



## THE ANGEL ISRAEL.

"The angel Israel who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures."—Sale's Introduction to Horan.

I dream of that beautiful spirit,  
Enraptured in glory of youth,  
The angel whose heart doth inherit  
The melodious lyrics of truth;  
His speech is a lute of delight,  
The music surpassing compare;  
Words blossom like stars of the night,  
Or like roses the June makes fair!

I dream of the wonderful beauty,  
His harmonies wafted above,  
Enchantments set smiling in duty,  
Perfections imparted to love,  
Till my soul—a star of the morning—  
Fades away in the splendor so pure,  
The light of such light life adorns,  
So that naught of the dark may endure!

Then think I of poets of passion,  
Whose hope is a flame with this fire,  
Who Israel's measures would fashion  
For ages of men to admire;  
They strive for the secret address,  
The murmuring note of the sea,  
They fain would attain to the gladness,  
God gave, sweet spirit, to thee!

So singers of time and its seasons,  
Are part of Israel's train,  
Supplying our faith with its reasons—  
For keeping the pathway of pain;  
They give to the weary-worn mortal,  
The music that maketh him strong,  
As if from the pearl-shining portal—  
He heard the echoes of song!

'Tis sorcery sweetest and dearest,  
This sure of hope in the soul;  
'Tis light of crystal the clearest,  
This kingdom the angels control;  
A paradise pure it is making,  
Its flowers around us we trace,  
While joy proves our spirit is taking—  
The way to Song's palace of grace!

I dream of this angel of glory—  
When winds wait the incense of flowers,  
When the whistling fields tell us their story  
Of growing of good in the hours—  
And I think our human endeavor,  
Might well for a moment be mute,  
And listen to heaven's foreteller—  
Soft sounding in Israel's lute!

William Brewster.

## The Outlook Beautiful.

BY LILLIAN WHITING.

Number Six.

"It is henceforth open to science to transcend all we now think we know of matter and to gain new glimpses of a profounder scheme of cosmic law."—Sir William Crookes.

"I believe that telepathy—the transference of thought through other than sensory channels—exists both as between embodied spirits and as between embodied and disembodied spirits. I hold that there is a continuous series of manifestations of such power, beginning with thought transference experiments and hypnosis at a distance, proceeding through experimental apparitions and apparitions coincident with crisis of death, and ending with apparitions after death; the results, in my view, of the continued exercise of the same energy by the spirits of the departed."—Frederic W. H. Myers.

The law of telepathy is as supreme in the spiritual universe as are the laws of gravitation and attraction in the physical universe. The law that holds the constellations in their courses is not more in absolute evidence than that which governs the flashes of perception between two persons in a finer and more subtle communication than words, spoken or written, could possibly convey. But while there is no law more universally and impressively in evidence, there is also no law so totally unformulated, so entirely, it would seem, outside the domain of conscious recognition and will. One endeavors to send a telepathic message to his friend—and no impress is made. Again, when he has made no effort at all, nor even thought of trying, the telepathic message is received. The magnetic sensitiveness of the spirit to thought currents is astounding. It has long seemed to many persons that the very air conveyed messages—and so it does. One may "call up" another, in either this world or in the ethereal world, at any time, simply by directing to him a strong current of thought. The thousand little things generally ranked as coincidences are really illustrations of this law. One thinks intently of a friend whom, perhaps, he has not met, or heard from, for years, and, presto, a letter, or the person himself appears. One can settle misunderstandings, convey counsel, entreaty, instruction, or irritation—all by the quality of the thought he sends forth. All this is a part of the phenomena of spiritual life. We must not make the mistake of imagining we become spiritual beings only by death. We are spiritual beings, and our real life is, even now, in the spiritual world, and carried on by means of spiritual forces. Everything which is intellectual and moral is of the spirit. Such men as Edison and Tesla are dealing with the higher spiritual forces. When Cyrus Field laid the Atlantic cable, it was a work of the spiritual rather than of the physical world. So are the vast works of commerce,

of transportation, of building, the discovery of new countries and the promulgation of the higher civilization in every form. We must not regard spiritual life as limited to mere religious or devotional rites and ceremonies. These have their place and an important one; but they are included among a thousand other things that make up the life of the spirit. Man is primarily and permanently a spiritual being, and only incidentally and temporarily a physical being.

Still the further problem confronts us: How shall we consciously and intelligently control telepathic communication as we now control our communication by speech, letters, or telegrams? A curious instance of unconscious and unaccountable telepathy came recently to my personal knowledge. There were two individuals who had never met, but who held some mutually antagonistic conceptions of each other—conceptions that were, too, perhaps more or less mutually erroneous, and this condition had lasted over a prolonged period of time. Then one of these persons had the experience of waking in the night, simply engulfed in an overwhelming wave of tender and compassionate feeling toward the other; seeing, as if with spiritual vision, a nature unstrung, hardly responsible, and one that invited only the most infinite tenderness and care. This wave of new and perfectly clear perception was like a magnetic trance. It was an hour of absolute spiritual clairvoyance, and the evidence was furnished by a letter received, the next morning, from a mutual friend, which entirely substantiated and corroborated the telepathic impression that had been experienced in the night. Now the scientific question is: From whence did this impression proceed? Was it direct telepathy between the two persons concerned? Was it a clairvoyant reading of the letter that was en route during the night? Who can decide? The special point here is that these most vivid and intense experiences are largely, if not entirely, encountered unconsciously. They suddenly come. One asks for them—and they do not come? Now how are we to pluck out the heart of the mystery?

The moment one realizes himself as a spiritual being, belonging by right to the spiritual world, one whose true interests are in and of that realm, and to whom communion with the Divine is the very breath of existence, the one elixir of life, that moment he asserts himself right. From that hour his life becomes a significant factor in true progress. Prayer may be a formal and ceremonial act, and mean nothing; it may be the absolute surrender of one's soul to the Divine, when it enters behind the veil into the very glory of God. This spiritual truth is closely linked with certain scientific facts. The scientists have theories of inner ether by means of which psychic power is conveyed and which translate it into action, as the wire translates the electric current to express a message. A new scientist asserts his conviction that there are no various states of ether, but that all space is filled with matter in various states of vibration; and that what we had heretofore called air and ether is simply all one substance in degrees of lower and higher range. It is conceivable that this latest theory may approximate to the truth more nearly than any previous one. No one has yet discovered those forces of nature by means of which sense relates itself to spirit. There is certainly some great law, still unrecognized and unformulated, which acts and which is acted upon, by human beings, irrespective of any physical means; but why these laws sometimes do and sometimes do not produce given results, no one can tell. There are other existing laws in the physical world, that transcend scientific scrutiny. The marvelous results of chemical combinations; the miracle nature of electricity and all its phenomena fade into absolute nothingness beside the higher marvels of the action of spirit. The crude and merely approximate truth must be that in each human being is a part of the Divine being; that this Divine element may be nurtured and strengthened by living in its native atmosphere of spiritual life—in the atmosphere of peace, joy, and love; and that this potency of God and of man, so far as he relates himself to God, can act upon that substance that fills all space; that this substance, whether it be ether, or whether it be matter differentiated in degree of vibration, is intensely susceptible, in the most infinitely delicate way, to thought, which acts upon it as physical force can act on physical matter. To realize intelligently one's relatedness to God, and one's own power over this subtle matter, whatever it be, that fills all space, is to arise in newness of life. It is to realize one's self as a spiritual being, here and now, and an inhabitant of the spiritual world. It is to realize that one's relation to the physical world is a merely incidental thing—a fact that has its purpose, its responsibilities, as a phase of development, and which it is most important to use aright; but which is inevitably transient.

Day dreams, the habitual meditations that go on of themselves in the mind, are proph-

cies and potencies. They are the creative factors of future states. "Out of the heart are the issues of life."

So much love, so much force to act upon outer affairs. He who finds his currents of thought verging to the unkind, the ungenerous, the inimical; whose mind, in its unconscious action, is in a discordant state, fretting at circumstances, or persons, is doing himself the gravest injury. He is creating, on the unseen side, which is the most potent and determining side, conditions which he must live out sooner or later.

"We shape ourselves the joy or fear  
Of which our coming life is made.  
And fill our Future's atmosphere  
With sunshine or with shade."

It would seem, if one may judge from the data of telepathic experiences, that the power belongs to the sub-conscious self, or, as we may prefer to call it, to the spiritual self, and does not relate itself to the conscious intellectual life and the conscious will. If this deduction is true—and I believe it is,—what then? Can we relate our consciously intelligent life to our unconsciously spiritual life? I believe we may. Not only, indeed, that we may, but that we must. That it is the next step in spiritual advancement.

The time has come in the era of progress when humanity begins to realize its spiritual development. All the signs of the times point it out. The discoveries constantly being made of higher laws are an impressive attestation that register the movement. With the new century came in Tesla's discovery of the vacuum tube and its wonderful light, and hardly a week later came the announcement of the discovery of a perpetual light found by a certain chemical combination placed in a glass globe, which, when the air was exhausted and the globe sealed, would burn as long as the globe lasts. The discoverer claims that there is but one force in all nature,—that of vibration; that all space is pervaded by matter, which is energy. Certainly the world is on the eve of new revelations, and life is to be lifted up, even here and now, to the Divine plane.

Perhaps the most practical counsel in the way of determining one's own future control of these telepathic conditions is conveyed in the words:—

"Begin now the eternal life of trustful consecration and sanctified service, consciously drawing your innermost life from God."

This absolute personal control of each man over his own future lies in a twofold power: the one being that integrity, moral purpose, aspirations, have a creative power of the most potent character; and the other,—being in that one attracts to himself the spiritual companionship and sympathetic co-operation of just such quality as his own. There is an objection, often preferred, to the faith in the companionship and communion with those in the Unseen,—that only those of a lower order in the life beyond death are attracted into the sphere of this world. Nothing could be more remote from the truth. One might as well refuse all social intercourse with those in this world, on the plea that if he have companions at all, they must be of a lower order, and therefore he will have none. Now the order of one's companions and associates depends on himself. If he is noble and exalted, he does not attract nor is he attracted to the base and the unworthy; and only more deeply and unfailingly does this law hold true in the realm of spirit. One attracts to himself from the unseen world companionship of the same order and quality as that of his own spirit, with the exception that in proportion to the purity of his aspiration does this quality of companionship come to him of a still higher order than his own. Thus one creates his own world. He need not abjectly feel that he must accept sorrow, trial, defeat, and disaster at the moment, because compensation somewhere awaits him. The law of transmutation supercedes the law of compensation. One may bring to bear, on the moment, the potent force that transforms all: that changes dullness into radiance, trial into joy, depression into exaltation. And how? Simply by bringing to bear on the events and conditions of the hour, the intense and creative potency of spiritual power. By means of this we shall certainly gain those "new glimpses of a profounder scheme of cosmic law" to which Sir William Crookes refers and which his vision discerns as open to science.

The Brunswick, Boston.

The great blessing in life is to be useful, not to be critical. He who seeks a place upon which to bestow his gifts, and feels that he is doing a useful work, and is not concerned about anything else, soon makes clear his pleasure in life. Many of us are on the side of right, but we are not useful. We are too critical, too sensitive, too suspicious. Our gifts are not put in the use where they will tell.—Rev. Albert E. George.

He who is kind and loving and tender and gentle to all beings—men and animals—is far on the Path, and is watched over by Angels that no harm can come to him.—An Adept.

## GATES OF EDEN.

BY LILLIAN WHITING.

"Moreover, something is or seems,  
That touches me with mystic gleams,  
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams."

O Love! in the Heavenly Country,  
Immortally young and fair,  
With the rose and the gold of the morning  
Just touching your lips and your hair,  
Through the rifts of the mists and shadows  
I catch a hint of your grace;  
And, turning, I feel your presence  
Where before was but empty space.

Sometimes, in the star-lit silence,  
On an inner sense there falls  
Your voice, like remembered music,  
And a vanished time recalls!  
But the present is richer, my darling,  
Though between us now there lies  
That wonderful, mystical region,  
Beyond which is Paradise.

And thus, ever sweet-companioned,  
I will go on my way,  
Life deepens in beauty and meaning  
With every succeeding day,  
While you, in the Heavenly Country,  
Immortally young and fair,  
Meet the rose and the gold of the morning  
Just touching your lips and your hair!

[From the volume entitled "From Dreamland Sent: Verses of the Life to Come," by kind permission of Lillie, Brown & Co.]

## Come, Let Us Reason Together.

PAUL F. DE GOURNAY.

There are some fifty millions Spiritualists in the civilized world. They are divided into two camps: Those who believe in the doctrine of re-incarnation and those who do not. I will not inquire which side has the majority; concerning myself only with the Spiritualists in the United States. I admit that the re-incarnationists form the minority here.

But I cannot help remarking that the re-incarnationists here and in other parts of the world, where they publish numerous journals and possess a literature of the highest class, never assume an aggressive attitude toward their non-re-incarnationist brethren—for brethren they consider them, and realize all that name implies.

I have read many books and papers advocating the doctrine of re-incarnation. I have not yet found a single one in which the belief (or non-belief) of its opponents is denounced or even criticised. We speak and write to convert the "Gentiles" to the truth of Spiritualism, including re-incarnation, not to open the way for controversies with those of the Spiritualistic faith who do not accept that one postulate.

In this we are wise, as well as true to the principle of charity—love—which is the rock upon which Spiritualism must stand, as it was the rock upon which Jesus builded, to avoid controversy is to avoid the very cause of the errors and falsehood that have so adulterated the pure and simple teachings of the Nazarene that we find very little of the Christ spirit among the so-called Christians of our day.

My purpose, therefore, is not to invite controversy, but simply to show what we, re-incarnationists, believe and how little are justified the attacks so frequently made on our belief. We do not go to the Orient for inspiration; we do not sit at the feet of the self-instituted apostles of Theosophy, taking the single and unadorned postulate of re-embodiment, accepted by many nations, by the Druids as well as by the Hindus and the Buddhists, by the ancient Jews as well as by the Gauls, and in every case presented under conditions and features adapted to the mentality and more or less fervid imagination of the peoples, we examine this postulate by the light of modern mental development, and we draw our own conclusions.

If I have mentioned the ancient Jews as believers in re-incarnation, I cannot show that the doctrine was taught by their priests, but I will quote from the Gospels in support of the claim that, among the people, re-embodiment under certain conditions, was no new or startling doctrine. That, at least, they believed in the possible return, under another personality, of their prophets and seers is shown by this passage from Matthew, xvi, 13, 14: "When Jesus came into the coasts of Caesarea Philippi, he asked his disciples, saying, Whom do men say that I, the Son of Man, am? And they said, Some say that thou art John the Baptist; some, Elias, and others, Jeremias, or one of the prophets." Again, after the Transfiguration, when his disciples asked him, "Why then say the scribes that Elias must first come?" Jesus answered, "But I say unto you that Elias is come already, and they knew him not, but have done unto him whatsoever they listed."

"Then the disciples understood that he spake unto them of John the Baptist." Matt. xvi, 13, 12, 13.

We have here at least one precedent for a belief free from the dreamings and imaginings of the Oriental mind. The possible re-embodiment of some of their ancient was spoken of as a matter of fact by the disciples, and the

Master did not chide them, but tacitly admitted this possibility. Such respectable testimony may not suffice to make us believe in re-incarnation, but it certainly incites and justifies a desire to look closely into a question which bears, with immense importance, on the why and wherefore of life and after-life.

It is held, I believe, by Spiritualists of every shade—except the materialistic Spiritualist, if such a lusus naturae can be counted in—that the soul's mission on this earth, where it is clothed in a spiritual body, to permit its contact with the grosser material of a physical body, is to develop certain innate qualities or powers; godlike attributes, which it has always possessed in germ; through this development, this spiritual entity, now a human being, will acquire the knowledge of good and evil, learn how to overcome the one and practice the other, thus gaining, through hard-bought experience, such an advance toward relative perfection as will qualify him to enter the angelic spheres when kind Death shall have relieved him of his cumbrous material body.

Viewing this momentous question as men, still slaves of the flesh, swayed by their passions, blinded by prejudices and whose self-esteem will not permit their discovering or acknowledging the difficulties such a tremendous task presents, we may believe we will win the race, or, if not quite successful here, that we will finish it "over there." But if, as an imprisoned spirit, we succeed in overcoming for the moment the assurance born of self-consciousness, and we proceed to examine the question from the soul's standpoint, we shall reach a very different conclusion.

Have I, as a soul, a task or mission to accomplish during my stay on earth? Is the accomplishment of that mission or task an essential condition to my final release and consequent happiness? Do I understand fully what is expected of me and can I do it in the allotted time—say, in three score and ten years?

Thus ponders the questioning soul. What man, believing himself an incarnate spirit for once and all time, can answer satisfactorily these troubling questions? He may answer the first two in the affirmative, but the next? Who can boast that he understands fully his mission—therefore his duty,—and, understanding it, still be confident that he can discharge it integrally before he is summoned away from his field of action? Why, I doubt me if many of us comprehend the full meaning of the word love, the basic law upon which the whole edifice of man's destiny rests. Were love understood and accepted as the prime mover of our actions, there would be no injustice, no wrong, no evil in the world. If we Spiritualists bowed to its mighty power, there would be in our ranks no jealousy, no backbiting, no scandal-mongering, no selfish aims, no envy and no hypocrisy. Love is the hand-maid of Truth, and where Truth throws its radiant light, evil, which dwells in dark places, can no longer thrive.

But I must not digress. Viewing life, its responsibilities and possibilities, with the unbiased judgment of an immortal soul concerned only with the task which stands between it and freedom and happiness, I must arrive at the following conclusions:

I must fulfil my earth mission at all hazards. If I succeed in the first trial, I am free.

If I only succeed partially, I must complete the task, either by resuming the earth-life work where I left it off, or finishing it whilst out of the body. Is the latter alternative possible? That depends.

In the spirit I may outgrow mere errors, sins of omission as it were, develop into activity what was negative only; in brief, I may learn how to do the good left undone; but if I have done evil—and evil is harm done to others—how can I outgrow that which is not a negative condition, but a positive, crying infraction or violation of the law of love? If my earthly career has been one of vice and crime, if I have crushed the hopes of my brother man, caused hearts to bleed and break, made homes desolate, driven men to suicide, women to a life of infamy, children to beggary and the worst temptations, will it suffice that my spirit say, "I see the error of my ways; I am sorry, I will not (can not) do so any more; but I will make reparation. I will go about whispering words of comfort, encouraging and counselling my brethren in darkness?"

This would be coming off very cheap. For the wrong done to others there must be reparation; if this cannot be accomplished (vicarious atonement will not do), then there must be expiation. I cannot understand the nature of the sufferings I have inflicted on others unless I go through an exactly similar experience. No one can realize the pangs of hunger who has not been on the verge of starvation.

This distinction between what man can do in the spirit world and what demands earth conditions to be carried out, is the point on which revolves the scheme of re-incarnation.

It is obvious that no spirit can think with pleasure of again going through the varied experiences of earth-life, though he will return armed with all the good previously acquired. No re-incarnated spirit has to begin (Continued on page four.)



## Married.

STEPHEN HARNSDALE

Married! A message comes to my door,  
As messages oftentimes have come before,  
And it tells a tale of a changed condition;  
A change from love to love's fruition.

Married! The past disappears from view,  
The future sparkles with sunshine and dew;  
May roses and lilies round your path ever bloom,  
Till you pass on to heaven through the gate of the tomb.

Married! Ah yes, till death do you part;  
Hand joined to hand, and heart joined to heart,  
May the sorrows of earth like the clouds  
Disappear away,  
And your lives be a song on a bright summer day.

Pittsford, N. Y.

## Arcana Coelestia—Heavenly Secrets.

WALTER SCOTT HASKELL

(Continued from July 6.)

After the warm greetings we all took our places at the table, and father at the head began to carve the turkey. When I had been served, I found that I had been favored with the wish-bone. I couldn't wait for it to dry, but pulled it then and there with mother. It snapped right in the middle and we each got our wish. We talked and ate, laughed and chatted through the first course, and then came the pumpkin pie made by mother's own hands, the custards and jellies, apple-cakes, nuts, raisins, candy, maple sugar and syrup, and everything that goes to make up an ideal New England dinner. Uncle Ben cracked jokes along with the nuts, and Captain Williams entertained us with some of his favorite sea yarns, the same that I had heard him tell a hundred times, but I never tired of him a bit this time. For it was the familiar things that made vivid Captain Williams' personality and I enjoyed every word that he said. We lingered at the table and recalled the past. Though my powers of memory were limited to a certain period, I was able to relate some things of family interest that had transpired after my friends' demise. Among my cousins were young girls and boys who interspersed their light talk and laughter and gave the usual bustling variety to a thanksgiving dinner. It was just like the home dinners that I used to enjoy during my childhood. New England farm, only more idealistic and satisfying.

## CHAPTER II.

After dinner, father invited me to go out and see his art-garden. I could not imagine how a staid old farmer could have anything in common with an art-garden, though I knew father was fond of art, but had never had an opportunity to develop his tastes or talent if he had any. He led the way to the rear of the house, and we entered an inclosure secluded by a thick ornamental hedge. Statues so life-like that at first mistook them for real human beings, stood in the niches half-concealed by shrubbery and flowering trees. The magnolia sent out its sweet perfume, and mingled with the orange-blossom scent, lent enchantment to the scene. In one part of the garden, protected by a glass canopy, were hung, in a good light, a dozen magnificent oil paintings of landscape and marine, that fascinated me with their grandeur of design and execution.

"Who is the great artist?" I cried, enraptured. Father smiled and stroked his whiskers as he answered: "Your mother and I have indulged our spare moments in our favorite pastime—do you think that is a good drawing of the old well-sweep and curb?" "Excellent," I cried, "these paintings are the grandest I ever saw. Why, father, how did you learn?" "Well," said father, "it didn't take much learning. Your mother got the idea somehow, and we just went at it, and found it about as easy to express our thoughts that way as to talk them out. You see it's the spirit side of life and everything comes kind of natural. We've found out since that kind of the neighbors have art-gardens of their own creation, and we all take a great deal of pride and pleasure in visiting back and forth, and seeing the various shades of thought expressed in concrete and visible form. We cannot duplicate each other's work, because no two thought conceptions are just alike. And the beauty of it is, nobody is ever jealous of another's work, because one's own ideas are easily executed and is the best that he or she can appreciate. There is no rivalry where each has just what he wants."

"I should say not," I returned. "Say, father, do you suppose I could paint a picture anything like you?" "Of course you can, my son," he replied; "perhaps not at first, but by a few trials you surely ought to be able to localize your thought into a fairly perfect representation of the invisible prototype. Here, take this brush and palette, and see what you can do on that canvas."

"I took the artist's tools and stepped to a clean canvas, much after the manner of a country schoolboy about to declaim his first piece. As I hesitatingly dipped the brush into the colors, an idea for a picture popped into my mind. I began to spread the paint over the background of my mental scene. My ideal grew more vivid as I painted, and in a moment I was so absorbed that I believe if any one had spoken to me I should not have heard him. I painted until the picture was finished, and then stepped back to admire my work. It was an odd conception, and not at all like the masterpieces around me; yet it was my own, and I felt a little glow of pride as I contemplated a large glowing sun, illumining its seven satellites, and in the face of the sun a fairly good likeness of my own features."

"Ah!" said father, "you exhibit the common tendency to symbolize. It is the primitive trait in us all, and springs from our spiritual unity with God, who ever speaks in the language of symbols. Let the fact that you have painted your face in the sun, impress upon your mind the accompanying fact that it belongs there; that you occupy that spiritual relation with the source of light. Whatever sphere of thought your mind is active in, its energy is from the eternal sun; and being of the source the same kind and quality, the expression is truly a spiritually inseparable part of the whole."

"My indulgence in art, together with the suggestive words of my parent, roused in me new sensations, and I was vaguely conscious of the infinite powers that lay resident in my spiritual being. A strong desire took possession of me: a desire to know. A desire to unveil the hidden; to exhibit to my known self, my unknown self."

"Father," I said, in a reverent, earnest tone, "I believe there is more to heaven than a thanksgiving dinner!"

"If there were not, my son, heaven would be a very limited and unprogressive condition," he replied. "Eating and drinking usually imply necessity, and necessity is not a spiritual attribute. The power to recall to recreate past conditions is the exercise of a spiritual faculty, but, unlike earth conditions,

here there is not the element of necessity that applies to a material plane. You merely exercise your prerogative to recreate."

"Do you mean to say, father," I asked, "that eating and drinking can be dispensed with?" "Certainly, my son, certainly; the source of all sustenance is spirit, and spirit is everywhere. To partake of the supply we must act from the source. The imagination, the thought, is the creative agency. Self-limitation is the only bar to the realization of the absolute."

"This is wonderful!" I exclaimed. "Say, father, do you suppose it possible to paint a picture without material colors; to create a statue without visible material; to—, in fact, to call into visible effect anything we have in mind?"

"That is just what I do suppose," said father, "and to tell the truth, that fact is now able to bear all of this art work was accomplished without the medium of paint or brush, mallet or chisel."

"Wonderful! wonderful!" I again exclaimed. "It is almost beyond belief. Does it require much practice, father, to create?" "Very little for the man's brain," he answered, smiling, "as you will see if you closely examine your palette and brush used in painting your beautiful symbolic picture."

I took up the brush and was surprised to find it a mere semblance of a brush, with no more elasticity than the piece of paper. I next examined the palette and found that the supposed little dabs of paint were colored spots only, and there was no possibility of getting any fresh paint from them. It dawned upon me that my painting was purely a creation of mind, and the possibilities suggested from the medium fairly staggered me. Although, as yet, I was as ignorant of the method of creating as before I brought my picture into visibility, I had exercised a divine power without knowing it, or observing my method. "How is it done, father?" I asked.

"What you desire, you get," he replied. "Providing your mental picture is vivid and strong enough to affect the spirit substance from which all forms originate. You will find, however, that the exercise of this power is limited to your state of progression. For instance, you would not attempt to create a planet, as the gods do, because you have no comprehension of the laws that govern planets, and without a clear comprehensive picture, the power to fashion would be nil. You can fashion within your realm of thought. You are lord of your mental world, and, truly, no other exists for you."

I could not rest until I had exercised knowingly that inborn faculty to create, and, under father's direction, I conceived of and projected a picture of a beautiful landscape on canvas. It was, in my estimation, fully equal to the masterpieces I had admired, and I took a refined joy in its contemplation. During the act, I observed that when my mind wavered the picture was blurred, and that the best results came from a steady mental attitude, an approach to an absolute faith and desire. Hence, it would take practice to acquire proficiency and gain confidence and power, and I realized that I was as an infant in heaven. And the joy of contemplating the vast possibilities before me is beyond the power of pen to describe.

After I had given vent to my emotions, I accompanied father back into the house, and joined the young people in some parlour. I had not outgrown the memory of the past, and actually took a hand in "button, button, who's got the button?" From that, the social spirit developed into ring games, and we played "Copenhagen" and other games of forfeit. As the evening wore on, the conversation turned to the past, and I had a little quiet joke all to myself, from the fact that I could see as well blindfold as without. It didn't strike me until later that the others could see with the spiritual eyes as well. Anyway, we had lots of fun. I romped like a schoolboy with Susie Monroe, a tuxton lass of eighteen with flowing curls and joyous, ringing laughter.

Presently the sound of music drew our attention. Father had brought his violin and was tuning up. The voice of the old fiddle stirred the primitive emotions, and I found myself hoping and skipping across the floor, as though a lot of springs had gotten into my heels. With common consent we lined up for a contra dance. The Captain always enjoyed money music, and when father struck up the tune, the old salt fairly let himself loose. He danced with me, and I never before witnessed outside of a country farmhouse, or a plantation hoe-down. We danced everything, square and round.

When the dancing waned, we settled down to popping corn over a bed of red-hot coals in an open fireplace. Over the popped corn, told stories and riddles, until father went to the old-fashioned clock in a corner of the room, inserted the key and began to wind up the big weights. That was the last act before bedtime.

Mother showed me to my room, and, with a good-night kiss, left me to my thoughts and prayers. I tried to think, to analyze my sensations, but all I could make out of it was, joy! joy! joy! It was no use, I could not stem the tide of Niagara, and so I threw off my clothes, blew out the light and went to bed. Ah! another demonstration of spirit sight. I could see in the dark. The passage of scripture flashed into my mind: "... the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

I closed my eyes, and soon fell into a state of repose, that, to me, was as ordinary sleep.

## CHAPTER III.

When I awoke I felt refreshed and invigorated. My brother came and informed me that coffee was ready. I told him that I did not feel the need of even that mild stimulant, and further, that I had experienced a conviction that eating and drinking were more a mental necessity than a necessity in that land of spirit.

He laughed and replied: "It took me seven months to learn that under father's tuition. I congratulate you, Charlie, on your rapid development in spiritual understanding. You are certainly ready to partake of the higher enjoyments. I will ask father if you may accompany us to the next interplanetary philosophical convention, which takes place today."

Harry did as he had stated, and father was duly glad to have me along with him in the higher awakening, as he referred to the convention, and was confident that it would not be pushing my development to an unusual extent. So it came about that I found myself seated in a vast auditorium and gazing in wild wonder around me. The seats were in the form of an amphitheatre and seemed to extend for a quarter of a mile in the semicircle, and were filled with intelligent looking human beings to the very top of the broad canopy. In the middle of the open space was a raised platform, on which were seated a number of men of various types of personality. All, however, had a professional air that denoted them as accustomed to the position they occupied of appearing before public audiences.

The chairman arose and introduced a tall, spare gentleman as Prof. Marks, from the celestial planet Asher in the second zone.

Of course I could not quite understand how a man, even in spirit, could be transported bodily from one planet to another, but my interest was aroused, and I waited expectantly for the Professor's opening remarks. "Brethren of the intermedial zone, I greet you," said the speaker in slow, steady ac-

cents as he cast his gaze over the sea of eager faces. "I greet you in the name of our beloved Osiris, by whose creative act we are to represent the thought in the second zone. My subject is 'World Builders.' As a prelude, I wish to present for your consideration, a brief summary of the underlying principles of life as interpreted by minds in the second zone."

"Man is spirit. God is spirit. All spirit is one."

"Man's form is visible; his spirit is invisible. God's form is visible as Nature; his spirit is invisible."

"The eye of the spirit cannot see itself except in the reflected. Nature is God's mirror. 'Forms are representations, not things. Man's form bespeaks his light; his light is God's light so far as man has interpreted God's laws."

"All knowledge is of the spirit. Manifestation is the law of spirit, and through the action of the law perpetuity is attained."

"Spirit is eternal light. Darkness is the mother of light; and the spirit dwells in both light and darkness."

"Spirit is affirmation; darkness is negation. The primordial attributes of spirit are love and wisdom."

"Love is the principle of negation; and desire—self-denying and self-seeking. Being the uttermost, love cannot interpret the eye of spirit out of which it gazes. Therefore, beholding nothing of its own existence, it deifies all existence, and blindly groves in the darkness seeking, yearning, for the light of which it is the divine source."

"Love's desire is the primordial creative energy issuing from the God-head."

"Love is the mother in whose bosom desire is nurtured. The light (wisdom) is the son born of the mother through desire. The mother, seeing the light, gives the son to her bosom, and love has made the circle."

The speaker paused, apparently to note the effect of his words. The audience were intently listening and he resumed:

"With the foregoing as a postulate, we will retrace our steps to the period of the dawn of the material aspect of God."

We take the ground that a negative form of consciousness existed in spirit ere the beginning of time—love in ideation. The primordial thought-wave carried the element of condensation, desire for more realistic state. Love would make visible and tangible the invisible and intangible. Hence, spirit substance began to assume a nebulous state; and the unit of consciousness differentiated into spirit monads and inhabited the sublimated forms of the spirit nebula. Thus Deity became individualized, for these monadic intelligences were the primordial gods. The mother thought, of attaining realistic conditions, permeated the minds of the gods, and they fashioned great spheres of thought substance in spirit protoplasm; hence, the gods were the primordial world builders. These spheres (astral worlds) were designed as the dwelling-places of the gods.

"This was the first creation; but the object was not attained. Life had been idealized, but not fully realized. The picture, though beautiful, was too near the plane of the divine mind, for the mind to read the language and appreciate the glories of infinity, more outer planes must be reached. Spirit substance must be condensed into grosser thought worlds that would afford a base for the development of spirit consciousness apart from its source. It required time; and ages passed ere the nebulous fiery suns and planets were projected into space. When the work was accomplished, the gods went down to the planets. Finding the need of more gross bodies, they conceived of and created animal bodies. Some lived in the thought of their bodies and lost sight of the spirit. The gods that were defiled, spoke the word in the flesh, and hence, came the differentiation of the sexes. Woman symbolized the divine mother, and man was the vehicle of wisdom. But blinded by the flesh, they sought flesh and created yet lower animals. When the divine impulse had exhausted itself in the lowest plane, the gods, being in the God-head, reached out and found her object, and was now calling wisdom back to her divine bosom. Man and woman began to turn their thoughts upward, and to inspire from the gods. They began to know that they were possessed of an immortal soul."

"Soul is the spiritual part of things, and man's soul is the spiritual part of his mind of the great over-soul—the god of our planet. In the course of evolution and involution, we shall become at one with our creator and take part in the divine act of world building. As the present is made up of the past, and the future, hence, the differentiation of the gods as world builders will originate from past experience. An ideal is the real with something added, never quite like what has been realized. Hence, we can safely conjecture that the ideals of the gods will partake of variety and newness. As the gods are ever changing, hence, a series of infinite changes. Though the principles of eternity are forever the same, God never repeats himself in the ideal, for the ideal is built upon eternities past."

As the speaker bowed himself to a seat and looked toward approval from the immense audience, my brother who sat next to me said:

"What a vast thought the Professor has given us, Charlie, in the idea of infinite change."

"It is so," I answered reflectively, "but it seems to me that, if I had gained that perfected height that the speaker has described as giving one the prerogative to create one's own environment, I would sometimes have a desire to repeat some loved condition that I had lived in the memory as an occasion of special joy and profit."

"Your ground is well taken," Harry replied, "and there might come a time when you would, under the circumstances, care to reproduce some past effect, as a painter would use the same pigments to paint a new scene; but you would scarcely paint your life's picture as you were or you had graduated in life's school. The past is always with us, but the added present makes a new picture that is bound to affect our ideals of the future. To illustrate: You have lived over again in ideal, the loved scenes associated with reunion of friends of the long ago; but though you enjoyed the mosaic in your picture, you have already said from your own heart, 'there is more to heaven than a thanksgiving dinner.'"

At this moment another speaker was introduced and he spoke in part as follows:

"Friends, I greet you from the standpoint of brotherly love. Though my abode is a far distant planet whose inhabitants are more intellectual, and hence more proficient in the arts and sciences, yet none can surpass the beautiful love nature that I see in this auditorium. Love is the chord that unites the great throbbing heart of creation and makes us all of one kin. My dear brothers and sisters, you are heirs to the throne. The powers of the gods lie dormant in you. When you have learned to turn from your toys of yesterday and today, and to fashion love in the mould of the future, of eternity, then you shall reap the reward that is your due, in the higher spheres. Friends, I have come to hasten your journey to the more blissful states. My ship is waiting to bear the faithful to their higher homes."

"What does he mean?" I asked of Harry as the speaker took his seat and the chairman arose to make some announcement.

"Oh, he is a kind of missionary among the denizens of this zone, and is endeavoring to awaken our higher interests," Harry replied.

"But he spoke of a ship," I returned questioningly.

"Yes," answered my brother, "the man is almost a god in his spiritual powers and employs an astral vehicle to transport the available converts across the broad belts of space to the higher spiritual spheres."

The chairman here made the announcement: "All who wish to take the examination will please step to the platform and the doctor will accommodate you."

A score or more earnest looking men and women left their seats and began making their way to the front.

"Oh, I wish I could go on the astral ship!" I exclaimed, a sudden desire seizing me.

"I was hoping you would get the infection," said Harry, smiling. "Let us go up and take the examination. I think we can both pass, and I see father and mother are there already. Come."

I accompanied Harry to the platform and we stood in the presence of the divine mission. He was a man of medium height with dark brown hair and mustache and soft, pleasant eyes. He came and took my hand, and I felt a strong electric current passing between us. A strange feeling as of reverence took possession of me, and, conscious of my inaudience, my hope of being among the eligibles began to wane.

"Do not depreciate yourself, young man; you will pass," said the doctor kindly, and my heart rose with a bound.

When all were examined and the greater proportion of the applicants accepted, we were taken to a dressing room under the platform, and exchanged our garments for white robes that were as spotless as snow.

Again we mounted to the platform and the reverend doctor explained that he was about to clothe his spirit ship in a more dense astral substance that it might be serviceable in the forthcoming voyage. As we joined hands in a circle, amid the singing of a melodious hymn, the doctor stretched out his arms and invoked the invisible powers. A cloud of vapor hung over the rostrum, and in a moment the outline of a monster ship was discernible floating like a phantom in the atmosphere. Gradually condensing, it settled, filling the entire space in the centre of the auditorium, some 200 feet. A gorgeous figurehead of a cherubim adorned the bow, and the sides were like burnished silver and gold. Instead of masts and sails, an heroic stature being a cross stood amidship. Above the cross, the figure of an angel hovered with protecting wings.

"All on board!" cried the doctor, who was also captain.

We stepped from the platform upon a brass plank and passed single file to the vessel's deck. The great tent canvas was rolled apart by some mechanical arrangement, and the ship, which was named "Azazel," arose by an invisible power and floated through the opening amid soft music and the sweet farewells of the gathered multitudes.

(To be continued.)

## Citation and Reply.

SIXTH CHAPTER CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND HEALTH.

A careful study of Mrs. Eddy's science, not only reveals many errors therein, but also many contradictions of self assertions, a few of which we call attention to in this article. "Whatever is false or sinful can never enter the atmosphere of spirit. There is but one spirit. . . . The supposition that corporeal beings are spirits, or that there are good and evil spirits, is a mistake. . . . What is Soul? Does life exist in anything formed?"

Nothing is spirit; nothing is real and eternal, but God and his idea. Evil has no reality. It is neither person, place, nor thing but is simply a belief, an illusion of material sense."

The above quotations conflict with each other. If spirit is God, as she asserts, also that "Soul and spirit are one," God is soul, unless we conclude he does not fill all space, hence not omnipresent. Yet she says that nothing is spirit. What next? She has persisted in denying the existence of matter, pain, sickness and death, and by no possible chance could God, spirit, soul or mind be in the body of man and insist that these are all corporeal delusions. I am only too sorry to admit that sin and sinners are too plentiful for the good of mankind. What about the reality of the body? Are they not a reality? Mrs. Eddy asks if the soul can exist in the thing formed. Genesis says:

"And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul."

We find that the body-matter was made a living soul by the breath of life being breathed into him; then the life in man produced his soul. We understand by the "a soul" that he was one soul. If the life was put into man and that life produced soul, one would conclude the soul was within and very closely allied to life.

Mrs. Eddy declares spirit to be substance and the only substance there is. We affirm that matter, substance and spirit are blended and graded, according to the mind governing therein. Everything is individualized and controlled by intelligent will. She says:

"In proportion as the science of mind is understood, Spiritualism will be found mainly erroneous, having no scientific basis or origin in principle, and having no proof or power outside of belief and testimony and belief. It is clearly the offspring of the physical senses, instead of science. . . . The basis and structure of Spiritualism are alike material and physical. Its spirits are so many corporealities, limited and finite in character and quality. Spiritualism therefore presupposes spirits to be capable of dwelling in finite forms—a theory contrary to Christian Science."

The theory may be contrary to her science, but it is in perfect accord with the Old and New Testament and the teachings of Jesus Christ. She admits that Spiritualism is not all wrong. Spiritualism has a most substantial and scientific basis. If she will but read up, she will also find its origin is from immortal mind. And its manifestation of established truth has existed since man became a living soul. The basic structure of Spiritualism is not physical or corporeal senses, nor are its spirits corporealities, as she asserts. If humans did not see and commune with immortals, how should we know "If a man die, he lives again?" It is the spirit within mortals that communicates with the spirits of immortals.

Mrs. Eddy says, "There is but one spiritual existence; even the life of which corporeal sense can take no cognizance. The principle of spiritualism is through immortal sense. If a material body, material, material sense, were permeated by spirit, that body would disappear to these senses. A condition precedent to communion with spirit is the gain of Spiritual Life."

The above shows how little she understands the substantial possibilities of the spirit entity of mortal man.

She affirms, "Soul or God is the only truth-giver to man. His presence destroys mortality."

We admit he is the source of all life and truth and affirm that man is the receiver and expounder of his truth; that his truth is man's eternal inheritance. We deny that his presence destroys mortality, for he is omnipresent and is the life of mortality, and its lateral counterpart.

"Spiritualism calls one person, living in this world, matter, but another who has died but inhabits earth, it calls spirit, when the fact remains that neither the one nor the other corporeality is spiritual, for spirit is one and is God."

The above is not correct. Spiritualists know that mortals are just as much spirit in the physical body as out of it as regarding a spirit entity, and that spirituality is just as attainable and needful before the change called death as after, with the exception that the duties of physical life are not all ways consecrated and concentrated to, and on spirituality. Please note the absurdity of the following citation.

"To be on commensurable terms with spirit, persons must be free from organic bodies; and their return to that material condition, after having once left it, would be as impossible as the restoration of the acorn, already absorbed into a sprout. . . . No correspondence of communion can exist between persons in such opposite dreams as the belief of having died and left a material body and the belief of still living in an organic material body. The author always discredited mediumship."

This last statement explains why she knows so little of the realities of mortal and immortal man. The very fact that she always discredited mediumship proves that she never has investigated the truth of Spiritualism. As a truth seeker for its spiritual truth, discredit and prejudice are akin, and are conceived by old mother ignorance, and cowardice is the father. What an absurdity, that she must leave our organic bodies to communicate with spirit mind, or mind entities! What is communication but thought vibration of mind emanation? When we converse with our mortal friends, is it not the emanation of our minds expressed with mortal tongue? We do not converse with our bodies only, our vocal organs and tongue. When we communicate with spirit we do so with our spirit, not with our physical.

She says, "The so-called dead, in order to appear to the spirits still existing visible to the physical sense, must be tangible and material—must still have a material investiture—or their lower senses could take no cognizance of them. Spiritualism would transfer man from the spiritual sense of existence back into its material sense. This gross materialism is scientifically impossible, since to spirit there can be no matter."

Now I only quote the above to show how little she knows of Spiritualism and its spiritual teachings. We do not recognize spirit with our physical sense.

"When you can awaken yourself or others out of the belief that all must die, you can then exercise Jesus' spiritual power to reproduce the presence of those who thought they had died, but not otherwise."

Jesus raised, not the actual dead, but those who were in trance sleep. She seems to lose sight of the fact that Spiritualism does not claim to raise the physical of the so-called dead. None are so blind as those who won't see.

She says, "There is one possible moment when those called dead and the living can communicate together, and that is the moment previous to transition, the moment when the link between their opposite beliefs is being sundered. In the vestibule through which we pass from one dream to another dream, or when we awake from earth's sleep to the grand verities of life, the departing may hear the glad welcome of those who have foregone the dying may whisper this vision, name the face that smiles on them and the hand which beckons them, as one at Niagara, with eyes open only to that wonder, forgets all else and breathes aloud in his rapture."

We respect death-bed visions, but we Spiritualists do not propose to wait for our death beds to learn the truth. If a man die he can visit earth again and welcome other souls into immortality. We may be somewhat too premature for Mrs. Eddy's science of theories, but we stand at the Niagara of immortality, and behold the beauties and knowledge thereof. We are no longer dreaming, but are wide awake to the activities and realities of life, to the Need of the hour. We are living in the Now, with full observation, application and true appreciation of the possibilities of both mortal and immortal man.

The link of beliefs she refers to has long since been severed. The vestibule does not exist; the chasm of delusion has vanished and Truth reigns instead. There is but one threshold to the two worlds. The great matter problem that Christian Science is so distressingly deluded with, troubles not the Spiritualists, for they have adjusted and put their house in order and are daily living and obeying the scriptures. Know thyself. "I have said ye are gods, and all of you are children of the Most High. But ye shall die like men." To die honorably and fearlessly is to live honorably, with noble thoughts, rendering unto Life and Matter deserving tribute.

Mrs. Hooker McEvoy.

Meadville, Pa.  
(To be continued.)

## We Choose What We Have.

E. C. CLARK.

A woman, perhaps forty years old, stands in a doorway looking out over a field through the dazzling heat, to the hills, where the air is clear and cool. Not a word is spoken where she is. Her eyes look wistful and harassed, as if a hard life was too long continued. Wiping her steaming face with her apron, she turns back to her work; work is all there is for her.

An old man, carrying a dinner-pail, plods wearily homeward at night. His head is bent with the dejection that comes when hope departs. He has worked at hard labor for forty years and must continue to work until his vitality is used up.

A ship sails from port on a long voyage. At night a man walks her deck, forward and aft, in a monotonous tramp. He looks out over a wide expanse of sea heaving in a sulen swell to the horizon. He revolves in his mind the varied experience of his sailor's life. The hardship, the slavish routine of duty, his risk of life so many times, the hopes that were his once upon a time, his many ventures and failures; he realizes what a small part of respect or honor the world has him credited with, and his one hope now is that the ocean may claim him, to find rest and peace in its mighty arms.

A bank president is bending his gray head over the books in the bank. As he glances and looks about with a keen glance, you see the animating desire of his life is to get money. This desire has held him to his task for many long, weary years, until his whole being is shaped to this life purpose. His heart and brain have become fossilized until there is nothing left in his sight but the dollar. He does not hope but fears the time when he will have to die and leave it all behind.

All these eyes in the rosy flush of morning were full of hope and promise. Each looked for success and happiness. They did not know the shifting nature of the sands of popular tradition. They end in despair or else in apathy that is worse than despair.

The little life of man whose purpose is wholly self-centred, whose ideal is no higher than the gratification of his individual desires, unenriched by a knowledge of nature's laws of justice, must end in the darkness and loneliness that he himself has helped to make possible.



All things are as they look to be to each one of us. The sun is not shining to those who do not see it. Flowers do not bloom for those who never look at them. Beautiful thoughts are not for those who will not receive them. An eternal fitness governs the universe and each individual may find life as beautiful as he will have it. The outlook for us all is in the light we furnish ourselves. When our hearts sink in the chill and gloom, if we but grasp at the lofty principle of truth which rises before us, we will be raised into the warmth and sunshine.

Truth can be discerned only by a steadfast desire on our part, but it is always to be found. Take a broad view, see what is about you, and climb up that you may see further. Let your desires be for the acquisition of the best there is and each new beauty known will bring a flood of light that will thrill your being and vitalize your soul. We need nothing new on earth; we must learn to choose what is good. Good and beauty are in all things, and all we find we can acquire. There is nothing to fear. "As a man thinketh so is he."

28 Ward St., Brockton, Mass.

### A Chance to Make Money.

If we 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 nothing; can put up a bushel in ten minutes. Last year I sold directions to over 123 families in one week; any one will pay a dollar for directions with their own beautiful samples of fruit. As there are many people poor like myself, I consider it my duty to give my experience to such and feel confident anyone can make one or two hundred dollars round home in a day. I will mail samples of the "Cold Process" to any of your readers for nineteen (19) two cent stamps, which is only the actual cost of the samples, postage, etc. Francis Casey, St. Louis, Mo.

### Camp Progress.

Sunday, June 29, there was a large audience present at the morning service. Mr. Smith, Mr. Graham, Mr. DeBos spoke finely and Mr. Stiles, a gentleman 83 years of age, gave some wonderful experiences in Spiritualism which very much interested the audience. Mrs. Smith gave excellent tests and messages.

At 2 p. m. an invocation and brief address were given by Mr. Smith. Mr. J. R. Snow of Malden read a fine essay on "Evolution and its Relations to the Material and Spiritual." Mr. Fred Taylor of Melrose sang beautifully "The Lord's Prayer." Mrs. Burdett and Mrs. Noyes were never any better in their addresses.

At 4 p. m. Mr. DeBos spoke interestingly. Mrs. Baker was also excellent in her brief remarks. Mr. Taylor again delighted the audience with song. Mr. Packard of the Boston Lyceum spoke well, although briefly. Mrs. N. S. Noyes closed the meeting in her usual happy way. The quartet sang a selection after each speaker and added greatly to the interest of the services. An audience of 600 were present at one time, regardless of the rain, or realizing from past experience there was ample protection therefrom.

Seance every Wednesday, with good mediums in attendance. Quite a number of friends took their baskets and spent a quiet Fourth on the grounds.

### 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 Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

### The Throne of Eden.

A PSYCHICAL ROMANCE BY W. J. COLVILLE

This excellent work is now before the public, and is attracting the attention of all who are at all interested in psychical thought. It is written in Mr. Colville's happiest vein, and is filled with most intensely interesting and instructive subject matter. The story of this fascinating work will appear in these columns in the near future, but only a careful reading will give one a correct idea of the distinguished author's thought. Travel, romance, mystery, philosophy, science, ethics, metaphysics and religion are all dealt with by the gifted author, whose versatility of gifts is revealed with wonderful clearness through the dexterous manner in which he has dovetailed the widely variant subjects together by means of his fertile pen. This work should be in the home of every Spiritualist in the world. Read the table of contents and then order a copy of the book.

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12 mo. Cloth, 425 pages. Price \$1.00. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

### Campmeetings for 1902.

Cassadaga Lake Free Association, Lily Dale, N. Y., from July 11 to Aug. 24, inclusive.  
Freeville, N. Y.—July 27 to Aug. 13.  
Onset, Mass.—July 13 to Aug. 31.  
Lake Pleasant, Mass.—July 23 to Aug. 31.  
Unity Camp, Sangre Centre, Mass.—June 1 to Sept. 23.  
Camp Progress, Mowland Park, Upper Swampscott, Mass.—June 2 to Sept. 23.  
Earncliffe Grove, Lowell, Mass.—July 6 to Aug. 31, inclusive.  
Ossau Grove, Harwich Port, Mass.—July 12 to July 27.  
Sunapee Lake, Blodgett's Landing, N. H.—Aug. 3 to 31.  
Niantic, Conn.—June 24 to Sept. 9.  
Verona Park, Grand Ave., 1 to Aug. 25.  
Grand Lodge, Mich.—July 23 to Aug. 24.  
Briggs Park, Grand Rapids, Mich.—July 6 to Aug. 31.  
Hartlet Park, Mich.—July 25 to Sept. 1.  
Island Lake, Mich.—July 27 to Aug. 25.  
Vicksburg, Mich.—Aug. 2 to 25.  
Forest Home, Mich.—Aug. 8 to 25.  
Bronson's Lake, Mich.—June 14 to 20.

Ashley, O.—Aug. 17 to Sept. 7.  
Mantua, O.—July 24 to Sept. 2.  
Lake Brady, O.—July 13 to Aug. 31.  
Summitland Beach, O.—July 27 to Aug. 17.  
Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa—July 17 to Aug. 24.  
Marshalltown, Iowa—Aug. 24 to Sept. 14.  
Lehigh, Kan.—Aug. 9 to 28.  
Ottawa, Kan.—Aug. 24 to Sept. 2.  
Cedar Vale, Kan.—July 13 to 29.  
Chesterfield, Ind.—July 17 to Aug. 24.  
Franklin, Neb.—July 19 to Aug. 4.  
Waukegan, Wis.—July 13 to 28 inclusive.  
South Boulder Canyon, Colo.—July, August, September.  
New Era, Oregon—July 5 to 21.  
Los Angeles, Calif.—Aug. 17 to Sept. 14.

### Self Evident.

Reading as we can almost daily of prayers for pain being answered, we cannot help sorrowing that the poor people of Martinique had not employed this method to ward off the rain of fire and dust. In all time we have not one phenomenon to make us even suspect the slightest interference of a God with the destiny of man. "Men, like plants, increase, cheer and checked by the influence of the sun; but that a thinker created the universe is as certain as that thinkers created the world of art; or else we have that absurdity in logic—the lesser being more important than the greater—thought being necessary to the world of art; but it and man, its creator, and all the universe came without thought."

For myself I never could believe in a god until I could prove it by some like reasoning. But whether there be one God or many is a question. All antiquity believed in many. Especially did Moses and the Jews—only Moses enjoined upon his fellow worshipers of the one God who, he said, had chosen the Jews for his peculiar people. Eternally, in spite of the wonders, salvations, destructions wrought for and upon them, the Jews constantly went after other gods. Go read Leviticus, last chapter, and the books of Samuel and Kings, and see there the burnt offerings and human sacrifices ordained, the many humble youths chosen by Jehovah to be kings and friends of his and his familiarity with them and his rage as one after the other forsake him (except David), then read seventh Jeremiah where he says, "I never in all these times asked for a burnt offering." A wonderful and honest, simple book is the Bible. Jehovah only claimed to be "Greatest King of all Gods."

Enough as to that.

Aside from Spiritualism we have no evidence of our immortality. There is one argument however for it that is invincible. Granted the memory of man is infinite the immortality follows. For the extinction of the infinite is unthinkable. That the capacity of our memory is infinite seems unquestioned. When was it before birth? Probably where it was before its first recognizable trace can be recalled. But we know that of all the countless millions of ideas impressed on the mind in a long life of a century, not one is lost; all are recoverable. The brute mind is limited; compared with the human it is as a football to the universe. Space, Time and Intellect are the only infinities we may think of. We can not imagine them.

The phenomena of Spiritualism prove beyond the shadow of a reasonable doubt, that the mind does not exist apart from the body both during and after this life. But many question the everlasting continuance and reason powerfully on their view. All things, they argue, proceed by evolution towards dissolution, or Life and Death. Life processes are by integration of matter composing the body from the body to more rapidly by dissipating motion till the motion begins to subside slowly, the matter disintegrates, the form ceases at last to move and the motion sets up in all its parts. In other words, Life is the taking on of matter and dissipation of matter. Death is the giving away of matter and the absorbing of motion. Everything we can see, feel, is subject to this law. But, says Herbert Spencer, the gases, elements or things like electricity, proceed by a reverse process—they live by the dying process—disintegration of matter and absorption of motion. Here, then, is a scientific basis for our belief in the immortal form in which this infinite capacity, our human will, shall clothe itself after shuffling off its mortal coil: "put on immortality," as Paul says. As the merely animal mind has wrought the fleshly form, so the immortal mind will work the immortal form in which it shall continue hereafter. Numbers of persons who have lost limbs recognize the existence of the invisible limb. Ignorant persons who never heard of such a thing and little children, long after having lost a limb, still complain of sensations felt in the invisible limb. It is then probable that this is the form in which the freed spirit shall proceed forever—a material not subject to the law of decay and final dissolution.

### Poise.

Do you know that the very top notch of concentration is poise? Poise is that attitude of mind which enables one to turn his attention in any direction at an instant's notice. The attention has to sort of turn on a greased pivot so that when an interruption occurs it slides smoothly around and bears serenely on the interruption. Now you know that isn't the way one usually responds to an interruption. He says, "Oh, dear, etc., and suffers from heat to sort of turn on a greased pivot so that when an interruption occurs it slides smoothly around and bears serenely on the interruption. Now you know that isn't the way one usually responds to an interruption. He says, "Oh, dear, etc., and suffers from heat to sort of turn on a greased pivot so that when an interruption occurs it slides smoothly around and bears serenely on the interruption. Now you know that isn't the way one usually responds to an interruption. 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## July 4.—"Now and Forever."

It must take an abler pen than mine to do half justice to the subject assigned for writers on our National Independence Day. I can only outline what I should like to say more at length in a course of lectures. If I could write as a definition to Religion, duty to our country, instead of "Duty to God" (whatever that last word may mean), I should say that the observance of July 4 and daily patriotism was a religious duty. Indeed, for me it takes precedence of so-called heavenly duties.

As we grow in intelligence, our idea of freedom enlarges. We cannot have freedom till we have civilization, and we cannot have civilization till we have justice. The landmark of July 4 should be utilized to teach the height, depth and breadth of freedom and what it has cost the nation.

Among the days to be observed thoughtfully and joyfully I should mention April 19 (observed in Mass.), June 14, Sept. 15 and several others.

The lesson of self sacrifice, self abnegation, self denial, on the part of men and women of the past and present should be made known to the rising generation. Some of us as older children need to learn these lessons as well. It is to (me) a mistake to think that July 4 must always be redolent of the spirit of war. Back of that barbarous necessity of the past was the principle for which the flames of hell were launched from cannons and rifles. As we emerge from the ignorant conditions of Eden into the intellectual and mental conditions, arbitration should take the place of the sword.

Among the lessons taught on this national holiday, should be—that as we outgrow by electricity and steam the horse and ox, so should humanity outgrow the force of violence, injustice, legal and illegal murders, poverty and prisons which one day be considered unpatriotic, as they do not unfold the Best of the Inner Life.

Honesty, kindness, truthfulness are part of patriotism. Slips, sidings, docked horses, overdrawn checks, bird-killing, anger, bigotry are unpatriotic. A lack of knowledge concerning the rights of others makes poor statesmen and (in the future) stateswomen. It is more vital to know how to vote than how to pray.

No one should forget on this holiday to remember the heroes who gave their lives for an impersonal principle. Nor to forget that they were not all Christians, but of all sects, nations. We owe our independence to souls who loved their country—not to those who loved God.

We should not forget the boys in Blue of '61 or '68. We think death is cruel when we give love and care to the last minute. Think of the millions dying unknown, alone, in prisons, on the battle field.

July 4 should be a day of glorious deeds. We may be able to do but little, but we can do that with willing hearts. Let us keep holy our National Independence, which is and should be inter-dependence.

With memories of the past, and hope of the future, with determinations to forward every good work, and the hope when Spiritualists will show still stronger than now—by patriotic observances—their love of justice. Then pre-natal and post-natal conditions will improve. With belief in the divine Trinity of Freedom, Love and Justice, Fraternally and on our country.

C. Fannie Allyn.  
Stoneham, Mass., 1902.  
[The above was written for the issue, dated July 5, but did not reach the Banner of Light office in time. However, words that proclaim the true Spirit of Independence are appreciated and enjoyed any time.]

Whatcom, Wash., June 14, 1902.

Mrs. A. B. Severance.  
Kind Madam:—I herewith remit \$1.00 for another supply of your Good Health Tablets. I like them better than Cascarets.

Yours respectfully,  
Jas. H. Taylor.  
See Mrs. Severance's "ad" on our seventh page.

## Mrs. Frances A. Spinney.

Passed to spirit life from her home in Chelsea, Mass., June 29, Mrs. Frances A. Spinney, aged 66 years.

Our sister, Mrs. Spinney, was a pioneer in the Cause, one of the few of "The Old Guard" now remaining, who identified herself with, and became an advocate of Spiritualism by voice and pen in a limited way when it required great moral courage to do so. She was by nature a reformer, with an open mind receptive to the teachings of new truths, and enjoyed an acquaintance and association with nearly all the old workers in Spiritualism, Anti-Slavery, Temperance and Woman Suffrage in New England, and often in the hospitals of her home to their advocates. She keenly appreciated and enjoyed membership in its many phases, and was fortunate in being of that temperament to furnish good conditions for its demonstration.

Mrs. Spinney herself possessed a fine mediumship which found a most wonderful expression in healing, and in later years it was recognized and utilized by many members of the medical profession in and about Boston. When difficult cases baffled their skill she was summoned to their rooms with most gratifying results. She and her band of spirit-helpers, whose aid she gratefully acknowledged, had many patients among the wealthy, into whose homes she was cordially and gratefully received, where she always advocated the beautiful teachings of Spiritualism, and was an instrument, through whom were conveyed comfort, consolation and confidence to those who were beyond the aid of material help, and to the bereaved "who sat in darkness," causing them to become reconciled to "the change inevitable."

She possessed a genial, sunny nature, was a model "home-keeper," and dispensed a generous hospitality among her large circle of friends. She took a happy view of life and was very philosophical, always insisting that whatever of misfortune came to the individual was a necessary discipline for his moral and spiritual growth. Hers was also a charitable nature. She had always a kind thought and expression for the erring, believing everyone did his very best with his inherited tendencies and moral development. Because of her devotion to her family and an invalid daughter, who a year ago preceded her to spirit life, she was limited in her field of labor, otherwise she might have enjoyed a wider recognition and distinction. In recent years she has been incapacitated by ill health from continuing in her life work, but she would employ much time in writing loving letters to her friends, especially those in sickness and trouble whom she thought might be strengthened by her words of cheer. These loving messages were continued up to within a few days of her transition. She had for many years been a subscriber to the Banner and other reform journals, and in her earnest quiet way had led the way for many to see the light.

She leaves in her home a husband and a devoted friend, Miss Marston, who has been her faithful co-worker, and who has ministered to her during her trying illness, a son in Alaska, a married daughter and son in the west, besides a large circle of friends who will unite in remembering those things that are behind, I reach forth for the prize of our high calling.

It was an instructive and impressive effort, the almost breathless silence of the part of

friends, a fitting service was held on Tuesday, July 1, conducted by Mrs. May Wyatt Fisher, with vocal selections by Mrs. Hattie C. Mason. At her own request her remains were cremated at Mt. Auburn.

G. W. F.

Lyons, Mass.

## Onset Notes.

July 4 was celebrated here in grand style, making a visitor think he was in some great city. The celebration really began July 3 at sundown and was kept up until late the night of the 4th. At 9 p. m. there was a band concert; 9.30, a bicycle race; 10.00, exhibition by the Monomoy Life Saving Crew; 11.00, water sports; 12 m., band concert; 1 and 4.15, another exhibition by the Monomoy Life Saving Crew; 2 p. m., civic parade; 3.30, bicycle race; 4.00, fat man's race; 7.45, illumination and fireworks.

During the evening a dance was held in the Temple. The Middleboro Band furnished the music for the concert and parade. The Bridge-water Band furnished music for the dance.

The Association cottages are all let: Number 1, Mrs. J. Parker; 2, Chas. Vaters; 3, Mrs. G. V. Greenleaf; 4, Herman Sampson; 5, Mrs. G. M. Hughes; 6, E. G. Fanning; 7, Mrs. N. Howard; 8, Mrs. H. B. Thayer; 9, Mrs. Woodward; 10, G. B. DeCosta; 11, Mrs. Jones; 12, Mrs. L. A. Johnson; 13, Mrs. C. J. Johnson; 14, Mrs. M. E. Thompson; 15, Samuel Hunt; 16, S. H. Briggs; 17, C. D. Fuller; 18, Mrs. Hattie Chase; 19, H. Lazzara; 20, Lysander Dean; 21, Mrs. Southworth; 22, Miss C. E. Corliss; 23, Geo. A. Morse; 24, Mrs. G. M. Cheever; 25, Y. S. Hinchman; 26, Mrs. B. Corbin; 27, Mrs. J. W. Ring; 28, Mrs. J. W. Ring; 29, Mrs. J. W. Ring; 30, Mrs. J. W. Ring.

Mrs. Ring is located at No. 15, Miss S. C. Tripp, medium, is occupying her cottage on Union Cove. Mrs. Chandler, well known in Boston as an excellent medium, is at her cottage on Longwave Ave. Mrs. H. B. Fay and husband are at their cottage on Pleasant Ave. Mrs. Ring is occupying Mrs. Bliss' cottage on West Central Ave. We understand that Mrs. Bliss will visit Mt. Pleasant Park Camp, Clinton, Iowa, this summer.

The hotels are open and all are doing good business. Bathing was never better. Blue fish are said to be biting. The bay is full of naphtha launches, yachts, etc.

Mr. and Mrs. Simeon Butterfield are at their cottage for the summer. Their garden is one of the sights of Onset. Mr. A. J. Maxham will furnish the singing and is expected soon.

Many of the old familiar faces will be missed at our meetings, who have been called home by the reaper called Death, but they will be remembered. It is hoped we shall hear from them through our mediums.

If you want to get all the Onset news and the doings at the camp be sure and have the Banner. You can subscribe for it at the book store. Don't fail to visit the book store at Onset. Weather as good as yours.

Hatch.

## Mr. and Mrs. Hull's Last Sunday in Buffalo.

June 29, Mr. and Mrs. Hull concluded their four years of ministrations with the First Spiritual church of Buffalo, N. Y. It was an unusually stormy day yet the down-pour of rain did not prevent the people from gathering at the Temple.

Mr. Hull's work of the morning was on behalf of the young. His discourse from text to last, was an earnest appeal that parents who are Spiritualists should consider the importance of proper Sunday school training. He emphasized the thought that Spiritualism was the best system for teaching human ethics for adults, it was the one system above all others that should be taught to the children.

The lecture was called immediately on the adjournment of the morning meeting. As the last session of the lyceum for the season was held on that day, a special program had been arranged. The hour was late when Mrs. Hull took charge of the exercises, therefore the regular routine of work was abandoned. Mrs. Hull addressed every pupil separately, and at the close of her remarks presented a pupil with a copy of Mrs. Twigg's late work, "Jin, or Touched by an Angel Mother." She referred to the valuable lessons contained in the book, and expressed the hope that every member of the lyceum class might sometime know by actual experience what was meant by the touch of an angel.

Four of the pupils, Marie Niehr, Walter Starr, Alice and Willie Dillon had expressed a wish to be christened as young Spiritualists before Mrs. Hull left them, accordingly an especial message was delivered to them, in which the term "to christen" was explained. She asked that they might become endowed with the power of the good spirit; that from that hour, they might feel an inspiration for the love of truth and a desire to learn of spiritual things as never before. She said, "We use no water in our baptisms, we use flowers. They are symbolical of beauty and love; they are like the atmosphere of your own dear souls."

The next thing on the program was the rendering of excellent selections by Alice Smith and Marie Niehr; their work was well done and credit to older readers. The last number on the children's part of the program was a lovely little poem designed as an invocation to the angels, to guard and direct their former lyceum director, Mrs. Hull. It was given in a tremulous voice, and her eyes were full of tears; the little girl was unable to complete the poem and Mrs. Hull seemed as much affected as did the little girl who gave it.

At this point, Mr. Henry Hanson, an ex-trustee of the society, and for more than a year a leader in the lyceum, rose. He delivered a brief address to the lyceum and friends of the lyceum. He set forth the importance of reviving the work at the commencement of another season and urged the friends to support the movement. At the conclusion of his remarks, he turned to Mrs. Hull and said he had been chosen to present on behalf of the lyceum, and the friends of the church, a token of appreciation for her continuous work in the lyceum the past four years, without material recompense. He said: "The testimonial I present you is a diamond ring on the inside is engraved 'B. C. P. L.' It is given in love and may it be a reminder of the friends who appreciate your work, when you shall be at work in other fields."

Mrs. Hull was too much surprised to respond at once and it was evident that her soul was stirred with deep emotion. At last she recovered sufficiently to express her thanks. She said in substance, "I shall cherish this as a symbol of the love we bear one another. May we believe that life and love are as endless as this golden ring, may the spirit behind it all become as radiant as the sparkling jewel in this band, and, when we enter the other world, may our souls be worthy of as beautiful a setting as holds this diamond."

At eight every chair in the audience room of the temple was filled. The platform presented a beautiful appearance, the tables were covered with choice flowers—the farewell tributes to the departing workers.

Mr. Hull's evening discourse was prefaced by a text found in Paul, II. Cor. 13:14, "The God of peace be with you all. Amen." He said, "I do not forget those things that are behind, I reach forth for the prize of our high calling."

It was an instructive and impressive effort, the almost breathless silence of the part of

the audience, during the delivery, gave evidence the words found their way to the souls of his hearers.

Prof. William Lockwood was discovered in the audience in the early part of the evening and invited to the platform. He was warmly welcomed. At the conclusion of Mr. Hull's discourse, the Professor was called on for remarks. He responded much to the enjoyment of those present.

The work of the day concluded with congregational singing, the selection was from Mrs. Hull's Songster.

We will not say farewell,  
For kindred lives will blend;  
In spirit we shall meet again,  
Though parted friend from friend.

We part, but friendship's chain  
Our souls shall firmly bind;  
In friendship shall we meet again,  
And sweetest comfort find.

After the congregation broke up, Mr. and Mrs. Hull exchanged the last good-byes with their friends and left the Temple with none but pleasant memories of their extended work among the Spiritualists of Buffalo.

Corr.

## Unity Camp.

The meetings of this camp through the month of June have been very successful. Large audiences have been present every Sunday. Many first class speakers have kindly visited us and contributed to the entertainment; among others, Mr. Thomas Cross, Miss Lizzie Harlow, Mrs. Sarah Byrnes, Mrs. Sadie Hand, Mrs. Hattie Webster, Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, Mrs. Ackerman, Mrs. Mary Pye, Mrs. Coggeshall and many others, besides our ever faithful local workers, Mrs. Dr. Caird, Mrs. Lewis, Madame Helyett and many who have greatly assisted in the meetings.

Sunday, July 13, Mrs. May S. Pepper will be with us. She expects that her injured arm will be so much better by that date that she will be able to keep her engagement to be present. The Ladies Social Union meet every Wednesday afternoon in the grove and hold a test session and sociable. Meetings, both Sunday and Wednesday are free, but collections are taken.

We expect a barge to run from the camp to Cliftondale on July 13 and each Sunday during the season.

Mrs. A. A. Averill, Sec.

## Onset Opening.

Sunday, July 13, will be the opening day at Onset, and a large crowd is expected. Excursions will be run from New Bedford via boat; also from Middleboro, Brockton, Fall River and New Bedford via electric cars. The band concert will be given by the Bridge-water Band, 9.30 a. m. and 4 p. m. Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, president M. S. A., will speak in the Auditorium at 10.30 a. m. and Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn will speak at 2 p. m. As both these speakers are very popular at Onset, large audiences are assured. Mrs. Edie I. Webster will follow Mrs. Allyn with spirit messages. At 8 p. m. Mrs. Webster will give a seance in the Arcade. Monday at 2.30 a conference will be held. Tuesday at 2.30 Mrs. Allyn will give her second lecture. Wednesday conference. Thursday, 15th, Mrs. Kate H. Stiles will be the speaker at 2.30. Friday conference at 2.30. Saturday V. S. U. meeting at 2.30. You can go to Onset from Boston by the electric via Milton, fare 55c; excursion tickets N. Y. N. H. & H. \$2.15 round trip. Don't miss the first meeting. Hatch.

## Lilly Dale, N. Y.

President Gaston is superintending the beautifying of the grounds for the opening of the camp July 11. Among the arrivals are: James Kennedy of San Francisco, C. Zehner, Washington, D. C.; Mr. and Mrs. Lees—Mrs. Lees, better known as Mrs. Zaller, the test medium from Washington, D. C.—Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Noyse, California; Miss Elizabeth R. Fielding, Washington, D. C.; Mr. and Mrs. Miller-Wilcox, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mrs. E. A. Whitford, Mr. and Mrs. F. Gordon White and family, Mrs. Elizabeth Craig, Waco, Texas; Mr. and Mrs. P. E. O. Keeler and son, Washington, D. C.

Mr. Hull preached his farewell sermon in Buffalo Sunday, June 29.

Correspondent.

The piety which dwells in the heights of the soul, which walks and works with God in God-like beneficence, is more sublime than the valor which braves the shock of armies, than the genius which walks in glory among the stars.—Frederic H. Hedge.

## TO LET.

Large furnished rooms to let at moderate prices at Sunset Cottage, Broadway, Lake View. For particulars apply to MABEL F. KNIGHT, 18 Hazel Park, Everett, Mass.

## Most Wonderful Results

Have been produced through this medium in regard to restoring human hair and also turning gray hair to its natural color. It does not matter about the age of the person. Appointments can be made by mail, or call at the office from 10 to 6. Small fee is asked to show the wonderful power of spirit. Address: Madame Whittemore, 25 Woodlands St., Forest Hills, Mass. B-7-D4

MR. M. J. BOUETTE, Astrologer, Gen-eral reading \$1.00; Extended reading \$2.00. Scientific experience. 181 Columbus Ave., Boston.

## RESURRECTION OF ADAM.

A pamphlet on the creation, fall and resurrection of Adam according to the law of Eminent Vibration. Does it harmonize with Spiritualism? Told by the author, MABEL GIFFORD, Sharon, Mass., Box 204. 15 cents a copy.

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## BODY AND SOUL.

Lectures Delivered in the Trance State.

BY J. CLEGG WRIGHT.

With an Introduction by Dr. J. M. Peebles.

These lectures were delivered to a class of Psychological students, and deal with the problems of life and mind, and the law of Eminent Vibration. The Trance State is explained. The physiology of trance mediumship is explained. It is a book for thinkers and students. A useful companion for the medium. Price of each, \$1.00. For sale by THE BANNER OF LIGHT PUB. CO.

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## Lake Pleasant Jottings.

Over one hundred and twenty-five families on the grounds and more coming by every train. Every store, tent and booth are open and doing a thriving business.

The theatrical performances at the Casino are decidedly an added attraction to those which bring the multitudes to the camp each season, and under the strict supervision of the officers of the association these performances are necessarily of a high order of excellence and refinement.

With Charles M. Bickford as leader of the orchestra, and with J. H. Stratton in charge of the pavilion, the dancing parties which are being held every evening are more popular than ever. "Bickford's Orchestra" is a name to charm by throughout Franklin County.

Our "camp followers" are as much in evidence as ever. Cephus Bunham has lost "Old Joe" but the new gray fills the bill. Without Cephus and his team the camp would feel lost, and Ben Tilden with "Annie Mary's" corn" holds a close second in the hearts of the campers. Brother Valentine's skill with paint and chalk as demonstrated on the bulletin boards about the grounds, keeps us guessing as to what is coming next, but it is always something worthy of commendation even when appealing to our sense of humor. Brother Valentine is the advertising agent for the raiderette, and in the line of advertising it gives us pleasure to announce that Miss Mabel Knight, the grand-daughter of our old friend and camper, Mrs. Stewart Burras, will be the camp representative for the "Banner" during the convention. Miss Knight is no mean among us as an elocutionist of no mean ability and the patrons of the "Banner" have a treat in store, for we know her notes will be crisp, breezy and interesting. The matter of instrumental music for the entire season is now being agitated and it looks as though a band will be with us from July 23 to Sept. 1, to give daily concerts under the direction of Conductor Bickford.

With the vacancies in our list of test mediums, caused by the passing over of Mrs. Annie E. Cunningham and Miss Jennie Mullin, the phenomena seeker at Lake Pleasant will miss much, but we have received the assurance that the veteran test medium, Mrs. Jane Floyd of Boston, will depart from her usual custom of doing no professional work at the Lake and will give sittings daily. Mrs. B. W. Belcher, Jennie Rhind, Mrs. W. J. Dowd, Dr. C. L. Willis, Mrs. Powers, Mrs. May S. Pepper, Miss Blanch Brainerd and Ira Moore Corliss will also demonstrate the test phase of mediumship, while the phenomena of materialization will be presented by such well known mediums as Carrie M. Sawyer and Mrs. Mary Hinton, sister of the famous Eddy Boys.

The clerk will be located at the Lake from July 12 to Sept. 1. All applications for rooms, tents, cottages and circulars will be promptly responded to. Don't forget the date of the camp meeting, August 8 to Sept. 1. All road excursions will be on sale July 15.

Albert P. Blinn, Clerk.

In every part and corner of our life, to lose one's self is to be gained, to forget one's self is to be happy.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

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## BE SICK?

Dr. J. M. Peebles the Famous Physician and Scientist Has Perfected a System of Treatment That Gives Hope to Every Sufferer.

Read His Valuable Book, "A Message of Hope"—It Will Explain to You this Wonderful Treatment and Tell You How You Can Be Healed.

Why will you continue to suffer when there is a treatment at hand that will cure you? Dr. Peebles and his associates, all physicians of wide experience and reputation, have perfected a system of treatment that promotes health and strength to all.



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Many of their cures seem almost like miracles, for hundreds of those rescued had traveled far and wide, trying this doctor and that, but losing getting any relief and were about to give up in despair when they began the treatment of Dr. Peebles.

They are able to do such wonderful cures because they work in harmony with nature, and employ her mighty healing forces in connection with such scientifically prepared medicinal remedies. It is a perfectly natural manner it builds up the depleted system, restores the blood, proves digestion and assimilation, gives strength and tone to weakened nerves and muscles, and permanently repairs wasted tissues and organs, causing thousands of the sick to rejoice at better health.

Why don't you sit down, at once, and write the doctors a plain, truthful letter as to your condition as you see it. If you will do this they will carefully examine your case and send you a full diagnosis of your condition, and tell you truthfully whether or not they can cure you. This will cost you nothing, and if they find they can cure you, they will make their charges so small that anyone can afford the treatment.

If you are sick, write them at once for their full diagnosis and professional advice which will be sent without charge, together with their wonderful book, "A Message of Hope," which will explain fully this grand system of treatment and give you information that will brighten the remainder of your life. Address: Dr. Peebles, Institute of Health Ltd., Drawer A4, Battle Creek, Mich. 43

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The Book of the Season, and of the Present Age!







## A Remarkable Vision.

FROM LA NEVE SPIRITS

M. Manfred Meyer reports this interesting phenomenon of remarkable vision.

"Dr. Orendo Vidigal dwells with his family, consisting of his wife, his two children and his aged father, in the house numbered 2 in Ave. du Temple. Three months before the date of the incident here related, his mother had died. Needing in his house the services of a young domestic, he went to the emigration office, and secured a young Spanish girl, an orphan, twelve years old, who had just arrived in Brazil that very day and who naturally did not know a word of Portuguese. Of course she did not know her master.

"On the evening of the entrance of this girl into Dr. Vidigal's family, M. Edouard Silva, an engineer born at Gibraltar, was visiting Dr. Vidigal. He spoke Spanish fluently, was a good magnetizer, a fervent believer in Spiritualism. He asked for a glass of water and the little Spaniard brought it. By an inexplicable intuition, M. Silva asked her if she was willing to allow herself to be magnetized. She consented and in a few moments was in a profound trance.

"Suddenly she looked up and in a voice full of emotion declared that she saw exceedingly beautiful things and begged that this magnificent sight might not be withdrawn. After a few minutes of rapt contemplation, she said that she saw her father and that he was speaking to her, and also an old lady who had a favor to ask of Dr. Vidigal. She described very minutely this lady and all present recognized in her, Mme. Vidigal, mother of the doctor.

"Then using the little Spaniard as her instrument, the spirit of Mme. Vidigal asked her son to disrobe her, and which had been occupied by her during her life and which had been closed since her death, three months before; to take a dress of black tulle, which was hanging on the wall, for in one pocket which he would find sewed up, there were sixty francs. This sum she wished to be given to her husband.

"Those who were present at this scene, surprised at the extraordinary message, doubted its truth; but, considering that the young girl who had been with them scarcely a single day and who had not been in Brazil but two days, could not know anything about what she was saying, they resolved to make an investigation.

"They went accordingly to the designated chamber. Dr. Vidigal had some difficulty in opening the door as the lock was rusted. Entering the room they found the black dress hanging on the wall, one pocket carelessly sewed up and in it exactly the sum stated by the spirit."

"An excellent cabinet photo. of 'The Poughkeepsie Price' (A. J. Davis) for sale at this office. Price 25 cents.

## Church or Man—Which?

Church means sect; sect worships in churches—formerly called meeting houses. Sects are almost numberless; so are churches. When a man gets too large for one church he slips out by the fire escape and goes on with a little more recognition of the Infinite in it.

Church is strong, so strong, that even State is slow to recognize the rights of modern sects who have a little more sight of the Infinite.

Churches, meeting houses, are magnificent, costly; to be a member of the sects worshipping in them is expensive. The cost of church edifices, pastors, trained choirs, in America, would buy the bread for America's poor, properly clothed all of the ill-clad and graduated every boy and girl in a health-giving industrial college. More than this; the church expenses in America since its settlement would have the land portion with gold an inch thick. Think of it!

Yes, we have churches and churchmen in full array—but, have we men? Men who are fit to live with self—strong men who can stand upright without bars and staves—men who are on the line toward the Infinite and who can put the hand just beyond what can be taken in by the five senses and grasp the hand of loved ones of living, breathing, eating, wearing beings on the extended plane?

Have we honest men—men who are honest with themselves, their fellow-kind and the power which gave them conscious being? Have we men with the power of attracting just what is ever needed for the peaceful, completer men?

Yes, we have churches, but the self-regulating, self-controlling man is yet beyond. The purpose of all work should be for the better, finer, broader man and woman. Let the creed be Man!

## Mrs. Soule's Photographs.

The Banner of Light Publishing Company has secured the exclusive right to sell the photographs of our circle medium, Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, and offers them to its patrons at the exceptionally low price of twenty-five cents each. 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.

## A Smallpox Preventive.

While in Mississippi and Tennessee one year ago, the smallpox was so prevalent, especially among the colored people, that had a fear of contagion, but while stopping upon the beautiful plantation of Jerry Robinson of Albin, Miss., those fears were set at rest.

Mr. Robinson had never been vaccinated, but went fearlessly around among those ill with the disease, coming back to his family without showing it necessary to change his clothing. His overseers and clerks manifested the same fearlessness, although they were daily exposed to the dread disease.

For explanation Mr. Robinson said: "For a great many years I have used a receipt given me by German physician and chemist, which I believe to be one of the best preventives known. It is that which we have called our appetizer, which we pass around before each meal."

I had partaken of it since I had been there and it tasted very much like lemon juice and water.

There are exceptions in all cases, and people may take this remedy and still contract the disease, but I did not hear of a case.

I know Mr. Robinson will be glad to have people know of its value and therefore give you the formula.

Acid Muriatic, 2 drachms; Acid Sulphuric, 4 drachms; Acid Phosphoric, 1 oz. Mix in one gallon of water. 1 teaspoonful three times a day in 1/2 tumbler of water.

I was exposed to the disease after I left there, but believe the above "microbe killer" had rendered contagion impossible for a time at least, and shall not be long without it, especially when there is any known danger.

Sincerely,

Carrie E. S. Twing.

## THE ASTROLOGY OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

By KARL ANDERSON, Professor of Astrology.

A volume replete with interest, with instructions in Astrology, supported by tables calculated by the author, so that any one of common education can read a horoscope and judge the future.

This work is especially recommended to all Free Masons, students, and men of science, of whatever persuasion. By the science of Astrology, purely mathematical and mathematical, the well-tried, and read every day of the past and predict the future. It is the foundation of all the sciences, and the only true guide for man or woman.

MASSONIC TEXTILE, BOSTON, Feb. 17th, 1898.

KARL ANDERSON, Esq., beg to acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of your very learned and valuable volume on 'The Astrology of the Old Testament' or 'The Lost Word' (Herald), which I have placed in the Library of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, where I am sure it will be the object of great curiosity and interest.

Very truly and fraternally yours,

BARNARD D. NICKERSON,

Recording Grand Secretary.

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## The Psychograph,

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One of the greatest achievements of spirit power. You cannot lose what you have when you take these little

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