

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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THE INNER LIFE.

BY AGNES O. WINK.

There's an Inner Life, to the world unknown,
In each Soul's existence here,
That is lived in silence apart, and alone,
And unshared by loved ones near;
To the Real Self it is ever true,
For Deceit is needless there,
And the Outer Life is alone in view,
Be it dark, or pure and fair.

There are thoughts that surge through the restless
brain
Unexpressed by deed or word,
There is mute endurance of grief or pain,
When no wall or moan is heard;
There are hopes and longings that fill the breast,
And bespeak the Soul's desire
To attain the summit of Wisdom's crest,
As it feels Ambition's fire.

There are disappointments so deep and keen
That they would like poisoned dart,
There are prayers poured forth to a Power unseen
From the torn and bleeding heart;
And unbidden tears, in despair that flow,
And betray the inward strife,
Yet these no trace to the world may show
In the mask of Outward Life.

For a smile may flash, and the eye may glow,
While the heart is racked with pain,
And a loving hand may inflict a blow,
Though it shrinks beneath the strain;
And a villain dark, in a kindly guise,
O'er the world at large may roam,
While an Angel fair, through an outcast's eyes
Gazes forth, though all unknown.

It is wisest then, to condemn no Soul,
For the life we chance to see,
Is the merest part of a wondrous whole
That exists through Eternity;
But there are eyes that can pierce the veil,
And the real self behold,
And they give it strength that will never fail,
As the powers within unfold.

When the Outer Life with the inner blends,
In sublime and sweet accord,
There is deepest peace that for aye attends,
As the Soul's divine reward,
And the light will break in a golden gleam
Of the higher, heavenly birth,
Where the Inner Self is alone supreme,
Through its lessons learned on earth.

The Great Gift.

ROBERT J. LOCKHART.

John iii. : 16. For God so loved the world
that He gave His only begotten Son that
whosoever believeth on Him should not per-
ish but have eternal life.

This was new teaching. It was heresy. Be-
lieve me, Christianity did not get such a hold
in the world as it has for the past centuries
maintained for any other reason than it was
in truth a message of good tidings from God
to man. It was a new revelation, another
testament, a second covenant; and viewed
from the standpoint of the old revelation and
the old covenant, it was heresy, a new doc-
trine, advanced thought.

No one had ever previously dreamed that
God loved the world. He was terrible; He
was an avenger; He was angry and His an-
ger had to be appeased. But it did not occur
to any one that He is love. Men were kept
so busy raising oxen and sheep and doves
and pigeons for the priests to sacrifice to cool
the wrath of the Almighty that they had no
time to imagine that He loves the world.
With the last piteous wailing dying on the lips
of innocent children, as the flames of Moloch
licked up the last drop of human blood they
said, "We have stayed the vengeance of God."
As the babe looked his last anguished
glance before he was lost under the waves
or the crocodile shut his jaws upon him, they
said, "Now God will look with favor on us."
They did not see that God is love.

Those were terrible times in which to live.
The ignorance and darkness! Life was ap-
parently made to be tortured. A stone or a
piece of wood had a most blissful existence
compared with many a living soul. What
wonder that men made God in images of
wood and stone and metal! There was noth-
ing that had life that was worth deifying ex-
cept a cow. A cow chewed her cud in per-
fect contentment while human souls reflected
in utter misery. Nerves were made to be
scorched in the flames. Sensibilities were
created to be shocked. Muscles were formed
in graceful fashion to be wrenched into ugliness.
Brain was made to be stunned. The
priests taught sin and took tithes. They
preached the anger of God and practiced the
misery of man. Life was sinful, so they ex-
tinguished it. Beauty was wickedness; they
marred it. Blood was the source of iniquity;
they shed it. Happiness was blasphemy;
they passed a cloud over the sun of laughter
and cut asunder the tuneful strings of mirth.
The ignorance and wickedness of the age!
We would not have lived in it, for we would
have been crucified as a blasphemer and in-
jurious person.

The world did not know that God is love.
Here and there were guesses at it. The
worship of Astarte and Baal-poor were ap-
proaches to a belief in love; and so attractive
was it that all the skill and machinations
and villainy of the Jewish priests could not
keep the Israelites orthodox in disguised
faces and loud laments and long prayers.

Beauty and happiness were far more power-
ful influences; and under their divine spell
they guessed that God must be love.

The Greeks likewise made a guess at it.
Their Olympian mount rang with the laugh-
ter of celestial beings and echoed the sighs
of gods and goddesses. They enjoyed the
flashes of merry wit. Their eyes sparkled
with pleasure and their hearts bounded with
delight at the incarnation of poetry in hu-
man form. They admired genius. They loved
the strains of the harp. They were great lov-
ers. They loved all nature; and the people
to please them erected magnificent Parthe-
nons, wrote liads and Odysseys, odes and
lyrics; they filled their cities with idols, as
the Jews called them; they filled the cups
with the purple wine, and they flung their
limbs on the billowy music of lyre and harp.
Men here and there made a guess that God
is love, and the further they got away from
religion, as it was anciently taught, the bet-
ter guess they made.

That Christ was not a Jew is one of the
latest propositions given to us for reflection.
Mr. H. S. Chamberlain, an Englishman, edu-
cated on the continent, in "The Foundations
of the Nineteenth Century," says: "The
probability that Christ was not a Jew, that
He had not a drop of Jewish blood in his
veins, is so great that it is well-nigh a cer-
tainty." He shows that the people of Galilee
were preponderantly of Gentile origin, and
their character was radically different from
that of the Jews. Their organs of speech
were so different that they could never pro-
nounce Aramaic or Hebrew as did the Jews.
He argues also that Christianity opposes half
of the teachings of Judaism. He says fur-
ther: "The notion that the Jews were natu-
rally fitted in religious things may now
be exploded. The family and protecting laws
are the creation of Rome. The Greeks bor-
rowed much of their wisdom—philosophy,
theology, science—from India." There must
be some truth in this. The Dispersion and
Restoration of the Jews must have changed
and undoubtedly did, in the course of six
centuries, materially affect the social, na-
tional and religious conditions of Palestine.
The greater intercourse between nations dur-
ing the centuries immediately preceding the
Christian era must have substantially mod-
ified the ideas of Judaism. The Christ must
have been the natural and historical conse-
quent and result of the Babylonian captivity,
the Restoration of Israel, the Roman con-
quest of arms and the Greek triumph of
literature. So long as nations lived apart
and hugged their own narrow and pernicious
ideas, so long ignorance chanted its doleful
strains to drown the wails of the suffering,
so long darkness cast its terrifying mantle
of death and gloom over the hearts of men;
but when peoples began to mingle, the mix-
ture of ideas brought forth knowledge. When
the stone was rolled away from the sepul-
chre of the human heart two angels were
seen within, Light and Charity. The Love
of Babylonia, the Virtue of Rome, the Wis-
dom of Greece, were the Divine Trinity that
spoke in the Prophet of Nazareth, "God
loves the world."

It was new doctrine. It was another re-
velation that like a beacon light shot its rays
over hills and valleys darkened by ignorant
zeal. It was a second covenant that made
men sons and heirs of God rather than slaves.
It was heresy that moved the world another
stride in divine progress. It lifted sinners to
a rock of hope and restoration. It got rid of
the ridiculous idea that woman is the slave
of man and the dupe of a serpent. It made
her the equal of man. It slapped hypocrisy
in the face until the paleness of deceit be-
came scarlet in malice. It placed the poor on
thrones with kings. It drove thieves from
the temple, and caused the cooling of pigeons
to give way to the sounds of prayer. It was
a voice from heaven in the vast wilderness
of ignorance, superstition and cruelty, pro-
claiming liberty to captives and the opening
of prison doors to them that were bound.

The greatness of this love was the marvel
of it. It revealed to the world the previously
unheard of truth that God loves a publican
as well as a priest, a loving woman as well
as a brutal white-faced hypocrite, a sinner
as well as a saint. He loves the world. Does
some one think that He loves only the Thir-
ty-nine Articles of the Church of England?
I tell him that He loves the world! Does
some one imagine that He loves only the
Discipline of the Methodists, or the Confes-
sion of Faith of the Presbyterians, or the
Council of Trent of the Catholics, or the
Synod of Dort and Westminster Assembly of
the Calvinists? I tell him God loves the
world! Does some one imagine that God
loves only infant baptism or adult baptism,
or sprinkling, or pouring, or immersion? Does
some one think that He loves only salvation
before baptism, or salvation after baptism?
Does any one imagine that He loves only the
bread and wine of the sacraments as being
the actual body and blood of Christ, or the
body and blood being in with and under the
elements, or being symbolized by the ele-
ments? Let me tell him that God loves the
world! Does any one dream that He loves
only Total Depravity or Justification by
Faith, or Perseverance of the Saints, or an

Atoneement that is a satisfaction of Justice,
or a moral example, or a vindication of gov-
ernment? Allow me to say that God loves
the world! He loves the poor as well as
the rich, and I think a great deal better, for
He gives them peace and innocence. He
loves the homely and common with even
more tenderness than the brilliant and dis-
tinguished, for He delivers them from many
an anxious care and many a thwarted ambi-
tion. He is a great lover. He loves the
world.

Love makes the world go round. A great
love quickens its speed, tones its beauty,
makes the hum of the universe a divine rap-
sody, the music of the spheres an overwhelm-
ing harmony. God loved motion and He sent
chaos whirling through space in an infinite
dance. He loved brilliancy and He hung out
the stars in the heavens. He loved color
and He draped the brown earth in tapestries
of green and scarlet and violet; He clothed
the hills in purple and crimson. He adorned
the bosom of the sea with a mantle of gold;
He ornamented it with sparkling emeralds
and flashing diamonds; He smiled on it from
the canopy of blue. He loved music, and re-
joiced in the surfs' diapason; He mused at
the brook's treble, and He sighed with the
minor notes of the forests. He loved all
forms of life; He made the lordly lion and
the gallant bear. He rejoiced at the steed
pawing the ground and laughing at the shak-
ing of the spear. He loved to see some one
strong like Himself and He made man. He
loved beauty, and He made woman. A great
love made the world and a great love is at
the helm guiding it into the millennium in
which "spices breathe and bright seasons
smile, and airs impregnated with incense
play around."

If any one should ask you what accom-
plishes the great things in this world, tell
them a great love does it. A great love has
discovered continents and developed gigantic
industries. A great love has built our beau-
tiful homes and founded our great institu-
tions. A great love inspired the plays of
Shakespeare, Sheridan, Rostand and Belasco,
the operas of Bizet, Massenet and Wagner,
the poems of Tennyson and Longfellow,
James Whitcomb Riley and Rudyard Kipling,
a great love created the orations of Ed-
mund Burke and Daniel Webster, and begot
the sermons of Whitefield, Spurgeon and
Beecher. These men were great lovers. Like
their God they loved the world.

When I see a mother pale and careworn
and her bright children well-dressed and
well-schooled, the music of her wash-tub
keeping time with their merry laughter, then
I perceive a great love there. When I see
a father wearing old clothes and his sons
and daughters acquiring new knowledge,
then I see a great love. The great things of
the world have been accomplished by a great
love. Love, like faith, removes mountains.
Here is a new definition which I give you
without reservation of patent or copyright:
Genius is a great love. A great soul is like
God. He loves the world. We think of
Beecher, the great preacher, fondling and
playing with little children; we think of
Burns, the great poet, loving even a mouse
of the fields; we think of Lincoln, the great
statesman, getting out of his carriage to ex-
tricate a hog; we go back to their Savior and
think of Him loving the lilies and the ripen-
ing grain, loving women and struggling men,
and we thank the Infinite for the revelation
that God loves the world.

A world in which love reigns is ruled by a
God who loves.

Oh, Love! Thou art the power of heaven
and the glory of earth. Ethel patriotism,
thou cunning handler of statecraft, but with-
out love thy patriotism is barbaric raving.
Sound the praises of virtue and righteous-
ness, thou learned teacher of religion, but
apart from love thy religion is barren hypoc-
risy. Begin thy labor when the sun rises and
cease not when it sets, thou ambitious soul,
but love not, and thou shalt be a drudge and
slave, but never a genius. Build thy home
on the sanctions of law, and no amount of
legality will prevent it from being divided
against itself. Found it on the divine prin-
ciple of love and all the powers above, below,
cannot rend it asunder. In the sunshine of
love there is enough brightness to make the
darkest cloud reflect the light of the Infinite.
In its power there is sufficient virtue to over-
come any temptation; there is enough force
to surmount any obstacle; there is divinity
enough in it to redeem the world. Oh, Love!
live no longer merely in the mind of God, or
in the brain of a genius, or heart of a philan-
thropist, but come and take up thy millennial
residence in the world in a second advent
of infinite charity and goodness.

The gift of the Christ is the greatest evi-
dence we have that God loves the world.
When priests were exacting oxen and sheep
from the wealthy and doves and pigeons
from the poor to propitiate the Almighty, it
was difficult for even the most pious to see
that God loves the world. When innocent
children were sacrificed, women enslaved and
men burdened, it was quite impossible for
the most godly to conceive of there being any
compassion in the breast of God. But when
Christ came on the earth, lived, and talked

and died, then it dawned on the conscious-
ness of men that there is something in the
heart of the Infinite besides wrath and ven-
geance. We perceive truth when the two-
edged sword of reason separates it cleanly
cut from falsehood. We know the reality
and worth of Christianity when we see it
notly exemplified in a Christian. We know
that God loves the world when we see this
love incarnated in a Jesus Christ.

God has by many signs and tokens indicat-
ed His love for the world, which were not
perceived until the fullness of time, and which
are not appreciated today as much as they
ought to be, but no greater gift did He give
to the world than His son, Jesus Christ.
When we think of His greatness of mind,
His purity of life, His sublime manliness,
His theological heroism, His patient suffering,
His love for the poor and oppressed, then we
are overwhelmed with the conviction that
God never expressed His love in nobler form.
This heresy was a revelation of the love of
God, a redemption of man from moral, phys-
ical and mental slavery; it was a declaration
that He came not to destroy the law, but to
fulfill it; not to overthrow orthodoxy, but to
show that there was more in orthodoxy than
the orthodox ever dreamed there was. He
would stand today beside Briggs, McGiffert,
Hills, Gilbert, and say: "The servant is not
greater than his Lord; they called Me a heretic;
they will call you so. I told the truth and
they called Me a blasphemer because
lies suited their pocketbooks best." He
would stand beside some who profess to be
His ministers and address these priests as
He addressed the Jewish ecclesiastics: "Fools
and hypocrites, blind leaders of the blind,
cherishers of tilth, and destroyers of souls,
ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against
men, for ye neither go in yourselves nor
suffer them that are entering to go in; for a
pretense ye make long prayers; ye compass
sea and land to make one proselyte, and
when he is made ye make him twofold more
the child of hell than yourselves; ye quibble
over theological words and omit the weightier
matters of law, judgment, mercy and faith;
ye give the people gush for you are afraid of
truth; ye feed them with milk, and watered
milk at that, as if I were in the nursery
business; ye preach to fit your place and not
to fit the souls of men; ye know I was cruci-
fied because I spoke the truth; ye profit by
My experience but imitate not My virtue; ye
call yourselves My apostles, but ye repeat
the very faults I assailed; ye talk about sin
but wink at the very sins because of which
I died."

The greatest gift that the love of God ever
gave to the world is the Savior Jesus Christ.
Peerless in His manhood, a giant intellect
and a lion heart in the arena of truth, the
champion of the poor and the defender of
liberty, we might as well take the sun out of
heaven as remove the Christ from human
life.

We do not care how you express His divi-
nity. Let men make a distinction between
deity and divinity, if they can, and let them
establish their distinction if they are able.
Let them puzzle their brains as much as
they have a mind to over the psychical dif-
ficulty of the soul of God and the soul of
man existing simultaneously in one person-
ality. Let them talk and argue and dogma-
tize. We are satisfied that among all the be-
ings that have trod this earth, Christ pre-
eminently deserves the title, Son of God, and
is not burdened with too much honor when
He is called the only begotten Son of God.
We think He knew more about His own di-
vinity than Augustine or Calvin, or any sub-
sequent theologian, and He defended it in this
reasonable manner; to the Jews who accused
Him of blasphemy, He replied: "Is it not
written in your law, 'I said ye are Gods'?"
If He called them gods unto whom the word
of God came (and the scripture cannot be
broken), say ye of Him, whom the Father
sanctified and sent into the world, Thou
blasphemer; because I said, I am the Son
of God?" Let Te Deums and Glorias swell
out in praise of the only begotten Son of
God, let organs peal in His honor, let speech
extol Him; we cannot laud Him beyond His
deserts.

Do we have to beg men to believe in Him?
Is the gospel petitioning for recognition? Is
the Christ on His knees praying for loyalty?
Do we have to force men into the kingdom?
No, we need not use any force, but the ir-
resistible power of His beauty. We do not
have to resort to trickery, chicanery or sub-
terfuge to get recognition for the gospel. It
is not a cheap thing begging for patronage.
We have enough faith in the goodness and
common sense of men to be assured that they
need only hear the truth about Christ to ex-
claim, "Lord, I believe; help Thou my un-
belief." You will believe. You cannot help it.
Every man of intelligence and decency is go-
ing to declare his compassion for the weak
and suffering, his love of truth, his devotion
to physical, moral and mental liberty, and his
loyalty to righteousness. No man is going
to stamp his noble right temple with inde-
cency, and his left with ignorance by declar-
ing or leaving any one to suspect that he
loves lies as well as truth, that he is callous
to human suffering, that he is indifferent

alike to right and wrong, vice and virtue,
that questions of liberty and righteousness
are to him matters immaterial and inconse-
quential. No man will thus slander himself,
but all men will believe in the Christ. A
certain ecclesiastical court the other day de-
clined to take any action in regard to a
prominent clergyman's request to define a
Christian Sabbath. It may have been afraid
to say what a Christian Sabbath is, but we
are not afraid to say what a Christian faith
is. There are many ideas of what it is to be-
lieve in Christ. But in our judgment the es-
sentials of such a belief are summed up in:
Compassion for the weak and suffering, love
of truth, devotion to physical, moral and
mental liberty, and loyalty to righteousness.

In the strong and expressive language of
scripture, disbelief in these things is death,
physical, intellectual and spiritual death. Bel-
ief in them is eternal life.

As in regard to belief, so in regard to its
reward, eternal life, there are various opin-
ions. Some manage to find a few words in
the Bible about it, interpret them literally,
and think of eternal life as a drinking of
milk and eating of honey, a walking on
golden pavements, a seeing the Lord face to
face, a being carried by angels into Abra-
ham's bosom, the linen of which is done up,
we hope, better than some earthly laundries
can do it. But eternal life must necessarily
be a universal, exceedingly broad and in-
finite thing, so we try to conceive of it in
the broadest possible way. Eternal life, in
our judgment, is not merely milk and honey
in the future, but the nourishment of truth,
and the pleasure of sweetness now; not merely
the redemption of Christ's righteous-
ness in the future, but the bliss of His
righteousness in our own hearts now; in the
dingy shop as well as in the eternal city; not
merely Abraham's bosom, but Christ's brain
and heart; not merely seeing God face to
face before the throne, but seeing Him in
nature, which is not merely His footstool,
but His kingdom; not merely a release from
the fires of hell, but freedom in charity, faith
and mercy.

Eternal life! thou spark of divinity in every
human soul, be fanned into a godly flame
whose light shall surpass that of the chere-
him and seraphim, until men shall not say
of the Holy Spirit, "Lo here" or "Lo there,"
but shall plainly see Him in the life of every
man, woman and child!

Further is the world tending; unto this the
ages are evolving; until the end of time men
shall remember the greatest gift of the good-
ness of God and say, "God so loved the
world that He gave His only begotten Son
that whosoever believeth in Him should not
perish, but have eternal life."

Life.

Life is a mystery to the popular mind of
man, and it will never be unraveled until
man is educated, as a whole, towards its solu-
tion.

No one man, nor any one body of men—ex-
cept the whole—can ever unravel the mys-
tery of life, nor enjoy the happiness of the
Elysian fields.

We are all members of one great body, and
unless the whole body is enlightened, no
member of it need ever expect to enjoy per-
fect understanding.

The whole body of man is made up of
twelve distinct parts called "Nations" or the
"Twelve Tribes." These tribes are one of
which we all belong—are constantly warring
against each other through ignorance.

The world is not yet enlightened. It is only
semi-enlightened. It will never be enlight-
ened until each member of each tribe learns
his respective place in the great body of uni-
versal man, and then respects his own place
without envy or jealousy towards those who
belong to the other tribes.

In this condition of harmony, by law of
polarity, the great body of universal man
will attain perfection; knowledge will be uni-
versal; charity will give joy to all, and man
will be in harmony with God.

Prof. Henry.

God dwells in the great movements of the
world, in the great ideas which act in the
human race. Find Him there in the inter-
ests of man. Find Him by sharing in those
interests, by helping all who are striving for
truth, for education, for progress, for liberty
all over the world.—Stephens A. Brooks.

Let the young man have contact with Na-
ture. Give him the advantages of country
life. If he can't love Nature he can't love
anything. If he loves Nature he will love all
good things. His study will lead him, on the
one hand, to the physical sciences, and on the
other to athletics. Woodworth's mind was
formed by contact with Nature.—Nash
Porter.

Let one expect happiness and hold himself
in joyous receptivity. Then shall goodness
descend, and inner energies, and noble power,
and all the untold richness of life be his for
earth and for heaven.—Lillian Whiting.

THE GLORY OF CHILDHOOD.

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God."—Mark, x, 14.

O Childhood, sweet and innocent, and fair,
That seem'st a bud of meditation sent
For us to hear the music shrined in prayer;
To every human soul thou'rt briefly lent!

What depths of purity thine eyes convey
To us, who gaze into thy cloudless calm!
They see, what we do not, the Perfect Day,
And wake in us the "Nunc Dimittis" psalm.

Thy happy smile rests on a few fleet years—
The veritable sanctuary of a life,
That knows no anguish, pain, or bitter tears,
But poises thee above the reach of strife.

O true redeeming angel of each one!
For, when life's evening shadows round us draw,
And bent with age we feel our course is run,
Our faces turn to thine with reverent awe.

Thou'rt like an image wrought of finest gold
Set in a vast Cathedral's altar place,
Whence Faith's transfiguring glories float and fold
With peacefulness each returned worshiping face.

Then 'mid the rapturous music swelling there,
Childhood's pure silver treble far away
Makes of our hearts a treasure-house of prayer
And folds our hands with stronger faith to pray.

O Childhood, hush thy hymn of Heaven and rest!
Kiss all our griefs and fears, till tranquilly
Thy spirit from the Mansions of the Blest
Waves the true music of "Abide with me."

O golden soul-chorus, that the Master's hand
Called from the harp of Childhood that was strung—
By Him alone! Our love can understand
Why His love touched us when our hours were young.

O Thou, Who clasped pure Childhood in Thine arms
Of sheltering peace; and blessing it smiled down
A look of everlasting joy, that charms
All infant life; our lives with blessing crown!

Thy hallowed picture in our hearts shines clear.
The music of Thy Name doth glorify
Our pilgrimage; we hold Thee very dear,
For Childhood's lamp doth show Thy Presence aigh.

Throughout our years a grateful song of praise
To Thee we'll sing, for Thou art inter-twined
Eternally with Childhood's happy days,
In life and death, our lives to Thee we bind!

—Devotion.

Prayer: Its Real Efficacy Viewed in the Light of Spiritual Science.

Inspirational Lecture Delivered in Wellington, New Zealand, by W. J. Colville.

Though it is stoutly maintained in many places that to continue the ancient practice of prayer is to prove oneself out of harmony with the modern scientific spirit, we are thoroughly prepared to negative that assertion in two decided ways: First, by pointing out the idea of prayer is purely scientific in essence. Second, by calling attention to results obtained from the practice of prayer. That prayer has a valid scientific basis, is well known to all who have experimented with it in a spirit of unprejudiced or dispassionate research, and who have therefore not permitted themselves to be misled by pseudo-scientific statements, often mistaken for pure scientific deliverances by those who do not sit assertions or look at subjects from more sides than one.

The well-known teaching contained in the "Sermon on the Mount" regarding prayer, makes conspicuous mention of three distinct acts, called respectively asking, seeking, and knocking; and concerning these acts it is said that all who ask receive, all who seek find, and to all who knock doors are opened to them. Such a doctrine, simply stated, cannot be legitimately questioned as maintaining a partial view of the operation of universal order. Law operates unchangeably, and God is no respecter of persons. It matters very little whether the subject be approached from one side or another, science, philosophy and religion are at root perfectly agreed. As long ago as 1874, when the justly renowned Prof. Tyndall issued his celebrated Belfast Address, the scientific minds of England were in seeming collision with ecclesiastical authorities; and in the days of Bishop Colenso, of South Africa, the Church of England was greatly agitated because of supposed infidelity in its own bosom. It can hardly be said that the storm is yet over; but the concluding quarter of the nineteenth century witnessed numberless attempts, by no means unsuccessful, on the part of scientific Christians—of whom Henry Drummond was a singularly bright example—to prove the unity of the spiritual and the material universe, as that unity had always been maintained by the world's greatest philosophers.

Hermes Trismegistus, in ancient Egypt, taught the Swedenborgian doctrine of Correspondences ages before the time of Swedenborg; and the further we penetrate into the spirit of all ancient holy scriptures, the nearer we shall arrive at the truth enunciated by the eminent Oxford scholar, Max Muller, who has left us the great saying, "Religion is one, but its parts are many." The modern scientist is ready to adopt the immutability of order as a basis for philosophy, and the religiousist ought to be able to endorse the changelessness of Deity.

Our question now resolves itself into how is prayer affected by acknowledging what the Duke of Argyll has called the Reign of Law? The old battle is still being fought over predestination and free human agency, though light is breaking through the crannies as quickly as people are beginning to see that predestination is written in the constitution of every type of vegetable and animal existence, as well as in the nature of humanity; but though every seed brings forth according to its own kind exclusively, there is nothing whatever in the nature of things, or the course of order, to hinder us from learning how to so change the nature of our sowing, that our reaping shall be changed likewise. "Laborer be thou," (to labor to pray) has long been an adopted motto; and, if we reverse it, it is equally true—"Ora est laborare" (to pray is to labor).

Prayer is work, and work is prayer; and just as work can be performed on many planes and in many ways, so can prayer be offered silently and alone, openly and secretly, and it must prove efficacious or otherwise according to its direction and intent. Fate is a word which very few people seem able to employ intelligently; therefore the Fatalist is usually a most depressing philosopher. We can go as far as Calvin in accepting the idea of absolute divine sovereignty, and we can

also agree with the revolt of Universalism against Calvinism on the score of its protest against the Calvinistic misconception of divine character; but for our own part we maintain content with steadfast adherence to the everlasting equity of the fundamental statement, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." "God is not mocked," says the author of the foregoing words; which is only another way of saying that now and always, here and everywhere, the results literally tell us, cause and effect is an unvarying sequence. We cannot gather grapes from thorns, nor figs from thistles; but we can in future gather grapes from grape-vines, and figs from fig-trees, in the very places where naught but briars and brambles formerly grew.

Any prayer, or idea concerning prayer, which presupposes a reversal of natural order, is certainly unscientific; but all such prayer, and ideas concerning prayer, as are in strict accord with faith in the immutability of natural order, cannot be reasonably included in any catalogue of unscientific varieties. When we earnestly desire, and at the same time confidently expect to receive something definite, we are placing ourselves in an attitude of conscious and deliberate receptivity toward that which we desire; and if we so earnestly desire anything that we are ready to put forward a strong mental effort to obtain it, we are surely on the road to bring it to us, or to draw ourselves into its presence.

The only absolutely wise prayer, in many circumstances, is prayer for wisdom, not for things; and in this connection it can never prove difficult to reason out logically the problem of prayer so as to prove its efficacy. Wisdom is specially desired, and at the same time confidently expected to receive something definite, we are placing ourselves in an attitude of conscious and deliberate receptivity toward that which we desire; and if we so earnestly desire anything that we are ready to put forward a strong mental effort to obtain it, we are surely on the road to bring it to us, or to draw ourselves into its presence.

Though we are stalwart advocates of scientific prayer, we must not hesitate to join issue with those who only seek to eradicate false views of prayer when they attack the aberrations of the praying spirit. Wisdom can be obtained by thousands and millions of human beings all over the earth at the same instant, without detracting in the slightest degree from the sum of wisdom available for the enlightenment of all the remaining unenlightened; therefore the true philanthropist, who is a co-operator with the universal, will feel no qualms of conscience when he prays for wisdom, doubting not that he will abundantly receive all he is at present capable of utilizing or containing! Health, strength, happiness, and all virtues and excellencies, without a single exception, are of such a nature that they can be obtained in actual amount by countless multitudes without diminishing by distribution; therefore we should harbor no reluctance to receive the fullest possible measure of all that makes for individual and collective welfare, which can never be mutually antagonistic, but on the contrary everlastingly harmonious.

One of the strangest utterances concerning prayer to be found in the New Testament is the saying, "Believe that you have received that which you ask for." This is only one of many enigmatical sayings which appear contradictory only so long as we take a surface view; for no sooner do we peer below the surface of the language, and behold the great idea is couched, than we find that idea to be in perfect harmony with every known law of nature. We go forth in search of hidden treasure—wealth concealed for unknown ages in the bosom of the planet—and in order to make that treasure ours we set out to work to excavate or unearth it, and in the process we find the surface that which has long awaited the coming of whoever would prove intelligent and industrious enough to bring this secret store out of its ancient hiding-place to the surface of the ground, and there render it available for some definite end of human service.

We are like unto the earth upon which we live; we contain inward possessions which the eye of scientific faith alone has yet discerned; and when, led by the guiding light of such reasonable faith, we set to work to unearth or excavate our hidden treasures, we are truly praying the prayer of faith. Theosophy must either disclose its esoteric verities, or permit itself to sink into oblivion, in this present twentieth century. One of two events must either occur—we must either reconstruct our religious philosophy, or else permit the very word Religion to be laughed to scorn in professedly scientific lecture halls. It is only the flippant arguer who indulges in shallow sarcasm and bitter invective against religious practices; but profound reasoners are not yet in the majority, and the latter school amongst readers of current literature, consequently all truly devout people who have well-placed confidence in the efficacy of prayer should interest themselves in showing how perfectly reasonable it is to engage in a holy practice which modern agnosticism severely calls in question.

The doctrine of prayer which some people seem yet to entertain is wholly indefensible; but untenable beliefs concerning an essential verity are only comparable to barnacles on the sides of a vessel, which certainly form portions of the ship itself, although they are clearly seen attaching to it. The immutability of natural order attests the changelessness of God. Were we confronted with fickleness or caprice on the part of natural law, we should have no valid reason for clinging to the idea of immutable Deity. Those pious persons, therefore, who are fond of saying that God, being all-powerful, can change the order of nature at will, are suggesting a very absurd idea, namely, that the divine will is changeable, and therefore Deity may desire to alter the course of the universe.

Scientists may be uncompromising Theists, but they cannot be Fatalists. There is only one scientific view of Deity, and that is the view taken by every thoughtful student of nature, to the effect that the Intelligent Principle of the Universe is unvarying and invariably the same. When it is known that the laws of the Bible concern spiritual truths in accordance with language exactly descriptive of human experience, the seeming contradictions all disappear. Moses goes into retirement when angry and outraged with a murmuring rebellious people, and in a calm retreat he overcomes his anger, and just so soon as clouds have rolled away from his perception of Deity, he returns to the people with whom he was formerly offended, and tells them that God's anger has been turned away. The wrath of the Almighty having subsided in the belief of Moses, he may actually be advised that God in heaven was angry with a few wayward people on earth, and that, owing to his intercession with the Majesty on high, he had prevented a terrible catastrophe from falling on the host of Israel, whose conductor he had allowed himself to be. It is quite conceivable that a great and good man, who lived more than three thousand years ago,

may have entertained such a belief; but it is far more probable that illumined prophets at all times everywhere have seen much more deeply than that into the order of the universe, and though the records literally tell us that such appears to have been the case, there is unquestionably an esoteric meaning within an esoteric shell.

Judaism has its Kabala, and Christianity its Mysticism, though it must be confessed that the rationalistic leaders of thought during the nineteenth century have not paid much heed or shown much respect to anything other than surface criticism.

Prayer has largely fallen into disrepute in many highly respectable quarters because of its palpable insincerity. In many instances; but, because there has been so much well merited revolt against empty formalism, is no justification for the abolition of a practice which only needs purifying. Family prayer has fallen into disuse in many places where it formerly had its stronghold. But why has this ancient and venerable practice been so recklessly discarded during the past few decades of years?

Two replies suggest themselves to all observers. First, the obvious disinclination of the present generation to keep up a ceremony which, though once thoroughly alive, seemed to have died in the hands of the very doctors who were supposed to keep it. Second, the utterly hysterical belief that hurry is the golden stairway to success in every enterprise. "No time for religious mummeries!" may be a fair statement; but "No time for an elevating religious exercise is a sure sign of mental and nervous derangement. Nervous diseases spring from lack of interior development; and these very disorders, through the operation of the well-known law of reflex action, aggravate and intensify the mental derangements from which neurotic distempers immediately proceed.

To engage in a stereotyped liturgical service, the language of which is often quite foreign to the honest convictions of those who are expected to take part in it, may soon degenerate into a demoralizing act of hypocrisy; but for members of a family to gather around the domestic hearth morning and evening, whenever practicable, and unite in aspiration, which is the key to inspiration, can surely never be an insincere or an unworthy act. Compulsory attendance at college chapel is a mistake, but voluntary attendance thereto is of great service to many a youth and maiden who wishes to start the day right; while a late evening service, of a truly elevating character, is of the greatest help to those who are troubled with broken rest, and desire to enjoy sound repose and awake next morning refreshed from peaceful slumber.

One now on the return journey from our visit to the unsatisfactory abode of scientific materialism; and while we hope some old styles of prayer-meeting are happily defunct, never to be resurrected, those styles are by no means the varieties which have afflicted the modern scientific mind. The illustrious men and women of all ages who have taken great delight in prayer. When Margaret Deland wrote her celebrated novel, "John Ward, Preacher," and attacked therein the gossiping scandal-mongering substitute for prayer which is the disgrace of many a village church, she was certainly not a fanatic. Christians thought it high time, to request William Ewart Gladstone to reply to the "blaspheming" novel; but that venerable statesman, who had vigorously replied to Mrs. Humphrey Ward's unsatisfactory story, "Robert Elsmere," declared that John Ward contained no attack whatever on what he considered as genuine Christianity. No one ever accused Gladstone of irreligion, and no one who knew him even slightly doubted the accuracy of the celebrated summary of his character, "A very proud man, but a very humble Christian." But Gladstone's sterling calibre, could never degenerate into endorsement of sneering accusation of one's neighbors, under pretext of engaging in prayer for their souls' well-being.

There is probably an ever-increasing multitude of thoughtful people in these days who will admit the possible efficacy of silent and secret prayer, who still object to public perfunctory religious exercises, and especially to the recitation of printed prayers at stated intervals; but, though much can be said on both sides of the question, the contrary evidence in its most modern aspects by no means sides entirely with those who seek to abolish all public and established forms of religious ceremony. Let it once for all be understood that our prayers are never intended to alter God, or change the order of the universe, and a proper objection is at once annihilated.

We gather together in one accord in one place to generate a psychic atmosphere which should prove beneficial to the whole congregation; and everybody knows how stimulating it often is to enter a full church or synagogue, where the order of the service, in which a service may be most beautifully conducted often exerts a depressing influence upon the sensitive visitor. We are naturally gregarious in our instincts, and because we are so we feel helped by assembling ourselves together with mutual intent. It is a mistake to suppose that the highest human development is attainable along a single coldly intellectual line. Many people are greatly helped by the Latin and Greek services of the Roman and Russian churches, who would not receive anything like the same amount of spiritual uplift if they intellectually explained to themselves every passage in the liturgy and every feature of the ritual. Visitors to synagogues on great occasions, when the ancient service is rendered in the original Hebrew, quite an unknown tongue to the average stranger within the gates, are afterwards truly benefited by the psychic atmosphere of the consecrated building when filled with earnest congregants.

Dogmas vary, definitions change, but the spirit of aspiration is the same everywhere; and it is usually when we get beyond theological calm and rest into the restless calm of devout contemplation, that our inward vision opens, and we see God in some measure face to face; or, in other words, we become sufficiently illumined to enable us to take an entirely new and altogether bright and hopeful view of a once sadly depressing situation. "Pray the ladder Jacob saw," is one of Montgomery's finest lines, and we can all sympathize with the deep insight displayed in the oft-quoted stanza,

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed—
That trembles in the breast.

The well-known instances of Muller and his orphanages, supported by prayer, at Bristol, and of Dr. Barnardo and his Homes for Working Boys, also supported by prayer, in London, have challenged the attention of the world. Entirely apart from any conventional theological interpretation of such remarkable phenomena, is there a scientific explanation; and if there is, what relation does it bear to physical research? It is a momentous query. We have decided that it is untenable to suppose that the laws of nature, or the laws of the law of nature, become our next inquiry, "God helps those who help themselves," is a time-honored adage which clearly means that, though we receive aid continually from the Supreme Being, we receive that aid through our own co-operation therewith, as surely as we receive

more light and air into our dwellings when windows and ventilators are opened than when they are closed or non-existent in our apartments. "Make channels for the streams of grace, that they may freely run," is the good beginning of a truly earnest hymn which tells us later on that if we cease to provide the channels through which grace flows to us, the very fountains of grace seem to us to be dried up; and so they do, for so they must. We have always to make connections with a main, to connect pipes with a reservoir, and to work out whatever we wish to have ready to our hands for use.

Muller, Barnardo, and many other faithful men of prayer, have not permitted themselves to doubt that the supply is always equal to the demand—and so it is—but we do not always set necessary machinery in motion to bring the two together. "Use not vain repetitions," is indeed a salutary counsel; but we need good readers for great counsels, or the accent is so entirely misplaced that the meaning of a precept is perverted. It is on the adjective "vain" rather than on the noun "repetitions," that stress needs to be laid; for every student knows that persistent iteration and reiteration is often necessary to bring out the meaning of a sentence so as to impress it and unveil its interior import. In the practice of suggestion, with intent to heal, it is always necessary to repeat a word a great many times, so as to feel intensely within yourself, and to feel the other to feel it also, on whose behalf you are repeating it.

There is an enormous and most vital difference between the prayer of faith and the prayer of doubt, though both may be clothed in a single verbal garment. When we pray with faith, we are confidently ready to affirm our affirmations; we are unlocking sublimated treasure-houses whose contents are by that means called forth into existent actuality; but when we pray a doubtful prayer we are like the Baal worshippers of old, who were void of all confidence in their limited and chaotic divinity, and content to awaken him out of sleep or summon him from afar by hysterical importunities. Calm, resolute assurance is the essence of success; without it prayers are frantic ebullitions of a doubtful spirit; and though it would be going too far to say that such are entirely worthless, they are of very doubtful nature.

Desire united with Fervent Expectation is only another name for the prayer of faith—a name which does not offend the sensibilities of agnostics, for whom we must always respectfully cater without watering conviction or denying our religion. There are thousands of benevolent people in the world at this moment, earnestly endeavoring to do good, and any good work which inspires them with confidence in its efficiency. No one who seeks to do permanent good to his fellows cares very much about ephemeral movements, and all movements are essentially ephemeral which are engineered or offered by people who have no confidence in the stability of their own undertakings. No matter where or what an enterprise may be, if it has the seeds of permanent endurance in it, it must embody the qualities known as faith and aspiration. Whatever current of thought we get into, and flow in, carries us steadily onward, and more and more the grade of influx which belongs to the psychic circle in which we are revolving.

Emerson's essay on "Circles" throws much light on this intricate and fascinating problem. John Burroughs, in his very popular book concerning the stability of the restful lines, "Serve Me I fold my hands and wait," enquires very pertinently, "For what avails this eager pace?" and then he confidently affirms, "The friends I seek are seeking me," and "All my own will see my face." The old notion of prayer is not embodied in these wealthy lines; but the true concept of faithful prayer could hardly be better stated. Though many ardent metaphysicians of the modern school are husters and busters, with fast watches in their pockets, fast clocks on their mantelpieces, and "Hurry-up!" on their fevered tongues, such people are utterly incompetent to act as teachers and leaders, except in a few cases where the malady of drowsiness or apathy may need to be overcome. Rest is the great need of the present age; and it is most conducive to restful activity to cultivate a spirit of confident dependence upon the Infinite. All-God. Haste is always a sign of weakness. Hurry never betokens strength; and had prayer no other merit than that of contracting undue haste in thought and practice, it would be a boon of priceless value to a hurry-stricken age.

We are greatly in need of philosophic calm, of sure deliberation, the greatest of all the lessons we need to learn is to be sure we are going along the right road before we undertake to travel along any path at all. An earnest, faithful prayer at night, before falling asleep, often disposes the mind to the reception of illumination during sleep, when otherwise trouble, or broken rest, would have ensued. When we are careful enough about anything to pray steadily for it, we are setting occult machinery in motion to bring it to pass; but true prayer never dictates ways and means, and never presumptuously and exclusively suggests how an event should or probably must take place. We give our students everywhere the following concise directions in connection with instruction concerning prayer, in our lessons on psychic healing.

1. Let us bear in mind that we are living in an orderly, well-regulated universe, in the order of which we cannot ever interfere, and should never seek to interfere; therefore our rightful aspiration is for added light; never should we seek to accomplish the unnatural, and concerning the strictly supernatural, may honestly confess our ignorance.

2. Never lay pray for anything which includes conflict between divers interests, but seek only to see our own duties clearly and do them faithfully.

3. Always let us remember that reciprocity is the law of life; that we are co-operating entities sustaining interdependent mutual relationships, consequently the good of one enhances the well-being of all, likewise the welfare of all includes the health of each.

4. Let us never seek to discover at the outset through what channels those blessings will flow to us which we need to embody in our work, but confidently expect the right means to be employed to convey to us whatever will conduce to the most efficient performance of our mission.

Immeasurable truth is condensed in the familiar words of one of Saunkey's popular hymns:

In some way or other the Lord will provide;
It may not be my way, it may not be thy way—
But yet in his own way the Lord will provide.

The prayer of faith opens our spiritual vision to behold in due season the special steps we need to take—always one by one—to reach the goal of ultimate attainment of our highest hopes. Whenever an undertaking is commenced in full assurance of faith that it is a righteous project, we should hold ourselves ready to await the coming of all the assistance necessary to its entirely successful conduct.

The longer I live the more I see
Of the struggle of souls to the heights above,
The stronger this truth comes home to me;
That the universe rests on the shoulders of love—
A love so limitless, deep and broad
That men have named it and call it God.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Arcana Caelestia—Heavenly Secrets.

WALTER SCOTT HASKELL.

CHAPTER IV.

(Continued from July 12.)

From the broad deck we watched with momentary interest the fast fading landscape of the intermedial planet, and when the view was lost in the distant azure, we turned to contemplate the luminous suns and planets that shone with sparkling luster in the upper heavens.

Then the social spirit caused us to gather in little groups, and to talk and laugh in pleasant anticipation. Presently the piping of reeds set the spirit of merriment afloat, and when some of the younger passengers indulged in singing and dancing, it opened the way to closer intercourse, and I found myself in friendly conversation with those who were before strangers to me. We chose our companions because we were attracted, and dispensed with all society obligations that might have forced us into uncongenial company. I was particularly attracted to a friend of my sister, a young lady about her own age, and she was not averse to my presence. She was of a fair type, with clear cut features and large luminous blue eyes with soulful depths. I found it inspiring just to gaze into those liquid orbs. She accepted my arm for a promenade, and her touch thrilled me. After a few turns about the deck, we sought a quiet nook in the stern where the dancers' footsteps were drowned by an intervening partition.

"Do you remember much of your earth life, Miss Donn-r?" I asked as the conversation led up to the point.

"Yes indeed," she answered frankly, "its attraction has kept me in the intermedial zone for long years, and my soul rejoices that it is at last free to seek the higher planes."

"I consider myself fortunate that I have passed the doctor's preparatory examination," I remarked with a growing feeling of extreme satisfaction.

"And I am more than fortunate," she returned.

"How is that?" I asked, intuitively feeling that she had something in the way of explanation that she wished to tell me.

"Why," she continued, "I was so held by earth memories that it was impossible for me to think of higher things. I really wished to go back to earth, until—"

She hesitated so long that I looked into her partially averted face, and was curious to note signs of confusion. She continued, however, with:

"Until your dear sister told me of your coming. Of course you will think it strange, but when I tell you that you have unknowingly been the means of my broadening and elevating my mind to a greater extent than I can tell, you will begin to understand why your coming was of interest to me. Perhaps this will explain more than my words," and, producing pencil and paper, she wrote in Isaac Pitman's shorthand: "Zora Donn-r, French Lake, Michigan."

Then it all came to me. The shorthand correspondence club, and the interesting member who expressed such piquant decided views of life in her occasional notes to me, and my own philosophical and often cutting replies.

"Why, my dear friend!" I cried in rapture, "I'm delighted to meet you personally; and to think that my optimistic views should have had anything to do with it, is flattering in the least."

"You know I would not flatter you," she returned. "I only acknowledge the truth when I say that your ideas, and way of expressing them, had the potency to open a new channel in my thought, and eventually by thinking upon your line of reasoning, to raise me from a state of rank materialism to a belief in future states. Do you wonder that I wished to return to earth and the correspondence club?"

"This is indeed a wonderful experience of ours," I returned, "and I am sure the fates must have brought us together to be of assistance to each other, for, surely, I profited as much by your practical suggestions as you have from my ideas of life. I remember that the receipt of one of your shorthand notes would invariably start me into a line of suggested thought that always brought out a hidden point, and engendered a new line of reasoning that was ever beneficial to me."

At this moment my attention was called hurriedly that the Commander was making some important disclosures concerning our voyage. We went quickly forward and saw the doctor on the raised deck in the act of speaking. His kind, yet firm voice rolled from his lips in startling clearness and distinctness, as though some news that something had gone amiss.

"Dear brothers and sisters," he said, "I regret to inform you that an unforeseen circumstance has caused us to deviate from our course, and we are being drawn under the powerful influence of Gehenna, a planet inhabited by the most primitive human beings with scarcely a ray of spiritual sunshine to illumine their dark minds. Though a place of comparative happiness to them, the conditions would so militate against any of us, that we could not possibly survive for a single instant. I must, therefore, in a normal state. We would most likely lose consciousness for lack of spiritual sustenance and, in a state of abnormal excitement of the subconscious motor energies, conduct ourselves in a wild and ungovernable manner. All thought would be automatic, and the elevated observers we should appear as a band of violent lunatics whose presence was a menace to them."

What a picture of chaos to present to half a hundred happy souls en route to ultra paradise! I felt stunned, stupefied. "How did it happen?" some one asked.

The doctor remained silent for a moment and then said: "I suspect it is solely due to my over zeal in attempting to take so many young souls to the better conditions. I erred in my judgment during my hasty examination of applicants and over-rated their spirituality. My own spiritual strength is insufficient to counteract the lower influences. We must either turn back or go to Gehenna, unless—"

"At that moment a bright light shot athwart the bow of the Asayor, and the doctor cried: "Thank the holy light. It is one of the gods come to our assistance! We are safe! Glory be to his name!"

The ship was immediately enveloped in a soft, radiant light, imparting an influence that strangely awed and soothed us. No one thought of frivolous enjoyment. Our souls were stirred to deeper sensations. Minds were illumined and pictures of long forgotten lives suddenly rested like bright mosaics on memory's page. I recalled with vivid distinctness, personal experiences in other, and vastly dissimilar, bodies. I could speak many languages, both ancient and modern. I had lived in many climes, and gathered a supply of data that could be drawn upon as from a mighty thought reservoir. My present personality was a mere bauble compared to my real self. Oh, what joy to know that once, a hundred times greater than imagination has pictured in its most egotistical moments.

While in the very act of self congratulation, the details of the varied past suddenly faded from my memory, leaving only the dim generalities, and I felt as might a flower when robbed of its petals. The cause was soon noted in the absence of the revivifying light. The beneficent being who had come to

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Editorial Notes.

Digotry is an own brother to Ignorance, and, being possessed of rather more than a modicum of intelligence, is able to utilize his brother's great strength in carrying out the base designs of his own craftiness. By force of will, he works upon the credulity of Ignorance, and brings to his aid all of the wickedness possessed by that giant in his endeavors to overawe mankind. Digotry delights in forcing the children of men to accept his own views, and deliberately plans to deprive every person of happiness who presumes to question his authority. He is happiest when he has made some sufferer believe that Heaven is lost to him because of his failure to accept the teachings of this crafty knave as the only open sesame to the Kingdom of Truth. Digotry has always stood at the western gateway of man's life and has ever interposed his misshapen form between the golden sunshine of the western hills of life, and the sorrowing souls of men, seeking thus to becloud their pathway, and to turn them away from the joys of life to come. Digotry took his position at the gateway through which men took their exits from earth life many centuries ago, when priestcraft and theology first made their influence known to mankind. Spiritualism has come as the David who is to slay this imposing Goliath of evil, as he stands blocking the avenues of progress, with the stones of pure love, of honesty, and of spirituality.

What majesty there is in the repose of the human form from which the angel Azrael has set the spirit free! No sculptured marble, no speaking canvas portrays one-half the regal beauty of the human form divine as is shown in the stately calm, the sublime sleep that man calls death. The face is at rest, while about the lips hovers the sacred impress of a smile. Perhaps the inner-eyes of the sleeper caught a glimpse of the radiant beauty of the realm of the soul world, as the spirit plumed itself for its final flight, and threw back upon the mobile face the impress of a smile. Perhaps the soul, in joy at its release, set a sign of heavenly peace upon that placid form, and made the features speak of the wondrous glories of the land beyond the sunshine, through the tender smile that is the rainbow bridge over the dark and gloomy grave for all who mourn the departure of their loved. In the perfect rest of that sleeping form is revealed the sublime truth that the energizing force of life has at last permitted pain, care, weariness, and distress to cease their persecutions of the instrument that has so long been its servant. Beautiful, statu-

esque, majestic, awe-inspiring is the human body when resting in the sleep of seeming death. But the Soul, the real man, has entered into its inheritance in the realm supernatural and has left its impress of approval, its signet-ring of beauty, upon its machine, as it went forth in its celestial flight. In beautifying the body, it painted a realistic picture of the yet more wondrous beauty of realm where the Soul forever abides, thus bidding earth's mourning children to remember that the Substance wanes never, 'tis only the Shadow that recedes.

Superstition is the soul's arch-enemy masquerading in the guise of a friend. He is also a brother to Ignorance and Bigotry, and embodies in his person the worst elements in the lives of the other two. He long ago took his stand at the eastern entrance to human life, and has there cast the shadow of Fear, like a sombre mantle, over all souls entering into the arena of life. He terrorizes children in their cradles with weird tales of witchery, and enchantment; he blights the star-rays of truth and affection in minds of youth with his whispered words of danger and despair; he saps the citadel of intelligence upon the hill-crest of maturity by means of suspicion, distrust and slander. Fear is his body servant, who works his malicious will, and aids his diabolical brothers in their base attempts to poison and embitter human life. He stands facing the oncoming sun of the new day, and, with a fateful spell, casts over the radiant morning his black mantle of despair. The innocent and helpless are his first victims, and he delights in fiendish glee in witnessing their agonies. Through Fear, Doubt, Distrust and Suspicion, he works his terrible will, and fills the whole earth with the ashes of despair. His presence dries up the fountains of affection, quenches forever the rich juices of the heart, strikes a dagger into the vitals of love, and denies to all the blessing of the golden sunshine of life. Spiritualism has come to wrest from man his wand of power, and to take his place at the gates of dawn in the growing east, not as a destroyer, not as a revengeful ruffian, but as the builder of the temple of the Soul, the lover of all mankind.

"If a man thinketh himself something when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself." This Bible saying contains a great truth that must sooner or later be accepted by all of the children of men. Self-respect is essential to success in every undertaking in life, but there is a vast difference between self-love and true self-respect. The former exalts the individual in his own estimation until he fancies that his are the only talents in all of the human family that are worthy of recognition. He deceives himself with this phantasy until he makes an utter failure of life and its opportunities. Self-respect develops the best in the soul nature of the individual by teaching him to seek for the corresponding good in the lives of his fellowmen. He thinks of others first, and seeks to promote their welfare rather than to further his own personal aims. He thinks of self last and thereby makes something of himself, while he who thinks of self first loses the priceless jewel of soul-growth that was within his grasp when he turned away to serve himself. When men and women honestly respect the talents with which their souls endowed them, there will be far less repining for the possession of talents bestowed upon others. It is better that a man should become a good farmer, if he is talented in that direction, than it would be to spoil his life by trying to fashion him into an orator. Housewifery is a talent of a high order of merit, and a woman who can develop that talent to its highest excellence is making more of her life than she would be were she to endeavor to become a mediocre musician. Let men and women make the most of their talents and opportunities in life, and they will cease to be deceived, or misled, by the false lights of their selfish and unworthy ambitions.

Dr. F. E. Abbott says that religion is man's effort to perfect himself. That is a helpful thought and when closely analyzed will be found to contain many rare gems of truth. Religion leads man to seek for knowledge of his own soul, and in that seeking he grows in spiritual power, in wisdom, and in beauty. As glimpses are given him of the real life of the soul, he is unconsciously filled with a desire to become like unto that soul in his daily living. He is thereby led to reach out after that which is good, true and beautiful, and thus purifies the physical temple through which the child of his soul is manifesting. By degrees he perfects it and its spiritual counterpart until he is worthy to enter upon his soul-inheritance in the land beyond the cloud-rift. Living right, doing right, pure thinking, true speaking, noble acting are the methods by which he climbs upward toward his soul. Such a man is truly religious, even though his voice is never lifted in prayer, or his mind occupied by the reading of bibles, tracts and sermons. True religion is helpful service for others through which alone can man grow toward the perfection of the Soul.

Spiritualism, through its phenomena and its inexorable logic, has proved that man survives the change called death. Having survived the grave, it leads man to think of his future destiny, and teaches him the steps by which he can find his soul. Spirit return does not prove the Soul's immortality; it simply demonstrates that the spirit-man can and does exist beyond the tomb. Immortality is only demonstrable to the individual through his having become conscious of his existence through all of the eternities. He may argue learnedly about immortality, but he can never realize it until he rises into the fulness of Infinite Life. This is unattainable save by approximation. Man can apprehend but not comprehend Infinity; therefore he can apprehend his own immortality. It is a common error among Spiritualists to speak of Spiritualism as having offered the world substantial proof of the immortality of the soul. As a matter of fact, it has only given approximate evidence thereof, through the revelation of life beyond the tomb. By reasoning upon the facts of life, man is led to see that all

things in nature are indestructible, hence even the infinitesimal particles of life are destined to an eternal existence. Our phenomena challenge the attention of men to the facts of existence, and open the door to the spiral stairway that leads to the realm of eternal life, via, the Soul-Self of the real man.

"It lies around us like a cloud,
The world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be."
Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

This stanza is an appropriate answer to the question, Where is the spirit world? Many men of the highest intelligence, so far as knowledge of books goes, assert that the home of the soul is far away, somewhere beyond the stars. Many Spiritualists picture it as the exact counterpart of all that is beautiful on earth, where they can enjoy all of the pleasures, and encounter none of the agonies that belong to mortal life. Springing fountains, soft flowing rivers, sparkling lakes, shaded walks, resplendent gardens, magnificent trees, wonderful flowers, elegant homes, and beautiful garments are conceived to be portions of their inheritances in the realm of the spirit. By locating the spirit world so far away, and by conceiving it to be so material in its nature, the children of men lose sight of its ever impinging nearness to them in their daily lives. It can be seen only with the eye of the soul, and cognized solely through the senses of the soul. It is spiritual, not material, soulful not sensual in character, and does not therefore appeal to the physical senses for recognition. When man opens his soul eyes, he will perceive the world of souls round about him here and now, and the dreamed of heaven of the future will then become a grand reality in his daily living.

"The look of sympathy, the gentle word
Spoken so low that only angels heard,
The secret art of pure self-sacrifice,
Unseen by men, but marked by angels' eyes,
These are not lost."

"The sacred music of a tender strain
Wringing from a poet's heart by grief and pain,
And chanted timidly, with doubt and fear,
To busy crowds who scarcely pause to hear,
It is not lost."

"The silent tears that fall at dead of night
Over soiled robes which once were pure and white;
The prayers that rise like incense from the soul,
Longing for power to make it clean and whole,
These are not lost."

"The happy dreams that gladdened all our youth,
When dreams had less of self and more of truth;
The childlike faith, so tranquil and so sweet,
Which sat like Mary at the Master's feet,
These are not lost."

"The kindly plans devised for others' good,
So seldom guessed, so little understood;
The quiet, steadfast love that strove to win
Some wanderer from the woful ways of sin,
These are not lost."

"Not lost, O Lord! for in thy city bright
Our eyes shall see the past by clearer light;
And things long hidden from our gaze below
Thou wilt reveal, and we shall surely know
They were not lost."
Sarah Doudlerly.

"The star that sets shall rise again, but the star that falls to earth shall rise no more forever."
Theodore Tilton.

Ernest S. Green of San Francisco, Calif., has taken leave of earth at the early age of six and thirty years. Mr. Green was well known as a writer in spiritualistic circles, but for the past five years has been devoting himself exclusively to astrology. He was a Spiritualist from conviction, and an outspoken opponent of fraud, sham and chicanery of all kinds. He was at one time the editor of a Spiritualist journal in San Diego, which was later consolidated with one of the publications in San Francisco. This, in its turn, was consolidated with the Philosophical Journal, to the staff of which Mr. Green was for a time attached. He was also interested in other publications pertaining to occult science, but did not succeed in establishing any of them upon a permanent basis. Mr. Green was a ready writer, and wielded a vigorous as well as sharply pointed pen. He was a native of Minnesota, but removed to the Pacific coast about ten years ago in search of health. He has now found the eternal health of the world of souls and entered upon immortal inheritance. I have known him for some years, and had learned to prize his many noble traits of character as indicative of what the real man would be when freed from the limitations of the body. Peace to his memory.

Two other workers in the spiritual vineyard have recently taken leave of earth in the persons of Dr. Dumont C. Duke and Mrs. Carrie Fuller Weatherford. The former was a magnetic and spiritual healer of no little power, and wrought much good to his fellowmen through the instrumentality of his medical powers. He was a pioneer worker for Spiritualism, and was never at a loss for a reason for the faith that was in him. Mrs. Weatherford was one of the platform workers for the "good Cause," and was well known throughout the Middle West, to which section she largely confined her labors. She has long been an invalid, caused by the ravages of a cancer, and her sufferings were beyond the power of words to describe. No doubt transition to her was a most welcome release from all of her agonies. She had fought a good fight, and had no fear of the change that she knew was inevitable for her. The sincere sympathy of the Banner of Light and all of its patrons is extended to the relatives and families of the above named ascended workers in their sorrow.

No. 1, Vol. I, of an excellent little magazine entitled "The Essence" is at hand. It is edited by James Arthur Edgerton and Grace M. Brown, and is published at 1754 Champa St., Denver, Colo. The initial number is filled from cover to cover with excellent reading matter that appeals directly to the soul-consciousness of every reader. Such a pub-

lication will surely find a royal welcome at the hands of the reading public, and will assuredly do a vast amount of good. The Banner of Light extends the right hand of fellowship to this new member of the literary family, and wishes it a long and prosperous life. Indeed, its career cannot be otherwise than meritorious with such a highly gifted editor-in-chief as J. A. Edgerton behind it. He is the poet-prophet of the new age and has already sung the songs of hope into millions of sorrowing hearts. May his magazine be to the people of America all and more than his poems have been in past years.

The sincere sympathy of her thousands of friends will go out to the well-known medium, Miss Margaret Gault, in her recent bereavement—the transition of her venerable mother. The departure of the loved one has cast a shadow of gloom over all of her household, yet it is a blessed release to her spirit. She was blind to all things earthly for a score of years, and welcome indeed to her enfranchised spirit must have been the glorious light of the realm of the soul. It is hard to part with the loved ones of earth, but the reunion in higher spheres brings compensation to all who thus suffer. May the loving angels bring the balm of healing to all in this stricken household.

It is with sincere pleasure that the Banner is able to report that Mrs. May S. Pepper, the distinguished psychic, is more than holding her own with her broken arm. She expects to fill all of her summer engagements from this time, provided no new complications set in to keep her from doing so. She certainly possesses great power of will to rise above such excruciating pain as she is now enduring, and give utterance to the many helpful thoughts that she pours forth in her lectures. Her guides are able to come very closely to her at such times, and by their loving influence aid her in surmounting her pain. Mrs. Pepper is not only one of our best and most reliable mediums, but she is also a speaker of rare ability. May she long be spared to do loyal service to the Cause of Truth.

Beginning with the July number, "The Lyceum Banner," of London, Eng., hitherto edited and published by J. J. and Miss Florence Morse, will be under the control of Mr. Alfred Kitson as editor and publisher. The Banner is the official organ of the British Spiritualists' Lyceum Union, and has made an enviable record for itself in this great field of human endeavor. Mr. and Miss Morse have labored with singleness of heart for the Lyceum movement, and have made their Banner an exponent of the most progressive thought pertaining to that important branch of our movement. Their successor, Mr. Alfred Kitson, is too well known as a Lyceum worker to require an introduction to the Spiritualists of the world. His labors have covered the period of many years, during which the instruction of the children in the principles of Spiritualism has been his sole object. The Lyceum Banner has fallen into good hands, and Bro. Kitson can be depended upon to maintain the same high standard of excellence that has hitherto characterized the contents of the magazine.

This reference to Mr. and Miss Morse recalls to mind the fact that my esteemed friend and beloved brother has sailed for Australia and New Zealand, accompanied by his good wife and talented daughter. The Morse trio are to remain in the Antipodes two or three years, where they will be constantly at work in the interest of Spiritualism. The thousands of American friends of these gifted workers unite in wishing them health, strength and prosperity in their new field of labor. Mr. Morse is a speaker whose fame is world-wide, but that fame has been honestly earned and justly represents the great ability of his inspirers and his own superior powers. He and his family were tendered a farewell reception on the eve of their departure from London, by the representative Spiritualists of the realm, an extended account of which appears in a recent issue of the Banner's valued exchange, "Light." Bro. Morse and family richly deserve all of the many good things said of them on that occasion, and I take pleasure in adding my voice to the universal acclaim accorded them on that memorable evening. Bon voyage to them to and from the Southwestern world, and every good and perfect gift be theirs while there they stay.

We are glad to hear that Onset is to have the benefit of the mediumistic service of Mrs. Nettie Merrow of Maine, who has such an excellent record at the Maine camps and is most favorably known by the editor. She contributes her talent as test medium to the V. S. U. program Saturday.

A thought is the wireless message of soul to soul. Your neighbor's welfare is affected by your kind or unkind criticism of him. When we deal with subtle and far reaching forces of this kind, then religion, which enjoins charity, is brought to the forefront as the most important factor in human life. If you would be at your best you must love your neighbor, for your thought of him will either lift him up or trip him to a fall. The whole trend and swing of the universe bid a man be honest, just and gentle, for we are so bound together that nobility in one kindles nobility in all, and one man's hurt is an injury to all. Since we are marching, one great company, from time to eternity, let us go as brothers, with a kindly word and a helping hand whenever opportunity offers.—Rev. George H. Hepworth.

A rich mind will cast over the humblest home a radiance of beauty and wholesomeness which an upholsterer or a decorator can never equal. Emerson says: "There is no beautifier of complexion, form or behavior like the wish to scatter joy, and not pain, around us."

Universal.

Even W. D. Howells, the "realist," has thought about it—this Spiritualism of ours. It has evidently become a reality to him judging from the conclusions he draws in a story called "The Fourth-of-July Boy," which appears in the July 5th edition of Harper's Weekly. Two boys spend the day on a neighboring farm with another playmate. Several times a fourth boy joins them in their play, but disappears as soon as they spy or try to catch him. First one and then another sees him—not near enough to distinguish his features, but all agree that he "looks smiling-like and as if he wanted to play." He seems too shy, however, to accept their shouted invitation.

That evening a lonely mother joins the two families on their doorstep, saying she was going to watch the fireworks a few minutes for her lost Wilfred's sake—because she knew wherever he was he had rather be there spending the Fourth with the boys. When she went away "Frank" told about that boy who had fooled them so all day.

And that reminds me: When in the hospital recently, my nurse, on discovering that I was a Spiritualist, said: "I don't know anything about it, but—" You will find there is always that "but" if you look for it. "We live in Nova Scotia, and my sister was sick in a Boston hospital. We were putting my little brother to bed one night, when he pointed suddenly to the door and cried, 'Oh mother, there's Mary!' We told him that 'couldn't be, for she was a long way off.' But she's right there in the door," he persisted. Fifteen minutes later we received a telegram that she was dead."

When on ship-board some time ago, I was talking with a gentleman from Canada to whom the word Spiritualism was strange and almost unheard of. "I wonder if this occurrence comes under that head," he said:

"I have a boy nine years old. His grandmother is very fond of him and indulges him more than is for his best good, always shielding him from punishment whenever possible. One day he broke a handsome globe that I had brought from foreign parts. It was a piece of carelessness and his mother chastised him. The following day she received a letter from her mother in which she wrote, 'I heard a crash in your house, and I feel as if Fred has broken something. I enclose five dollars to replace it, and please don't punish him.'"

"At another time I injured my foot, when away from home, so severely that it laid me up several days. I did not write my wife, thinking it would worry her unnecessarily; but the night before my arrival she dreamed it, and told the maid to prepare for me, as I was coming home that day lame and sick."

Speaking of that ship recalls an amusing occurrence of the return trip. An Episcopal clergyman was on board and held service Sunday morning. While the passengers were from various parts of the states and several other countries, the majority took part in the service. I remarked it to a gentleman from Montreal as being rather curious. He looked at me in a startled way and explained: "I think most well bred people are Episcopalians, don't you?"

M. C. B.

Special Notice.

The campaigning season is now opening and it is the purpose of the Banner of Light to keep its readers posted with regard to all important items of news at the various resorts where Spiritualism has a bearing. In order to do equal and exact justice to all camps, our correspondents are hereby requested to omit all excerpts from lectures in their reports. We want the news fresh and crisp each week direct from the camps. We will gladly publish an occasional lecture in full, believing the interests of both speakers and readers will be subserved thereby, rather than by quotations taken at random from different addresses. All camp correspondents will kindly note our request and govern themselves accordingly.

New England Spiritualists, Read This!!!

The Tenth Annual Convention of the Spiritualists of the United States and Canada will be held in Berkeley Hall, Boston, Mass., Oct. 21-24, 1902, S. E. 55. This is the first visit of the National Spiritualists Association to New England, and this fact alone requires special recognition at the hands of the Spiritualists of this section. The hall is to be furnished the N. S. A. free of cost to that organization, and all Spiritualists residing in New England and other points in the Eastern States are requested to make special contributions to the fund to provide for the hall and decorations for the same. Two hundred dollars are needed for the object stated, of which thirty dollars are already in sight. New England Spiritualists, will you have this national gathering in your midst, and not make the visitors feel that they are welcome? This we can do by providing the hall, the music and hall decorations. The music is already assured and now for the hall and decoration fund. Let the donations flow in at once. Send the same to J. B. Hatch, Jr., 74 Sydney St., Boston, Mass. Remember that one hundred seventy dollars are yet needed.

Only one thing exceeds the loss—the love. That lives on, affording me such new experiences as make me understand the growth of a religion better than ever before.—George S. Merriam.

The highest nobility is natural or divine, and may belong to him who walks barefooted in rags; but he who is without it, though clad in purple and gold, remains base and ignoble.—Bartholomew Algino.

For there is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness in work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works.—Carlyle.

Stray Notes from Onset.

Sunday, July 13.—A more beautiful day never dawned at this camp. The meeting was held in the Auditorium and a large audience was in attendance, larger than usual, but not as large as it would have been had the power that controlled the electric system not given out early in the morning, disappointing many that wished to attend from Fall River, Middleboro and New Bedford. The New Bedford boat brought a large crowd of people, arriving just as the meeting commenced. The meeting was opened by Chairman Geo. A. Fuller, M. D., who gave a brief address of welcome.

Mr. A. J. Maxham, Onset's sweet singer, was received with great applause; after a song by Mr. Maxham, Dr. Fuller took for his subject, "Mediumship; Its Relationship to Spiritualism," and gave one of his best lectures. Report of same will appear later. Mrs. C. Fannie Allen of Stoneham was the speaker in the afternoon and received, on being introduced, an ovation. Mrs. E. M. Webster of Lynn followed Mrs. Allen with spirit reading.

The Middleboro Band gave three fine concerts. There were many thousands of people upon the grounds. President J. Q. A. Whittemore is due to arrive in camp Monday, July 14, for the season. Clerk Howard arrived today and occupied a seat upon the platform. The afternoon audience was large.

Every train, electric car and boat bring newcomers looking for board and rooms. There are some fine rooms to let upon the grounds.

Mr. Wm. H. Paige, for many years in charge of the property of the Association, passed to spirit life during the past week. Mr. Paige will be missed by all Onset campers, as he was always ready to aid everyone.

Another veteran at Onset passed to higher life during the week, that will be missed by the old campers—Mr. Benjamin F. Bourne.

Father Lyons was greatly missed in his accustomed seat at the meeting.

Mrs. Webster gave a tea service in the Arcade Sunday evening before a good sized audience.

Next Sunday Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes will be the speaker in the morning; J. Frank Baxter in the afternoon.

A reception was given to your correspondent and family by Mr. and Mrs. Simon Butterfield at their cottage, and an enjoyable evening was spent.

In order to know all that is going on at the camp you should read the Banner of Light. You can subscribe for it at the book store; at Headquarters there is also a full line of spiritual books on sale. Don't fail to pay the book store a visit.—Hatch.

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 Castor's.

Yours respectfully,
Jas. H. Taylor.

See Mrs. Severance's "ad" on our seventh page.

Lily Dale, N. Y.

Lily Dale Association opened the grounds to the Spiritualists and the liberal thinkers of the United States with a conference meeting. Every cult is represented by prominent speakers and workers during the six weeks' campaign.

Mr. A. A. Gaston, T. J. Skidmore and their assistants have left nothing undone to make it pleasant for the visitors.

July 11 was Conference day. Introduction and welcome by the president, A. A. Gaston, T. J. Skidmore, Rev. T. J. Skidmore, A. B. Richmond, Rev. T. J. Skidmore. The prominent speaker of the day was Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, the well-known author. She gave us something good and lasting. Her theme was, "Losing Ground While Searching for Stars."

Friday evening, 8 p. m., informal reception at the Grand Hotel. Everybody invited.

Saturday, July 12, 9.20 a. m., band concert, 10.30, orchestra concert in the Auditorium, Conference; 2.30 p. m., lecture, "Deeds and Creeds," Rev. Moses Hull; 8 p. m., dance in the Auditorium.

Sunday, July 13, 9.20 a. m., band concert in park; 10.30, orchestra concert in Auditorium; 10.30, lecture, "Across the World I Speak to Thee," Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing; 2.30, "Nature's Divine Revelations," Moses Hull.

The social life is by no means less attractive—boating, fishing and bathing, excursions, parties. There is an excellent library filled with the latest works. The investigator who is anxious to learn of the unseen world will have every opportunity. One of the banquets occasions will be Woman's day, set aside by the late Marion Skidmore.

Rev. Anna Shaw, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, Rev. Moses Hull, Prof. J. Clegg Wright, Rev. Henry Frank, Prof. Wm. M. Lockwood, Chicago; Miss Lizzie Harlow, Massachusetts; Mrs. Cora L. Y. Richmond, Chicago; Mrs. Clara Watson, Jamestown, N. Y.; Lyman C. Howe, Haverhill, Mass.; Mrs. Loe E. Prior, California; Mrs. Chas. B. Patterson, editor "Arena" and "Mind," New York City; Mrs. Grace Orr, Ohio; Mr. Harrison D. Barrett, editor Banner of Light and president National Spiritualist Association, Boston, Mass.; W. J. Colville, London, Eng.; Mr. Thos. Grimshaw, St. Louis, Mo., are among the prominent speakers during the season.—Correspondent.

St. Vitus' Dance.

To the Editor of "The Courier":

Sir:—With your permission I wish to say something about the cause and cure of this troublesome disease. We ascertain the cause in every case to be the congestion of the spleen and dyspepsia. The patient should avoid hot and butter, salt meat, cake and pastry, cocoa, lollies, cabbage, carrots, Scotch broth, and stew. Tea should not be taken more than twice a day, and never at dinner time. When milk is used it should be mixed two parts of milk and one part of water, and not too much of it. No raw apples should be eaten; very little, if any, jam; and not much sugar. Meat may be taken once a day, cauliflower, haricot beans; but not much potato. Stewed fruits are good. At tea time a good wholesome dish is barley boiled in water for two or three hours, nothing strained off, cooked until liquid evaporates, may be eaten with stewed fruit. The bread may be brown for preference. Magnesium by some good healer is useful. We do this every night; in other cases every second night—all done in the distance. We never failed in curing this disease where instructions are followed. The time for cure being fixed in each case, and may take from four or five weeks to six or seven months. The above diet might have to be modified, as each case is somewhat different. We give no medicine of any kind. If constipated, take prunes, dates, and figs. A more active treatment will be found in Dr. Combs' "Guide to Health," by which we cured a very bad case of ten years' standing. A boy of 16 years old was cured in one month. For those who may not be in a position to see the "Guide to Health," here is the remedy: Take century bog-bean, Barbary bark, and Columbia root, of each half an ounce; valerian root and burdock seeds, a quarter of an ounce each. Boil the whole in one quart of water; strain it, and add half-

teaspoonful of cayenne pepper. For bowels, take rhubarb, gum myrror, cascarella, and cayenne, of each one drachm; when powdered fine add gum arabic in liquid form, in order to give the mass a proper consistency. Divide into fifty pills. Take two or three of these pills at night with four tablespoonfuls of the decoction during the day. Apply also the vapor bath, and a hot brick to the feet at night. Yours, etc., B. B. Mitchell.

—From Ballarat (Australia) Courier.

Reminiscences of the Hague Conference.

An Address Delivered by Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader at the Anniversary of the Hague Peace Conference, held in Philadelphia, May 17.

Little did I think two years ago, when it was my happy privilege to be in the Hague at the time of the Peace Conference, that I should have the pleasure of addressing this meeting. How well I remember that time! I was in England; I went to sleep in England; in the morning I was in Delft; that wonderful little place where the water-mills are; where the women are so happy and the men so contented; and so I went my way to the Hague. We had all heard of the Peace Conference, and no American tourist thought that year of skipping the Hague. We had the pleasure of a personal introduction to Mr. White, and were honored by an invitation to join the Americans celebrating the 4th of July at Delft.

That Peace Conference was a wonderful gathering! With the card of admission given me by Hon. Andrew D. White I visited the "House in the Woods" and saw the hall, the famous hall, every inch of space was decorated with beautiful paintings, there were twenty-six nations represented, Baron De Staal at the head; our own ambassador, Andrew D. White, held the post of vice-president of honor. It was just a year after the war with Spain, and yet the Spanish delegation was quartered right next to the representatives. Our own delegation consisted of Andrew D. White, Capt. Mahan, Capt. Crozier, Frederick R. Coulter and Seth Low.

During the three weeks I spent at the Hague, I became exceedingly interested in the various men of the Peace Conference. There were the Turk, the Chinaman, the representative of every nation in our harmonious gathering; for what?—to hasten the day when our differences will be settled by arbitration instead of war. Did they succeed? They made a step. As Andrew White said, little did Grotius think the founder of international law that the seeds sown in his book "The Law of War and Peace," published in 1625, would result in this event of 1900.

The representatives of the American government decided to celebrate the 4th of July. I am an American; I love my country very dearly; but never did I so proudly feel so proud to have the honor of bearing its flag on my breast as I was in the Newkirk in Delft. With one accord, the representatives of every nation stood up to do honor to the American flag and sang "America" and "The Star Spangled Banner." No words could express would make you feel the emotion that thrilled us all; for every American from far and near that could be in that gathering was there. The choir of six hundred voices sang the national hymn of the Netherlands, followed by our own anthem. It was a day never to be forgotten.

Mr. White has been a disciple of Grotius. He has in every visit abroad visited his shrine, which is in the town of Delft, a little distance from the Hague; and there we were invited. They had prepared a beautiful wreath of gold and silver. The American delegates of the conference and all visitors went in carriages and were received at Newkirk by the members of our embassy and the Dutch government. How simple our ambassadors seemed in their garments of black beside the uniforms of the other nations of the world! It was old to see them surrounded by all the brilliant uniforms; yet there they were, just as simple American gentlemen always are, with the exception of our military men; Capt. Mahan and Capt. Crozier were in full regimentals. As the wonderful robes of the organ pealed, Hugo de Groot in rapt admiration; never had "America" sounded so sweet to me. Seth Low was one of the speakers; and during the session Baron De Kilt, who was the representative of the King of Sweden and Norway, received a telegram expressing gratitude for the services that Grotius had rendered. Hugo de Groot as the Dutch lore to call him, was their great man; he was remembered; it was his day; because he was the founder of international law.

I can do no better than to repeat to you some of the words of our own ambassador at that occasion. They are implanted in my mind and though I cannot give them to you with his eloquence, I assure you I feel them just as deeply as he did.

He said, "From the tomb of Grotius I bring a message to this Peace Conference; as my book was born out of the horrors of the 80 years' war, so this conference that is in session today will sow the seeds that will bring about international arbitration; and, turning to the statue of William of Orange beside him, he said, 'if you listen, you can almost hear him speak to us a prophecy from his tomb—Go on with your work; heed not the sneers of the cynics; mind not the pessimists; be brave, be true; you have the responsibility and others are coming after you and they will take up your work until it will be carried forward to fruition.' This," he said, "is the place that we should acknowledge, as delegates of the Peace Conference, our gratitude to the man who made it possible that this conference should take place. We as Americans should come to Delft to celebrate this day, because just in Delft have sailed the few pilgrims on the Mayflower that came to America so many years ago; and it is fitting that we today return and express our gratitude to him."

What a thrilling peroration he did give at that time! Oh, if you could go back with me, if you could feel the spirit of peace that was everywhere there, you, too, would be thrilled as I am at this moment, and as I have been ever since when I realize that we must have no more war. We, the women, have as much to do in this peace movement as the men. It is not the men alone who are patriots; we should strike against our husbands, our fathers and our sons, going forth to be mercilessly killed and leaving our children orphans, our wives widows.

Let us hope that this conference today, this second anniversary, will so thrill us with the spirit of peace that we shall plead with our husbands, with our fathers, with our lovers and our sons—they make the laws—to work for peace; and the peace that we have heard the Rabbi speak about today; the peace that the prophet Isaiah has said will come, will surely come.

Let us work for it!

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.

Letter from Galveston, Texas.

To the Readers of the Banner of Light:

Since calling your attention to "The Progressive Lyceum," a paper to be published for Lyceum work and to contain "Life Studies" of our good, faithful workers, not a few letters of encouragement and promise of support have been received. Not a sufficient number of subscriptions, however, are guaranteed to justify the publication, so I come to you through the columns of our valuable Banner of Light, asking for the names of all who will subscribe; especially do I want to hear from the Lyceum conductors over the country as to how many copies they can use. All is in readiness for publication and we hope for the guarantee subscription list by September 1st; no money is wanted until the first issue is delivered, only the promise of subscription or a number of copies for your Lyceum.

Remember that the Reward of Merit Cards bearing the photo and sayings of Andrew Jackson Davis are ready at one cent each. Please let me hear from you in regard to this all-important subject; the Lyceum movement must not be neglected any longer. Reliable publishers have this matter in charge and when it once starts there will be no doubt as to its continuance. Calls have come from almost every State in the Union since the notice made just a few weeks since, and the movement is certain to fill the long-felt want of a suitable supply of matter for the Lyceum work.

Do not delay, but send in your name or the names of several in your community at once.

I am always,
John W. Ring,
Spiritualist Temple, Galveston, Texas.

Waverley Home.

July 13. The good that mediums do at our meetings here, should be known as well as other incidents. I will write in brief of just one case where a soul was made happy. A middle aged lady appeared in the meeting, a stranger to all. Care and mental anguish were portrayed in her pale face. One of the mediums present was drawn to her and gave her words of hope and comfort. The dimming light of hope thus entered the soul of this poor woman, who had just recovered from a critical surgical operation and was told that she was to go through the ordeal again, and the reason she came to our meeting was to learn if any hope could be held out to her. I am pleased to say that her own loved ones in spirit gave her the comforting assurance that she would not have to go through the ordeal again, and also gave her directions as to the care of her health. In gratitude for the comfort she had received through the medium, this poor woman said:

"Friends, I thank my heavenly Father for guiding my footsteps here. My heart is light and my fears are gone for the first time in many weeks; my thoughts are peaceful, my soul is comforted. For many days sleep has been denied to me, but thanks to God, the angel world, and to the loving mind which is at peace, and when I lay me down at night I know that I shall rest in peace."

Friends, this is some of the good that mediums do.

The mediums and speakers that assisted today were Mr. Richard J. Snow, Mr. Jackson, Mrs. A. J. Scott, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Cutter, Mrs. Tracy.

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Dr. E. A. Smith.

The long time President of the Vermont State Spiritualist Association and Queen City Park Camp, has suffered a relapse and is again dangerously ill at his home in Brandon, Vt. Dr. Smith has been long in the harness of a worker for Spiritualism, and has faithfully defended its sublime truths to the utmost of his ability. He has been a great sufferer for the past year, and it would seem as if his tortured frame could stand but little more. His life may yet be saved, and to that end we ask all friends of the Cause to send him their thoughts of sympathy and good will, freighted with the balm of healing that shall soon restore him to health and strength.

Prof. J. J. Watson.

This gifted worker for the Cause of Truth is seriously ill at his home 180 Columbus Ave., Boston, where he has been confined for nearly three months. Spiritualism never had a more willing worker, nor loyal defender than J. J. Watson. He is one of Nature's noblemen, and deserves well at the hands of every Spiritualist in the world. We call upon his thousands of friends in all quarters of the globe to unite with us in sending thoughts of healing to our afflicted brother. May he speedily regain his health and carry many years in the term to continue his faithful service for the Cause he loves so well.

The V. S. U.

The Veteran Spiritualists' Union will hold exercises at Onset, Saturday afternoon, July 19. We have not seen the program for this occasion, but we understand it is to have the care that will whatever the present officers of this determined society undertake to do.

The Banner's report of the event will be made by its local representative and appear in due time.

We hope the constant effort of the active officers of the Union will be recognized by a generous welcome, such as Onset knows well how to give.

What cheer it would give to President Symonds to find, waiting his arrival at Onset for this occasion, a few enclosures for the Sinking Fund of the Union from those who cannot be present at the meeting. We imagine he will take care that those who attend will see their duty, unless they wear insulated jackets.

Special Ordination Service.

On Sunday, July 6, at the regular afternoon meeting of the St. Louis Progressive Union, in Howard Hall, Mrs. Carolyn Morgan and Mrs. Florence L. Padman were ordained ministers of the gospel of Spiritualism, the Rev. W. F. Peck of the First Church of Spiritual Union officiating. Both have been mediums many years, and Mrs. Padman is president of the Progressive Union. The attendance was large and included members of the two oldest organizations in the city.

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"A Happy Medium." Fifty-two letters to the Banner of Light. Leatherette binding, covers and gold. 128 pages. In cloth, 32mo, pp. 24. Price \$1.00. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

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SPIRIT Message Department.

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

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

These circles are not public.

To Our Readers.

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

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

Report of Seances held June 19, 1902, S. E. E.

Invocation.

In trust and confidence we come into this little circle this morning, and would bring the blessing and peace of spiritual life. Into the midst of earth-stained conditions we would bring the purity and whiteness of the life that is a true and sweet reality. To the hearts that mourn, to the souls that seek, we would send the message of love and good-will, of courage and of hope. By the uniting of our power, by the co-operation of effort of those in the body and out, we look for the gradual unfolding, for the glory of growth that may come to all the world, and so from out this centre of co-operative force, of co-operative love, we would send a gleam wherever it may be needed, and may we grow very strong in our effort this morning to see clearly, to speak wisely, and to direct lovingly. May no thought of discord, inhumanity, of feeling, come to us at this time, but with sweetest hope for union everywhere, may we go further with the work. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Henry Coburn, Adams, Mass.

The first spirit that comes to me this morning is a man about fifty-five years old. He is short and stout, with full gray hair and gray hair, brown eyes, and is very quick and energetic in his manner. The first thing he says to me is: "My name is Henry Coburn, and I want to send a message to Alice. I used to live in Adams, Mass., and my wife is there now. I want very much to have her understand that I can come to her. She believes in an indifferent sort of a way, but I would like her to take it specifically and make some effort to get into direct communication with me. I'd like to say that I am happy that I am working and that I have met our many friends, but it would be a source of great joy to me to get into more definite communication with her."

William Hill, Houston, Texas, to George Heinke and David Cranston.

I see an old man either seventy-five or seventy-six years old. He has a smooth face, piercing black eyes, and quite heavy hair. His name is William Hill; he used to live in Houston, Texas. He says: "God bless me, but this is a funny experience, standing here trying to give evidence of my own identity so far away from home," and then he laughs. I think he will do the best I can. He is in the earth life, because it seems to strike him so funny that he is so far away, with no friends, and trying to identify himself. He continues: "It is almost worse than being in a strange city without funds, because then one could telegraph to their friends; but never mind, I will do the best I can. I was in the gravel business. I have a man that I want to send this message to, by the name of George Heinke. He would be very glad to have me drop in and have a chat with him, the way I used to, and perhaps he will believe what I say or tell what I used to say about insurance now. I'd like also to have David Cranston know that I can see some of his capers a good deal better than he thinks I can, and if I had the power I should see that some of them were stopped, but as it is I just have to sit back and wonder that those nearest him in earth life don't see and stop them. I am much obliged to you folks for giving me this chance."

Nellie Ellis, Hadley Falls, Mass.

The spirit of a girl about sixteen years old is here. She has blue eyes, dark brown hair, very fair, pale skin, a full sensitive mouth, and is quite a large girl for her age. She is full of life, strength, vigor, and it seems that in this condition she slipped right out into spirit suddenly. She started over to me with a most serious, earnest manner, and says: "Oh, it is so hard when life looks so bright and there are so many things to live for, to go to the spirit, and while I didn't know that I was going to die, I always had a certain fear of leaving those I loved and going into another life. My grandmother, Sarah, is with me; she says to please tell my mother for her that she will take all the care of me that she can, and indeed she has, for I found everything ready for me and everything has been done for me as much as if I had been her child instead of her grandchild. My name is Nellie Ellis and I used to live in Hadley Falls, Mass. I have many friends there now, school friends and people that I was interested in. I used to go to the Methodist Sunday School, and it seems very funny to me to find all kinds of people over here, when I had an idea that we would all go to heaven and find only the very best people there. I suppose it is good for me to go first and send back this word to some of my friends; maybe it will help them to understand. Thank you."

Lena Gaston, Milwaukee.

The next spirit that comes to me is a woman about thirty years old. She is rather tall and slim, and very dark. Her name is Lena Gaston. She says: "It is such an effort for me to come that I hardly know how to say what I want to. I have been striving long to get into this circle and send a message to my father, whose name is Joseph. I used to live in Milwaukee. I passed out from that place. Dear me, it seems as though I have been over here for ages, and yet I know it has not been such a long time. I can't seem to get settled until I find that the people I have left know about me. There are so good many things that I would like to say that it is impossible for me to give in this public way, and my particular thought is at this time to send word to my people and have them go to some medium and let me come and say what I want to. I think

you for giving me this opportunity and I wish I could improve it better. Thank you."

Rodney Burns, Baltimore, Md.

The spirit of a tall, slim, very fair boy about twenty-four years old comes to me. His hair is sandy; he has a light sandy mustache, and he comes up to me in such a pathetic way and says: "Please don't tell all my weaknesses. I'd like to have them all covered up with the love I feel for the people that I want to go to. My name is Rodney Burns; I come from Baltimore, Md. I am so anxious to send word to my mother and my sister, who need to get it more than I can tell you. My mother's name is Ellen and my sister's is Grace. I did myself day after day beside them and unhappy because I am unable to speak to them. Everything is so black in the house, all dark, dark. It is not a bit as it used to be when I was there. I do wish they would open it up, especially the room where I used to be. I should feel so much more at home. If there could only know that it hurts me to see everything as if I were really and truly dead and gone away from them forever. I am sure they would make an effort to bring a brighter condition in the home. I want to say that I believe Arthur is doing all he can; they had better trust him and help him, and I will try to help from this side. I want to tell them so much about what I have over here. The little baby brother is with me, and my dog—my dog that I lost before I came. All the friends that I used to hear mother talk about came to meet me one and then another, adding in from some message from her, and I wish she could know about it. I send my love to them both. Thank you."

Clara Venzel, Schenectady, N. Y.

I see a woman about forty years old. She is medium height, not very stout, has dark eyes, brown hair with just a little of the gray mixed in it, and the first thing that she says when I greet her is: "Hello, Clara." It seems so good just to be able to say a word. My name is Clara Venzel and I want to go to Charles; he is a Schenectady man. She laughs and then says: "We moved there from Vermont. I always had an idea that we would go back, but nothing ever went back but my body. I am now going back doesn't keep me there, for I am almost always with my Charles. If he could know it, he would be happier. As it is, he tries to be as brave as he can, and tries to think that I am all right somewhere waiting for him. I am all right and I am somewhere, and I am waiting for him. I would like to tell him I could talk with him if he would only give me a chance. It seems too bad that we people over here in the spirit have to make all the effort, hunt up our people and go to public circles and anywhere where we can get a chance to send word to them. We have to bury all our pride and independence and go searching for those we love, and oftentimes they don't even respond to our appeal. Will you please say to Charles that to make him sure that I know about him I will tell him that I was with him last Wednesday night, and I am very much disappointed at the result of the interview. Thank you."

To George Carter, Nashua, N. H.

Here is a spirit of a woman about thirty years old. She is just as pretty as a picture, as pale as she can be, rather delicate looking, and oh, she looks as though she might have looked like a spirit long before she came over here. She comes gracefully into my presence and says: "Here I am, and I must stand for the message that I desire to give. First of all, I want to say it is to George Carter of Nashua, N. H. I am Nellie and I am happy because I am sure now that nothing can ever take me where I can't see him. I didn't want to, because I didn't want to go away from him, and now that I am sure I can stay where I can see him as long as I want to, that there is no law except the law of love governing us in this life, oh, it makes me so happy, because I know my love will last through all time and I shall be able to get to him whenever I please. I would like to write a word myself, if it were possible, and tell him that I appreciate everything he did. It seemed as though so many things were done for my comfort and to give me strength, and yet I couldn't get a hold to live. The baby is with me, and I feel sorry at first that he couldn't have it, but afterwards it seemed much better that I should have it to take care of and keep for him. Mama comes with me, too, and she says to tell George that she thanks him for all he did and knows that there was nothing left undone. Oh, isn't it good to be able to find myself sending the word and to know that he will be so happy to get it? Thank you."

Eugene Crafts, Boston, Mass.

The next one that comes is a man about twenty-eight years old, tall and big, a very fine looking man, with dark brown hair, blue eyes, and a very independent manner. He was an inveterate smoker when he was here, for instantly when he comes into these conditions it seems that he wants to smoke again. His name is Eugene Crafts, and he says: "I am a Boston man, and I have been very much interested in a medium whose name I won't give at this time, but who, I am sure, will understand me. I bring an Indian guide and several of the Indian spirits who would be in the spiritual band. They bring healing and strength and I would like more than I can tell you to express their interest in this medium, whom I would like to see. My message to her would be: 'Don't be discouraged, and don't feel that the end has come. There is a future for you, even though the one you have depended on has passed away. The old bravery and the old trust in your spiritual forces will bring you where you belong.' Thank you."

William Hodges, Duluth, Minn.

A spirit by the name of William Hodges comes; he belongs in Duluth. He says: "I feel like saying hi-bop-bop-bop for I am more or less of a patriot and interested in the old flag. I like to add truth to truth and independence to independence and strength to strength, and so to the material conditions that speak for those things. I add the same in the spirit and say God speed my people. They know about this. It is not a secret and it is only with joy that I come back and tell them that I am marching on."

To Mrs. Edna Fields, Portland, Me.

There is one more spirit, a little girl about nine years old. She has long hair down to her waist, dark brown in color, with pink ribbons on it, and when she turns her little round face to me I see that her eyes are as big and brown as they can be. She puts her hand out to mine and says: "Will you tell my mama, whose name is Mrs. Edna Fields, that I am trying to come into her home? My name is Gertrude; my aunt Jennie comes with me and says she will help me whenever I want to come. I lived in Portland, Me., and I went away from my mother and father with scarlet fever. Thank you."

Susie Green, Dorchester, Mass.

Then there comes another spirit of a woman about forty years old. She is stout, fair and a beautiful spirit shining through her face. She says: "I am afraid that I have come a little late to say all I want to, but I would

like to say that my name is Susie Green; I come from Dorchester; I want to go to Henry and tell him to do what he can to help his physical condition. If he doesn't he will be sorry. Tell him, too, that I can see him and I know what he is doing. I desire more than all else to keep him well, because he is needed right where he is. Thank you."

Passed to Spirit Life.

From 45 Fountain St., Worcester, June 12. Dr. Frank Brooks, aged 62 years, passed to spirit life. The home of Dr. Brooks was in Marlboro, Mass., but he had an office in Worcester twenty-one years, and at the above address nineteen years. The culmination of the disease from which he had been suffering for several months, came in the place where he had so long and effectively labored as a clairvoyant and magnetic physician. His great suffering was patiently borne, and the releasing angel came as he was being supported in the arms of his faithful companion. He enlisted in the U. S. Service as private in Co. I, 46th Regiment, Mass. Volunteer Infantry, Sept. 17, 1862. For nine months this was known as the Cadet Regiment, and on November 5 embarked in the steamer Mississippi, and reached Beaufort, N. C., November 15, then proceeded to Newberne and was assigned to Col. Amory's Brigade. Dec. 11, set forth upon the Goldsboro expedition, and participated in the Battle of Kingston, N. C., Dec. 14, 1862. He was here wounded in the right thigh and right wrist, and was discharged by reason of disability on account of these wounds and malaria March 2, 1863. So reads the honorable war record of one who loved his country and served his fellowmen. Dr. Brooks was a true and a steady guide, and he had by his kindly courtesy and devotion to the Cause of Spiritualism endeavored himself to a large circle of friends. He will be remembered as a helpful element in several of the New England camp-meetings. The funeral took place from 45 Fountain St., Worcester, June 13, attended by relatives and friends, a large number of the Worcester G. A. R. Post and Comrades from Post in Marlboro. In fulfillment of a promise of long standing, the writer officiated at the funeral. A trio sang "Nearer My God to Thee," and a service from Marlboro, consisting of two very pathetic war songs. The floral tributes were numerous and beautiful. The body was conveyed to Arlington for interment. "So one by one the old familiar faces fade." Juliette Yeaw.

On Monday, June 23, near midnight, thus also completing fifty-seven years of mortal life, there passed to spirit existence from her residence in Upham terrace, Malden, Mary E. Wellington, the wife of Isaac G. Wellington, a most lovable, charitable and noble woman. She left the husband and two married sons, between all of whom and herself was a most mutual devotion. She was a spiritualist, and one who was respected by all for her true character, and honored on every hand for her sincere, though independent expressions of her soul convictions. The writer, who had known her for many years, and who had attended her on July 3, and only trusts he rendered efficient service by his words spoken, and the lessons he sought to convey. J. Frank Baxter.

Passed to the higher life from Worcester, Mass., June 23, Juliette Spaulding, after suffering many weeks at the City Hospital. She had been a public medium for many years, and since her demise, I have heard many exclaim, "She helped me so much in my sorrow and trials." As she requested, Dr. Harris, with the writer, officiated at the funeral at Curtis Chapel, Harriet W. Hildreth.

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SIX

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

"We are spirits here and now," is a statement that is often made and is a very familiar one to Spiritualists, though others to whom it is new do not quite know what to make of it.

What is a spirit, and in what sense are we spirits now? No clear answer can be made to this question unless we comprehend ourselves as being primarily and innately souls, manifesting to other souls through one or the other of our two bodies.

"God is spirit," in King James' translation of the Bible, should read, "God is Soul"; as that gives the underlying thought of the original. We may, however, say that "God is a Spirit," if we mean to imply that God the Infinite Soul is clothed, or manifested, by the material and bounded universes. Pope, who is always clear, and used words that would convey his meaning exactly, spoke of God as being the Soul, and nature his body.

We speak here in the flesh of men, women and children. When we see clairvoyantly what is going on in the spirit world, we see spirits, and in that state spirits cognize each other as such. They do not see each other's souls directly; they see the manifestation of their souls in their spiritual bodies.

We see men and women every day here. It is their flesh bodies that we see. By a tie by they pass out of these bodies, and we see these beings no more with the eyes of flesh, for of course the body of clay from which the soul has departed cannot be deemed a man or a woman.

The four elements of its earthly frame, and if it were soul alone without a body, never, never again could it be seen. Of course eyes of flesh could not see it, and neither could it be seen by the eyes of spirits. But this soul, incarnate here and now, has on making the transition to spirit life, and as this form can be seen by those similarly circumstanced, they call him a spirit, in the same way and for the same reason that he was called a man here and now. The reason is that here, his fleshly form is seen; while there his spiritual form is seen.

That the soul has this spiritual form while here in the flesh was clearly stated in the Taittiriya Upanishad many, many ages ago, and Paul alludes to the same in the fifteenth chapter of his first letter to the Corinthians. The Upanishad says that all the bodies of an individual soul are of the same form. Paul says nothing on this point, but even though clairvoyants did not see these spirit forms, and testify that they have the same general appearance as when they were in the flesh, we should still believe that spirits are recognizable on the ground, that their forms are similar to what they were in maturity on the earth on the simple ground that it would be natural that there should be a general similarity between the different forms of the same individual. Spirit does not look like matter, somewhat as he used to look here, whom, pray, would it be natural that he should look like?

But as Paul did not touch on this point, the Christian world has been left in a darkness which did not overshadow those who were instructed by the Vedic literature. Hundreds of sermons have been preached on the subject, "Shall we know our friends in Heaven?" while the exaggerated worship of the Nazarene led the extremists in the Jesus cult to believe that love for him will be there so absorbing as to cause all others to be forgotten.

It is the soul that is individual, and not its bodies or forms. The soul comes as an individual out of the Infinite Soul, and builds from existing materials such forms as will express that individuality. It is hampered on

the earth plane in the fleshly body by the density of the material, by hereditary conditions, and by influences with universal law. Hence we see idiots, cripples and the like. But the spiritual body, made of more plastic material, lends itself more readily to the expression of the soul. An idiot may have a lovely spiritual body, but the slant of the cranium prevents his soul from expressing itself adequately in the form of flesh. That soul will be freed by and by.

The soul is individual, which literally means indivisible. The soul cannot be disintegrated. One part does not stay in the spirit world, while another part of it is posing as an individual on the earth plane. The soul is one and indivisible. A soul from the Infinite Soul, it takes its root here as a new personal being, expresses itself as best it can on the earth plane, then frees itself from the limitations of that plane, forever spurs the thought of being again "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd" therein, goes on, forever on, higher, forever higher, towards God, "the basis of all Being," the security of all Law, the vital force of all Life."

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,

Abby A. Judson.

Arlington, N. J.

Change of Front in Modern Methods of Education.

CALVIN M. WOODWARD.

Professor of Mathematics Washington University, St. Louis; Founder of St. Louis Manual Training School.

Dr. Samuel Johnson considered education as useful to the "embellishments of life." In his day very few were educated at all, and those few for society or public service. The modern method of education, we are supposed to need no education, and while discussing details, educators and scholars took no thought of what we call the common people.

How wonderfully conditions have changed, both as to the curriculum and as to the constancy of education. It is interesting to picture, in fancy, the bewilderment of a Sam Johnson in the learned circles of this scientific and industrial age.

Imagine him attempting to join in the discussions of our British and American Associations for the Advancement of Science, in our educational councils, or in the halls of exchange, where the active minds of our generation do most congenitally.

From the days of John Milton, in 1603, to the end of the eighteenth century, university training culminated in a preparation for the professions of law, medicine and theology, and in the training of the nobility for the duties and responsibilities of government and elegant society.

But when alchemy developed into chemistry; when physics became experimental science; when Leibnitz and Newton elaborated the infinitesimal calculus; when Watts invented an efficient steam engine; when Fulton built a successful steamboat; when Stephenson devised the locomotive and constructed a road with smooth rails; and finally when Siemens and Gramme produced the electric motor and the electric light, the electric material were opened for study and research.

Mathematical analysis and the principle of mechanics, which had previously been devoted to the problems of physical astronomy, were now directed to the study of the transformation of energy, the theory of electricity, and the phenomena of electricity. The theory of evolution gave a new meaning to all vital phenomena, and the doctrine of the conservation of energy permeated all study of motion and force.

It has taken many centuries for the world to discover that the great forces of nature are neither sacred nor profane, neither kind nor cruel; that they neither love nor hate, and that they are more unchangeable than the stars; that shrines and temples, priests and priestesses, tripods and oracles, have no more to do with them than they have with the human heart and satisfied its natural craving for the worship of the Superior Being.

Instead of building a temple to the far-distant Apollo or to Zeus, the Thunderer, we have built a network of telegraph and artificial lightning; and all the winds that blow and all the waters that flow are made to furnish their tribute to our comfort and pleasure.

We tap the sources of endless energy and transmit it through all the ramifications of our modern machinery, making for us heavy burdens and creating hundreds of occupations hitherto unknown.

In turning from an inherited scheme of education which faced backward, which concerned itself largely with the thought, the deed and the action of the past, and in proclaiming the universal need, as well as the universal opportunity, of education, we must not fail to preserve the dignity and the nobility of our educational standards. In spite of frequent assumptions to the contrary, modern education is becoming more and more "liberal."

The defenders of the Johnsonian programs delight in the use of unworthy epithets with which to characterize the tendency of modern education; they plead for "humanities" as though anything human is foreign to our curriculum. What is more human than human life as we see it and as we share in it? What problems can be more human than those which face nine out of ten of the people who reach the age of individual responsibility?

It has been said that we are considering the many and not the few, when we draw up our schemes of study and training. As wealth increases, as the hours of labor become shorter, as luxuries multiply, and a taste for literature and art and science becomes general, the number of students requiring such preparation of higher education greatly increases. The number of such students today per million of people has doubled several times in fifty years.

It is, therefore, not surprising that there should arise, in the minds of many less familiar with the content and the method of a modern technical university, a fear that the standards of character as well as the standards of scholarship should suffer, and, in being less select, that the content of education should be at the same time less fine. Whether this fear be well grounded or not, we must all sympathize with its spirit. We can have no quarrel with those who wish the first fruit of education to be character.

A recent reviewer said that mathematics and electricity are becoming less valuable for general education on account of their increasing usefulness in technical pursuits.

The maximum of educational value (he held) appertains to a sort of knowledge which falls short of such a mastery as makes it useful. Of course, I accept such statements. That man's notion of a liberal education is not yours nor mine.

The list of liberal branches of study is ever increasing. For four years Harvard compelled me to give one-sixth of my time to Greek and one-fourth to Latin; today one may go through Harvard and take his degree without giving one moment to either Greek or Latin while in Cambridge. The same thing is true at many universities.

Are we, therefore, less liberal than formerly? Can we not answer that we are more liberal? People now read Demosthenes and Quintilian and Horace, analytic geometry, physics, thermodynamics and the like, because they wish to be familiar with those authors or to master those subjects, not because they are compelled by a traditional

canon. Does any one suppose that there is not a decided gain in the quality of the result?

In spite of the old claim of pre-eminent liberality, the old college curriculum, when examined historically, is found to have been adapted for reasons of utility. People learned Latin because they wanted to use Latin. All books and state papers were written in Latin, and one needed to both read it and write it, as we must English prose.

The physician must read Galen in the original; the clergyman needed the Greek Testament; the lawyer must read the Institutes of Justinian, and the man of leisure and the orator must be able to quote Aristotle and Homer, Virgil and Horace. The first American colleges were organized for the training of clergymen. Every feature of the course was directly useful to the end in view.

It is easy to see the source of a widespread prejudice against technical training. The history of civilization has been the history of masters and slaves, of castes, of contempt for labor and for all useful arts.

Every one of the technical professions had its beginning in the crafts, and the present technical expert and engineer had as a prototype a man in overalls, with horny hands and a soiled face, who presided over some engineering which was not authorized by the ancients and which at best was generally regarded as ungentle. Milton planned Memnon, the first ante-tellurian engineer, among the fallen angels, and sent him

"With his industrious crew to build in hell."

The engineer is by nature an iconoclast. He has small respect for the traditions. He bows not down to the "tyranny of the ancients." His glories are in the future. He looks forward, not back. He does not hesitate to smile at the puerile fancies of people who created a tradition, and then order to account for phenomena which today submit to mathematical analysis and which bear no comparison with the exploits of modern engineering.

I do not at all assume that we have yet discovered the true system of universal secondary education. The manual training high school with its opportunities for training and culture along many lines, industrial, commercial, civic, artistic and literary, seems to come near the ideal, but no scheme of American education is complete without a careful study of the duties and responsibilities of citizenship. The tramp, like the political leech, assumes that the world owes him a living; the good citizen knows that he owes it to the State to earn his own living, to support his family and to contribute his share to the necessary expenses of the commonwealth.

Here the youth must learn how the city, State and nation are respectively organized and what their proper functions are; and when he is a man he must to the extent of his ability see to it that those functions are placed in the hands of the people, who are both capable and honest. The corrupting influence of a politician who fosters selfishness in his neighborhood, that he and his neighbors may profit at the expense of other neighborhoods, must be counteracted by a generous education which shall cultivate a love of justice and honesty, the seeds of many noble ideals. If democratic governments are to survive the whole people must be educated to the highest standards of citizenship, and the new education must face and solve the problem of securing those results.

*Address of the vice-president and chairman of Section I, Social Science and Statistics, of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Denver meeting, August, 1901.—Daily.

In all things be Sincere.

Almost any human weakness, frailty or blemish is more excusable in a woman than in a man, and more excusable in a woman than in a man.

One can find apologies for a friend who is indolent, extravagant, given to frivolity or folly, and even an unbecoming temper, but not for a friend who is insincere—confidence dies, and love flies away affrighted. Unless you can believe absolutely in what your friend says of herself there is no pleasure in her conversation.

You can forgive large errors, of which she may confess herself guilty. But when she pretends to virtues and achievements which exist only in her imagination you feel indeed how golden silence could be. A too great humility is not attractive in a woman—I mean that humility which belittles individuality. That, too, is an affection—pretence. The beauty who says, "I think I am perfectly hideous," knows her words are not sincere. So does the brilliant mind which bemoans its dullness.

Yet these types are more endurable than the one that boasts of conquests never made, achievements never attained, pleasures never enjoyed.

Her words may harm no one seemingly but herself—yet can that result of any wrong doing ever be truly said to exist?

All untruth hurts humanity in general. The woman whose white lies seem to reflect once upon her own character, reflects, in fact, upon all womankind; she lowers our ideal of the sex.

To every young girl who reads these words, I would make a plea to be absolutely sincere in thought, word and act, first and foremost of all other things.

Pretend nothing. Do not seek to impress people with the qualities or accomplishments you would like to possess. If you really possess them, people will find it out. If you do not, they will find it out also, no matter what effort you make to assume them.

Remember, there is nothing you may not be (within the bounds of common sense), if you really desire it.

You cannot be a great singer, or a great artist, or a great poet, unless you are born with these gifts. But you can be a great character, a great woman. If you lay the foundation hour by hour, by noble thoughts, impulses and actions.

Avoid "white lies" and foolish exaggerations. Do not tell a friend that a dozen callers came to see you when only two people came. You may impress the friend for an hour with your popularity, but you are making a blemish on your character which will in time disfigure you in all eyes. Do not add dollars to the price of your purchases, to make them seem valuable to observers. Say nothing about prices, or else tell the truth.

A young girl who craved fame induced a man to write a story and sign her name to it. She posted for a brief day "an author," but she could not live up to the reputation so won, and ended by having the truth leak out, and her friends lose their esteem for her. There is no lasting glory in doing. The glory lies in being.

The scholar who gets her answers for examination surreptitiously and passes with honor is soon unmasked and shamed in the eyes of the world, which finds her dull and ignorant, instead of bright and well educated, as her report indicated. Nothing false ever succeeds permanently.

A trumped-up story of suffering and need may win a momentary sympathy and assistance—but that is all. The falsehood will be unmasked eventually—that hour always comes to a lie.

The very skill of the falsehood proved its undoing.

Be sincere!

Without sincerity you can be nothing. With it, you can be everything that is great, noble and admirable.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in N. Y. Journal.

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