall. We gissly consented and held four remarkable meetings. He has about seven hundred students in his Institute, and most of these attended our meetings. We were accorded a courteous hearing, and indeed were more enthusiastically appreciated than by many of our local Spiritualist societies.

The Institute is splentidly appointed and has a fine hall for public meetings. Dr. Still is a medium and Spiritualist, but does not ally himself with any organized body.

He boldly says that the spirits taught him the system of Osteopathic manipulation, and revealed to him methods of cure and facta in the law of life. He made an uddress after one of ours and urged all students and professors to attend the meetings, saying that psychic law is un important branch of the Osteopathic curriculum.

We ce-tainly had wonderful meetings, and it is a great pleasure to address a body of intelligent persons, such as we have found here. The students being from most all sections of the States, our presentation of psychic law and Spiritualism will find a refex that makes our missionary work invaluable.

Mrs. Kates lectured to ladies only at an afternoon meeting upon "Pre-natal Influences." She had a large andicace and made an impression that will influence a better motherhood.

Dr. Still and family entertained us at their elegant residence. This wonderful man has

Memorial Services.

The First Church of Spiritualists, Royersford, Pa., held memorial services in honor of Miss Fanny Smith on Tuesday evening, May 7. Miss Smith was a loyal Spiritualist, and a faithful member of the above named organization. Consumption fastened upon her frame about two years ago, since which time she has been slowly drifting away from earth. As her physical weakness increased, her hold upon the truths of Spiritualism grew stronger, and she found in her religion a true staff of support. Nearly all of her relatives were strict church members, but she held to her religion despite all opposition, and took leave of earth true to the faith that was hers. At the close of her life, she spoke most lovingly of her mother, who has been unremitting in her care of the invalid, and sent loving messages to all who had ministered unto her during her long lilness. Her age was about tweaty-eight years.

The funeral services, in deference to her mother's wishes, were conducted by a Partialist elergyman, but the Spiritualists, in compliance with Miss Smith's wishes, held special services in her honor as stated. Buchwalter's Hall, in which the services were held, was tastefully and elaborately, decorated with choice flowers, and streamers of exquisite ribbons fonted from several of the bouquets, as well as from the charter of the society. "Remembrance" and "Passed to a Higher Lifte" appeared in gold letters on the rilbbons. Mr. H. D. Barrett of Boston delivered the memorial address, in the course of which he fittingly eulogized Miss Smith, and gave what seemed to several to be clear evidences of her spiritual presence. Many of her nearest relatives were present, and stated that they were much pleased with the exercises. Miss Smith was an estimable young lady, and will be sold, and is at rest. May she be held in loving memory.

Spiritual Scientific Chemistry

Byritual Scientific Chemistry

Demonstrated.

Having received the kind invitation from Dr. G. L. Lane of this city, to be a guest in his treating room during his concentration spreaded for the superior of the control of the control

from pain, the quieting of the nerves, the refreshing sleep that is coming more natural with every treatment of his chemist physicians. I am being repaid for my suffering, by this new revelation of what the higher intelligences find it possible to do for suffering sensitives, whose aspirations may be of the highest, purpose the purest, but too trusting. I have had demonstrated in my few weeks treatments the power of this spiritual scientific chemistry which Dr. Lane has been called to use, and he fully realizes the sacredness of his calling; applying himself to study, he has a diploma from the College of Pine Forces, Los Angeles, Cal., and is now taking a course in the National School of Osteopathy. The supreme desire to fit himself as a co-worker with those diviner spiritual physicians of the higher realms in their work of love for humanity.

Lave met a number of his patients, who have only words of thankfulness and praise of the higher realms in their work of love for humanity.

Lave met a number of his patients, who have only words of thankfulness and praise any kipfly inquirer dropping me a card as to time, at the doctor's address,—872 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

Mrs. M. Neily.

Mrs. M. Neily,

delorge T. Angell's Position.

To the Editor of the Hanner of Light:

At the recent legislative hearing upon the ingeniously worded bill aimed at spiritual flatences. She had a large andicace and made an impression that will influence a better more. She had a large andicace and made an impression that will influence a better more. She had a large andicace and made are residence. This wonderful man has erected a monument to his name that will endure for the healing of the nations. He is revolutionizing medical practice by a system that dispenses with drugs and cures by treating causes instead of effects. As a Spiritualism who were present at the hearing here also palned at this exhibition of his hoselity and say of the parties of hodern spiritualistic friends, I enclose his reply in the provided of the parties of the parties of the healing medical practice by a system that dispenses with drugs and cures by treating causes instead of effects. As a Spiritualism who were present at the hearing here also palned at this exhibition of his hoseliting to our religion our religion our religion.

The American School of Osteopathy is a The American School of Osteopathy is a The American School of Osteopathy, and the original school at Kirksville, is the lace.

G. W. Kates and Wife.

Memorial School of the Banner of Light. At the recent legislative hearing upon the ingentoment of the Banner of Light. At the recent legislative hearing upon the ingentoment of the Banner of Light. At the recent legislative hearing upon the ingentoment of the Banner of Light. At the recent legislative hearing upon the ingentoment of the Banner of Light. At the recent legislative hearing worded him that the ingentoment of the Banner of Light. At the recent legislative hearing upon the ingentoment of the bearing placed by the "Watch and Ward" society's representative upon a letter in favor of the passage which purported to have write hearing upon the ingentoment of the passage which purported to have write hearing upon the legisla

John Darling, Esq.

Boston, May 2d, 1902.

Dear Sir.—Your kind favor of April 24th to Mr. Angell was received, and would have been answered at once had the name of the town been given. Mr. Angel said a circular came in the letter, but it was not there when the letter was handed me.

Mr. Angell wished me to say that he had never written or said one word against Spiritualism, but he did sign an article against Hypnotism, und he considered that antagonistic to Spiritualism. On that question I think Mr. Angell stands as I do. My nearest and my dearest believe in Spiritualism, and Mr. Angell says that his best friends are of that belief.

I send you copy of Mr. Angell's "Autobiography," and with best wishes, I remain, Yours very truly.

Henry B. Hill, Vice-Pres.

Jay Chaapel.

As we go to press, we learn of the transition of our old friend whose name stands at the head of this article. Bro. Chaapel, for the past three or four years, has been a resident of Palmetto, Florida, where he has maintained his old time interest in Spiritualism, and endeavored to keep in touch with the movement, organically speaking, in all sections of the country. He was a ready writer, and was always happy when called upon to wield his pen in behalf of Spiritualism. He was one of the early Aboltionists, a friend of Stephen and Abby Foster, of Charles Sumner, Henry Wilson, and others whose names have become historic through their defense of liberty. Bro. Chaapel early became interested in Spiritualism, hence kept on in his search for truth, after the slaves of the South had been freed by the immortal Lincoln. His views were always marked "Subject to change," for he held his mind open to the reception of truth from all sources, no matter what it cost him personally. His position on all social and economic questions was never an equivocal one, for he was a radical of radicals in all directions. He has gone home at the comparatively early age of seventy-three years, and his last days have been his best days. His wife, Dr. Houghton-Ohaapel, preceded him only a few months in his entrance into the spirit realms.

Grasp Opportunities.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I was much interested in A. C. Armstrong's letter in the Banner of May 10. He was correct in urging every one to write at the opportune moment. I should write oftener for the press if I had more personial experience in the phenomena of Spiritualism.

Not long since there appeared in the Truth Seeker, an address by Hugh Penticost, in which he classed Spiritualists as superstitions. I was exercised somewhat and answered his charge to the best of my ability, which appeared in the Truth Seeker, and was copied into the Progressive Tbiaker. I received a private letter from Mr. Penticost, in which he disclaimed any intention of bringing Spiritualism into contempt.

I write this to encourage every one to seize similar opportunities which are presenting themselves often. But especially I would call upon the old veteran writer, whose letters so delight the readers of the Spiritualist press, to send some of their letters to the daily press. In this way the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism would be brought to the attention of thousands who never read a Spiritualist paper. Every one who has been aroused from the horrors of the orthodox nightnare should be always ready to help others either by pen or voice, to the truth that makes men free.

Walter C, Kuowlton.

Walter C. Knowlton. Sta. A, Gardner, Mass.

G. W. Kates and wife will attend the Kansas State Association convention in Topeks, June 6 to 10. They have open dates in the west, June 16 to July 30, for either hall orgonometring. Address them at Topeks, Kansas, above dates, or any time at 600 Pennsylvania Avenue, 8. E., Washington, D. C.

E. W. Sprague and wife, missionaries for the N. S. A., have the following campumeeting engagements for the coming season.—Velks-burg, Mich., Aug. 3 to 8 inclusive; Haulett Park, Mich., Aug. 9 to 15 inclusive; Canducker, Crand Ledge, Mich., Aug. 16 to 22 inclusive; Ashler, Ohio, Aug. 35 to Sept. 7 inclusive. They have the month of July free, and would life to hear from parties wishing their services as speakers and platform test mediums, either at camp meetings or in the missionary field. Address, 613 Newland Jennee, James town, N. Y.

Edgar W. Emerson is engaged in Troy, Vermont, for the month of June: Keene, N.

H., July 6; Sutton, N. H., July 13.

grounds.

There will be services every Sunday aftermoon at the V. S. U. Home, Waverley, Mass. A festival will be given at the Home some time during June.

Meetings every Sunday at 11 a. m., 2.30 and 7.30 p. m. in Odd Ladles' Hall, 446 Tremont St., Boston.

There will be a strawberry festival at the Waltham Spiritualist Progressive Union Church June 12. The Thursday afternoon meetings will continue through June.

A Beautiful New Dress

Dr. Bland's book, "In the World Celestial," has already reached a second edition. Ample proof of its grent popularity. The new edition, an installment of which we have just received, is in appearance a great improvement over the first. Its new dress of gray and gold makes it one of the handsomest and gold makes it one of the handsomest control of the proof of the pro

A Blessed Work.

Dear Banner of Light:

I want to tell you that our good venerable brother, Morris Pratt, is one of the happiest men you ever saw since he has commenced using a generous amount of his means in behalf of Spiritualism. That is a good experiment for a person of wealth to try. Those who have tried it have without a single exception found it a most blessed thing to do, Yours for the Golden Rule and a still higher growth.

Whitewster, Wis. Mrs. A. B. Severance.

Campmeetings for 1902.

Cassadaga Lake Free Association, Lily Dale, N. Y., from July 11 to Aug. 24 inclu-

onset, Mass.—July 13 to Aug. 31.

Onset, Mass.—July 12 to 25 inclusive.
Unity Camp. Rsugus Centre, Mass.—June
to Sept. 25.

Grand Ledge, Mich.—July 25 to Aug. 24.

Briggs Park Camp. Grand Rapids, Mich.,
spens July 6, Aug. 2.

Chesterfield, Ind.—July 17 to Aug. 24.
Mt. Pjeasant Park, Clinton, Iowa.—July 27
to Aug. 24.

The Harbinger of Light,

of Melbourne, New South Wales, Australia, contained a most excellent article, in April issue, relative to the early history of Spiritualism. It gives Andrew Jackson Davis the honor that is justly his due in connection with the Ante-Hydesville days, and declares that it was not wholly the "Bochester Knockings" that first gave impetus to our movement. The article- is too valuable to be lest, so we reproduce it in another column for the benefit of our readers.

Mrs. Soule's Photographs.

The Banner of Light Publishing Company has secured the exclusive right to sell the photographs of our circle medium. Mrs. Minnle M. Soule, and offers them to its patrons at the exceptionally low price of twenty-five cents cach. Every Spiritualist should have one of these photographs. All orders will be promptly filled. Send us twenty-five cents and secure an excellent likeness of this gifted medium.

We are wiser than we know. If we will I laterfere with our thoughts, but act entire or see how the thing stands in God, we know that particular thing, and everything, a every man.—Emerson.

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Psychic Science,

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But the shall be beyond the event termed death."

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Benser of Light, Boston.

"We hope the work will have a large sale. It is spins
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rect spirit-writing."—The Harvenger & Laght. Melbourne

Assirable.

DRAR MR. EVAND—I thank you very much for sending me your extraordinary book of "Psychography." I look at it with great interest, and will be glad to mentioned. Review of Reviews.

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In the World Celestial

SPIRIT Bessage Bepartment.

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMS IS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

The following communications are given by
fire Soule while under the control of her own
pides, or that of the individual spirits seekage to reach their friends on earth. The meater their triends on earth. The meater given in the presence of other memers of The Banner Staff.

These Circles are not public.

Your Elecators.

We earnestly request our patrons to verify
such communications as they appear in
hers columns. This is not so much for the
sensit of the management of the Banner of
fight as it is for the good of the reading
shile. Truth is truth, and will bear its own
reight whenever it is made known to the
rord.

world.

EFIn the cause of Truth, will you kindly uselst 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 become a missionary for your particular locality.

rt of Seance held May 8, 1902, S. E. S.

Invecation.

To Thee, O spirit of infinite tenderness and love, we turn this hour, and as children reaching for a father's hand, we reach for some expression from Thee and we would gather from out the fullness of Tay life of tenderness and love and wissom something that shall make us strong and strong most that the conflict of life. We are not always on the beights, we cannot aways see clearly the way. Often our eyes are blinded and our hearts beat low with despondent fear, but always through every condition we can reach for the hand that may guide. We can piece through the gloom with a cry to Thee and the response is sure to come, and once again we can feel safe and raw ye would do our part in life with such streadiness of purpose, such high hope, such true aspiration, that we sak that the mighty ones who have gone on before us, who see so much clearer than we do, who understand so much better than we what we need, that they might draw very near to us and guide us as we would be guided. May the influence from this little circle be so mighty and so broadcast that it may be felt by many hearts in many quarters, and may may lives be brightened and sweetened by the blastical consciousness of the return of their loved ones. May those who come to us seeking and watching for them, may they be so strong, so sure at this hour, that the message will come clearly and unfaileringly. Hess our effort. Amen.

MESSAGES.

William P. Stewart, Pensacola, Fla.

William P. Siewart, Pensacola, Fla.

The first spirit that comes to me this morning is an old gentleman of about eighty-five years. He is bent over a good deal, has a gray beard and very gray had been the less that he set are blue. He is rather stockily built but he has the kindest smile and the property of walking over to me the longest while to have an Operating to send a message to my friends. He will be the spirit, but that is because I have been shut out from communication with my friends and the silence makes the time seem very long. I left some children to whom I would go; my boy, whose name is Allen and a girl named Lucy. My name is William P. Stewart and I lived in Pensacola, Fla. It is an entrely new thing for me or any of my people to understand about spirit return and so I suppose we go at it in a bungling fashion, but we are doing the best we can. I want so much to tell Lucy that I understand how ill she has been and I think the worst is over for her. I have her little haby with me and an Her mother is with me and she sends greeting and love to all. Thank you.

Frederick Haslasm.Philadolphia.Pa.

derick Haslam, Philadelphia, Pa

Frederick Haslam. Philadelphia. Pa.
The next spirit is that of an old man about seventy years of age. He has a long gray beard, long gray hair, and blue eyes with very heavy cychrows. He is delicate looking but doesn't look sickly. He has with him all sorts of pictures as though his whole soul was filled with this artistic thought and that all his life he painted. He is an artist. His name is Frederick Haslam. He says, "It is made is Frederick Haslam. He says, "It is made in the other life. I used to work and work and feel that life was so short that I could never accomplish half I wanted to, and when I came over here and found that I still had opportunity to carry on my work, I can tell you it was a happy, happy moment for me. Many of the old masters I have seen and have been so happy just to look at them and to know that they are still going on with greater, achievements and more beautiful expressions of their own spirit than ever before. I was not great, but I had a great love for the work and I feel such a deaire to expressions to all those who are struggling along as I have struggled many years that, while they may lack opportunity now they are helping themselves to a bright unfoldment by every steady stroke which they make. I don't care about sending my message to any one especially. I wanted to come back because I felt the message burning in my soul. Most of my friends are over here with me and I simply wanted to send down through the conditions of earth life my word of encodragement to my fellowmen. God bless them wherever they are struggling, in whatever line of thought or work. May they be uplifted, may they be upheld by this trath which you people are trying to make them understand. May they know that although the narrowness of this life cuts off their life and shortens their opportunities, the openness and broadness of the other life awaits them if they are but true to the conditions about them.' He comes from Philadelphia, Pa.

Jennie Carter, Boston, Mass.

Jennic Carier, Boston, Mass.

The spirit of a woman about forty years old comes to me. She is dark, rather stout and her hair is heavy and dark too. She is very cordial and seems to be much at home in her conditions here. She says, "My name is Jennic Carter, I am a Boston woman; I left behind my Will, and I would give everything that I know low to give up to be able to speak to him the way I have seen some spirits speak to their friends. I have done all that I can and I swait his co-operation. He is a traveling man, goes from city to city, but has beadquarters in Boston. I go with him, I see what comes into his life, and I have the greatest desire to have him know that I am with him. He is so utterly absorbed in his material conditions that he would isugh to scorn the idea of my being with him. Nevertheless I gam, and can

enough so he would make a decent investigation of this subject and get the proof that is
waiting for him. He was a good man, good
to me and good to his friends. If he falls in
his goodness to a rank, but he thinks he knows
all there is to know about Spiritualism. It is
unfortunate he had the experience that he
did, but never mind if he will but make another attempt I will see what I can do. My
mother and his mother are both in spirit with
me and they are equally anxious with me to
reach him. I don't like to see that little
cynical book that comes on his face when
this subject is discussed. I suppose I shall
be stronger for making this effort. Anyway
if the message comes to his eye, let it say
this to him,—that I have made an effort."

Leander Sturgis, Brattleboro, Vt.

Leander Sturgis, Braitleboro, Vt.

A man about twenty-two years old is here. He is rather tall, slender and of medium complexion. His hair is wavy and brown and his eyes are dark blue. He is nice looking, with very strong characteristics. The name that he gives me is Leander Sturgis, and he says. "I am [a Vermont man, having lived in Brattleboro. I was never in Boston. In fact I never traveled to amount to anything. My people/all live in Vermont, and while they don't know anything about Spiritualism in particular, I hope this will ret to them. You may say to Lizzie, and it is to her that I would send my most definite thought, that I appreciate what she has, done for me and especially what she has done for me and the last words I said to her that I have never failtered in my effort to have have the same that I am doing it. It seems and asserbor that I am doing it. It seems and asserbor that I am doing it. It seems and asserbor that I thank you so much for opening the way for me and helping me to speak."

Sam Wheeler, Detrolf, Mich.

Sam Wheeler, Detroit, Mich.

me and helping me to speak."

Sam Wheeler, Detroit, Mich.

There is a man here now who is short, thickset, has gray hair, and quick, impatient kind of movements, and his mame is Sam Wheeler. He laughs when I say it as though he is surprised that I could hear him speak the word to me. He says, "Sam Wheeler of Detroit sends a message to Sarah A. Where of Detroit sends a message to Sarah A. Where of Detroit sends a message to Sarah A. Where of Detroit sends a message to Sarah A. Where of Detroit sends a message to same if you can't find that of kabout you on the things that are send the move you made; you have stored them hoping to take them out again by not by. You are all upside down have stored them hoping to take them out again by and by. You are all upside down she didn't mean to make so much trouble, but it was just one of her milstakes that she has always been making all her life. You are fretting about what you are going to put up over my grave. You are wondering if you hadn't better use some of the money that came to you through my death to mark the place. You are wondering if you hadn't better use some of the money that came to you through my death to mark the place. You are wondering if you hadn't better leave the city and go to some other place. Now I tell you that as far as I can see you better leave the money alone. Let my grave stay just as it is. I wouldn't turn my hand over to have a monument. As high as the Washington monument. I wouldn't care if never a pansy grew on my grave. I care a good deal more about giving you at and helping you ore the trailetted of the money alone. Let my grave stay just as it is. I weel of the principal of the property of t

Mary Geddard, Conway, N. H.

Mary Goddard, Conway, N. H.

There comes a spirit to me now, a woman I should think of about forty-five years. She is very stout indeed and very light. She is quite gray, but even before she was gray she was very fair. She is full of fun, just sits here and folds her arms and iauphs as though she never shed a tear for anything that she had left here. She says, "I am one of those wholesome mothers that you talk about." She comes from New Hampshire. She says, "I come from Conway, and my hame is Mary Goddard, and I would like to go to those wholesome mothers that you talk about. The comes from New Hampshire. She says, "I come from Conway, and my hame is Mary Goddard, and I would like to go to those man the control of the control of the company of the control of th

Frank Davis, Bridgewater, Conn.

The next spirit that comes to me is a man about thirty-five years old. He is short and several that the state of the short and several that the state of t

e afraid. I can never rest until you do it ust exactly as I told you to."

The spirit that comes to me now is a woman about fifty years old. She is not very strong looking and is very plain in her makeup and in her whole manner. She is fair and her hair is gray, but it was just on the tings of red before it turned gray, and her eyes are a sort of blue gray. She comes in a very ladylike way to me and says, "It will give me more peace than I can tell you just to be able to send a word to my friends. I believed more or less in Spiritualism but not the way you people are teaching it. I thought perhaps it was possible for our friends in spirit to guide us in an indefinite sort of a way, but I had no idea that it would be possible to speak plain and straightforward messages and have them paid attention to and to be able to straighten out affairs. I suppose you are anxious to know what my name is, so I will tell you that I am Angie Leland. I lived in Madison, Wis. I lived there a great many years, the most of my life, and I have a number of friends there, now, though to tell the truth I was such a home body that I didn't get out to make a large circle of acquaintances. I would like to send my message to John. I send it because he needs it. He is depressed and unhappy and I felt that If I could tell him that I sit with him in the room where we sat so many evenings together and that often when ho puts his hand on his head and just tries to shut out his loneliness, I am there too. I see him and I have a little fear just as I used to have that be will go to sleep and something just as I left them, not a pieture is changed, and even that luttle ornament that was thrown over mother's picture is left just as it was when I mode it. That pleases me much, John, and I thank you, but I do wish you would try to commune with me. If you will take a pencil and some paper and just left me write tarouch your hand if I cau, that will help me more than all else and you will get the comfort which you need. I love you and want to come to you and heley you, so do give me a chance."

Georgie Kendvick, Allston, Mass

Georgie Kendrick, Allston, Mass.

Georgie Kendrick, Allsion, Mass.

The last split that comes this morning is a boy about fourteen. He is just as bright as a dollar with a fat, round face, black eyes and dark hair, and is just as full of life and vigor as he can be. I would never for a moment think that he would go to split, for his cheeks are as red as roses and he seems like a boy that would dare to do anything and always did dare. If exays, "My name is Georgie Kendrick and I lived in Allston. I came out very suddenly to split. He puts his bands right up to his throat and I see instantly that it was a throat trouble that took him out. He says, "I never went away as they thought I did and I want papa and mama to know it. I am sorry that I did just what I did because they think that that is what made me get cold, but I was too-warm anyway. I don't know but what it was that that made me sick, but I can't help it now. I am over here and am studying music and I like it just as much as I liked my music when I was alive, and I wish I could make them understand that I have a place where I live and that I am going shead and trying to make a boy that they would be takes me to a green the with me and sometimes when he talks about my father lessys that the is my splirif father and will help me to be just the kind of a man that papa would have wanted me to be. I know that I want to send love to those that are left and happy as I ever was."

Verification.

Mrs. Minnie M. Soule.

Kind Madam:—This is to thank you for the message from my father in the Banner of March 15th. I feel that same is from him because it is just like him, and I am proud of it.

because it is just like him, and I am proud of it.

I should have answered and mentioned this before, but a series of other very important changes in my life and surroundings totally unlooked for have kept me on the jump.

Yours very respectfully,

Thos. Hackett.

P. O. Box 434, Atlanta, Ga., May 4.

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

[NUMBER TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY.

INUMBER TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

This is the third rainy day, but one has no wish to murmur, for the grass and trees were in sad need of Nature's watering. How green they look on this wet morning, and when the sun shines again for us, the air will be newly washed and everything will be beautiful.

For obvious reasons, I can have so garden this year, though the gentle morning-glories are dotting every variable spot with their twin first leaves, and will soon be climbing everywhere, making the fences of the back-yard a mass of purple, pink and white loveliness. With their dear little tendrils they climb skyward, and teach groveling mortals a lesson of persevering aspiration.

Besides the promise of morning-glories by and by, the hoacy-snckle on the front porch is covered with leaves, and is also climbing towards heaven. Having no tendrils, the strong stems twine themselves boldly around their support, and make one think of the violent who take the kingdom of heaven by force. I see no buds as yet, but trust the fragrance of honeysuckle blossoms will be wafted in at the window by and by, when I sit reading "Light," and the "Banner of Light."

Having told you of all the prospective flowers that this little homestead is expected to yield, I wonder what other growing things come out of the ground, and show us that they, too, possess the boon of life.

In the first place, there is the grass. It does not climb, to be sure. It rests contentedly close to the ground, and show us that they, too, possess the boon of life.

In the first place, there is the grass. It does not climb, to be sure. It rests contentedly close to the ground, and show us that they, too, possess the boon of life.

In the first place, there is the grass. It does not climb, to be sure, it rests contentedly close to the ground, and show us that they, too, possess the boon of life.

In the first place, there is the grass. It does not climb, to be sure, the rests of the ground, and show us that they, too, possess the

plentifully decked with their rain over-growth.

There is another cherished plant that I well-nigh forgot to mention. It is the Eng-lish lyr that takes so kindly to the stone foundation that bounds the narrow path be-tween the front and the back yards. Not content with the wall itself, it climbs steadily up the wooden side of the house, showing, how another sort of climbing plant makes

he house. And having reached it, ravely mounted up, clinging to little prions on the stone, and constantly puttin mail and glossy leaves. When they eached the top of the stone, they traight up the house side itself,

"Leaping higher, higher, higher, With a resolute endeavor, Now, now to sit, or never, By the side of the pale-faced moon."

Many efforts have I made to induce this ly to confine itself to the wall, and to cover it with green. Its motto seems ever to be "Excelsion," for at every chance it climbs straight up. It seems cruel to tear the rootlets from the wood to which they cling, and lay them on the ground to make another start.

lay them on the ground to make another start.

Still, what we do to the clinging iry, is done to clinging mortal plants by the wise gardeners of heaven. We cling to make and out of work. They take that from a name of work. They take that from a nother soil. We cling to one spot, do are moved leagues away. At the last of mortal the soil we cling to one spot, and are moved leagues away. At the last of mortal results in the soil of earth, leaves its old garment behind, joyfully places its rootlets in heavenly soil, and climbs straight up towards the infinite.

Yours for humanity and for spirituality, Arlington, N. J.

Letter from W. J. Colville.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

As I am constantly receiving many extremely gracious letters from valued friends in many parts of great America who are readers of the Banner, which every one declares has been remarkably interesting of late, I venture to jot down a few more English tems which may serve in some small way to keep allve the warm feeling of sincere friendship which unites workers for a common cause on both sides of the broad Atlantic.

Since a letter from my pea last appeared in your hospitable columns, I have been simply deluged with applications to lecture in all parts of England, and though Loadon must during this phenomenally active coronation season be the chief ceatre of my operations, I do occasionally break away from my multitudinous engagements in the crowded metropolis to pay flying visits to Lancashire and Yorkshire, where my services are incessantly in demand. I find that much good work can be done with comparative case in fine weather by taking a week's tour in a populous district. I have just completed one such missionary undertaking and feel that I can trule to the comparative case in fine weather by taking a week's tour in a populous district. I have just completed one such missionary undertaking and feel that I can trule to the comparative case in fine weather by taking a week's tour in a populous district. I have just completed one such missionary undertaking and feel that I can trule of the comparative case in fine weather by taking a week's tour in a populous district. I have just completed one such missionary undertaking and feel that I can trule of the comparative case in fine weather by taking a week's tour in a populous district. I have just down and Blackburn, and May 2 in Morecombe and Blackburn, and May 2 in Newcastel (Staffordshire). These are all large manufacturing towns of from 20,000 to obtain large enthusiastic audiences in every district I have visited, and though some of the surroundings are rather rough and the halls are not elaborately carpeted and lighted

halls are not elaborately carpetes and lignted with electricity, they are solid, useful meeting places well adapted to the caracst, hardworking multitudes who fill them to overflowing.

The local Spiritualist societies in Lancashire are both strong and numerous, and almost every society sustains a well-conducted Lycoum. There is, on the whole, more manifest enthusiasm in the Cause of Spiritualism in England at present than is often apparent in America, but the organizers in the different districts are zealous workers and the public mind in England today is eagerly receptive to a spiritual philosophy, as it is experiencing a decided reaction from that materialism valich. I remember to have been blatantly which is represented to the tolling masses when first I confronted English audiences also greatly on the increase, and the tolling masses of the second constantly increasing.

At Blackburn, the seading Spiritualist society is just about to open a commodious new hall. The main audience room will seat about the own of important offices.

In London there are fully thirty Spiritualist societies, but few of, them occupy their own premises. I find my own work in London attracts largely the aristocracy, and when I go into the provinces I am enthusiastically welcomed by the sons and daughters of perpetual toil. I cannot say that I find noblehearts in one section of the community than in another; it is after all only circumstance of birth in many instances that makes the cutward difference, the genuine human nature is precisely the same beneath satin or cordurory.

I have not only traveled northward, but also southward from London. Good friends in

in another; it is after all only circumstance of birth in many instances that makes the outward difference, the genuine human nature is precisely the same beneath satin or cordurory.

I have not only traveled northward, but also southward from London. Good friends in Brighton have called me on several occasions to lecture to them, and Brighton certainly is without exception the finest watering-place I have seen in all my world-wide traveling. Brighton has now a resident population of over 150,000, and in the full season the visitors swell the total to over 200,000. Rottingdean, a few miles east along the coast, famed as the resting and literary working place of Rudyard Kipling and many other celebrities, is a fascinating seaside village where one can enjoy both the downs and the ocean in all their mainterrupted glory. Eastbourne is another charming seaside city, and there also I had a splendid audience on a rainy afternoon in the Town Hall. The local newspapers gave in the comply eulogistic notices and I was glad to make the complete control of the complete control of the complete control of the town the complete control of the town the complete control of the control of the complete control of the complete control of the complete control of the control o

indicential representative same may be determined by the past few weeks. I am absolutely a free lance and perhaps largely on that account I find myself at home on all sorts of platforms and easily adaptable to the varied conditions with which I am constantly surrounded. I dare say every one will get some sort of accommodation in London during June and July, but from present indications every inch of space will be at a premium. London's parks are looking extremely lovely, though it is rather a late spring in consequence of the protracted chilly weather.

continuing sine and sin, but from present indications every inch of sparks are looking extremely lovely, though it is rather a late spring in consequence of the protracted chilly weather.

I find the Question and Answer Department in the Banner has practically disappeared. If you do not think it a humiliation to American readers to be regaled with asswers recently given to English audiences you may see fit when space permits to give place to a few questions and answers which proved a prominent feature at my recent Tuesday evening functions where highly intelligent people have greatly enjoyed the practically informal method of devoting an evening entirely to that exercise.

Astrology, Palmistry and everything presentable to the texterior of the contraction of the

" AUNT MARIA."

An honest life—a life well spent, And placid in its way; Of sweet and even temp'rament, As yesterday!—Today!

A gentle life—her life on earth, And fruitful in its trend; Beyond the veil she'll find no dearth Of joy which knows no end.

Our "Aunt Maria's" left us-Aye! Our loss is Heaven's gain. She's at that "Green hill, far away," Where glorious angels reign.

Her spirit's joined the Happy Band
Of "dear ones" gone before.
And dwells in joy in Summerland
Beyond the shiving shore.
—W. R. C.

Passed to Spirit Life.

Another noble woman from Rockland, Me., has hin aside the clayey vestments and put on celestial robes of immortal splendor. We refer to Mrs. Cordella A. Whitney, wife of, Mr. Ezra Whitney. They have resided hers more than 45 years. Many years ago Mrs. Whitney came into the possession of the grand truths of the spiritual philosophy which have illuminated her life and made it beautiful through all the changing vicissitudes of life. She was one of nature's noblest specimens of a true and pure womanhood, always cheerful, calm, lovable and hopeful; ever ready to administer to the needy and sorrowing in many ways. She leaves a husband, seven sisters and one brother. She has visited the Temple Heights campmecting for several years past. The funeral occurred on Monday the 19th. F. W. Smith and Rev. E. H. Chapin, officiating.

On Monday, May 12, Sarah Maria Darby, wildow of Chas. Darby of Poquonock, departed this earth life, aged Il. She was the eldest of a family of four, children of Cyrua and Sarah Howe. One sister survives her, —Mrs. Flavia Thrall,—the remainder having passed on a number of years ago. Mrš. Darby of Spirituales me of Spirituales and Sarah tholescophy of Spirituales me.

Monday the 10th. 'F. W. Smith and Rev. E. H. Chapin, officiatin.

On Monday, May 12, Sarah Maria Darby, widow of Chas. Darby of Poquoneck, departed this earth life, aged 12. She was she parted this earth life, aged 12. She was she ledest of a family of four, children of Cyrua and Sarah Howe. One sister survives her, —Mrs. Flavia Thrall,—the remainder having passed on a number of years ago. Mrs. Darby was one of the ploacers of the philosophy of Spiritualism, which she embraced in the early '50s, when to dare to proclaim liberty of religious thought meant loss of former professed friendships and associates, estracism from society, and ridicule from pulpit and press. But she possessed the moral courage to withstand them all and lived and died respected by her former enemies. She was a woman of marked intelligence, having a clear, analytical mind, quick to detect the true from the false, always respecting the honest opinion of others, however much they may differ from her own. But hypocrisy found no favor in her eyes, and any one possessed of that quality was soon made aware of her opinion of them. She made few confidential friends, but to those in her confidence she was ever a warm and earnest friend, full of sweet charity and kindness which was eminently characteristic of her all through life. Mrs. Darby was intensely fond of reading, especially literature progressive in sentiment, having been a constant reader of all spiritual periodicals from the first copy of the Spiritual Telegraph, including the Banner of Light to its latest copy before her departure. Her devotion was uniting and constant to her nephew, the unfortunate son of Mrs. Thrall, her sister, of whom she had the whole care until the crossed boundary several years ago. She has now gone to meet him as well as the other members of the family who have rone before to take on the process of the second proving and impressive manner. "And when family who have rone before to take on the result of the proper second of the second proving and impressive manner.

spiriualistic religion provides. Mrs. Abbie
W. Crossett.
Whitee, aged 85 years. A good man has
gone and left us, a quilet, unassuming man.
Yet he had endeared idmself to the people in
the vicinity where he lived by his strict integrity and homest dealings with his fellowmen. He had been merchant and postmaster
for several years and was well and favorably
known by the people in town ari adjoining
towns. He was a Spiritualist in the true
sense of the word, but never carried away
with the unreasonable, ever looking for the
possible higher truth. He leaves an invalid
wife, two daughters and five grandchildren,
who loved him as though he were their
father. He also leaves two sisters, one in
Westminster, Vt., and the writer. He was a
dearly loved brother and last one to pass the
silicit way into the Spirit Land. A. F. Hubbard of Tyson, Vt., officiated at the funeral
and gare words of inspiration and love that
brought comfort and strength to those who so
much need the protecting care of this good
man.
So they leave us one by one

So they leave us one by one Passing from our carthly sight, But we know that they are living In a land of love and light. Mrs. Abbie W. Crossett.

From Fitchburg, Mass, May 11, Hannah Cate, wife of J. J. Coleman, aged 65 years and 10 months. Mrs. Coleman, aged 65 years and performed, as long as strength lasted, the duties her love for her companion and only daughter required of her. When the frail body could no longer be the servant of the willing spirit, she bravely laid her burdens down, and received with tender grace the ministry of those whom her life had blessed, and patiently waited the coming of the releasing angel. She was permitted to obtain glimpses of the world she was leaving, and in the dawning of a fair, sweet morning, the vell for her was forever lifted. The funcal took place from the home at 2 p. m., Turesday, May 13, conducted by the writer, assisted by Rev. Abram Conklin (Universalist). Large numbers of relatives, friends and neighbors were present and the all-pervading thought seemed to be of the courage, fidelity and kindness of the departed. An unusual content of the courage, delity and kindness of the departed. An unusual group of the courage, fidelity and kindness of the departed. An unusual content of the courage, fidelity and kindness of the departed. An unusual group of the courage, fidelity and kindness of the departed. An unusual group of the courage, fidelity and kindness of the departed. An unusual group of the courage, fidelity and kindness of the departed. An unusual group of the courage, fidelity and kindness of the departed. An unusual group of the fidelity of the bereavel. The favorite selections of Mrs. Coleman were touchingly rendered by two ladies: "Only a Thin Vell Between Us"; "Some Day We Shall Know"; "Shall We Meet Beyond the River?" Language of the world of the fidelity of the fidel

are for sale at this office; twenty-five cents

If all were rain and never sun,
No bow would span the hill;
If all were sun and never rain,
There'd be no rainbow still.
—Christina Rosetti.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In one of your "Banners" I read an interesting article from Susie C. Clark, which leans a "little bit" towards pre-existence.

I hope this writer will see fit to lay before your readers the arguments contained in the pre-existence theory, as there are many who would gladly receive light on this subject if they could find any. In other words, people would like to have this "Oriental Mystery" explained. Andrew Jackson Davis, Hudson Tuttle, Dr. Edwin D. Babbit and others have failed to master the grand mystery! Perhaps W. J. Colville can explain it. If this theory is really capable of demonstration, its supporters will not find it difficult of explanation.

is really capable of demonstration, its supporters will not find it difficult of explanation.

The lady says: "If one mortal can recall
one or more previous experiences, and many
can, this fact alone is sufficient indication of
pre-existence."

All this may be so, still it would seem a
trille like begging the question. Yet we confess there are things new and old daily comling to pass. Were I living in the "Orient."
I should expect that almost every person I
met would have a theory to offer on this
mysterious subject. Still I do not wish to discourage any one, for the foregoing idea may
be purely imaginative on my part.

This theory seems to be twin sister (or
brother) to that of the reincarnationist, who
it is said cuts himself off from the hope of
once more being rejoiced by

"The touch of a yanished band

"The touch of a vanished hand, And the sound of a voice that is still."

"The hand has vanished from us to the clasp of someone else, and the voice, though it may not be still, has forgotten us for

clasp of someone else, and the voice, though it may not be still, has forgotten us forever.

"The world of the re-incarnationist is simply a stage from which puppets dance on and off as the showman pulls the string. With each change of scene the puppets are taken to please from which new dolls are constructed as casually as the shifting figures of the kaleidoscope. Some figures of the kaleidoscope. Now if there is such a wonderful thing as personal pre-existence, let us fervently pray that some grand, sharp inventive genius be constructed annehine so startlingly wonderful that it can with the most perfect ease concentrate the sun's rays in such a manner, and to such a degree, that human vision can be assisted to leap backwards so far that one can even penetrate this so-called (though one will be assisted to leap backwards so far that one can even penetrate this so-called (though operation) pre-existent realm, and with its down where rogues had their indiscreet hiding-place!

When all this is brought about, of course

keen eyes discover the atoms where rogues had their indiscreet me atoms where rogues had their indiscreet me ing-place!

When all this is brought about, of course humans in this world can go ahead with their innumerable renovations, feeling confident they have gone to the foundation of things!

Of course it all depends (or largely so) on the skill of the inventor, and the power of the machine.

One thing is certain, the individual who manipulates this little "plant" must be exceedingly careful or he will be liable to get badly burned.

Yours for continued investigation,
E. T. Dickinson.

Ah, how skilful grows the hand
That obeyeth Love's command!
It is the heart and not the brain
That to the highest doth attain;
And he who followeth Love's behest
Far excelleth all the rest!
—Longfellow.

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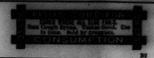
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has not the muckal serting of Mr. Lensier, Asy we want blas collection is worth more than the euter price of the the collection is worth more than the euter price of the body of the theory of the theory and the theory of the Vol. II. NOWNOW SALE AT THIS OFFICE. This in-terpretation of the theory and strong the enthusi-sate of the theory of the theory and strong the enthusi-table gen, and will with the favor and strong the enthusi-table properties of the theory of the theory of the balls of the love really colore a clothes. Death now of which have ever been published before, as selection are: "I SIM My Swerters Song", all Hall be Swering the the theory of Tell Me So." The words of the latter are by the humous authors on, Dutan Whitting, who, in granting gradeous per music, writes, "I will be preved and benever in passes to music, writes, "I will be preved and benever in the passes to the first of the case per copy."

the price for the two together will be a common of either volume 15 cents.

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During Dr. J. M. Peebleev's lace (and third) try around the world, he studied and noted the laws, outside and religious of nations and peebles, giving special almostion be Spirimalism, Magic, Theosophy and reform movements. Be visited option, India, Persia, Krypt, Syria, and the one-timent of Europe, and secured much maderial, which has been embedded in a large octave volume.

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of the May

Children's Spiritualism.

Our Captain sits with folded hands, His seed is filled with fear; Can we, once more, sall on, oh sea! Oh! sea of life so drear?

Our hopes are clothed in gloom, Our light is almost out; Our Guide, has in his life-boat gone, and we are left in doubt.

Will morning ever dawn? Will sun e'er shine for us? Oh! Thou who guides the world in space, Have mercy! we are lost!

Send us some hope across The seething billows calm. Lead our frail barque to find its course, Pour on our souls Thy balm.

But, hark! a voice so Angel sweet, Falls on my listening ear, "Mama, oh! take my hand, And I will lead you right Out of the darkness and the gloom Into the morning light." в. м. в.

Little Brothers.

At one of the summer hotels in the Berkshire Hills there was a flight of wooden steps leading from the higher to the lower part of the grounds. Under these steps horacts had made their nests for several years, and, although they liad been smoked out again and again, back they came before the summer was ended.

made their nests for several years, and, although they liad been smoked out again and again, back they came before the summer One beautiful August day Willie Chapin's mother saw her little boy sented at the foot of the steps, intent on something in his hand, and as she came nearer she observed homets dying around him and settling on his face and head. To the one he held he was saying greatle, loving words, and stroking it lightly with the forefinger of his right hand. So absorbed was he that he did not notice his mother, who watched him for some time. Then she said:

"My child, what have you done to make the bornets love you?"

"Love them first, mother dear." he replied, looking up at her with a joyous laugh.

Day after day the little fellow, only five farm old, would spend hours in play with his hornet friends, and never received the sheather their swords whenever he was with them. He had no fear of hur that the insects were his little brothers, to whom he must always be kind if he wished their kindness to be shown to him in return. There were no children of his own age the thote, and play he hotel, and he believed that God had given him the hornets as playfellows during that summer in the Berkshire Hills.—Helen Chauncey, in Mind.

The Flower Show.

Dear Banner Children:

Something so beautiful transpired in our home on "The Green Hill" today that I know you will all be glad to know about it, so I am going to tell you.

Little Elhauan and Harold were very busy all the morning alone by themselves; they visited the woods, seemed to be working hard but no one knew what they were about. At moon time they amounced that there would be a flower show in the afternoon, and passed each one of us a teket, nearly printed by their own hands, that would allow under some beautiful maple trees near the house.

trance to the "flower show" which was under some beautiful maple trees near the house.

At the ringing of a bell they told us to all come, so when we heard the bell ring we started. When we reached the place there sat the little boys opposite each other looking seriously happy. On one side of them were large bouquets of wild flowers arranged with taste and great care; on the other side was an empty seat, which Elhanan explained was filled by an unseen visitor, as they had placed if there for dear "Aunt Lydla" who had passed to the "Summerland" some months ago.

As I looked upon the faces of those dear little boys, I thought so quickly of all the dear Banner children, and wished you could have been with us, as under the beautiful trees I felt the sweet inspiration wafted from the spirit home. I know the angels were happy, as well as we, to know that little children would, all alone by themselves, prepare a flower jubilee and invite their presence. And I know full well that the dear spirit whom they invited will be u guardian anget to guide their footsteps across the desert of life.

Dear children, do you know how close the angels are to you, how much they love to have you trust in them, how much they will help you if only you open the door? I am sure that little Harold and Elhanan opened wide the door between their own hearts and the spirit world, and will be helped a great

wide the door between their own hearts and the spirit world, and will be helped a great deal.

To the dear mothers and fathers who shall read these lines I want to ask, Does it not pay to teach our little ones the beautiful truths of Spiritanlism? Having this knowledge, they can with such a sweet trust, know that those whom they loved are will able to come and sit with them, even though the world calls them dead.

So many dread the messenger called death, I think it is beautiful to teach them, that it is but the messenger of a higher form of life. Spiritanlism is the religion of all religions, but I have nowhere found its work to shine in such beauty as in the home life, and in the minds of little children.

One day, not long since, two of our little boys. Harold and Gaylon, were ut play out in the yard. Grandpa Druke came up and as he entered the house, he sald:

"Leons is having a nice time with the boys, lim't she?"

We said: "She is fast askeep on the bed." He was surprised but said he saw utilitle girl playing with them. We hope it was some of the dear little Banner children who have tone to the summer home, and invite them to come again.

Now, dear children, I send my best love to row all. I would like to see you and clasp your little hands. I send to each one al Joring thought to help you to grow well, and do right. Mary Drake Jenne.

There are measure when to be still demands.

Mrs. Louise M.* Gibson Says
That This Fatal Disease is
Easily Cured by Lydia E.
Pinkham's Vegetable Com-

DAN Mrs. FINEMAN:—I felt very discouraged two years ago, I had suffered so long with kidney troubles and other complications, and had taken so much medicine without relief that I began to think there was no hope for me. Life looked so good to me, but what is life without health? I wanted to be well.



MES. LOUISE M. GIBSON.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me and made me well, and that is why I gladly write you this, and gladly thank you; six bottles was all I took, together with your Pills. My headache and backache and kidney trouble went, never to return; the burning sensation I had left altogether; my general health was so improved I felt as young and light and happy as at twenty."—Mrs. Louise Gmson, 4813 Langley Are., Chicago, Ill—45000 forfeit If acost testimosial is not genuine.

If you feel that there is anything at all unusual or puzzling about your case, or if you wish confidential advice of the most experienced, write to Mrs. Finkham, Lynn, Mass, and you will be advised free of charge. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured and is curing thousands of cases of female trouble.

Literary Notes.

"Robert Louis Stevenson as I Found Him in His Island Home," is the subject of an attractive booklet written by Capt. Hiram G. Morse, Ex. S. S. "Alameda." The renial captain is now a resident of Brooklyn, N. Y., but for fitty years he was a sea captain, and for twelve years he ran between San Francisco and Australia, each trip stopping on the island where the famous author made his home. The transition of Mr. Stevenson recalled viridity to the captain's mind pleasant remainscences which he shares with the public in the little booklet here referred to. We believe it sells for ten cents. The paper is good, the print large and clear, the subject matter of interest.

good, the print large and clear, the subject matter of interest.

Scribner's Magazine for June shows, in a striking manner, both the progress of the times due to the latest advances in knowledge and a wealth of original literary material,—notably the two great serials by the leading American writers, Richard Harding Davis and F. Hopkinson Smith. These two stories, which reach the highest mark in the achievement of each writer, are entirely different in scope and treatment. One is a story of adventure and the other is a romance of artist-life in New York.

life in New York.

"The Humor of the Elder Sothern" is the subject of an article in the June Century by Mrs. Lucy Derby Fuller, who includes quotations from many amusing letters sent to her by the actor, and recounts a number of his practical jokes. Facsimiles of several of his comical drawings are also given.

of his practical jokes. Facsimiles of several of his comical drawings are also given.

Knee deep in June! The tide of life is high. The beauty of the world is overwhelmen, It is in the gloaming, after a good days work, that one wanders into the garden to see the procession of flowers and think.

Do you remember the good old favorites of our mothers "hardy border"—lark-spurs foxgloves, columbines, Canterbury bells, pinks, aday lillies, phlox, bleeding heart, poppy, ris and lemon lily? What blessed memories are bound up in these home flowers! It is a joy even to recall their names. Every one of them is queen of the border for awhile. The reim of each is all too short, but their rise and fall is study of which mankind will never tire. The development of a flower is as fascinating as that of a child—almost. The yearly cycle of a plant's life is as charming as a novel. A hundred life histories repeat themselves year by year in the hardy border. For me, these garden treasures make the burst of spring; they form the pageant of summer; they glorify the days of autumn, and the hope of seeing them again makes it worth while to live the winter through—Wilhelm Miller in The Pilgrim for June.

heim Miller in The Pilgrim for June.

The newspaper reader who is confused by the clamor over the Philippine situation will find in the Review of Reviews for June an editorial summary of the controversy, written in a calm and judicial spirit, and emphasizing the vital points in dispute. While making no attempt to extenuate any abuses that may have developed in connection with our military administration of the islands, the editor's conclusion is that our army has been "more humane and more scruppions in its recognition of the rules of war than any other military forces under like conditions have ever been in the history of the world."

in the history of the world."

James Walter Smith, in his Literary Lines from Loudon, to the June Era, Includes the following lateresting Items.

The boys of England have presented to M. Jules Verne a gold-headed walking stick, the moasy for which was collected by the "Boys" Empire League." At last accounts, M. Verne, who lives at Amiens, was going blind. He has written about eighty books, or nearly two a year, since he began, nearly forty years ago, to write.

The aged anthor of "Festus," Mr. Philip James Balley, celebrated his sirty-eighth birthday this month. A dangerous linkes threatened to carry the venerable poet off, and his birthday was the occasion for widespread congratulation on secondary.

This popular boys' magazine for May is a handsome production, printed as it is on heavy paper and with beautiful pictures on every pass. The principal stories in this issue are: "Howard of Honors by Christic Barry," Howard of Honors by Christic Barry, Hendrick, "Jerry," by Marry Hamilton Cochille, "A Position the Saff," by Frank H. Sweet, "Billy Newspate's Nephew," by Willard Lamonte Hartshorn; "Robert," by

by the Sprague Publishing Company, Detroit, Mich.

The seventh article of a series on "Hind-rances to World-Betterment," which has been running in Mind for some months, has the leading place in the June number. Its subject is "Contenument," and it is accompanied with a frontispiece portrait and blographic sketch of the author, Abby Morton Diaz. "Is the Lower Animal Immortal?" asks the Rer. Charles Josiah Adams, the well-known biophilist, who answers his own question in the affirmative. A scholarly contribution by Frank H. Sprayue is entitled "The Fundamental Conscionanesa." The first of two articles on "Mental Healing: Theory and Practise," by W. J. Colville, the inspirational orator, appears in this issue, and in followed by a fine poem, called "Nemesia," by issae Kinley, Kenneth R. Forbes considers "Unity as a Practical Ideal," and Anna E. Briggs, a Toronto writer, has a suggestive essay on "Genius." "The Phantom of Sla" is contributed by W. Delos Sanith, who regards ain as a theological vagary. "The Symbol of Change" is the title of an occultistory by E. Adeline Williams. John Emery McLean discusses "The Decline of Hercey," and Brenda Louise Brown points out the relation between ethical socialism and the New Thought. The Rev. Helen Van-Anderson writes on "Mental Treatment for Children" in the Family Circle department, which has six other features. Editor McLean reviews a few of the latest books—concluding a most excellent table of contents. (20 cents a copy, or \$2.00 a year. The Alliance Pub. Co., Fifth Are., New York.)

Death.

JAMES H. YOUNG, MEDIUM.

Death! A strange subject, says one, but still worthy of consideration by mortal mind. Ill worthy of consideration by mortal mind. When the state of the control of the state of the control of the state of the state

The stands of the stands and street with a stand life I thought must swell as stands in the 1 stands and stands and sta