

COMPANIONED.

LILLIAN WHITING.

Through days and dreams I seem to walk with one
Whose feet must stum
Henceforth, the paths of earth; for whom the sun
Rises in unknown realms I cannot trace!
And still there is to me no vacant place.
Before me comes upon the air her face.
In the deep, luminous and wondering eyes
I read the rapture of a glad surprise;
A tender hand is clasped within my own,
And on the air there vibrates still her tone.

O Friend! on whom the Vision shines today,
What mystic way
Hath wrought its spell o'er thee? What fair desire,
As o'er that sea of glass with mingled fire
Thy way hath sped—what fair desire
Is born within thy soul? What strange, sweet dreams
Transfigure thy new life, in wondrous gleams
Of rose, and gold, and pearl, through starry space?
Not vainly do I ask. Thy tender grace
Answers my love, and brings the new life near;
And all our baffled meanings grow more clear.

(From the book entitled "From Dreamland Sent,"
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Dr. Edward Silva's Theory of Natural Curative Power.

(Translated from the Portuguese.)

Nature includes within herself all the elements of creation, for there is nothing outside creation. Man is created like all other beings, but with a spirit more elevated than other beings. Man is an investigator of nature, but he will never arrive at a complete knowledge of the secret of the transformation of all things: For being himself an atom of creation without entire knowledge of himself, it is the more impossible for him to get a knowledge of that which is still further in the unknown. From this consideration we must admit that as yet we have not the knowledge of many unfathomable mysteries that surround us, but as we try to investigate them, new horizons appear to the light of our intelligence. As everything is subject to, and in itself joined to one and only one law, the law of creation that rules the Universe, so everything, absolutely everything, must pass through the same alembic for its chemical transformation on the progressive path, for that is the immutable spirit of unchanging law.

We must all look for everything in that law, for out of that law nothing exists. Within the circuit of compliance with that law we strengthen ourselves through truth: out of harmony with that law we weaken ourselves through untruth. It is through this principle of truth that we must rationally explain certain mysteries of creation.

In order to form a succinct idea of the transformation of things which can be in harmony with natural curative phenomena, it is indispensable to carry our thoughts for a moment to the primitive times of the formation of our worlds, so as to start from a basis which will lead us to a reasonable theory of the transformation of things.

As everything is full of life (vitality) and nothing exists outside life, we must suppose that a fountain of vital fluid supplies all creation, because all that exists is created out of that universal fluid. Starting from the primordial epoch of the formation of this world, we constantly see other planets forming which will have to pass through the same alembic that our globe has passed through, so as to arrive at the same transformation in which we actually are. From that primordial epoch until now there have been successive phenomena of transformation upon transformation induced by that impelling force of Universal Life which has the power of all, which creates worlds in space which in turn engender beings full of life, and these again bring forth yet other beings, and so successively all go on transforming to perfect progression in the universal concert.

This universal fluid vivifies everything, fills space and filters itself to the most solid heart of the worlds; as a consequence nothing can be admitted to be out of life. In this case life is the mother of all that is created and as every created being is intelligently guided, that life is the sovereign intelligence which obeys the one law that guides the imperfect to the perfect, from which we deduce that the universal vital fluid is the creator of beings or mother of creation, because without life nothing is created.

And as this vital fluid must obey the One Supreme Will, that Will which brings all faculty into action, it represents in itself the law, or manifests the supreme being—God. Then, if life is the mother of creation and all being has in itself an atom of vital fluid united to it which in its turn is capable of creating and reproducing, it is logical to affirm that every being is a creator in miniature, subject to the harmony of the universal law of God. This immutable law appears to be the Supreme Will, for it is undeniable that without will nothing can be made, and as we perceive that everything is relative, we see represented in human beings the extreme force of dominating will, which is the im-

pulse that makes life active and creative. As a consequence it is the will which is the great impelling power of our being, because by will everything is made according to the amount of vital force the individual maker can dispose of. Life is the mother of creation; it is She who creates. Will is the supreme force that impels this life to create. And as life, or universal vital fluid, acts by the force of one supreme will, so also every human being by force of his own will makes his own vital fluid active.

Let us sound space with precision and we shall see many problems solved that are as yet hidden. Universal space is a perennial fountain of the vital fluid of all creation. In space there are millions of worlds full of life, which in their turn create beings which they nourish and vivify, for everything is unified in the one law of the Universe. By this order of things we can understand that everything is relative, each supplying the other with vital fluid, mutually strengthening one another and improving organism, as truly in the vegetable as in the animal kingdoms with all their species. These kingdoms and species could not have produced their manifestation before the world was made perfect enough to produce them, because in the primitive times of its formation there was not sufficient proper life to produce what was afterwards created. That vital force was too little until after the superficial cooling had taken place, then it acquired from space, that sufficiency of life which before it did not possess. It was not possible for the earth to have had sufficient vital fluid to produce living beings before refrigeration had taken place, for fish to appear before water, nor for animals to appear before vegetables. In the same way man could not obtain sufficient vital fluid (to transmit) until he had become fit to receive it. In the same way successively there will appear new manifestations at present unknown to us. If we have life, it is because life is given to us from universal life; if we think, it is because a thinking centre supplies us with thoughts; if we have will, it is because a universal and supreme will gives us that faculty; if we have intelligence, it is because a supreme intelligence concedes to us that faculty. So it is that everything is related to the Infinite or to a universal fountain that supplies and nourishes all beings with what it contains. It cannot be admitted that these created beings can have any property that the universal fountain of creation itself has not. Fruit is produced by the flower; the flower is nourished by the branch and the branch by the trunk, which receives sap from the roots which also at the same time receive their life from the earth, just as the earth is fed by the universal fluid. For this very same reason all beings mutually nourish each other and the more perfect a world becomes the more vital force will it obtain; the same thing will happen to man. As some worlds possess more life (vitality) than others so also there are human beings who have more affinity than others with the universal life (vital force). If man knew how to develop and educate all the elements that constitute his being he would soon acquire greater development of those faculties of which today he only possesses a very limited portion; just as by means of gymnastics he can develop his muscles, thus acquiring greater strength physically. By study and education he can cultivate his intelligence and apply his ear to music, why not also cultivate his other faculties such as will, thought, etc., which are inherent in all human beings and discover the practical way in which these abilities can be developed and educated for the highest ends? When a human being feels his organism unpleasantly or painfully affected there is no doubt that one or more of those elements that constitute his being is out of equilibrium, in which case he must procure whatever means he can find to restore equilibrium. No matter what means he employs, it may be even his own fellow creature, who has evolved the power of restoring to the affected organism the life in which it is deficient, furnishing it with vital fluid and thus curing it. If human law were in harmony with the law that rules the universe humanity would soon see realized the happiness it so much craves.

GLORIFICATION OF GOD.

Universal Father, Fountain of the Creation of life, Essence of all things, Light of Supreme Intelligence and Unification of Universal Law, there is nothing outside Thee! For Thou being Thyself Law art the source from which the evolution of all things emanates into transformation through indefinite progress which is the immutable spirit of Thy Law. I who am an atom of creation, vitalized by Thee functioning through the organism of Thy Law, know that by effort made in practising good, my spiritual perfection will be evolved and strengthened with vital fluid for the benefit of those who suffer, and at the same time manifesting Thy Eternal Glorification.—Edward Silva, St. Paulo, Brazil.

Maeterlinck's Experiences with Clairvoyants.

(Editor Banner of Light: I have pleasure in sending you for the Banner the following extract from a paper in "The Fortnightly" for August, 1902, by Maurice Maeterlinck, entitled, "The Foretelling of the Future," from which I also present passages in the "No. Seven" of my own series of contributions to your valued journal, under the general title of "The Outlook Beautiful." The great interest in the writings of Mr. Maeterlinck invest the following extracts from his latest essay with special interest.—Lillian Whiting.)

Few towns would have offered me a wider and more fruitful field of experiment than Paris. I began by making my investigations there. I began by selecting a moment at which a project whose realization (which did not depend upon myself alone) was to be of great importance to me was hanging in suspense. I will not enter into the details of the business, which has very little interest in itself. It is enough to know that around this project were a crowd of intrigues and many powerful and hostile wills, fighting against my own. The forces were evenly balanced, and it was impossible, according to human logic, to foresee which would win the day. I therefore had very precise questions to put to the future: a necessary condition; for, if many people complain that it tells them nothing, this is often because they consult it at a moment when nothing is preparing on the horizon of their existence.

I went successively to see the astrologers, the palmists, the fallen and familiar sibyls who flatter themselves that they can read the future in the cards, in coffee-grounds, in the indolence of white of egg dissolved in a glass of water, and so on (for nothing must be neglected, and, though the apparatus be sometimes singular, it may happen that a particle of truth lies concealed under the absurd practices). I went, above all, to see the most famous of the prophetesses who, under the names of clairvoyants, seers, mediums, and the rest, are able to substitute for their own consciousness the consciousness and even a portion of the unconsciousness of their interrogators, and who, in the main, the most direct heirs of the pythoneses of old. In this ill-balanced world I met with much knavery, simulation and gross lying. But I also had the occasion to study certain incontestable phenomena close at hand. They are not enough to decide whether it be given to man to read the tissue of illusions that hides the future from him; but they throw a somewhat strange light upon that which passes in the place which to us seems the most inviolable, I mean the holy of holies of the "Buried Temple," in which our most intimate thoughts and the forces that lie beneath them and are unknown to us go in and out without our knowledge and grope in search of the mysterious road that leads to future events.

It would be wearisome to relate what happened to me with those prophets and seers. I will content myself with briefly telling one of the most curious experiences, which, moreover, sums up most of the others; the psychology of them all is very nearly identical.

The seer in question is one of the most famous in Paris. She claims to incarnate, in her hypnotic state, the spirit of an unknown little girl called Julia. Having made me sit down at a table that stood between us, she begged me to tutu Julia and to speak to her gently, as one speaks to a child of seven or eight years. Thereupon her features, her eyes, her hands, her whole body were for some seconds unpleasantly convulsed; her hair came untied; and the expression of her face changed completely and became artless, puerile. The voice, shrill and clear, of a small child next came from that great ripe woman's body, and asked with a little lisp:

"What do you want? Are you worried? Is it for yourself or some one else that you have come to see me?"

"For myself."

"Very well; will you help me a little? Lead me in thought to the place where your worries are."

I concentrated my attention on the project with which I was engrossed and on the different actors in the, as yet, hidden little drama. Then, gradually, after some preliminary gropings, and without my helping her with a word or gesture, she really penetrated into my thoughts, read them, so to speak, as a slightly veiled book, placed the situation of the scene most accurately, recognized the principal characters and described them summarily, with hopping and childish, but quaintly correct and precise little touches.

"That's very good, Julia," I then said, "but I know all that; what you ought to tell me is what is going to happen later on."

"What is going to happen, what is going to happen . . . you want to know all that is going to happen; but it's very difficult . . ."

"But still? How will the business end? Shall I win?"

"Yes, yes, I see; don't be afraid, I'll help you; you will be pleased . . ."

"But the enemy of whom you told me; the one who is resisting me and who wishes me ill . . ."

"No, no, he wishes you no ill; it's because of some one else . . . I can't see why. . . . He hates him . . . Oh, he hates him, he hates him! And it is because you like the other one so much that he does not want you to do for him what you want to do."

What she said was true.

"But tell me," I insisted, "will he go on to the end, will he not yield?"

"Oh, do not fear him. . . . I see, he is ill; he will not live long."

"You are mistaken, Julia: I saw him two days ago; he is quite well."

"No, no, he is ill. . . . It doesn't show, but he is very ill . . . he must die soon. . . ."

"But how, in that case, and why?"

"There is blood upon him, around him, everywhere . . ."

"Blood? Is it a duel?" (I had thought, for a moment, that I might be called upon to fight my adversary.) "An accident, a murder, a revenge?" (He was an unjust and unscrupulous man, who had done much harm to many people.)

"No, no, ask me no more, I am very tired. . . . Let me go . . ."

"Not before I know . . ."

"No, I can tell you nothing more . . . I am too tired . . . let me go . . . Be good, I will help you. . . ."

The same attack as at the start then convulsed the body, in which the little voice had ceased; and the mask of forty years again covered the face of the woman, who seemed to be waking from a long sleep.

It is necessary to add that we had never seen each other before this meeting, and that we knew as little of one another as though we had been born on different planets.

Similar, in the main, with less characteristic and less convincing details, were the results of most of the experiments in which the clairvoyants were unfailingly asleep. In order to make a sort of counter-test, I sat two persons, whose intelligence and good faith were known to me, to see the woman whom Julia had chosen as her interpreter. Like myself, they had to put to the future an important and precise question, which chance or destiny alone could solve. To one of them, who consulted her on a friend's illness, Julia foretold the near death of that friend, and the event verified her prediction, although, at the moment when she made it, a cure seemed infinitely more probable than death. To the other, who asked her how a law-suit would end, she replied somewhat evasively on that point, by way of compensation she spontaneously revealed the spot where lay a certain object which had been very precious to the person consulting her, but which had been so long lost and so often looked for in vain that this person was persuaded that he had ceased to think about it.

In so far as I am concerned, Julia's prophecy was realized in part, that is to say, although I did not triumph in respect of the main point, the affair was nevertheless arranged in a satisfactory manner. As for the death of my adversary, it has not yet occurred, and gladly do I dispense the future from keeping the promise which it made me by the innocent mouth of the child of an unknown world.

Brotherhood.

"And now, brethren," Acts 3: 17.
This is only a phrase that Peter is using in his discourse, the same as "My dear sir," and "Yours truly" we use in correspondence. It may mean much or little, according to our own character and the one we are addressing. These amenities of speech are necessary to the running of society—as oil is necessary to reduce the friction of car-wheels.

In business this cannot be carried too far, the drive of the hour prevents anything like the leisurely ceremony of the oriental, to be sure—but what all courtesy and fineness of bearing stands for, we are to have—and that is real brotherhood.

The spirit of our time is one of principle—we are not living or seek to live from hand to mouth regulations. We desire to keep time with the sun; we desire to live according to the beauty of the stars. All this as a dream, but also as sound philosophy and fact. We can see it is possible to so govern our conduct, and we mean to do it.

This good time has been long on the way. Men discerned it, as it seems, in the beginning of the years, they found it as a seed thought in their hearts, but it has taken all the centuries to give us the promise of summer love and its fruit of justice. We are awakening to the worth of brotherhood—not as a form, but as a reality and the true way of life. We are welcoming the thought with the honor and respect it deserves.

The word brother is to have significance of more than kindred. Indeed, brother as being of the same family does not always bear with it corresponding sense of loyalty and helpfulness—and Tennyson speaks of Hallam as be-

ing in friendship—"more than my brothers are to me,"—and they were very dear to him. And this is to become our attitude to all men everywhere.

Do you say—It cannot be done!—the reply is, it has been done, and we are taking knowledge of that fact for its continued application. If by one man, it can be by all men. That is the way we brace our minds for duty.

We take the life of Christ and we say, apart from the dogmas of the church, here is a life after the divine order, it is of the right sort. There is no question or doubt about it. It bears the stamp of authority. From the perspective of two thousand years we can see this as clearly as we discern a mountain only a mile away. He is the nobility of all the nobles that ever were—he has the inner life that reaches below all outer distinctions and makes us one in the grand spirit of love. He reveals the brotherhood of pure and undefiled sentiment of right. He has the life we would like to enjoy, that we would like to see everybody have. It would make beautiful and sweet and consolate all our relations to one another and bring blessedness everywhere. To be sure it would. We hold convictions now about this, and we want to set about working them out.

Well, we begin with the culture of this feeling and purpose. We foster it. We awaken in the morning with it and carry it to business and pleasure, and lie down to rest with its benediction in our hearts. We pray for all the world to be at peace, to know brotherhood as summer knows its flowers.

Then, we practise it on principle. The religion that is to grow now is not the one of pretence or assertion, it must have the helpfulness of the Sister of Mercy, the zeal of the Methodist, the belief of the Presbyterian, the good works of the Unitarian, the healing of the Christian Scientist, and the brotherhood, that makes the heart of all of them in every living soul. There is no more room for quarrels and bickeries, we have come to the hour of brotherhood—as the dear Christ meant it.

Immortal Life.

Be assured now and forever of the certainty of immortal life. There is no death, only a change into something as beautiful and pure as our longed-for aspirations have cherished. There is no change that is unpleasant, only a slight metamorphosis into a beautiful being fitted to enjoy the celestial paradise, and to benefit and beautify the other spirits by whom he is surrounded.

The spiritual body needs no clothing, only a slight ethereal veil which hardly covers the form, and does not conceal its outline. This robe is so impalpable that with it the spirits come and go through bars and prison doors, visiting the loved ones on earth and the planets in space.

There is no transition from this world to the next, the other world is about us here, could we only see it. God is everywhere in sun and wind and cloud.

The reality of the future life is too vivid for us to portray its actualities, too glorious for us to comprehend, hampered as we are by these earthly bonds. Visions are sometimes given to attest to the truth of the future world, but they are not needed to strengthen the faith of the true believer. He takes the word of his Maker and judges by the work of his hand, that nothing is or has been left to chance. The believer in God must also believe on the rock of immortality, else he has no God on which to rest his foundation of faith. Immortality is God's gift to man, a loving soul unquenched by fire, disease, death or any other thing. His mortality slips away and his immortality is put on, in the glories of the beautiful place prepared for us by the loving thought of the Unseen Father.

Responsibility walks hand in hand with capacity and power.—Holland.

It is almost as presumptuous to think you can do nothing as to think you can do everything.—Phillips Brooks.

Familiarity does not breed contempt, except of contemptible things, or in contemptible people.—Phillips Brooks.

What bliss it is to sit in sweet communion with the Angel World! How the soul of mortal thrills when it communes with the Angels!

Anything that tends to cultivate the ideal within us is most helpful, and brings us nearer to that ideal state of existence we all long to enjoy. A love of poetry, a love of art, a love of the beautiful, either animate or inanimate, is a prayer; prayer need not necessarily be a petition: everything is mine according to my capacity to use and enjoy it. The glory of the sky and the waves that come swiftly from the bosom of the sea are mine if I can enjoy their beauty. The thoughts of every poet from Homer to John Greenleaf Whittier are mine according to my appreciation and understanding of them.—Ed.

Ah! there are tokens of earth and air,
And many a sound and sign,
That, ruled by a merciful Father's hand,
Forebode some good design.
Oh! then shall we only see
What Heaven has made most plain.
Shut out from our spirits 'th'ir belief,
The knowledge we seek to gain?
How know we the spring will come again,
And the summer flowers appear,
When winter sits on his icy throne,
And the fields are brown and bare?
Oh! how do we know when seed is sown
And lies in the dull, dark earth,
That a golden harvest will crown the hills
Ere autumn's winds have birth?
And how do we know, when sunbeams fade,
And we dwell in the "house of night,"
That morn will come with her smiles again
And give us the blessed light?
These many changes that pass o'er earth,
And the wonders of the skies,
So often meet our human ken
As to awaken no surprise.

We question not the fleeting years,
Or the seasons in their flight,
But forget how often in common things
We walk by faith, not sight.
How, how do we know we each possess
A soul that shall never die,
But live to inherit a brighter home
In the Kingdoms of the sky?
Ah, how, unless we accept the signs
That to us are daily given,
With the holier inspirations sent,
Shall we learn the truth of heaven?
Oh, there are tokens of earth and air,
Forbidden us here to know,
And others still that we dimly read;
Yet we feel they must be so.

And there are glimpses of things to be,
Which come, we know not whence,
Whose truth of falsehoods we cannot see,
By the strength of the inner sense—
That wondrous gift which is dearer far
Than the innocence of youth,
And the highest gift to human souls—
The power of feeling truth.

Belle Bush.

The Coming of Elisabeth.

JESSIE S. PETTIT FLINT.

Dedicated to the Cause of Truth.

CHAPTER II.

In the suburban extension of one of the main streets of this busy city, stands a somewhat pretentious brick mansion. It does not stand square with the street like its neighbors, but at a slight angle, just enough to give it an unsettled air, a feeling as if it had never been able to move up to the line; but its front steps, and the corner nearest the street and struggle bravely down till they meet the pavement. The stone copings, green window blinds, and lace curtains, are much like its neighbors, and also its tiny stretch of court inside, bordered with plants and decorated with books and clock-line, whereupon the weekly wash is hung. In this little court is also laid out a miniature croquet ground, which can never be used on washing days. If we step inside, we will find the conventional hall and double parlors common to city houses in the country of America, and back of these, a dining room, all well finished, well furnished, even to the grand piano in the place of honor. But the pictures on the wall, and in fact all the decorations, bespeak money more than taste, for Susan's mother's oldest sister married a man well to do, a sort of banker or private money lender, and this is the house that place Susan calls home at this period—a real home it never can be for her. There is the same lack of sympathy and confidence as exists between herself and her mistress. No place can be a home without trust and love, do sweeten and bind the inmates together. This is only her place of shelter, her place of rest, if so it might be called, her place of seclusion. There is kindly interest and helpfulness, perhaps as much as in any ordinary home, but Susan is an outcast.

This knowledge of a secret she cannot share in the life with anyone, this constant companionship with people that do not seem to be observed by any eye but hers, has led her at last to doubt herself; to doubt, at times, everything and everybody, till she feels that perhaps her parents may be right, and the mad-house is the only fit place for her. Then, she will try once more to reason it all out—the help she receives in the shop from the two ladies, their kindly sympathy and love for herself in her hours of depression, their truthful utterances, for never once have they told her a thing that did not prove true, and for a while she is comforted. But the battle must be fought so often. So often must nerve and strength and sinew be wasted in this uneven conflict, this war that waged unceasingly against this helpless girl. Oh, to lay the burden down! But it would not be laid down, and life would still live on. Of late a ray, a ray of hope, did penetrate unto her fainting soul. The burden could not last forever. The two ladies had told her that and one other, most dear, and then—Susan had reached the side door of the troubled house, and she put her hand to the latch, but the door would not open; it was locked. How strange at that hour. Everything about the house was so still. She went to the lattice door that led to the tiny court yard; that was locked too. Standing there, troubled and undecided, she was startled by the sudden opening of the side door, while the merry voice of Ruth bade her enter.

"You see, I was quite alone, and didn't want any tramps to carry me off, and oh, such a jolly time you and I are going to have, you dear old Sue, for a whole week, maybe, and maybe longer! Providence and I have planned it all out. That is, Providence sent for Uncle and Aunt Harris to go to a funeral of some one or other, old distant relative of Uncle's, and I did the rest. Here—your just get ready for supper, while I tell you. Well, now, it was the most natural thing in the world when they have to go to Plainville, to stop on their way home and see the relatives, and they fell right in with my suggestion, and 'nothing preventing'—they always put that in—they will go to the Corners, and Filton, and Ballville, and maybe to The Springs, maybe, oh, won't it be lovely if they do? They may be gone two weeks. As for ourselves, oh, such lovely plans I've got for that! Here, come. I know you're tired and hungry, and I've a supper I know you'll like. Just see that custard; isn't it delicious? And those little fresh spring onions, tender as tender can be. You can eat them to order. Uncle isn't here to object, and your breath will not smell by tomorrow morning. We shall have them every night if we want them, and anything else that our grocery supplies. I've seen to that. I just don't mean to do a stitch of work this whole time except for you and me, and to keep the house in order. A questioning look from Susan brought a ready response. "Oh, I've thought that out, too. You see, we are always up early, and I shall hurry up my work and get it all done before train time, and there will be no dinner to get just for me. Some days, if you think Mrs.

Sharp wouldn't mind, I'll just bring my lunch to the shop and eat with you. Some days I'll eat it here and put in my time sewing, and some days I'll put out for a visit with some of the girls. But if I'm home, mind you, not a ring will I answer, and you shall take the laundry."

Here there was a pause, and Susan had time to question about the postman. "Oh, that I'd forgotten! Dear me, and he comes at such bad hours, and Uncle would never, never forgive me if I forgot the letters. Dear! Dear! What shall I do? Isn't it a shame? And the bright face of Ruth clouded, but quickly, without waiting for an answer, she continued, "Well, I'll manage it somehow. There's no use in crossing a stream till you get to it. But do you feel sick to-night? You look so pale. You are not going to have any of those bad spells I've heard Aunt Harris speak about, are you, and see things? Please don't; it would scare me dreadfully. Dear dear, I'd rather have a house full of company to wait on than that."

This new trouble being settled to Ruth's satisfaction, she turned her mind again to the promised pleasures of the coming week, and "maybe two weeks." The supper disposed of, and the table cleared, "Now," said Ruth, "for a jolly good evening, the first of the jolly good times. Let's keep outdoors, it's so warm and nice, and with a light wrap, the dew won't hurt; and if you are not too tired, let's go to the park. The walk is so nice, and the flowers are coming out. Why, you haven't been this spring, have you? You poor old Sue! To stay shut up in that old shop, day in and day out, in that dreary little room, you get home! It's too bad. We're all a selfish lot, and it's just got to stop. It'll stop these two weeks, anyhow—you'll see. I've often envied you when you've been making dollars at the shop, but I don't think I've realized the difference in the work. I know I just couldn't stand the work. I know I just couldn't stand the work put together that it is more change, and one can hop out doors and in, and from one room to another. The trouble is, there is sometimes too much hop. But to sit so much, and cut and sew, and cut and sew, oh, I couldn't do it. But I do think Uncle might give me something to do, and all the rest of the very best, or rather I bribed, I do earn it. I know I do. Sometimes—this is just for your ear, Sue—I get so blue that I would put right out and get a position as cook or housemaid, or something of that sort, in some strange place and family; but if I did, my social standing would be gone. I wouldn't do it, I wouldn't do it now, although I do a servant's work, it is as Uncle's niece, and as one of the family. So you see I just can't do it. And now Aunt Harris says I may have a new dress, and she will select the pattern and see to it when she comes home. Just as if I didn't want to pick it out all myself."

Laid upon her dressmaking, there was an endless flow of chatter from Ruth, till upon their homeward way, they came in sight of the un-settled brick. There, sitting upon the front steps, were two persons, a man and a woman, and a big valise stood beside them. Ruth gave a gasp and, turning to Susan, said, "Look! look! from the corner nearest the street and struggle bravely down till they meet the pavement. The stone copings, green window blinds, and lace curtains, are much like its neighbors, and also its tiny stretch of court inside, bordered with plants and decorated with books and clock-line, whereupon the weekly wash is hung. In this little court is also laid out a miniature croquet ground, which can never be used on washing days. If we step inside, we will find the conventional hall and double parlors common to city houses in the country of America, and back of these, a dining room, all well finished, well furnished, even to the grand piano in the place of honor. But the pictures on the wall, and in fact all the decorations, bespeak money more than taste, for Susan's mother's oldest sister married a man well to do, a sort of banker or private money lender, and this is the house that place Susan calls home at this period—a real home it never can be for her. There is the same lack of sympathy and confidence as exists between herself and her mistress. No place can be a home without trust and love, do sweeten and bind the inmates together. This is only her place of shelter, her place of rest, if so it might be called, her place of seclusion. There is kindly interest and helpfulness, perhaps as much as in any ordinary home, but Susan is an outcast."

"And in this wise, Ruth and Susan ushered in their unexpected and unwelcome guests, entertained them to the best of their ability, prepared one of the guest chambers, and at last went to bed, and the next morning was bright and clear, and the weather and a good night's rest had served to brighten and lighten the cloud that threatened to engulf Ruth. She rose early, as was her usual custom, and had the house in order and the breakfast almost ready to serve before her guests appeared. Susan had been up before the dawn, and she was sewing to do, and she could not help Ruth as she desired. At the breakfast table more questions were asked concerning Mr. and Mrs. Harris' absence, and after a bit of consultation, the guests agreed 't'wain't worth while to go home without seeing Cousin Jim and Sal, and they would just sit till the girls came home.' Dismay showed plainly on Susan's face, and Ruth had to wink hard to keep back the tears. When Susan went to get her lunch basket, Ruth whispered, "I prayed for two weeks. I just beg now for two days." But Ruth was again forced to meet the unexpected, as she was for three weeks before Aunt and Uncle Harris returned.

In the meantime, how fares it at the shop? Susan was to have Madam's order ready by 10 o'clock, and it is almost needless to say that when Mrs. Sharp promised and Susan undertook to perform the deed was as good as done. At 10, precisely at 10, the stairs gave a premonitory signal, but instead of the usual heavy tread of the dressmaker, a quick, light step was heard approaching. It was probably for some of the other trades. No, the step halted at the "Millinery" door, and entered. Madam had sent her maid, and with her purse. Ah, it was a temptation for the brisk little shop woman to overcharge her already overcharged purse, but she had an eye for trade, and little did she know that this was the last order she would ever fill for Madam. It was a hard day at the shop. There was dull, unpleasant work to do. Mrs. Sharp was a bit fretful; cause unknown, but we fancy that Madam's purse furnished a portion of the solution. The Susan remembered the disappointment of Ruth—Ruth, who was the dearest, most lovable of girls, poor and dependent upon her own labor, like herself. To be sure, if she should be ill, or Ruth be ill, they would be cared for, and well cared for, too, without cost. But to feel oneself a burden, there was where the sting came—no real home, no real rights, the dressmaker.

Ruth was the orphaned niece of Uncle Harris, and had been adopted by them at an early age, and Mr. and Mrs. Harris looked upon her as an adopted daughter, although no legal steps had ever been taken to proclaim that fact to the world. Ruth did not feel that she was a daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Harris took her in their home, but there was no remembrance of her own parents, no home more vivid by the contrast between them and her adopted parents. It takes the baby fingers and the cooling voice of infancy to wake a mother's love, to rouse a father's protecting care, and Ruth was quite a girl, though still small in her teens, when Mr. and Mrs. Harris took her in their home. But there was no home, and mothers, fathers and fathers, even to their own offspring, and when the child is plucked from another tree, having different qualities and characteristics, the process of blending the home lives becomes increased in its difficulty. Ruth could not understand the close relationship of the two families, and she was considered careless and wasteful if she threw a bone away. That bone must first be boiled, and boiled for soup stock, and so, and so. Susan wondered if it were the little things that accumulated, one upon the other, that at

last made competency. If so, then she herself must get to be independent some day, for she saved all the basting threads, to use again. Out of her little savings at the bank came, every year, at Christmas time, a goodly present to send home to father, mother and the boys and girls. Every birthday was carefully noted, with a small, but useful gift. Dear home, always dear, even though she felt herself a foreign element. Would there ever be found a place where she did feel she was one with the inmates? Oh, that homesick longing for comradeship, for people who would understand, could see and talk to the unseen as she herself did. "Courage, courage," softly whispered the two ladies. "It will come, all in good time; all more than you dream or hope for."

(To be continued.)

Thoughts—Old and New.

PAUL F. DE GOURNAY.

The spoken word is the expression of thought; the written word the conventional image of the spoken that who runs may read. Man's desire to place on record for the benefit of others, his thoughts and the events that suggest them, has been traced to prehistoric times; it lives in the carved stone and wood, in the hieroglyphs and papyri of the Egyptians, and the painted skins of the American Indians.

Nowadays we are submerged into an ocean of printer's ink; how many of our books tell of the age of the Roman papyrus? Their fate will depend on the vitality of the thought they record. Alas, the quality is lost in the quantity! Yet this is a thinking age which boasts of producing new thought—too often the old thought, furnished and made presentable according to the modern fashion. Truly there is little that is new under the sun.

Few can voice the thoughts of the spirit, much less do them justice in writing. Yet writing has brought the message of the past, and it contains the key of the future. Words vanish, writing remains, a silent witness for all time. The speaker's influence is short-lived, but how great the responsibility of the writer! Some writers dip their pen in gall or in the snake's venom; others, better inspired, use the fluid from love's divine fount; and their thoughts go forth to bless or to curse, and to prompt action justifying to be cursed or blessed throughout all time.

"Speech is of silver; silence is of gold," saith the proverb. We should remember this old saw when we are tempted to speak evil; but there are times when speech is golden; it is when truth is assailed or the shafts of envy are aimed at defenceless innocents. Foolishness shows the emptiness of mind or the blackness of heart of the speaker. From the great reservoir of thought in the spirit-world, noble and loving words come to the pure of heart.

An unworthy thought may brush past the pure mind; it cannot find lodgment there. So pure minds are like a shining mirror, reflecting only good. The speaker's influence is short-lived, but how great the responsibility of the writer! Some writers dip their pen in gall or in the snake's venom; others, better inspired, use the fluid from love's divine fount; and their thoughts go forth to bless or to curse, and to prompt action justifying to be cursed or blessed throughout all time.

The thought of primal man was crude; by what process of evolution has it attained its present refinement? When and how did the notion of love, of justice, of immortality enter the crude mortal mind? How did succeeding generations rise morally and spiritually superior to their predecessors?

Given a race living in a mental darkness akin to that of the animals, how could that race rise, as a race, from its native state of ignorance and selection and the "survival of the fittest" (i. e. the strongest and the smartest) do not solve the problem.

Selection may improve the physical body and the sensory faculties pertaining to it; selection cannot quicken imagination, rouse the soul from its semi-lethargy and originate new ideas. The law of evolution and the law of the spirit cannot reveal the soul's mission on earth and teach the spirit to develop, through endeavor, its inherent possibilities.

The "survival of the fittest"—a postulate in direct opposition to the notion of altruism and universal brotherhood, is disproved by the facts of the world. The law of the spirit is always the great mass of the "unfit" that survive, increase and multiply. But the few "fittest" always manage to enslave and exploit the great majority of "unfits"—of those who lack the energy, the will or the wit to claim and hold their own. This is clearly here and elsewhere, the present condition of society.

But the fittest, if by that name we mean the most enlightened and spiritually advanced, leave a beneficial impression on their less favored contemporaries, an impression which prepares them for the reception of greater truths and outlines, however faintly, the duties to be performed in order to perform them, and the common good that will result.

Of such are the leaders of thought, the prophets, the christi; but their number is small, the number of converts they may make during a lifetime is limited; how shall the good work continue when they are gone? Here, then, comes the law of the spirit, the more advanced earth-workers when they pass into the spirit-world, not only assimilate thoroughly all the knowledge gained, but their views are enlarged, their power increased; this is in strict conformity with the law of progress or evolution. The spiritual wealth we have acquired during earth-life being increased and multiplied when free from all earthly dross, it is refined by the pure spiritual fire of the summer-land.

These return to earth as spiritual pioneers, and by word and deed, by exhortation and example, they lead a larger number of followers, who, in their turn, will supply an increased number of teachers, until after several reincarnations sending back a larger force of spirits of various degrees of advancement, the heaven of spiritual civilization shall have permeated the masses and that particular people be led out of barbarism.

This theory invites thought. No civilization can emerge suddenly from a state of darkness, like Minerva coming fully armed from Jupiter's brain. The number of chosen minds in an ignorant people can never be great enough to civilize the whole people, nor does the law of progress or evolution permit of civilization. Each generation improves upon its predecessor's work, because each brings new light from whence? From the inexhaustible source of all light. "To they who have much shall be given;" the spirit who carries well carried light to the fountain head, returns with greater light to illumine the path of his fellow-men.

While civilization develops gradually in accordance with the laws of nature, it is remarkable that when it has attained the summum bonum of endeavor, the people seem seized with the dizziness of high places and a wish to turn back. This is a crisis in the nation's life, the eternally renewed struggle between the spirit-man and the animal man. It is at such times the people's liberty is in danger and the "fittest" whose power survives all crises place a yoke—by the power of money as efficiently as by force of arms—upon the necks of the nation. It is these civilization retrogrades until a social upheaval levels the high places and scatters those who dwell in them.

Dr. Henry C. Rowland, in McClure's

Magazine for July, gives a very graphic picture of the hardships and sufferings of our army in the Philippines. The torrid heat, miasmatic jungles, bad food, extraordinary fatigue and constant mental tension, often cause officers and men to be driven to insanity; the treacherous ways of the savage Filipinos (or Philippine savages) coming on top of all this, induces fits of real madness, a thirst for slaughter, very unnatural in our young men. The story of "Fighting Life in the Philippines" tends to extenuate, if not to justify the acts of atrocity charged against American soldiers. But, admitting that civilized men are forced to resort to savagery, on whom should the responsibility be fixed?

It is not so much a question of how the Philippines fight, as it is of where is the necessity for such a war? It is an accepted principle that a people have a right to defend its liberty and the sacredness of its hearthstones even to the bitter end, at least so thought the American colonists in 1776. Now every people fights according to its customs, its resources and its racial character. The invader cannot expect the invaded to accept his tactics. He has but one weapon, natural force, to use, and men to be killed, and he kills in his own way. If we choose to adopt his way, well and good; we cannot denounce him as a barbarian because he will not adopt ours which would certainly lead to his destruction. If we let him alone, he will not invade our territory.

In this talk of civilized warfare is all bosh. There is no such thing; war is a relic of barbarism, it is a corrupter of morals, a destroyer of liberty. The war in the Philippines and the Anglo-Boer war are alike beyond justification. In both a stronger people made war on a weaker defending its firesides. The war in the Philippines was a war against the Filipinos—these were the treacherous foes, each people fought according to its lights. The savage acts of the Germans at Bazeilles were a disgrace to civilization. Did they excite general indignation? No, "such a war" was the comment, and "such a war" condemns the war in the Philippine question.

I had been reading the details of the preparations for King Edward's coronation, abandoned during his illness, then resumed, and the account of the ceremony itself, accompanied by glowing descriptions of the costumes of the titled participants, and, last but not least, a reverent enumeration of the American belles who have bought a place among the British aristocracy, which, week after week, filled whole pages of our great journals. Then I read again Thackeray's exquisite book of Snobs; comparing this with that, I could not help thinking: "Is blood thicker than water even in the matter of snobishness?"

Turning Lightning Flashes into Food.

The earth's nitrates, which are necessary to human life, are being exhausted so rapidly that only thirty years' supply is to be seen.

Nature will not long honor the drafts made upon her supply of fixed nitrogen and at the present rate of consumption mankind must face the problem of starvation very quickly. We are now using nitrates for our field at the rates of 1,200,000 tons a year. Within thirty years we will need 12,000,000 tons a year to bring the grain crop up to the amount required. Where is it to be found?—Sir William Crookes.

Through the medium of a lightning flash the population of the world may be saved from ultimate starvation.

The slowly increasing poverty of the soil may be revived by electro-chemical means. Prosperity and plenty may be wrung from the atmosphere by means of the zigzagging thunder bolt.

Food may be manufactured from the air. This is the latest marvel of science.

Nitrogen is the fairy godmother of the earth, and the air, and nitrogen all these things may be accomplished.

With the tremendous electric power of Niagara Falls experiments are now going on that may ultimately revolutionize the economic conditions of the world.

So quietly have these experiments been conducted that very few persons outside a certain circle of electro-chemical scientists knew that they were being made.

The time is near at hand when almost everything that is necessary to animal and vegetable existence may be wrung from the air—when you may sit at your twentieth century dinner table and say:

"Alcohol, bring me some 'aerial potatoes,'"

or "Kindly pass me the 'proteine biscuits,' and hurry up with that 'albuminoid omelette.'"

There is but little exaggeration in this. There was no man so bold as to predict the Morse telegraph seventy-five years ago. There was no man so foolish as to prophesy the wireless telegraph twenty-five years ago, or the telephone fifty years ago.

Yet all these things have been accomplished and are now trite and commonplace. Then why not this new marvel of science—the transformation of air into almost all the necessities of life?

PREDICTION OF THE INVENTORS.

The inventors themselves confidently predict the manufacture of starch and other proteic compounds from the air within a very few years.

This invention came about through the strange prediction made by Sir William Crookes, the famous English scientist, that the population of the world would be starved within the next thirty-five years through the exhaustion of the earth's nitrates.

Speaking before the British Association of Science at Bristol, in 1893, Sir William prophesied universal death.

He argued that if all the grain-growing countries of the world should plant to their utmost capacity, on the most careful calculation the yield would barely suffice for the enormously increased number of bread-eaters in existence in 1931.

What then? Starvation, pestilence and death. Even now the guano beds are practically exhausted, and the guano of the birds on the earth is rapidly becoming unequal to the strain put upon it.

"What is needed, and what we must have," said Sir William, "is nitrate in unlimited quantities for the fields. Otherwise the world must eventually face pure starvation."

Reading the pessimistic prediction of Crookes, Charles F. Bradley, an electro-chemical engineer of Buffalo, began to ponder upon it.

Here are the facts upon which he brooded night and day: Grain of almost every kind—exclusively demands nitrogen. So does grass and every form of vegetation. In the average of towns and cities nitrogen to the value of \$100,000,000 is wasted yearly. The world cannot endure this drainage forever.

Suddenly Mr. Bradley remembered that every square yard of the earth's surface has nitrogen gas pressing down on it to the extent of seven tons.

"Here are nitrates in unlimited quantities," he reflected. "But how am I to get at them? This nitrogen is in a free state, while grain and vegetation demand it fixed."

MR. BRADLEY'S INSPIRATION.

About this time Mr. Bradley had an inspiration. He would burn his nitrates from the air

by means of lightning. He, in common with other scientists, knew that the air immediately surrounding a lightning flash underwent a chemical change, and he thought that perhaps a high voltage, direct current made to arc in a glass room, would convert air into nitrogen trioxide.

It was a beautiful thought, but would it succeed as a commercial proposition?

Mr. Bradley disclosed his plan to D. R. Lovejoy, a graduate of Cooper Union and an assistant in the electrical engineering department of Columbia College.

Mr. Lovejoy regarded the scheme as feasible, and the two men entered into a partnership.

They erected a building at Niagara Falls, and began a series of elaborate and costly experiments. In this building was a room ten feet square. On either side of this room were many metal nodules from which the lightning was to flash.

There was an air-tight passage leading from this room to a tower, the use of which will be described further on.

They had made their plans with the utmost secrecy, but were apprehensive of the result. They harvested their factory to Niagara, and depended upon Niagara to do the rest.

When the time arrived for their first experiment to take place both Bradley and Lovejoy stood looking through the thick square of plate-glass into the "lightning-room."

Bradley turned a little brass switch. In an instant the interior of the room was rattling and roaring and snapping and glaring with the flames of lightning that darted from side to side and point to point like fiery serpents. Then a strange transformation took place. The air in the room began to flash into a brownish red.

The two men looked at each other and smiled. They knew that the red, gaseous substance was trioxide of nitrogen. Here were the earth's nitrates in the form of gas at least. But would they prove commercially available?

The red gas began to pass up the pipe to the air-tight chamber in the "absorption tower," where it was absorbed by water so rapidly that the inventors were dazzled.

They had succeeded beyond their utmost expectations. Not only had they succeeded in making nitrates from the air, but by passing the red gas through water they could manufacture nitric acid in practically unlimited quantities.

They could revivify the waste places of the earth. Sir William Crookes' prophecy had been shattered by a thunderbolt.

Then the two inventors began to figure the cost. They found that they could manufacture nitric acid 30 per cent. cheaper than it could be produced by any other process.

Here was an economic revolution to begin with. If they should tube their red gas into contact with caustic potash it became saltpetre. In fact, with scores of substances it forms salts exceedingly valuable in a thousand arts.

Outside the question of nitrates for the fields, Messrs. Bradley and Lovejoy will have hundreds of trades at their mercy by a 30 per cent. reduction in the cost of manufacture.

They can manufacture at ridiculously low prices nitro-benzol, nitro-naphthalene, nitro-glycerine, gun-cotton and all proteic compounds.

The dyeing trades will be turned topsy-turvy in the matter of prices, as nitric acid is extensively used in the dyeing of silk, horn and feathers.

It is also employed in calico printing and the dyeing of woolen materials.

It is used in hatmaking and in the dressing of felt hats. It enters into the preparation of lacquers.

By bringing it in contact with starch or sugar oxalic acid is produced for the drug trade. It is also a component part of sulphuric acid, picric acid and nitrate of silver.

The government will demand the cheaper production, for the manufacture of fulminate of mercury and dynamite.

This is only a small part of the commercial possibilities of the discovery. The importance of making nitric acid from the air cannot be overestimated. By the old method more than one million tons of nitric acid is manufactured every year by treating a natural nitrate with sulphuric acid.

By the new method 10,000,000 tons may be manufactured yearly.

Upon the success of their experiments Mr. Bradley and Mr. Lovejoy incorporated the Atmospheric Products Company, with a capital of \$1,000,000, and will shortly begin business on a large scale.

Lord Kelvin regarded the Bradley-Lovejoy invention as the most wonderful thing he saw during his recent visit to this country.

Neither Mr. Bradley nor Mr. Lovejoy is disposed to talk freely about their invention.

"Will the Atmospheric Products Company attempt to make nitrogenous products that may be used directly for the air in the Sunday World reporter asked Mr. Lovejoy.

The answer was an evasion which showed almost as plainly as words the hopes entertained by him in this direction:

"I can say this," Mr. Lovejoy replied, with a cautious smile, "I confidently expect to see starch manufactured from the air in the laboratory within a comparatively few years."

The deduction is obvious. As starch forms the greater component part of the potato, we may yet see potatoes knocked from the air by means of a lightning flash.

But another and a not less horrible fate than that predicted by Crookes confronted the world previous to the invention of Bradley and Lovejoy.

It was the fate outlined by Lord Kelvin, one of the most foremost scientists of the world some years ago, when he declared that all the oxygen of the air would be exhausted within a few hundred years by the reckless waste entailed by large factories and many factories. One ton of coal will consume three tons of oxygen.

Therefore the population of the earth are rapidly working out their own ruin by this almost inconceivable waste of oxygen.

Lord Kelvin said: "The extravagant waste of oxygen by modern manufacturing processes may leave the inhabitants of the earth without air for breathing within a short and calculable time."

Here again the marvelous invention at Niagara Falls may come to the rescue of mankind. Through the process of replenishing the earth's vegetation by means of nitrates is produced and ultimate asphyxiation postponed.—N. Y. World.

Mrs. Soule's Photographs.

The Banner of Light Publishing Company has secured the exclusive right to sell the photographs of our circle of friends. Mrs. Minnie A. Soule, an artist of the highest talent 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.

Will thou draw near the nature of the gods? Draw near them, then, in being merciful: Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.—Shakespeare.

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Prof. J. Jay Watson.

This eminent musician and devoted friend of the "Good Cause" has passed to his reward in the realms of the soul. No more will his genial smile and kindly face be seen by mortals. He has closed his eyes to all things earthly, to open them to the radiant light of the supernal world in the bright "Morning Land" of souls. He has gone home full of years and rich in earthly honors. No man had more friends who loved him for his own sake than did J. Jay Watson. His fame as a violinist extended into all lands, and his was the master hand to evoke the melodies of the soul that softened all hearts, and restored the sweet harmonies of the spirit. He was a Spiritualist from conviction, and he was never afraid to speak a word in behalf of his religion. Whenever called upon to aid the Cause, he gladly responded and rendered willing service in its behalf. His name was always a guarantee that the house would be filled on the evening of his appearance, and never were his auditors disappointed. Prof. Watson loved music with the full devotion of his soul, and through its mediumship he gave to the world the holiest, sweetest and best of the symphonies of the angel world.

Prof. Watson was a life long friend of the Fox family, and was intimately associated with the pioneers of the spiritual movement. He was personally acquainted with the eminent statesmen of the period preceding and during the Civil War, and knew of their open acknowledgment of the truths of Spiritualism. His wonderful music made him a welcome guest in all homes, especially in those residences in Washington where so much was desired in the way of instruction from the spirit world. His low, under his magic touch, evoked the melodies of heaven, and peace and harmony reigned wherever he went. His experiences were many along phenomenal lines, and were most wonderful in their convincing character. The literature of Spiritualism would have gained much could these experiments have been published for the benefit of the world.

J. Jay Watson was the favorite pupil of the gifted Ole Bull, and possessed his master's confidence to an unusual degree. In his company he journeyed through Europe, and passed some time with him in Norway, the great violinist's native land. Prof. Watson's famous "Cremona" was a gift from Ole Bull himself, as a token of his affection for his American pupil. This wonderful violin was made in the year 1616, and was the admiration of thousands whenever Watson's master strokes drew forth its hidden melodies. Ole

Bull, like Prof. Watson, was a Spiritualist in the best sense of the word, and their music was to them an inspiration from heaven. Nobly did they transcribe it for the enjoyment of the denizens of earth.

It was a pleasure and privilege to have known J. Jay Watson. He possessed a broad mind, a tender heart, a sympathetic soul. He was a true friend to all of his fellow-men, and his life was spent in doing good. He strove to serve others and thereby became their leader to the tablelands of truth and beauty. He and his beloved wife are now reunited in the realm of the soul. Together they are rejoicing over the victory that is theirs. They have met their children, who left them in the far away past, and are now reaching out their hands in love to the one member of the household yet in the form—the gifted daughter, Miss Annie A. Watson, who was her father's pride and comfort in the last years of his life. With them in their spirit home assembly is the famous master, Ole Bull. He and his apt pupil are again together, and their spirit music is today ravishing the ears of all who hear it. All hail to them in their reunited friendship! Greetings to J. Jay Watson as he begins life's journey anew, as he takes up his progressive march over the roadway of the centuries!

Vol. 92.

With this issue the Banner of Light begins the last half of the forty-sixth year of its existence. Its files are rich in historical treasures, and its impress upon the psychic thought of the age cannot be estimated. It starts out upon its new volume with a stronger determination than ever to make the thought of Spiritualism the one great power in the world. The contributors to the columns of the Banner are men and women of giant intellects, yet susceptible to the influence of the subtle forces of the spirit, whose inspiration is manifested in all of their thought. These contributors will continue to enrich the Banner's columns with their splendid offerings during the ensuing six months. A special feature will be added to the new volume in the form of a page edited and directed by that versatile genius, W. J. Colville, whose popularity as a writer and speaker extends through all continents. He will present the new thought of the present century in his usual attractive and instructive way, besides giving the Banner a unique feature in the direction of occultism. Miss Judson will continue her spiritually illumined and helpful letters, while the message department will be held up to its former standard of excellence. A fine serial, with threads of the occult running through it, will also grace the columns of the Banner. These special attractions in addition to the rich spiritual worlds of other kinds will make volume ninety-two of unusual interest to all Spiritualists and Liberalists in all quarters of the globe. Surely, these excellent features should inspire the patrons of the Banner to enlarge its circle of readers by inducing their immediate friends to subscribe for it. If each reader would but send in one new name as a permanent subscriber to the Banner, the paper's power for good would be more than doubled. Its management proposes making it the best Spiritualist journal in the world, and to that end invites the hearty co-operation of all Spiritualists. Try the Banner for a year and see how you like it. You will receive twice the worth of your money in a single month. Send in your own subscription and induce your friends to do the same. Volume ninety-two will excel all other volumes ever put forth by the Banner of Light, and you want to enjoy the rich treat it will give you. Subscribe for it at once, then act as special agent in your neighborhood until all liberal thinkers have become patrons of the old reliable Banner of Light.

August 11, 1826.

This is a memorable date in the history of the world. On this day, six and seventy years ago, master minds in wisdom spheres decided to send a messenger unto the earth to be the teacher of the human race. A humble home in which Love was Queen was found in a small village in the great Empire State, where the visitor would be made welcome. Then the parents in soul life sent their child into this obscure, yet truly noble household, to enter upon his marvelous destiny. His coming was unheralded by the blare of trumpets, and his advent was scarcely noticed by those who dwelt near the little home into which he received so loving and withal so royal a welcome.

This child of the spheres, this son of the soul, was Andrew Jackson Davis, the great Poughkeepsie Seer, whose life has been one continuous blessing to his race. At an early age, his inner vision was quickened into a perception of the things of the spirit, while his inner ears heard the divine commands of the soul. He saw, he heard, he spoke, and he! the clannish darkness of the centuries began to roll away like a cloud. While yet a mere boy, he was directed to take his pen and record the truths of the world celestial. He found the "Principles of Nature," and gave her "Divine Revelations" to the children of men. His was the voice to mankind that ushered in the era of the spirit. The great Harmonia made known the law of life, while the Penetrator realized the two worlds in a oneness of spirit that can never be dissolved.

Andrew Jackson Davis was the mighty prophet of the new age when the civilization of the soul shall prevail over all the earth. In the realm of the material, he forswore the coming of the wonderful inventions of the past sixty years. In the realm of the soul he discovered to his own consciousness the "Great Positive Mind," and revealed the same to all who were capable of grasping this wonderful truth. In the realm of thought, he found the philosophy of life, and made it known in lucid terms to all of the children of men. In the realm of religion, he found the twin angels of Love and Duty, clasped hands

with them and went forth to regenerate the earth.

All of the children of men should hail the date, Aug. 11, 1826, as the chiefest of all events in the history of men. On that day, the greatest seer, prophet, sage, philosopher, teacher, and discoverer the world has ever seen or known came among men. He has lived to a good and noble purpose. The world has been thrilled, uplifted and instructed by his noble, unselfish life. He has been the physician to both the body and soul for all who have really known him. He is with us in bodily form today, in the full vigor of a youthful spirit, in the heyday of a ripe old age, that grows younger and younger as the years pass on. He is known and loved by many, yet his fame will grow brighter and brighter as the centuries roll away, until he will take his true place in the world's pantheon of teachers, the chief of them all.

Let us wish him many happy thoughts of his natal day, and send him such a thought-wave of love as will flood his whole soul with the tide of true appreciation. Let us honor this seer, sage and prophet while we have him with us, and fill all his days with the golden sunshine of pure affection. Hail to the great Poughkeepsie Seer, the messenger from heaven to lead all mankind out of the darkness of ignorance into the effulgent glory of the light of soul-wisdom and perception! Hail to humanity's friend, the soul's emancipator, the wise, the good, the gifted Andrew Jackson Davis, M. D.!!!

Editorial Notes.

My esteemed friend, Mr. Hebron Libbey, has just passed the eighty-third milestone of his journey across the plains of life. He is still in the full prime of mental and spiritual vigor, and is facing the future with a calm and serene spirit. He is as solicitous as ever for the comfort of his friends, and is never so happy as when he is doing something for them. His kindly remembrances to the Editor's family are much appreciated, as well as his kindly efforts to brighten the sanctum with some of his choice floral offerings. All who know Bro. Libbey, and his friends are legion, will unite with me in wishing him many happy returns of his birthday, with added joys and fresh pleasures on each succeeding anniversary.

It will be with deep regret that the many friends of Mrs. Rachel Walcott, of Baltimore, Md., learn of her serious illness that may release her from her house of clay within a very few days. Mrs. Walcott has long been one of the truest and most devoted workers for Spiritualism in America. For thirty years she has upheld its flag against heavy odds in her home city, and has worked most unselfishly to sustain the sacred principles of her religion. She has lived a truly noble life, and her record is one continuous account of good deeds. Would that she might be spared to enjoy the fruits of her well-spent life. If she must go, may she be freed from bodily pain and all attendant suffering at an early day.

Some manufacturers in the North are looking with longing eyes toward the Southern States as offering superior attractions for the investment of their capital, because of the difference in the price of labor. One large firm in New Hartford, Conn., is dismantling its mills and is moving the same to Alabama for this very reason. New Hartford is virtually ruined by the change made by the firm, while it is exceedingly doubtful whether that section of the South into which it has moved will be benefited thereby or not. If this firm has gone to Alabama for the purpose of employing women and children at starvation wages, its migration thither will be morally injurious to the people with whom it will have to deal. The erection of the mills may give zest to business along certain lines, but any industry that seeks to sustain itself at the cost of the lives, the honor and integrity of hundreds of people deserves to meet an ignominious failure. The strong arm of the law should be invoked to protect the weak and the helpless against the tyrants who are seeking to destroy them. Child labor, in these modern days of enlightenment is a crime against God, the angels and men. Its abolition is demanded by every rule of right and by every enlightened conscience in heaven and on earth.

The transition of Gen. Franz Siegel removes another of the heroes of the Civil War who offered his all in the defense of liberty, to the land of his adoption. His devotion to freedom led to his expatriation, and when he reached the United States, he redoubled his efforts to extend to the oppressed of America the same boon he so craved for himself—liberty. He was an ardent defender of the Union, and offered his services to President Lincoln at the opening of the war. He held an important professorship in a western college at the time, but at once resigned the same to draw the sword for freedom. His efforts, coupled with those of Blair and Lyon, saved Missouri to the Union. He was rapidly promoted as the war went on, for gallant and meritorious conduct, and it can be said to his everlasting credit, that he honestly earned every exaltation that came to him. He was a brave, careful and faithful soldier, and ever sought to serve his country unselfishly. It was considered an honor to belong to his brigade, and every German-American who could say "I fight mit Siegel," felt that he needed no other passport to the hall of fame. But the zealous patriot-leader has gone to his rest, and his tent is now pitched upon the camping grounds of the spirit. He has taken leave of earth, at the advanced age of seventy-eight years, leaving to his adopted country the record of a useful, patriotic life.

On the 7th of May of this year, Mrs. Sarah T. Jenkins, of Onset, Mass., celebrated her eighty-seventh birthday. She has been a Spiritualist for many years, and has faithfully sought to serve the cause she loves. She is

a thorough believer in organization, and has endeavored to render the N. S. A. loyal support. Her purse is open to every worthy cause, and she esteems it a privilege to contribute to the N. S. A. She enjoyed the personal friendship and esteem of Rev. T. Starr King, the famous Unitarian minister whose matchless eloquence saved California to the Union. His wife, Julia Wiggins-King, was Mrs. Jenkins' niece, hence through this marriage, our friend came to know him well. Mr. King will be remembered in Boston and New England as the pastor of the Hollis St. Unitarian Church, now the Hollis St. Theatre. He removed to California in 1880, and in four years climbed to the summit of Fame's loftiest pinnacle. No man is more loved and revered in California, today, than is Thomas Starr King. In 1887, the school children of that State erected a beautiful monument to the memory of the gifted hero-minister. Mrs. Jenkins is justly proud of the memory of this great man, and her devotion to Spiritualism is as great as was his to the cause of the Union. May she dwell long in the form, and be blessed with health and strength to enjoy the sunny memories of other days, as well as the golden moments of the present.

The attempt of some zealous friends of a negro criminal, who had made his way from North Carolina to Massachusetts, to prevent his extradition, has met as it deserved to meet, with complete failure. The assertion that the criminal would be lynched were he returned to the scene of his crime, has only the imagination of its projectors for a foundation. Gov. Crane would be doing Massachusetts a great injustice were he to listen to the advocates of the criminal's cause. If he refuses to extradite this negro, Massachusetts will speedily become the place of refuge for every negro murderer, rapist and criminal that could find his way thither. Besides this, it is an insult to the intelligence of the South to assert that any and all criminals there are in danger of being lynched. The best people of all sections of the Union, North and South, deplore lynching, and are outspoken against it. The people of the South, in many respects, have a higher and finer sense of justice than have some of the people of the North, and any failure to secure justice in the courts, or apparent danger of failure, serves to rouse them to instant summary action. Lynching is the result, especially in cases where the offense was an assault upon women. This attempt to secure justice is denounced by the people who know nothing of the circumstances involved in the case, and the negro is even extolled as a martyr by his apologists in the North.

Gov. Crane has done well to close his ears to the appeal of those who have more sentiment than sense in respect to this North Carolina criminal. Gov. Aycock of that State only acted within the legal requirements of his office in asking for the return of the negro to stand trial for his crime. He is to execute the laws as they stand upon the statute books, and he has the courage to do it regardless of the ravings of the defenders of negro criminals in the North. I do not believe in lynching, nor am I apologizing for its prevalence in any section of the nation. I do contend that it is always prompted by a wild sense of justice in the minds of those who resort to it, fearing, no doubt, the miscarriage of justice in the courts. So many negro criminals are freed in the North, and abscond with their Northern sympathizers in the South, that this fear is often too well founded. In Massachusetts, a negro rapist or murderer, or incendiary, stands twice the chance of acquittal than does a white man, accused of the same crime. Massachusetts judges even go so far as to plead the cause of an accused negro from the bench, and dare insult with impunity the innocent victim of the negro's unlawful action. Such being the case, it is not strange that criminal negroes are anxious to reach the old Bay State. Gov. Davis of Arkansas was not so very far out of the way when he offered a pardon to a negro on the condition that he would at once go to Massachusetts to live. He knew the love that some of our citizens hold for just such scoundrels as the negro was, and wanted them to have their fill of them by intimate association with them. The attempt to induce Gov. Crane to refuse extradition to the North Carolina, proves that Gov. Davis understood all too well the perverted sentimentalism of some few of the people of Massachusetts. Gov. Crane deserves great credit for refusing to listen to them.

In the last issue of the Banner I spoke of the necessity of exterminating the noxious insects that ruin trees, destroy crops, and poison human beings. My words became very much involved, and were anything but grammatical in construction. I said "The destruction of insects that ruin trees . . . etc., ought to be exterminated." I intended to say that the destruction of these pests was a matter of moment to all intelligent citizens, and that they ought to be exterminated because of the great injury they work to humanity. My argument was that it would be better to spend the money that is wasted in foreign missions, in the support of a useless army and navy, worthless military schools, and an unparliamentary subjugation of alien peoples, in the nobler work of protecting the husbandmen of the United States by enabling them to grow better crops. This argument could be extended to the matter of protecting human life, health, and the pursuit of happiness. My grammatical error has given me this second opportunity to protest against the waste of public money in the directions named, and to once more plead for the abolition of the useless and expensive schools at West Point and Annapolis.

Spiritualists of New England, we must not forget that we are to be the host of the N. S. A. at its coming convention in October. It is our duty (and the duty of the Spiritualists in every State where the convention meets), to provide the hall in which the same is to be held. It will require money to pay for the hall and the necessary decorations, and all New England Spiritualists should feel a pride in doing something in this direction for the N. S. A. It will show our appreciation of

the coming of so many of our brethren from all sections of the nation into New England. The hospitality of New England has ever been proverbial. Shall it be said that the Spiritualists are the first to depart from the splendid record this section has always sustained in welcoming visitors to our shores? Readers of these lines, it is up to you to act in this matter. It will take fully two hundred dollars to provide for the hall and such decorations as will be appropriate for the occasion. Only a small part of that sum is now in sight. You should aid this worthy cause by sending a generous contribution to the hall committee. The fact the convention is to be in Boston will save you large sums in the cost of travel and board. A portion of the money thus saved should be freely donated to the hall fund. It is now your turn to act. Send in your donations at once to J. B. Hatch, Jr., 74 Sydney St., Boston, Mass., and he will promptly receipt for the same.

The price of hard coal is now ten dollars per ton, and the managers of the Trust are assuring the "dear people" that they need have no fear, as there is no danger that the price will go beyond fifteen dollars per ton at the very highest! How comforting this thought must be to the man whose wages is but one dollar per day! At ten dollars per ton, it takes him ten full days to earn enough to pay for a single ton. If he buys less than a ton, he pays more in proportion than does the man who buys by the quantity. The man of wealth has no trouble even with the present prices, for he can buy all he needs, and make up the excess in price out of the addition to his income from the sales of his goods that have been advanced in price because of the present crisis. In 1891, the writer paid three dollars sixty-five cents per ton for hard coal. There has been no advance in the wages of the miners since that time. Improvements in machinery have reduced the cost of mining the coal to much less than it was eleven years ago. Despite the lessened cost of production, and the fact that the miner has had no advance in wages, coal now costs nearly three times as much as it did then. Some one is making some money out of the present struggle and that some one is not the wage earner. It is the conscienceless mine-owner, whose only desire is money, even if he robs his fellowmen to get it.

As a matter of fact, wages is on an average of six dollars per year less to every working man than it was in 1891. This is a startling fact and should be given more than a passing notice by the thoughtful citizen with coal at the present exorbitant price (for if it could be sold at a profit at three dollars sixty-five cents per ton eleven years ago, its present price is nothing less than extortion), with beef-steak at thirty, thirty-five, forty, and forty-five cents per pound, with all other eatables at prices equally high, there is danger of starvation on the part of thousands of honest people. They are not earning enough now to purchase their food supplies, yet rent, clothing, and fuel must be met. Surely the present situation is one so grave as to cause the true patriot to tremble for the weal of his fellowmen, and to wonder if an upheaval of the social forces is at hand. The assurance of the beef trust that meat will be cheaper next spring does not lessen the danger by feeding the hungry now. The promise of a full dinner pail for the working man has not been kept by the employers of labor, and now these same employers are urging him to go without meat as it is a luxury he does not need! Our government could better spend its millions in overthrowing the food and fuel monopolies of the land, than in the purchase of expensive military armament and in building worthless ships of war. The few should not be permitted to longer have the power of life and death over their fellowmen. Now they can both starve and freeze men to death, yet the Government and the majority of the American people look on with a smile of approval upon their faces! The Banner's mottoes are "Live and let live," "Equal rights for all—special privileges to none!"

The exposure of several counterfeit mediums during the present season has caused no little agitation among many earnest Spiritualists. The phenomenalists are angry, feeling that these exposures are unjust assaults upon honest mediums. Lovers of genuine phenomena are disturbed by the brazen attempt of these perfidious fakirs to deceive well-intentioned, honorable people. They have rejoiced in these exposures of the unworthy, and are calling for the continuation of the self-same policy henceforth. One adventurous and all round deceiver was forced to leave one of the great centres of spiritualistic instruction only a few days ago. There was overwhelming evidence of her guilt, yet honest men and women defended her despite the positive evidences of fraud that were laid before them. Personal quarrels arose out of this case, and friendships of years were sundered in consequence of it. It is a serious question what to do with our phenomena in respect to their presentation to the general public. I am in favor of the exposure of fraud and duplicity whenever the same are discovered, yet I believe it would be wiser to guard against both by providing conditions that would prevent any resort to them. Let us re-establish the old home circle, where there is no incentive to deceive for the sake of money, and no wish to be deceived for the sake of witnessing wonders. Let us return to the scientific method of investigation in dealing with phenomena, and there will be no further trouble with frauds. The mediums will have the ample protection of the mantle of love and the canopy of wisdom, while the people would receive only the positive assurances of fact for which they are hungering. Let us expose all fraud, but protect our Cause by establishing conditions for the production of genuine manifestations.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser today than he was yesterday.—Pope.

W. J. Colville at Lily Dale.

On Friday, Aug. 15, W. J. Colville began his work at Lily Dale after five years absence: he was warmly greeted by old friends and new, and enjoyed the privilege of addressing a very large audience in the Auditorium at 2:30 p. m. By request, the speaker dealt to some extent with recent experiences in England and also made considerable mention of the highly advanced social and industrial conditions prevailing in New Zealand and which are being rapidly adopted in Australia where the position of women is now exactly equal with that of men even as regards governmental representation. Many points in spiritual philosophy were strongly emphasized in the course of an eloquent discourse, the principal theme of which was the unification of all human interests. The following quotation is fully apposite:

"Extended travel can benefit none who are too content to be simply globe-trotters, but whenever a human being moves sympathetically among differing races of humanity and lives happily in various countries the distinguishing characteristics and customs of which are widely dissimilar, insight must be gained into that stupendous truth of human solidarity which the eminent electrician, Nikola Tesla has emphatically preached from the laboratories of modern scientific discovery as eloquently and as fervently as it has ever been proclaimed by a teacher whose whole life has been given to the promulgation of philanthropy."

"We must learn that a true Spiritualism is a science and philosophy of life, practical at every turn, and though we cannot endorse entirely the famous 'One world at a time' theory which is strenuously advocated by intelligent agnostics, we cannot reasonably overlook the kernel of truth within that materialistic shell. A right estimate of the relation between worlds may be derived by studying the solar system but however much we may delight to bask in the sun's radiance, and however grateful we may feel for the sunshine and for reflected moonbeams, we must not forget that every gleam of light which illumines this planet from the sun is to guide our industrious pathway, not to lead us to forget the work of the immediate present because we love to contemplate a yet more glorious future. The goodness of our present life and the beauty of the present world must be dwelt on more than on the past by progressing Spiritualists and it is only those who acknowledge the psychological as the greater real who can grasp practical ideals and logically translate them into practice."

The lecturer had very good words to say of the progressive action now taken by Spiritualists in England and Scotland and predicted a great revival of interest soon to become universal in America. Following the lecture an impromptu poem was rendered on five subjects suggested by the audience; this also received an outburst of applause.

At 8 p. m., W. J. Colville held a reception by invitation of Mrs. Pettigill, of Lehigh Hotel, during which many questions were answered and fourteen personal poems ending with symbolic names were given to the guests. The Octagon was the scene of W. J. Colville's opening lecture in a course on Psychical Science which commenced August 16 and continued daily at 8 p. m. until Camp closed.

A Soul Imprisoned.

"Your father and mother are here," said the medium to a lady seated beside me in the meeting. "They give me their names as John and Harriett; they bring with them a little child; I think she was between six and seven years old when she passed out of the body. She holds a white rosebud in her hand and is pointing over to you; she says: 'Mama, I am Etta.'"

"That is quite correct," said the woman; "those are the names of my father, mother and child. I placed the rosebud in the hand of my daughter as she lay in the casket."

To this beautiful recognition, no word of greeting or endearment was given by this woman to either her mother or her child; but she did say to the medium, "Please ask my father if we will make a success financially in our new venture."

What a chilling, even a killing reception was this for a daughter and a mother to give her loved ones! What a masterpiece of materialism is this that draws in its vortex all that is noble and sweet, tender and loving, and makes of the heart a desert waste instead of a perennial wellspring of human love and affection. Here we have indeed an exemplification of materialistic Spiritualism. No word of greeting had this woman, for her spirit father and mother; no tender words of endearment for little Etta, her daughter; she only exhibited a repulsive eagerness to know from her spirit father—how she would get on in business. Oh, "tis true," this pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true," that I have to record an instance of spiritual perversity in real life like this, in connection with Spiritualism; but here was an action posing as a Spiritualist when in deed and in truth she only represents a class known as materialistic spiritists; interested only in such messages that come from the spirit world as will conduce to their pecuniary advantage.

Spiritualists, ah, it will be a happy day when these materialists will open the window of the soul and let the pure white light of spirituality abide with them—Lewis.

Queen City Park.

Aug. 17 a large audience greeted Mrs. Paul of Morrisville, Vt., at 10:30 a. m. She gave an eloquent lecture, followed by tests by Mrs. Kate Ham, who will be here the rest of the season. At 2:30 p. m. an appreciative audience greeted Mrs. Helen P. Russeque. Subject of lecture, "What Shall We Do With Our Spiritualism?" Her thoughts were broad and elevating. Mrs. Ham gave tests, doing good work. In the evening Mrs. Russeque gave psychometric readings to a large and appreciative audience. Mrs. Ham gave good satisfaction in test work.

Aug. 18 was our day of rest.

Aug. 19, 10:30 a. m., conference opened by Brother Gould; subject, "Freedom," discussed by Mrs. Russeque, Mr. Withell, and Mr. Wyan of Montreal. At 3 p. m. Mrs. T. Reynolds of Troy, N. Y., prefaced her instructive lecture with a beautiful poem followed by tests by Mrs. Ham.

Aug. 20, 10:30 a. m., conference was opened by Mrs. Reynolds. The 3 p. m. meeting opened by singing by Mesdames Wood and Witham, followed by invitation and lecture by Mrs. Reynolds. Mrs. Ham gave many satisfactory tests. At 7:45 p. m., the annual masquerade ball was given in pavilion; music, Hanks' orchestra of Richmond, Vt.

Thursday, Aug. 21, a m., heavy rain, no conference. At 3 p. m. Mrs. Reynolds again greeted a large audience. Subject of lecture, "Our Relation to Spiritualism and What We Can Do for Humanity," followed by tests by Mrs. Ham. At 8 p. m. Mrs. Russeque and Miss Randall gave a whist party in the hotel parlors. Refreshments of cake and coffee were served. Prizes were awarded to Mr. P. C. Dodge, Mrs. Lord, Miss Paul, Mrs. S. N. Gould. All report a most enjoyable evening.

Friday, Aug. 22, 10:30 a. m., conference

opened by Mrs. Reynolds; Mrs. Weeks read a poem, "Everlasting Memorial"; Dr. Gould gave many good thoughts on the declarations of principles; Mrs. Sargent and Mrs. Warner spoke briefly, and an instructive conference closed by singing "Let the Spirits In."

Friday, 3 p. m., Mrs. Russeque gave another address and Mrs. Ham tests. Friday evening the young people gave their second dance in pavilion. Music, Hanks' orchestra. We have with us Prof. Connet of Clarendon St., Boston, who is giving a course of lessons in "Suggestion and Psychic Culture" to a large class; all of his pupils are enthusiastic. His lessons are given each afternoon at 4 p. m. at Pine Tree Cottage.

The business meeting the same board of directors was elected.

New arrivals at hotel: Mrs. Paul and daughter, Morrisville, Mrs. Russeque, Mrs. Atwood, Hartford, Conn., Mr. Ryan and daughter, A. B. Clark, Dr. James Withell, of Montreal, Canada, Mrs. Lyons, Plattsburg, N. Y., Mrs. Clark, Rutland, Mr. L. Webb and daughter, Randolph, Prof. Connet and wife, Boston, Mass., Tillie Reynolds, Troy, N. Y., Mr. Parton, Brandon, Vt., Miss Hanley, Miss McCabe, Burlington, Miss E. N. Lewis, New York City, E. T. Benedict, Mrs. J. E. Bromley, Plattsburg, N. Y., W. J. Way, Concord, N. H., all cottages are filled and quite a number more expected at hotel today.—J. M. P.

Camp Progress.

The audiences at this popular camp are increasing from week to week. Sunday, Aug. 17, there were fully two thousand on the grounds. The meetings were very interesting, and quite a goodly number of mediums and speakers took part at each session. At 11 a. m. Messrs. James Smith, Fred de Bos, M. A. Graham, speaker; Mrs. James Newhall gave tests and messages; Mrs. Seraphine Johnston of Salem acted as organist and led the singing.

At the afternoon meetings, the regular quartet, assisted by Mr. Fred Taylor, furnished the music. Mrs. Sadie L. Hand, Mrs. Lizzie D. Butler, Mrs. Pagan of Weymouth, spoke and gave many beautiful messages from our angel loved ones. Several others spoke briefly and interestingly.

Labor day there will be a picnic, to which all are cordially invited. The usual refreshments will be on sale.

Every Wednesday a test séance for the benefit of the Camp Progress Spiritual Science Home Mission, is held at 3 p. m. Good mediums are always present and Mrs. Johnston is organist and leads the singing.—Mrs. E. B. Merrill, 86 Lynnfield St., Lynn, Mass.

Campmeetings for 1902.

Onset, Mass.—July 13 to Aug. 31.
Lake Pleasant, Mass.—July 23 to Aug. 31.
Unity Camp, Saugus Centre, Mass.—June 1 to Sept. 28.

Camp Progress, Mowland Park, Upper Swampscott, Mass.—June 1 to Sept. 28.
Earnscliffe, Grove, Lowell, Mass.—July 6 to Aug. 31, inclusive.
Sunapee Lake, Blodgett's Landing, N. H.—Aug. 3 to 31.

Niantic, Conn.—June 23 to Sept. 8.
Temple Heights, Northport, Me.—Aug. 23 to 31.

Madison, Me.—Sept. 5 to 14.
Etta, Me.—Aug. 29 to Sept. 7.
Queen City Park, Burlington, Vt.—Aug. 3 to Sept. 1.

Hastlet Park, Mich.—July 25 to Sept. 1.
Ashley, O.—Aug. 17 to Sept. 7.
Mantua, O.—July 25 to Sept. 2.

Lake Brady, N. Y.—July 13 to Aug. 31.
Marshalltown, Iowa.—Aug. 24 to Sept. 14.
Ottawa, Kan.—Aug. 24 to Sept. 2.

Waukesha, Wis.—Aug. 2 to 31 inclusive.
South Boulder Canyon, Colo.—July, August, September.

Los Angeles, Calif.—Aug. 17 to Sept. 14.
Green Lake, Seattle.—July 27 to Aug. 31.

Lowell, Mass.

We all begin to feel sorry that our camp at Earnscliffe is fast drawing to a close. It was intended to close Aug. 31, but at the earnest solicitation of many of our attendants the standing committee voted to hold a conference on Sunday, Sept. 7, and I should be pleased to hear from any who would like to assist us. Mr. H. L. Clough of Lynn occupied our platform the 17th, and gave the best of satisfaction. This was Mr. Clough's first visit to our camp and he made a very favorable impression. Abby Burnham of Malden was with us the 24th and Mrs. Annie L. Jones of Lowell occupies our platform the 31st. On Saturday, the 23d, we held another of our famous picnics; this time it was a basket picnic. Sports, a good time and a circle were the order of the day. Fred H. Coggeshall, 26 Nichols St., president.

Blodgett's Landing, Lake Sunapee, N. H.

The Lake Sunapee Campmeeting Association opened meeting at Blodgett's Landing, N. H., Aug. 3, under very favorable circumstances. Mrs. Carrie E. Twine of Weymouth, N. Y., was the speaker and medium from Aug. 3 to 10 inclusive. Her work was highly satisfactory in every way. Mrs. Twine is a pleasing speaker and her delineations are convincing. She leaves a host of friends at Sunapee, who wish her Godspeed in her new fields of labor for the truth of Spiritualism.

Aug. 10, Mrs. Lizzie D. Butler of Lynn, Mass., gave a seance in Harmony Hall. Mrs. Butler also served the association Aug. 12, 13, 14, as the speaker and medium, giving many very excellent communications. This was Mrs. Butler's first visit to the camp. She left a favorable impression with the people.

Friday, the 15th, the Ladies' Aid held a fair and entertainment which were a success socially and financially.

Saturday, the 16th, and Sunday, the 17th, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes of Dorchester, Mass., was the speaker. On Sunday very large audiences gathered to listen and only words of commendation were heard of her work. Mrs. Byrnes is one of the oldest pioneers in the field and she has before the people without saying something to make her listeners feel they have been benefited by listening to her.

Mrs. Effie I. Webster of Lynn, Mass., held a seance at 1 o'clock Sunday in Harmony Hall and served the association from Aug. 16 to 24 inclusive. This was her fourth successive season Mrs. Webster has served this association. Mr. J. Frank Baxter of Chelsea, Mass., was the speaker and medium Sunday, August 24 and Tuesday, August 25. Edgar W. Emerson of Manchester, N. H., will be the speaker and medium from the 29th to the 31st, closing the meetings for 1902.

The weather has been very unfavorable, being cold and damp, and many have been sick since the camp opened. The president, Mrs. Addie M. Stevens, has been unable to attend but very few of the meetings. She was taken sick the first day of the season and recovers very slowly. Despite all this the meetings have been well attended and an increasing interest is manifest. The music has been furnished by Mrs. Fannie and Miss

Faith Spaulding of Norwich, Conn., and Mrs. Ida E. Young of Montpelier, Vt., and has been very satisfactory to the association. Edie I. Webster, Sec'y.

Briefs.

Dr. Noyes and wife have been the entire season at Lily Dale, where they have done some very effective work in healing. Many claim great benefit from their classes of instructions for the development of mediumship, and as they go from here to Rochester, N. Y., to open their spiritual meetings at the I. O. O. F. Hall, 11 Clinton St., Sept. 7, we wish them great success, for they are worthy of the Cause and honest mediums.—A. E. C. Waverly Home, Aug. 17, we had an overflow meeting. Service of song, led by Mrs. Moody; prayer, Dr. Greenwood; address, Abby M. Burnham, who came to pay her respects to the old veterans; Bro. Dodge, an old-time worker in the Lyceum movement, made happy remarks; tests and remarks, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Moody, Dr. Blagden, Mrs. Tuttle, Mr. Jackson. The friends who attended the meetings which we announced that they will hold a basket picnic on the lawn, Labor day. So, friends, when you get weary of walking in the procession on that day, come to Waverly, bring lunch, bring enough for two; we will try to make all happy.—Lewis.

Commercial Hall, 694 Washington St., Mrs. M. Adeline Wilkinson, conductor. Services every Sunday at 11, 3 and 7:30. Those taking part during the day were: Mrs. Whittemore, Mrs. Morrow, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Cassell, Mr. Hughes, Mrs. Goff, Mrs. Wilkinson, Mrs. Fox, Mr. Mellick, Dr. Brown, Mr. Davis, Dr. Blackden, Mr. Littlefield, Dr. Ambridge. Music, Mr. Peake, Mrs. Grover and Mrs. Rockwell. Tuesday circles are drawing a large crowd and a great power is felt. Those assisting Tuesday, the 19th, were Mr. Marston of Brighton, Mrs. Brown, Mr. Clark, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Emerson, Mrs. Whittemore, Mrs. Jackson, Dr. Brown and many others. Magnetic healers are especially invited to attend the circles. Meetings for spirit messages every Thursday at 3 o'clock.—Reporter.

The Malden Progressive Spiritualist Society will resume services Sunday, Sept. 7, in Marcus Hall, 142 Pleasant St. Mrs. Bonney of Boston will occupy the platform. Mrs. Chas. Smith, piano; music from the Summerland.

Unity Camp, Saugus Centre, Alex. Caird, M. D., president. Services at 11, 2 and 4. Good speakers and mediums. Meetings free. All welcome. Sept. 1st, "Labor Day," grand union picnic. Parties are expected from many neighboring societies. There will be games, races and entertainments of various kinds. All Spiritualists and their friends are cordially invited.

Notice.

Any of the friends that are interested in medical liberty should come to the front and make the claim that will come on in the Supreme Court next October. It remains with our people whether we win this case of Mr. A. Proctor or not. We need \$500. Who will assist to raise this fund? Any money can be sent to Carrie L. Hatch, secretary State Association, and she will be pleased to answer any questions in regard to the matter.

Annual Meeting in Galveston, Texas.

The annual meeting of the Texas State National Association of Spiritualists will be held Sept. 5, 6, 7 and 8 at the Spiritualist Temple, Galveston, Texas. Mrs. Laura B. Payne, who is doing excellent missionary work in the State, will attend the meeting. John W. Ring, president; Mrs. Nettie M. Wood, secretary, 1897 Washington St., Houston, Tex.

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