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NO. 13

EMERSON—A GUIDE TO GOOD.

When my young soul was all a soul,
And hungered sore for things divine,
There came to me his blest control;
I drank of wisdom as God's wine:
I was empowered with evidence—
Our life was meant to be a joy;
And each appraisal of soul and sense—
Gave glorious gladness to the boy!



Emerson's Home, Concord.

I thought with him in ways of truth;
We two in spirit proved but one;
His age was vision for my youth—
Where all the stars of hope looked on;
With him I wandered in the woods;
And saw the flowers grow in grace;
And God was in the solitude—
To meet me face to face!

'Twas insight of the poet heart,
The seeing eyes the mind must own,
Revealing clear the better part—
By all experience made known:
I had high passion for the good,
His reaching words in blessing sent;
It filled me with his heavenly mood,
His gentleness and calm content!

I heard the music of his verse,
And very pleasant was the sound;
The wind and sea such strains rehearse,
Their meaning in our nature found:
I was awake to poet things,
The silent sky, the falling snow;
The growing grass, the whirl of wings,
And all the wonder seasons show!

My heart rejoiced for freedom fair,
I sought expression of the free;
Its beauty met me everywhere,
As song of bird, as bloom of tree:
Life grew to greatness by the power
Of thought that had its full, free course;
It grew as sweetly as a flower,
Yet had the rushing river's force!

This brought me into God's good world,
Where Love alone possesses rule;
Hope's banner was o'er all unfurled,
While daily life became Faith's school:
As sweet as music was this gift;
Like summer sunshine for the days;
It was religion's grand uplift;
'Tis this in me that speaks his praise!

William Brunton.

Emerson as Poet.

Wilson Fritch.

Emerson said, "I am not a great poet, but whatever there is of me at all is poet." The world is beginning to understand what there is of him and an increasing number recognize him as essentially poet. Heart and insight are manifest in all he wrote. From the centre of a boundless heart he sees all things in the form of beauty. He

"Thought it happier to be dead,
To die for Beauty, than live for bread."

Whoever has the eternal vision of beauty and succeeds in embodying it is a poet, whether the embodiment be in verse, prose, sculpture, painting, music or life. Without that vision there may be verse makers but no poets. If the vision is vivid and vast enough, some of it will find expression, whatever the style.

Poetry is a "thought so passionate and alive, that, like the spirit of a plant or an animal, it has an architecture of its own, and adorns nature with a new thing." Emerson's thought is always poetical. He lived on Olympus and the gods were his companions. From such a height there is nothing mean or prosaic. The essays are rhythmic enough to be chanted. The essay on "Friendship" is the most perfect expression of poetry in prose.

Many who praise the poetic qualities of his prose, think his verse lacks grace and

music. Grace and music are evidently not the prime considerations. Clearness in the expression of truth is the aim. Where such expression approaches perfection, there are beauty, grace and music; for these are of the soul of truth, which needs no adornment. When reality has been disclosed, the poet has succeeded. Ornamentation would be profanity. The simplest expression of the soul is the most poetic.

As one reads the essays, he exclaims, "How clear; how poetic!" Yet, when we come to the poems, we easily see why he wrote in verse. Here he expresses what is not possible in prose. There are passages that, for grace and music, stand with the finest in literature. For instance, these lines from "Rhodora":

"The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black waters with their beauty gay."

These from "Woodnotes":

"Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
But it carves the bow of beauty there,
The ripples in rhymes the our-forsake."

These from "Santi," describing sun-clear eloquence:

"And though he speak in midnight dark,—
In heaven no star, on earth no spark,—
Yet before his listener's eye
Swims the world in ecstasy.
The forest waves, the morning breaks,
The pastures sleep, ripple the lakes,
Leaves twinkle, flowers like persons be,
And life pulsates from rock and tree."

Emerson created a new style of poetry in which mythology is set aside and nature is used as imagery. Osiris and Isis, Zeus and Apollo, Jehovah and Jesus, Thor and Wotan fade; atom, truth, love and soul are the divinities, whose unspeakable activities awe the mind and ravish the heart. "The most fertilizing mind America has produced" is especially suggestive in the beginnings of a new poetry, that, springing out of the disclosures of science, will surpass the sublimest songs of the ancient bards.

Emerson's poetry is his philosophy condensed. This is not the condemnation of his poetry but, its praise; for truth transparently embodied is poetry of the highest order. The poems do not teach, they show us beauty. Elemental feelings are shown to the soul in their native grandeur; friendship, in the essay that bears that name and in "Etienne De La Boeche;" love, in "Initial, Daemone and Celestial Love," and in "Give All to Love;" "Each and All" sums up practical wisdom in the harmony of the finite and the Infinite. In the ecstasy of the spirit, we yield ourselves to the perfect whole. Attleboro, Mass.

Simplicity of Emerson's Works.

Dean Farrar.

The influence that the work of Emerson has had on the civilization of the world is not to be taken as less than a great power. His rare reading and his deep and intricate knowledge of the world's principles gave him the basis for a philosophy that cannot but help. The simple manner in which he expressed these complexities of mankind brought thousands of thinking and unthinking people to his shrine. I often wonder how he mastered this great simplicity of style which largely brought him in contact with the world. It permitted him to be read and studied. He was the means of bringing the deeper thoughts of the ages to a clear understanding.—Success.

Reminiscences.

Susie C. Clark.

In that most interesting volume, "James Russell Lowell and His Friends," by Dr. Edward Everett Hale, the author, in his inimitable way, relates many facts which are valuable to hold in one's memory. Among these we learn that Dr. Hale and his brother Nathan, for two years of their college course at Harvard, occupied room 27 in Massachusetts Hall, and it was from the window of this room that the first photograph ever made in New England was taken, with a little camera intended for draughtsmen. The picture was of Harvard Hall, opposite. And the first portrait taken in Massachusetts was the copy in this picture of a bust of Apollo, standing in the window of the college library, in Harvard Hall, the artists being Dr. Hale and his classmate, Samuel Longfellow.

The daguerreotype was first announced to the world in Paris, by Daguerre, in January, 1839. The French government rewarded him for his great discovery and publicly proclaimed his process. Mr. W. H. Fox Talbot meanwhile, in England, had been experimenting in paper processes, which was the beginning of what we now call photography. Daguerre's announcement thus forced him to make public his paper on photographic drawings, on January 31, of same year, and from his suggestions, the young collegians were enabled to make this early print. They considered their room the best in the college and it was the favorite headquarters of the young editorial staff of the university magazine of that period—*Harvardiana*—of whom Lowell was an active and versatile member. It is amusingly recorded also that when Lowell's father received the tidings that his son, James, had been chosen as class poet, that excellent man exclaimed, "Oh dear, James promised me that he would quit writing poetry and would go to work." While commenting on the ceaseless industry of Lowell's life, Dr. Hale thinks it very fortunate for the world that he did not "quit writing poetry."

In those early days, our "Buddha of the West," as Dr. Holmes called Emerson, or "the Yankee Plato," according to Lowell, was considered "a little crazy" and was often mildly ridiculed, even the polished Edward Everett in introducing him at a Phi Beta Kappa dinner, had to indulge in his little joke, defining Transcendentalism as compounded, like the bolts of Jupiter:

"Three parts were raging fire, and three were
whirling water,
But three were thirsty cloud and three were
empty wind."

at which Emerson smiled and was silent.

In 1849, after he had returned from England, he had never then received a dollar from the sale of any of his published works. He told Dr. Hale that he owned a great many copies of his own books, but this was all the returns he had received from his publishers. Later, when "English Traits" had in the first six months' sales, paid for its plates and earned a balance beside in Emerson's favor, the author could not believe it and on receipt of his first virgin check, Mr. Phillips had to instruct him how to endorse it, so he could place it on his own bank account.

An interesting story is related regarding the young English poet, Arthur Hugh Clough, who came to America to live in a Republic, but eventually returned to England to accept a government position, and died in Florence in 1862. When Emerson was sailing for home in 1849, after his first visit to England, Clough accompanied him to the deck of the steamer and said sadly: "What shall we do without you? Carlyle has led us all out into the desert and he has left us there." And Emerson, laying his hand on the young man's head, said: "Clough, I consecrate you Bishop of all England. It shall be your part to go up and down through the desert to find out these wanderers and to lead them into the promised land."

During Lowell's professorship at Harvard, he complained that the monotony of the teacher had a benumbing effect on literary effort. "The Cathedral," written at this time, was sent to Emerson for review, which office he declined, saying simply, "But I like Lowell. I like Lowell." When asked if he did not like the poem too, he replied, "I like it—yes; but I think he had to pump," discerning the difference between "striking oil" from a living spring, and digging an artesian well for it and soliciting the aid of a steam engine, a criticism Lowell would doubtless have enjoyed.

Dr. Hale also relates that when in 1860, young Robert Lincoln brought to President Walker of Harvard, a letter of introduction from one Abraham Lincoln, none of the faculty of Harvard College, excepting Lowell, had ever heard of this doughty opponent of Stephen A. Douglas, showing that in those days, at least, it was possible for a circle of intelligent men to know little or nothing of what was happening in the world, beyond the sound of the college bell.

It is well known that in lecturing, Emerson

had a propensity for changing the order of the sheets composing his manuscript. He would often say before going onto the platform, "Oh, I must have a good page to commence with" and rapidly turning his leaves would select one to place in front, then equally at random, choose a suitable one with which to close his address. He often transposed the tenth sheet in place of the fifth, or the fifth for the fifteenth, and on one occasion when his daughter Ellen sewed the pages together, it disconcerted him quite seriously. Of his second Phi Beta address, to be found in the eighth volume of his works, Lowell made this comment:

"Emerson's oration was more disjointed than usual, even with him. It began nowhere and ended everywhere; and yet as always with that divine man, it left you feeling that something beautiful had passed that way, something more beautiful than anything else, like the rising and setting of stars. Every possible criticism might have been made on it, except that it was not noble. There was a tone in it that awakened all elevating associations. He boggled, he lost his place, he had to put on his glasses; but it was as if a creature from some fairer world had lost his way in our fogs, and it was our fault and not his. It was chaotic, but it was all such stuff as stars are made of, and you could not help feeling that if you waited awhile, all that was nebulous would be hurled into planets, and would assume the mathematical gravity of system. All through it, I felt something in me that cried, 'Ha, ha! to the sound of trumpets.'"

When one recalls the notable names that used to meet together during that brilliant era and later, at the famed Saturday Club, whose members included Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, Fields, Motley, Whipple, Whittier, Gov. Andrew, R. H. Dana, Jr., Profs. Agassiz, Pierce, Norton and Goodwin, Presidents Felton and Eliot, Charles Sumner, Prescott, Appleton, John Murray Forbes, John Elliott Cabot, Henry James, Howells, T. B. Aldrich, Wm. Morris Hunt, Charles Francis Adams, James Freeman Clarke, Judge Lowell, Judge Hoar and others, one feels that the Golden Age of New England has passed the culmination of intellectual greatness. The tide of worthy literary production is perhaps now at its ebb, but let us trust the next flood will prove a spiritual renaissance, aided by an outpouring of inspiration from these arisen and still advancing souls, a creative epoch whose gems of grand achievement will be radiant with the illumination of the Spirit.

Emerson in the Home.

Loren B. Macdonald.

There is a passage in Emerson's essay on Plato in which he makes reference to the Greek philosopher's relations to home and family. "Great geniuses," he says, "have the shortest biographies. They lived in their writings, and so their house and street life were trivial and commonplace. Plato, especially, has no external biography. If he had lover, wife or children, we hear nothing of them. He ground them all into paint. As a good chimney burns its smoke, so a philosopher converts the value of all his fortunes into his intellectual performances."

It is said that a good Concord woman who heard Emerson read this essay took some offense at this rather unusual way of disposing of the old Greek's wife and children. "He ground them into paint." "If those ancient people were accustomed to do such things as that," she said to a friend on the way home, "the least said about them the better." Taking the expression even in a figurative sense, this neighbor of his must have known that Emerson himself was a philosopher who did not "grind the members of his household into paint." He was a modern New Englander, inheriting the instincts and traditions of that race which has ever held sacred the home fireside and the tender relations that gather round it. Some twelve years after his visible form had been withdrawn from that home, it was the privilege of the writer of this article to reside for a time within those walls once hallowed by his presence. One could distinctly feel even then the influence of that gracious personality that had put its stamp upon the household, and manifested itself in the habits and reminiscences of those who had shared with him its atmosphere of plain living and high thinking. We do not have to read "The Threnody," that tenderest outpouring of a father's bereaved heart to be found in all literature, to learn that he had a great heart as well as a great intellect. And in domestic fortunes which through long years were singularly sweet and pleasant we cannot fail to discern the reflection of that same sweetness and light that appears in all his writings.

The sympathy and affection that holds its object up to the highest attainment was invariably that displayed by Emerson in the household. A child crying at the dining-table he would bid with gentle, quiet voice go and see if the sun was shining on the front door-

steps. The weeping little one would obey wonderingly, and forget its tears in accomplishing the curious errand. Or, again, finding the children indulging in a game of cards one bright sunny morning, he interrupted their play in order to show them that the morning light was given for a better purpose, and was too sacred thus to be desecrated. He was most delicately considerate of the rights and feelings of servants, and was anxious lest the thoughtless speech of any members of the household should give any offence to those who occupied a subordinate position. One cannot fail, it is true, to get an impression of a certain atmosphere of severity in Emerson's conduct of the home. He rebuked any turn of the conversation to whatever was unprofitable and vulgar. Into all wholesome and refined play and merriment he entered with heartiness. He was ever kindly, warm-hearted and affectionate. And yet he loved truth, goodness, beauty so much that he wanted to see them embodied in the commonest human relations. He was a great lover as well as a great thinker and not less a lover because, even in the humble relations of the home he carried into effect the spirit of one of his noblest stanzas:

"For this is love's nobility:
Not to scatter bread and gold,
Goods and raiment, bought and sold,
But to hold fast our simple sense,
And speak the speech of innocence,
And with hand and body and blood
To make our bosom council good.
For he that feeds men serveth few:
He serves all who dares be true."
Practical Ideals (May).

Crowned at Last.

Susie C. Clark.

At this time, when the whole world unites in paying homage and reverence to the pure-hearted, sweet-souled philosopher of Concord, it is not only interesting to recall, but becomes also a source of comfort and strength to present-day leaders of advanced thought, the bearers of an unpopular message, to be reminded that Emerson likewise had his day when his pure gospel was coldly received, its worth and beauty quite unappreciated. The teachers and reformers of the race must always wear the martyr's crown. The world stones its prophets and crucifies its Saviors, before it deifies them.

Mr. W. D. Howells, who visited Emerson when a young man of twenty-three, thus describes the sage at that time, when in his prime of mature manhood: "His hair was still entirely dark, and his face had a kind of marble youthfulness, colored to a delicate intelligence by the highest and noblest thinking that any man has done. There was a strange charm in Emerson's eyes, something like that I saw in Lincoln's, but shyer, sweeter and less sad. His smile was the very sweetest I have ever beheld and the contour of the mask and the line of the profile were in keeping with this incomparable sweetness of the mouth."

Of the tardy appreciation of Emerson's high message by the world, Howells says: "It was his great fortune to have been mostly misunderstood, and to have reached the dense intelligence of his fellowmen after a whole lifetime of perfectly simple and lucid appeal, and his countenance expressed the patience and forbearance of a wise man content to bide his time. It would be hard to persuade people now that Emerson once represented to the popular mind all that was most hopelessly impossible, and that in a certain sort he was a national joke, the type of the incomprehensible, the byword of the poor paragoner. He had perhaps disabused the community somewhat by presenting himself here and there as a lecturer, and talking face to face with men in terms which they could not refuse to find as clear as they were wise; he was more and more read, by certain persons, here and there; but we are still so far behind him in the reach of his far-thinking that it need not be matter of wonder that twenty years before his death he was the most misunderstood man in America. Yet in that twilight where he dwelt, he loomed large upon the imagination; the minds that could not conceive him were still aware of his greatness regarding him, as a presence of force and beauty and wisdom, unaccompanied in our literature."

Do that which is assigned you, and you cannot hope too much or dare too much. There is for you at this moment an utterance brave and grand as that of the colossal chisel of Phidias, or trowel of the Egyptians, or pen of Moses or Dante, but different from all these. Not possibly will the Soul all rich, all eloquent with thousand cloven tongue, deign to repeat itself; but if you can hear what these patriarchs say, surely you can reply to them in the same pitch of voice; for the ear and the tongue are the two organs of one nature. Abide in the simple and noble regions of thy life, obey thy heart, and thou shalt reproduce the Fore-world again.—Emerson.

EACH AND ALL.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Little thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown
Of thee from the hill-top looking down;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone.

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
He sings the song, but it cheers not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky;
He sang to my ear,—they sang to my eye.
The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,
And the bellying of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fished my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore
With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar.
The lover watched his graceful maid,—
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed,
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.
At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage;
The gay enchantment was undone,
A gentle wife, but fairly none.

Then I said, "I covet truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
I leave it behind with the games of youth."
As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the elm-moss burs;
I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground;
Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity;
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird;
Beauty brought my senses stole;
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

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Emerson's Position in the Philosophy of the Nineteenth Century.

Hedwig Selma Alvarus, B. A.

After Dr. Peabody's masterly address on Emerson's Philosophy, of which we had such an able account in one of the March numbers of the "Banner," it would be well high impossible, especially for a non-American, to add many new points to the metaphysics and ethics of the New England genius whose anniversary all the lovers of the true, the beautiful and the good are celebrating this year. It can therefore not be my task to elaborate on anything the great Harvard Divine has said, but only to point out the leading thoughts of the great European philosophers that stimulated and fructified the soil on which Emerson's works grew. The reader

will, of course, not expect me to give anything like an exhaustive treatment of the grand and lofty philosophical systems of the nineteenth century, within the limit of this article; I can only sketch the merest outline of the chain of thought, into which Emerson's philosophy fits as one of the links.

The great man of letters between whom and our sage even a rather superficial glance could detect a great similarity, is without doubt Thos. Carlyle. Both he and Emerson did not fashion their philosophy into a system, bristling with hard names and bounded by cold, logical definitions, but both thinkers cast the drapery of poetic imagination around their ideas and succeeded in carrying their philosophy into a thousand avenues which otherwise would not have been reached. To both of them the outer world is no reality; it is only the ever-changing kaleidoscope through which the Absolute is manifesting itself. They investigate every subject of popular interest, religion, literature, history, politics, searching for the element of immutable truth in each of these departments, and trying to build a higher and better world on the solid rock of spiritual philosophy.

But we must note a difference of temperament between the two inspired leaders. With the voice of Jupiter Tonans the sage of Chelsea denounces the shallowness of his age; he tears the mask from the face of hypocrisy; and when it comes upon morals, with what infinite scorn he scorns and tramples upon "the Gospel according to Jeremy Beetham!" In his rambles through the regions of elegant literature the same tendencies are apparent. "The pretty story-telling Walter Scott," that required no thought to read him, that described only the visible and had no eye for the invisible world, finds, I think unjustly, but little favor at the hands of our stern Spiritualist.

"The snarling, impious Byron," the poet of misanthropy and earthly passion is heartily despised. But Burns, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and, more than all, Goethe, sing music to his inner spirit and revive the strains of Shakespeare, Dante and Homer.

In his crusade against hollowness and cant, Carlyle made more sincerity almost the test of goodness; and that is why his weakness lies. The irritability of temper of this man of pure and lofty ideals was perhaps increased through physical suffering; he occasionally presents a distorted view of the world, it is doubtless owing to the spectacles of dyspepsia.

Emerson's nature, on the contrary, is perfectly poised, harmonious and serene. He has not the ardor of the chiding prophet, his writings are not polemic, "he knows nothing of argument," but his mind, like the calm surface of a beautiful lake faithfully reflects the manifold objects of nature; and, in his presentation of the various questions of life, he makes us feel the "Divine Immanence," the unity underlying the variety of forms, produced by the ever-whirling loom of Time.

If we are now looking for the source of inspiration of Emerson as well as Carlyle, we must turn our faces eastward to the continent of Europe. The unbelieving eighteenth century was gradually drawing to a close. Empirical science had ruled the minds for about one hundred and fifty years; Reason was held to be the only medium through which the universe could be interpreted, and was even raised to the pedestal of a goddess by the blind, impulsive and tyrannical mob of the French Revolution.

The School of Locke's Philosophy held sway even in religious questions; the theology of the times taught that God could be seen in the rationality of all things in the Cosmos, in the "eternal fitness" and "pre-established harmony." It was a religion without life or fervor; the communion with God in the heart had been substituted by cold, formal doctrines and a moral code that recommended virtue,

because it was more profitable than vice. Miracles were simply ignored by the clergy and laity, or referred to with a sceptical smile. It seemed as if Intuition had been put into a magic sleep by the fairy Reason, although the fair somnambulist would occasionally mutter wonderful things, such as the "Religio Laici," by Dryden, Pope's "Essay on Man," and Swedenborg's divine visions.

But the dawn of a new era was already tinting the sky. A mighty bugle-note resounded in the castle of the Sleeping Beauty. The eyes of all the thinking world were suddenly turned to the Eastern part of Germany. There, in the old regal city of Koenigsberg, a quiet, pedantic professor stood behind his desk in the university, and was propounding to his students philosophical theories that were to revolutionize the metaphysics of the day; dealing the death-blow to Locke's rational philosophy. Kant, in his "Critique of Pure Reason" plainly states that the Ultimate Reality, "the thing in itself," can never be discovered by Reason, since we can only know the material world, as it is interpreted by the mind. However, he does not remain in scepticism; and in his second great work, "Science of Practical Reason," he rises to the altitude of spiritual philosophy, by setting forth the doctrine that the Absolute is revealed to man in the sacred world of his emotions and desires. But, if Kant was the herald, the great German philosopher Fichte was the Prince that awakened the Sleeping Beauty, and freed the Soul altogether from the bondage of a sensual philosophy. Fichte was a disciple of Kant; but he drew certain conclusions from the Kantian system which its originator had not arrived at.

"If we can never get a real knowledge of the objective world, but only know its reflection in the mirror of our minds," he said, "then matter does not exist; and our subjective states are the only thing that is of importance to us, and that must be made the object of our closest scrutiny."

We may regard Fichte's metaphysics the soil on which modern mysticism grew, since he recommended introspection and considered intuition the teacher of divine things. He also declared that it was not the individual that was manifested in every man but the absolute or divine "I," of which every man is an image or reflection. While Fichte's philosophy started with the investigation of the individual "I" and ended with the finding of the Absolute "I," the majestic cosmogony of the great sage Schelling begins with the self-unfolding of the Divine Principle into the various forms of Nature, and ends by the "Soul of the Universe" coming to self-consciousness in man. He maintains that the process of thinking is virtually the same as creating; that in constructing the Universe by logical deduction, we do practically the same as Deity accomplishes in enfolding itself into all the forms of creation; in fine, Deity is the whole sum of consciousness immanent in the world.

Some of the greatest followers of Fichte and Schelling were Schleiermacher and Novalis, both showing pronounced mystical tendencies; the former teaching that the truths of Religion develop themselves in feeling and the latter promulgating the exalted doctrine of the direct perception of Divinity by faith.

In literature, the German Idealistic philosophy gave rise to the Romantic School. Who does not feel the subtle charm of the word "Romanticism"? There arises before our vision the enchanted forests of the German fairy-tale, with its nymphs, elves, and will-o'-the-wisps, its magic-bound maidens and knight-errants.

We see in Scott's famous poem the Lady of Branksome in her "secret bower, guarded by word and by spell,"—where she communes with "the viewless forms fair." We then see William of Deloraine, her faithful knight, ar-

rising at Melrose Abbey, bathed in the light of the full moon, which reveals all the transcendent beauty of the arches, the sculpture, the painting on the walls and windows. We hear the death-prayer of the monk at the wizard's grave; we see the frown on the face of the corpse, in the glare of the lamp, when the monk takes the book of magic from the grasp of the lifeless fingers and hands it to Deloraine, charging him to take it at once to his legs lady. And who can be insensible to the beauty of thought, the charm of description and the gentle pathos of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King."

There stands out against the background of medieval splendor, with its gay tournaments, its beautiful ladies, its arm-clashing adventures, but also its sensual passion, the Christ-like character of Arthur; clad, as it were, in an armor of light, the blameless knight, the protector of the weak and oppressed, "how regum Arturus." Yes, the idealistic philosophy had helped to awaken in the soul enthusiasm, inspiration, religious fervor; and it was a very natural reaction, if the Romantic School even unduly exalted the feeling and willing side of man's nature.

Arthur Schopenhauer's world-famous work "The World as Will and Idea," in which the Infinite is represented as the blind, irrational, but almighty will that is working in all Nature and becomes the intelligent will in man, might be called the Metaphysics of Romanticism.

But now we turn to the original question: Where is Emerson's place in the philosophy of the nineteenth century? We may say that he belongs to the School of American Transcendentalism, which is also honored by the names of Brownson and Parker; and the organ of their party, "The Dial," for some time brought to Europe the record of the progress which German Idealism was making on the Western Continent.

For that Emerson's mind was stimulated by the great German philosophers whose ideas he, consciously or unconsciously absorbed, there cannot be any doubt. This would, however, by no means annul his title to originality of thought; for, like every genius, our sage was God's medium par excellence; and could, therefore, not only catch, but also transform into his mental fibre the volume of thought that was in the air. We know, however, that he also studied the works of the great European philosophers; and the theory has been advanced that he was more directly influenced by the clear reasoning and sharply defined ideas of the French philosopher, Cousin, than by the thoughts of any other. However, Cousin's philosophy seems to me but to simplify and combine Kant's, Fichte's and Schelling's systems; therefore, it is really immaterial whether he studied German Idealism directly, or as it was reflected in Cousin's writings.

It is not difficult to trace Emerson's chief doctrines (1) that the soul knows no personal, and (2) of the Divine Immanence in Fichte's "Absolute I" and Schelling's "Soul of the Universe." I could quote passages from Emerson's works, ad infinitum, to show the correspondence of his thought with that of the German Idealists, but space being limited, I shall only give three short quotations from "Experience."

"Perhaps these subject-lenses have a creative power; perhaps there are now objects."
"People forget that it is the eye which makes the horizon, and the rounding mind's eye which makes this or that man a type," etc.

"The subject exists, the subject enlarges; all things sooner or later fall into place. As I am, so I see; use what language we will, we can never say anything but what we are," etc.
In reading these lines, we might almost see Fichte's picture rising before us.

If Emerson was stimulated by the metaphysical thought of his time, there cannot be any doubt that his works were a powerful impetus to the popular and practical school of philosophy, known as "Mental Science," although there is in this movement a strong infusion of the Oriental thought which is absent in Emerson's works. So the influence of the great Concord teacher is felt nowadays in many an enlightened American home; his philosophy is the heaven which is permeating more and more the national mind, modifying its practical utilitarianism, in teaching the American people that the chase after the "almighty dollar" is not the only object in life, and changing the rather vulgar expression of a thought, "What is he worth?" into "What is his worth?" referring to the spiritual growth, the development of character in a person.

Emerson's philosophy, combined with Mental Science, is working towards freedom from the bondage of the senses, towards enlightenment and ultimate perfection of the race, as it is expressed in the poet's vision:

"Then shall the reign of mind begin on earth,
And, starting forth, as from a second birth,
Man in the sunshine of the world's new spring,
Shall walk transparent like some holy thing."

Morrisburg, Ont., May 5, 1903.

Emerson a Spiritual Force.

Hamilton Wright Mable.

"No man of letters has ever left a cleaner record; in his case there are no moral problems to distract attention from his thought and his art; no contradictions between aim and action to confuse the judgment. A more harmonious nature has rarely appeared, and, perhaps, in literature at least, no man has so happily unified his vision and his task. It is not difficult to point out his limitations of thought and experience; but the man was all of one piece to quote a pithy colloquialism. At the end of a century from his birth he stands in the clear air of Concord, as distinct from base to summit as Monksnock or Wachusett, which stood always in his view."

"And although he spoke freely of the matters that were uppermost in the mind of his own time, he was so bent on finding the unity of power and purpose behind the urgencies of spirit and the diversities of thought that there is no need in his case, as there is in Carlyle's, to separate what was universal and permanent in his work from what was shaped and colored by the emotion or interest of the hour. His serene detachment, his steady determination to feel the light rather than the heat of his age, cost him something of the powerful personal influence which Carlyle exerted on his contemporaries, but has made it easier for posterity to understand and estimate him. There is less of the accidental and more of the universal in his work than in the work of any other writer of his period; he used the language of his time, and drew upon it freely for illustration, but he was a purely spiritual force. In this fact lies the secret of his escape from the limitations of sectional America, and his immense and permanent service and significance of the nation in its full, if not its final, development." Harper's Magazine (May).

There is no beautifier of complexion or form or behavior, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us.—Emerson.

THROUGH THE LAW OF DESIRE.

LOUISE VESCELIUS SHELTON.

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(CHAPTER V.—Continued.)

He stood for a moment and gasped for air, and then with a sudden rush for the open doorway he staggered down it like a drunken man, and in a blind way found the station and boarded an incoming train for New York city, with the feeling that he must get away from the sound of that bell. But he heard it tolling as the train rushed onward, and he shivered. He knew at last that he must return to Ulm and at once, but how could he leave Helena alone now that he had relieved her of all care?

Amina sought Joseph on their return from the country house that evening. His white face told its own story too well. It was as she had suspected; his soul was disturbed beyond anything that he had thought possible. A melancholy had settled over his spirit which nothing could dispel until it had become reflected in his physical. Living had become an exertion inexpressible and unnecessary.

"I am afraid that I have undertaken too much. I am weary, heart sick," he said to Amina. He was seated in a large armchair, and his gaze was bent on the floor. His voice had sunk to a monotone, and he had reached the attitude of mind where meditation begins, and continued:

"Our lives were so self-centered in our old home in Ulm, and now I am in a continual state of war with my surroundings. I cannot relax in my duties, nor change to more congenial skies. It is only a matter of time when I shall have become absolutely disintegrated. I am out of my orbit." He ceased speaking and trembled as a sudden chill passed over him.

Amina tried to soothe him with comforting words, but he barely noticed her, and continued:

"I feel like a tired child, for I seem to be without a home. There is a cry away down in my heart that will not be silenced. We are not the same in spirit as when we were together by the Cathedral's side, and we suffocate for want of air, for more freedom, for nature in her simplicity. Is it not so, Amina?"

Amina stood with her hands over her eyes. She was not weeping. The revelation of Joseph's pale and worn visage was a condition to be faced. What should she do? As she lifted her hands, her eyes were more sombre-hued than ever, and the blue lines about the mouth lent to it a piteous expression.

"It grieves me to see you so unhappy, brother," said Amina finally in a husky voice. "Shall we try this life here a little longer, or do you wish to return to Ulm?"

"I came to America to assist Helena, and I could not leave her at the present moment."

He tried to soothe Amina and help diminish her fears in regard to his health, but finally consented to her suggestion for the doctor. Doctor Bell was one born to his great profession, and only needed one interview to diagnose the case.

"Your brother is far from being a well man," he said to Amina, who had repeated Joseph's conversation, and described as fully as possible her fears for the health and mind of Joseph. After putting the latter through a rigid examination he advised Helena to give the patient a complete change of scene.

"He may break down at any moment, for he is laboring under some mental strain which I cannot fathom, and

unless a radical change takes place in his surroundings, the consequences will be disastrous."

CHAPTER VI.

Everything was suggested, but what should have been done was left undone. Joseph was indifferent, and so continued to work, but it was only a week later when Amina on entering the breakfast room one morning earlier than usual found him seated in his armchair unconscious. He lay in a stupor for an hour with the doctor trying in vain to arouse him. At last Amina felt a pressure on her hand enclosing his, and Joseph gradually returned to consciousness. When the doctor had left the house and they were alone, Joseph said:

"Sister, I feel that I have not lived."

Amina's arms were about his neck instantly.

"Joseph! Joseph!" she cried.

"Hush, dear. Listen to me," he said in a whisper.

"Ailsa came to me last night, just as she has done on several occasions."

"Ailsa?"

"Yes, Ailsa. She whom I loved and lost, and now is dead? But she is not dead as others look upon death. Ailsa often appears before me and talks with me, and seems nearer than ever. I am prepared for any event that may take place. I shall follow the doctor's advice, but I have not much hope, for the fact is, I have lost all desire to live now."

Amina broke down and wept bitterly.

"My dear sister," said Joseph gently stroking her head, and waiting until the first burst of grief had subsided, "as Ailsa can come to me, so there is a way whereby I can return to you. What the law is I do not know, but there is a way. Ailsa floats into the room, and I listen to her voice in an ecstasy. I know that it is Ailsa."

Poor Amina! She knelt at Joseph's side. He held her closely to him, for he was confident that somehow from somewhere a comforter would come to her in her grief. He was absolutely certain that he was going.

"Brother," said Amina softly, "I want you to promise not to leave me, you must live, for I need you."

"I know, I know. I think 'Heimweh' has stolen into my veins; homesickness is not always fatal," he said with an effort to smile, but it ended in a sob.

Only those who have suffered from homesickness can understand what the sob meant. It was full of that unutterable dreariness which is sometimes felt in the midst of all that is brightest and gayest. To some natures it is to be avoided as death itself. In fact it is death to all surrounding life. To the old in many cases where all their friends have gone beyond and they feel their loneliness here, "Heimweh" comes to sunder the bonds that hold them to this life. Into the hearts of those whose loved ones have passed away, "Heimweh" leaves its pang and their spirits go out before those near can realize it. So "Heimweh" was sapping the very roots of Joseph's nature. While an exile from his native land, Ailsa had come and beckoned him to join her, and so the cords of his heart were drawn to the invisible world.

"You must return to Ulm." It was Amina's voice that roused Joseph from the reverie into which he had fallen, and which had now become habitual with him. "I will not let you go from mortal sight without a desperate struggle. The doctor has ordered the change and told Helena that your present indisposition would probably disappear as you neared the old home, but that there must be no delay. I have allowed Helena to dissuade me in this matter, but now I shall act, and at once. The voyage and the association with all your old friends will soon bring you around all right."

Amina talked fast, and with unusual determination; as if she were afraid of being turned aside from loosening Joseph from his present surroundings.

"Perhaps it will be the best thing for me after all, and I will pull myself together and leave on the first steamer for home."

Helena was worried beyond measure at Joseph's illness. She did not know that the inspiration of the quiet Ulm life was all that had kept Joseph on the mortal plane.

"It does seem strange," she said irritably, "that there is in Ulm what he cannot find here in America. But if he must go, let it be as soon as possible."

Amina wished to return with Joseph, and have Helena follow them later, but Helena objected.

"By the time Joseph has reached his destination he will be well, or we will know to the contrary by cable. He may even think of returning at once, so why do you wish to leave me here alone?"

Here again Helena prevailed; but the days which followed Joseph's departure could not be described by Amina. Those dark Bavarian women possess such loyalty and fidelity; she had no thought that was not true to Joseph and Helena, but as the days flew by how she missed his face! These twin souls had grown very dear to each other. Two weeks later found Joseph in his native Ulm in the midst of his former associates under the shadow of the Cathedral. He came in a totally unexpected guest, and the greetings were hearty.

The change in the Kapellmeister was apparent to all, but the calm dignity of his demeanor forbade anyone from alluding to it. They were satisfied to see him once more sitting in the Cathedral and listening to the bell as it tolled the hour. But Joseph's heart was cold, the old organ loft did not seem the same to him. Pictures of the life of the past two years would come before his vision, and in the midst of his improvisation he could hear the drop of the dollars as they were counted, and recounted, and the sound to his mental ear drowned out the music of the grand bells in the tower.

"It is the same dear old spot," he wrote Amina, "but I have changed; when we left Ulm, we snapped the magic tie of music, more subtle than the wind that blows in summer days. My fate is only what I might have expected. I sought an unequal match; I tried to live the way of the world and retain the life of the spirit, and my inspiration is gone. I do not hear anew the heavenly choirs; to my listening ear come only the objective sounds of mundane life. But I am going to my old seat in the organ loft in the Cathedral tomorrow, and as I once again touch the keys I hope to be filled with new vitality and again be in harmony with the old vehicle of life. It will be my resurrection; not till then will I regain the forces which will enable me to do the work I long for; work that will ennoble other lives as well as our own. Then there will be no more murmurings. Our wishes, yours and mine, Amina, are few, and hope and faith are still ours. Make your mind easy about me, for it is only when I think of Helena and the bonds which she would bind on us, that I feel depleted and irresponsible. Adieu."

CHAPTER VII.

Amina sat in the twilight holding Joseph's letter, which she read and re-read, until his very presence seemed to breathe through it. She was gazing at a life-like portrait of him done in pastel, which hung on the wall. Was it her fancy that the face had undergone a change? The eyes looking into hers were suddenly alive. The portrait was obscured by a blue light which gathered slowly in form, until Joseph's face etherealized, floated from the frame while a voice from the ceiling said:

"Amina, I am free!"

On entering the music room an hour later, Helena was startled to find Amina stretched unconscious upon the floor. A shriek from Helena brought all the servants fly-

ing to her assistance. When finally Amina opened her eyes and saw her sister bending over her she revived but a moment, just long enough to whisper, "Joseph is dead!" and once more fell back unconscious. As Helena heard the words she feared for Amina's reason, and could only think that the latter had been grieving over the separation from Joseph, the first in their lives, until it had affected her mind. Amina was restored to consciousness, and still insisted that it was true that Joseph was dead.

The following day a cablegram dated from Ulm was received. It read: "Joseph died yesterday afternoon in the Cathedral."

Late the following week the news was confirmed by letter. Joseph's death had occurred during the service at the Cathedral. The music had suddenly ceased, and upon searching for the cause the form of Joseph lying upon the organ manual solved the mystery. Tenderly they bore him to his old home; but life was extinct. He was buried in the shadow of the Cathedral and was at rest at last.

Amina and Helena now alone, clung to one another for comfort; but Amina's speechless grief and drawn, white face were pitiful to behold. She had wanted to return home with Joseph and regretted that she had not done so, thinking that perhaps his weakness might have resulted differently; Joseph might have lived; for love can do so much. She recalled her too ready acquiescence to Helena's demand to remain with her. She could now only wait and hope to see him sometime in the beyond of which they had so often talked; perhaps he might come to her, for had not Ailsa appeared and conversed with Joseph?

The lives of the two sisters now ran in parallel lines. Helena was more subdued, whilst Amina was more silent, and the lonely hours spent in the dimly-lit music room became more and more frequent as the weeks went by.

One evening, a few months after the sad news came from Ulm, Amina had been playing some of Joseph's favorite music, and was sitting before his portrait brooding over the events of the past years, when there seemed to be a movement in the frame. She could not believe the evidence of her senses at first, so she waited and watched, scarcely daring to breathe. The sad eyes of Joseph had stirred, and in a few moments Joseph's form floated out from the frame and into the room. It seemed quite natural after all to Amina that he should come.

"Amina," he said, "you have been longing to see me and I have also wished to see you, but have been too weak until now, and can only remain a few moments to look into your beloved countenance. I came to you as I passed from mortal life, and I shall continue coming as time passes."

(To be continued.)

A Bright Prospect.

"There is something more in the mental atmosphere than the sound of our own coming power: the bloom of a new dawn is in the east. It is the coloring of fresh hopes born of a loftier altitude of mind than was ever reached before. . . . The discovery of the creative power of thought, and its application to the everyday needs of all, is of itself alone lifting us into the kingdom of heaven right here on earth. It is carrying us into a region beyond the tyranny of monopoly; it is taking us from finite to infinite, from limited substances, such as land and gold, to unlimited oceans of invisible but potent forces, so abundant that no man can make a corner in them. Truly, the race is climbing onward and upward at a constantly accelerating pace. The years are bringing us salvation."—Expression.

AN EXTRAORDINARY INVESTMENT OPPORTUNITY.

DR. J. M. PEEBLES, Chairman,
Box 2421, Battle Creek, Mich.

There will be a conference at eleven, a meeting at two for short addresses and communications from various mediums, and an address from some well known and able speaker at four. Eitters' orchestra has been engaged to furnish music, with Harry C. Chase as musical director and pianist. Promises have been made by the speakers to be present and the dates upon which they will be present are as follows: June 7 and 14 Miss Elizabeth Harlow; 21, Miss Susie C. Clark; 28, Mrs. May S. Pepper; July 5, Mr. Thomas Cross; 12, Mrs. S. C. Cunningham; 19, Mr. H. D. Barrett; 26, Mrs. Pepper. Dr. George A. Fuller will be present Aug. 13 and 20 and others will be announced from time to time. Refreshments will be served to those who desire them. This camp is situated in Sangus Centre at the junction of the Dever and Central Street car lines. Boston may come by the way of Malrose Highlands and be left a few steps from the grove. The Electric Company has been granted a franchise to extend the tracks from Cliftondale to Sangus Centre.

At Bay City Mich., the old society was dead, no meetings having been held for two or three years. The Spiritualists were very glad of the opportunity to do something practical for the Cause, and turned out to help us. We held three public meetings, one séance and one meeting for organizing the society in Bay City. We added a number of new members to the old membership list, elected officers, adopted a new constitution and started a new mission under the old name. We visited Saginaw, Mich., where we organized a new society composed of fifty good and loyal souls. They start out with fine prospects of success.

at both services to hear this gifted speaker, astrologer and medium. The addresses were as usual well presented and were followed by many correct astrological readings and spirit

is often forgotten. Make note of it in your mind at the time, put it on paper at the first opportunity.—Swett.

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BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1903.

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Language of Color.

Susie C. Clark.

The symbolism of color, so ably portrayed in a recent editorial, could never receive more radiant illustration, more multifarious suggestion, than in these beautiful spring days when, as Goethe says:

"The year is repeating its old story again. We are come, once more, to the most charming chapter. The violets and the Mayflowers are in its inscriptions and vignettes. It always makes a pleasant impression on us when we open again at this page of the book of life."

At no season of the year are the workings of Nature's laws so visible to our senses as in this awakening epoch, when we seem admitted into the secret places of Nature's laboratory, where her brilliant dyes are being prepared to illumine the coming summer days; we stand within the veil. It is such joy to go forth in these bright mornings, which come ever earlier and earlier as the sun climbs farther up the northern slope of the heavens, and watch the transformation while Nature unravels the many colored fringe of her radiant garment. So many new things have happened during the night, that it is like the sequel to yesterday's continued story, to note the changes.

"Whether we look, or whether we listen. We hear life murmur, we see it glisten."

With what delight we watch the escape of every bud from the scales and downy covering which have so long encased it, what manifold diversity in shape and size of leaves, how ingenious their duties as lungs to the plant, their offices of respiration and digestion. What decides that one clod of earth shall produce a violet, the next a buttercup? How does the same ground support both a maple and a cherry tree? What individuality both plants and trees exhibit in their habits of growth, how tall and moderate are the elms in donning their leafy attire, how tumultuous the horse-chestnuts, who do not wait to grow, but burst forth, all at once, with full sized foliage, even as the goddess Minerva sprang into birth, fully armed, from Jupiter's brain.

What a rare kaleidoscope of color, the awakening world becomes, an intricate mosaic which the finest artist in precious stones could only faintly imitate. Even within the city's walls, on the public parks and gardens, where Art has solicited Nature's eager cooperation to produce a gorgeous panorama, there is such a chaos of color that if every tint were a tone, a polyglott language might be heard, equaled only by the many tongues

of the Tower of Babel. But the low, sweet tones of the Divine Voice are best discerned in the fair country side, where Nature bursts into spontaneous expression because she must, since the indwelling Life impels her. "Beauty is its own excuse for being."

And here the symphony of color which she inspires is keyed to the delicate harmony of the Infinite Artist, and no false note is ever apparent, no mistaken tone, the right shade of green is always chosen to blend with a blossom of pink, that would not harmonize with golden petals. And what a varied range of green, what a chromatic scale of the one tone-color, is exhibited everywhere! In this sense, Green (according to a leading Theosophist's limited interpretation) may correctly imply "adaptability," but far more and beyond such artificial symbolism, Green is pre-eminently the life-color, the symbol of Spirit, the trumpet tone of resurrection! It is to emphasize and proclaim this triumph over Winter's seeming death, that the world is arrayed today in greenest livery. The smallest weed in Nature's family is only alive while it remains green. The life of the creative Spirit is thus manifest in the external world and while it may be mixed with the brown of earth, with the crimson, the blue and the gold of bud and blossom and fruit, it is none the less the voice of Spirit, the inspiring breath of all life.

Color also, while teaching its lesson, has its practical use, of great value. Flowers are endowed with color and fragrance not alone for our delight, but to attract the attention of insects, and thus secure their aid in fertilization, as they wing their flight from staminate to pistillate plants. This element of beauty is lacking in the flowers of grasses who employ the zephyrs to do their work. White flowers usually possess more fragrance than their gaudy sisters, to offer this superior attraction to their insect guests. Fruit trees which blossom on naked branches usually bear pink flowers, those which wait until their leaves afford them fitting background, have white blossoms.

How dominant a note is Yellow in Nature's symphony! Next to the Life color, Green, is the potent suggestion of that Wisdom which all Life expresses. Every flower has some hint of gold at its heart, but there are more yellow wild flowers perhaps than of any other color. Memory readily recalls them, the dandelions, buttercups, cowslips, mustard, daisies, while California carpets her sod with golden poppies and makes of her acacia trees, huge yellow snowballs. Is not this prevalence of yellow symbolic of that lavish manifestation of the Infinite Wisdom, everywhere outspread, even as the great scarcity of true blue flowers might well typify the meagre portion of Truth (that blue symbolizes) which this world has yet grasped?

The scale of color is no less marked in the world of thought, in the realm of human life. There are florid minds that are fiery and tempestuous; those whom a muddy orange would fitly symbolize, because living on the plane of "mortal mind," others whose nearer approach to true wisdom would display a golden light; one with a green aura, might typify the early beginnings of spiritual unfoldment but still indicate one who was closely in touch with the external world; and from the blue to the lavender and violet are progressive ranges of truth seekers, truth exponents, aspirants for inspiration from the heights of spiritual realization—the goal of all aspiration. No least variation of tint is omitted in the Divine Gardener's human bouquet.

Truth is a rainbow of varied and beautiful hues. It would not otherwise so fitly represent the vast diversity of the Infinite Mind, the supreme omniscience, and the wondrous adaptability also of Truth's message to the varying types of human mentality, whose diverse capacity must be reached by differing methods and stepping stones, gauged to the ability of the growing climber. No rainbow would be possible of one prevailing tone. It is its unity in diversity which makes it glorious. Even so, there is no type of thought or religion in the world today, that is not necessary to help and uplift many aspiring souls. None can be spared, until mortals become more universal, grow nearer a common goal. Shall we criticize the Infinite design? Shall the life-color, the Green of Spirit, from its central place in the spectrum, spurn either the red of universal, unexcepting Love, or the golden fire of intellect, the blue which symbolizes some Truth, whose pure ideal every mind is alike seeking? Such mistaken course would only weaken its own position, dim its own radiance which is heightened by contrast. The prismatic rainbow is only born of the tempest. Thus also, it is the glory of the Central Sun shining through the tears and storms of earth, which spans the arch above our path with the rainbow of Truth, with reflected messages from supernal spheres, to whose perfect translation, mortals yet lack the key. Beyond and above this bow of beautiful promise, gleams the white light of Deity, at-one-ment with whose plan and purpose must ever be the highest goal of the pure in heart.

WRESTLING IN PRAYER.

Lord of the tranquil night,
 Oh, close mine eyes in sleep!
 From dawn to noon, and on to sunset light,
 Have I not watched, and prayed, and longed to weep,
 But could not, for the sorrow was too deep?
 Out of Thy pity, grant me sleep,
 Refreshing, long and deep!

Lord, take me in Thine arms!
 Strife's pathways firm'st close!
 I've slogged the live-long days with wild alarms,
 When Desolation p'eced me with her words.
 Take pity on the chastened lives of those
 Pain-own! Give them some childlike reprieve,
 That Thy bright starland know!

Dear Lord of Love! In dreams
 Let angel-faces bleed
 Smile on each broken life with comfort gleams
 Proceeding from beyond the pining West.
 Beneath the shadow of Thy wings I rest.
 I am resigned. Thou must know best.
 I bless Thee and am blest.

Sydney, 1903.

Devotion.

"If you are busy you will have no time to fret and worry. After all, occupation is the grand panacea for all our ills."

Editorial Notes.

AN EDUCATED MINISTRY

Organized Spiritualists in Great Britain, as well as in America, are wrestling with what seems to many to be a problem hard to solve: How are we to judge of the fitness of men and women for the occupancy of public platforms as recognized advocates of Spiritualism? Easy though it might appear to agree in some broad way on this as on many other points of continual discussion, experience is proving that many societies as well as individuals bitterly resent any attempted interference from a Central Board, and there is so much to be said on both sides of the controversy that it would be the height of unwisdom for a great newspaper to take entirely either side of the question. The advocates of what practically amounts to an ordained and presumably duly qualified ministry point with much emphasis to the number of very unqualified and sometimes disreputable persons who have brought discredit on the Cause they have professedly upheld.

Those who are most strenuous in denouncing what they consider unwarrantable attacks upon their freedom to do as they please in their own domain, bring forward many objections which their opponents are finding it hard to answer. Among these objections the following hold prominent place:

First. Who is entitled to pass final judgment upon the usefulness of a worker who though quite unadapted to one field of service, may be extremely acceptable elsewhere?

Second. If schooling and reading are to constitute prime qualifications for the spiritualistic ministry, what is to become of inspiration and how are Spiritualists to differ in any important respect from various sects and parties by whom they are surrounded and whose officiating ministers are obliged to undergo a collegiate course and receive a degree or a diploma before being accepted as fit persons to occupy the post of pastor of a congregation?

Third. Do the facts of history or the actual experiences of today thoroughly support the claim or warrant the inference that the sort of education commonly denominated "culture" does really fit men and women for the work of the ministry either in the way of making them more highly useful in the community or more easily able to draw and hold a congregation or build up a society?

Many more questions are being raised and answers affirmative and negative are growing quite abundant, and from the multiplicity of the answers offered, it seems impossible to much longer evade the issue that there must be a tacit agreement on the part of the Spiritualists to go their several ways in individual and society work and at the same time they can learn to unite for great general purposes of propaganda as on some vital questions they are all substantially agreed.

It is not union but uniformity which constitutes a hughen and the greatest of all stumbling blocks in the way of truly concerted action, is the feeling that some few people wish to be dictators, and this the bulk of the populace will not unreasonably resent. It certainly does seem ludicrous that because a man is an excellent merchant, a good grocer or a first rate baker that he should be looked up to as a supreme authority on matters altogether disconnected from his trade, and whatever may be the standard required of the ideal preacher or leader of a society, members of committees are usually honorable tradesmen whose knowledge, even of the Spiritualism they are supposed to be responsible for, is not necessarily greater than that of a great many who are never likely to hold office. The chief trouble with societies is that they are cliques and because they attempt altogether too much, they accomplish but very little. If we could arrive at a state of affairs where unity could be dissociated from all that looks like bossing, enormous progress would be made.

Spiritualism in England is at present decidedly popular in many districts and its popularity is increasing, but there are vast numbers of people who are "on the fence" in the sense that they are desirous of investigating but have not yet been thoroughly convinced. Such people are unready and unwilling to announce themselves Spiritualists, and they cannot conscientiously become members of societies which include nominally only such as are prepared to adopt the Spiritualist name. Well-informed workers who are bound by no fetters and can interest, and in time convince, a number of such excellent persons have a great opportunity for active usefulness opening before them and though any amount of culture can be made good use of, provided it exists, there is also large scope for other workers in the same broad field who are not so highly educated but who possess psychic gifts which enable them to attract and interest many to whom culture alone does not successfully appeal.

Many varieties of workers are needed in an extensive and evergrowing vineyard, and as this is so, the largest possible appreciation of various forms of usefulness ought to be encouraged among us. Above all things let us steer clear of bigotry, and equally let us fight shy of that detestable "rule or ruin" policy which has its seat and root in an utterly irrational sense of our self-importance coupled with insane disdain of our equally important and often equally self-important neighbors.

SPIRITUALISM AND THE DEVIL.

A very vigorous pamphlet titled "The Devil, Where Is He and What Is He?" has just been issued by Will Phillips, editor of the "Two Worlds," the popular Manchester Weekly, which has bravely held its own for many years and is still flourishing. The subtitle of Mr. Phillips' pamphlet is "A Reply to Roman Catholic Falshoods."

It appears that in a church in Manchester some sermons have recently been preached by an ecclesiastical firebrand of the extremely denunciatory type, which Spiritualists have felt called upon to reply to.

A sermon by Very Rev. Dean Lynch, contains a number of wildly fantastic statements concerning the devil and his direct connection with spiritualistic circles. The following words occur in the address which furnished a text for Mr. Phillips' trenchant reply:

"From evidence which cannot be gainsaid we are forced to admit that at certain seasons the devil is certainly present in bodily shape when purporting to be the soul of some one who is dead."

Needless to say that no extravagant utterance is utterly nonsensical of proof, and it would be sheer waste of time to consider it were it not that such sayings are printed in papers which have a wide circulation, and are frequently brought forward in opposition to all that any reasonable person can advance in favor of the truth of Spiritualism.

Now, if there be a devil or devils, and if such beings present themselves at seances and pretend that they are our departed brethren communicating with us, we may well ask a few questions as to how a devil behaves and what course of action he advocates. We may further make a comment on Dean Lynch's statement which is, in one sense, carefully guarded, and inquire whether we may not be equally justified in saying that at certain other seances, different altogether from those at which the devil manifests, there is not equal proof that holy angels are present in bodily form and that they greatly help the sitters to renounce the works and ways of wickedness?

The utter stupidity of some preachers is that they are so ridiculously illogical and so painfully one-sided. Though they keep one eye wide open, they keep the other closely shut, and from that cause they make themselves objects of ridicule while they imagine they are awfully impressive.

If it be declared that there is sometimes communion with spirits of darkness, there is certainly at other times communion with spirits of light, and much real good would be accomplished if speakers who have gained the attention of the public ear would point a moral when they lecture on Spiritualism by warning their hearers against seeking to commune with the unseen spheres while possessed with unworthy motives.

The devil is a very dark subject, and one from the consideration of which we cannot expect a large measure of enlightenment, but to give "the devil his due," we can safely affirm that if we become his subjects, it will only be because our motives are diabolical.

The immorality of very much teaching concerning devils and how to commune with them, consists in the utter lack of emphasis laid upon the ethical aspects of the situation. Did preachers confine themselves to the statement that it is both wicked and dangerous to seek communion with the unseen world when we desire thereby to obtain information which we wish to use against our neighbors, their moral teaching would be sound, but even then it would suffice and indeed be of much more value to the cause of righteousness to inveigh against all malicious motives at all times because we may be quite sure that we do not attract devils simply by attending seances, but rather by harboring devilish desires and impulses.

The folly of the preaching of Dean Lynch and others like him is that they utterly fail to touch the reason of the people to whom they appeal. Frantic appeals to emotion may serve to terrify the credulous and the timid and may cause some to refrain from having anything to do with Spiritualism, but the issue of a higher life are left untouched by all such diatribe, indeed the quintessence of uncharitableness toward others and stupid, overweening self-righteousness on the part of those who obey the preacher in all that can ensue.

"I am a better man or woman than my neighbor because he or she is a Spiritualist, and I will have nothing to do with anything so wicked as Spiritualism," may be the self-satisfied statement of an immoral fanatic whom an immoral preacher has terrorized. By immoral we do not mean immoral, the difference between the two words being palpably self-evident. An immoral person is one who acts against his own conviction of what is right; an immoral person is one whose sense of right is as yet, but very imperfectly declared.

OF WHAT IMPORTANCE IS CREED OR THEORY?

There is in many places a growing conviction tacitly held if not loudly expressed, that the far-famed lines of Alexander Pope embody the highest thought on this very important subject. Plausible indeed are the lines:

"For modes of faith let senseless bigots fight,
 His can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

Though breathing a beautiful spirit of charity and containing the vital germ of some magnificent truth, those lines are from one viewpoint utterly misleading, and from a purely intellectual point of vision, they amount to an absurdity.

We witness on every hand excellent people entertaining most atrocious views of divine wrath and human depravity, still they are excellent people and their lives are most exemplary. But from this it does not follow that it is safe or even permissible on the part of those who know better to remain callously indifferent to the spread of dangerous error; it can prove only lack of adequate moral feeling on the part of any who can be thus blind to the importance of spreading truth as far as we are acquainted with it.

It is almost universally argued that conduct is of so much greater importance than belief that if we insist upon the former being upright, we can afford to dispense with any discussion of the latter, but is not this belief an evidence that we do not attach sufficient importance to the influence of belief on character, and it is surely a sad mistake to suppose that the views we entertain are unlikely to exert an influence on our lives.

If a truly reasonable missionary spirit is fostered and good missionary work accomplished, it must be on the basis of the conviction that our views of life here and hereafter are likely to exert a great influence in the way of regulating our relations with our fellow men. Much of the apathy and indifference to the promulgation of ascertained truth is, in many instances, due to the fact that so-called liberal-minded people feel quite assured that in the ages of eternity every soul will attain to harmony with universal order

and couple with that sublime assurance the most erroneous notion that the affairs of this world and the general state of society here and now can be left to take care of itself.

THE REAL MEANING OF OPTIMISM.

Optimism and pessimism as opposing systems of philosophy are usually definable in some vague way, but the practical and intensely vital distinction between these diametrically opposite schools of thought is not often clearly defined.

Optimism is frequently, if not usually, mistaken for a laissez faire policy of indifference. An Optimist is popularly supposed to be one who believes that everything is perfectly right as it is, and therefore it is useless to endeavor to improve anything because nothing needs or is indeed, capable of improvement. Such a caricature of Optimism certainly is better than a confession of Pessimism which contends that everything is bad and cannot be improved, but real healthy Optimism is a philosophy of far more heroic mold, and teaches that though all that is a part of universal Order is good essentially, we on earth are so manifestly capable of improving our conditions that no honest and zealous effort to realize ideals can be in vain.

The educational though not probational nature of man's terrestrial experience is the keynote of genuine Optimism. "Learners are we all at school," says Rev. M. J. Savage at the commencement of one of his truly inspiring hymns, and when that sentiment is rightly apprehended, and we have become sufficiently imbued with it, we shall learn to live out a glorious optimistic confidence in the possibility of gradually, though not instantaneously, actualizing even the very highest and noblest of our ideals. We must feel that things can be done or we shall never attempt to do them unless we are foolishly quixotic, and even a Don Quixote would scarcely attempt to accomplish what he would feel to be impossible.

True Spiritualism is inseparable from Optimism as nothing could be more painful to contemplate than everlasting life in a universe other than good. Relics of barbarism still cling to most of us, and it is often quite impossible for the average intellect to entirely dissociate retribution from vengeance, though in strict reality no two ideas can be more fundamentally opposed than retributive justice and vindictiveness.

The facts of life can never be explained, and we can never take a helpful, consoling or exhilarating view of what we are undergoing until we are thoroughly optimistic, for not till then shall we be able to engage in reformatory work with any degree of assurance that our efforts will prove eventually successful.

HEALTH ARMY—ITS OBJECTS AND AIM.

To develop the highest possible type of manhood and to realize practically the adage "Prevention is better than cure."

To acquire and to impart knowledge relating to these matters.

To form a membership of healthy members, as healthy as can be expected under the circumstances of Life today, to promote social relationship among the members by giving lectures, entertainments, conversazione, etc.

To establish centres all over the world.

To appoint as officers ladies and gentlemen who prove themselves able teachers.

Members to wear a badge, not through motives of self advertisement, but as suggestive of health.

To present memorials to any member attaining an age over 75 and over 100 years, and testimonials to members who have not been ill for any lengthy period.

To accept for possible members, people in poor health as associates of the army.

This is a gigantic scheme, but one that meets with sympathy on all sides. Courage is all that is needed for such an organization to be plain sailing. Taking life as it is today, the call for some such scheme has surely become a necessity.

The above statement is issued by a very practical man in London, who seems wide awake to the need for co-operative action among people who truly desire to be of service one to another. All organizations which aim at uniting earnest people in a noble cause are deserving of welcome, and this is one which promises to be of real substantial help to many.

TOLSTOY'S "RESURRECTION."

No play in modern times has received more attention or evoked more criticism than the dramatic version of Tolstoy's gloomy, but very popular story "Resurrection." Admiration for the genuineness and benevolence of a man does not require that we endorse all that he has written, and in the case of the story on which the play is founded and in connection with the play itself, some adverse criticism may reasonably be offered.

There are many strong points in the book and in the drama, but the whole coloring of both is altogether too somber and neither tale nor play ends satisfactorily. It is well indeed to make a man responsible for his acts and call upon him to make all restitution in his power for wrongs inflicted on others, but we fall to see what encouragement is given to the average man to seek to act thus honorably when he has grown to sorrow over past misconduct, if the efforts he puts forward are all to result in seeming failure.

Like the Ibsen dramas, plays founded on Tolstoy's novels have the fault of failing to show the good that springs out of honest efforts to amend. If the theatre is to teach the great moral lessons it is capable of inculcating the morbid "problem play" must give place to a higher and brighter style of presentation. We are depressed and saddened, if we are average human beings by witnessing a spectacle which ends practically nowhere. We all need encouragement in the path of honor. We are none of us wholly bad and the best of us can grow better. Come on then, good novelists and dramatists, and help us!

W. J. Colville.

"No man can live a life of beauty and be joyous and peaceful unless he lives in exact justice in all his relations with his fellow-beings. Are you living such a life?"

THREE ANGELS.

You wonder why down life's sea,
My frail barque doth so gently glide;
I have three Angels by my side,
Three Angels sail with me.

The first tells me, when dark waves roll
Heaven high, to look aloft to Him,
Rejoice whose brightness stars are dim,
And trust to Him my soul.

The second bids my heart be strong;
Sings sweetly of a cross-scarred form;
I hear nor heed the wildest storm,
While listening to her song.

The third, of beauteous face and form,
Makes me forget myself and throw
My treasures into homes of woe,
Till death's cold hand grows warm.

This, is why down life's rough sea
My light barque doth so calmly glide;
I have three Angels by my side,
Three Angels sail with me!

William Goldsmith Brown.
Stevens Point, Wis.

A Spiritualist Wedding.

The pleasant home of Mrs. Minnie M. Soule was rendered more charming by the wedding which was held within its walls on the thirtieth inst. Miss Mary Grifth and Mr. Fred Taylor, both members of the Gospel of Spirit Return Society of which Mrs. Soule is the much loved pastor, were then united in marriage. Mrs. Soule officiated in her usual sweet way and made a joyous occasion even more happy than usual as, with loving and well chosen words, she caused the golden circle of the new life to be placed upon the finger of the bride. Hon. Albion A. Perry, former Mayor of Somerville, performed in an unusually happy manner, the civil part of the ceremony. The newly wed couple started their married life by a wedding-trip to parts unknown, of course. The ceremony was witnessed by about a hundred people, friends, relatives and Spiritualists from all over New England, vying with each other in their attentions and kindly congratulations.

The house, decorated under the personal supervision of Mrs. Soule, was a "bower of beauty" and showed the taste of the pastor as well as her loving kindness to her parishioners. The very air of the occasion seemed charged with love and kindly thought and tenderness. Every one was impressed. Mr. L. F. Symonds gave away the bride, the brother of the groom was best man and the bride's sister the bridesmaid. Two little flower girls, also relatives, preceded the procession as the wedding march rang out from the grand piano under the skillful touch of Miss Vose. All the ladies were prettily gowned in white as was also the pastor. It was indeed a beautiful wedding in detail. Besides the scribe wishes to be inog and a description might involve the discovery of his or her sex.

One of the pleasantest features of the occasion was the refreshment room. The spring apple blossoms made a fragrant rustic arbor of the room and were the sole decorations. The effect was strikingly beautiful. The presents were numerous and valuable, those of the Young Peoples' Psychic Inquiry Club, of which both bride and groom are members, being especially appropriate. The young people are certainly to be congratulated on the pleasant auspices under which their new world opens.

First Spiritual Church, Baltimore.

The First Spiritual Church of Baltimore City has recently purchased the church property on the northwest corner of Franklin and Abel streets, formerly known as the Twelfth Presbyterian Church. The lot is 60 by 90 feet, in fee, and the building is of substantial brick. The price was \$9,000.00, which covered also all the furniture and fixtures. We have a church auditorium which will seat comfortably five hundred persons. The pews are of hard wood, cushioned, and a splendid pipe organ occupies the space behind the pulpit. Under the church proper is a roomy basement suitable for holding large meetings, a parlor, and a class room for children. In this part of the building, which we will devote to lecture work and to seances, are two small organs almost entirely new. Both floors are neatly carpeted and while everything is plain it is comfortable, and its very simplicity makes it attractive. We feel very grateful to our arisen benefactor, Frederick Fickey, Jr., for furnishing us with the means of providing a church home. We were all heartily sick of meeting in halls, the best of which are undesirable. Like Nomads we have traveled from hall to hall with no abiding place. Under such circumstances no organization can gain the confidence of the community.

The policy of the Board of Trustees is strongly conservative for two reasons. First: because our orthodox environment makes it necessary; and second, because we believe that the seeds of disintegration are often sown by a laxity of discipline.

We believe it is the part of wisdom to have our Sunday services conform as nearly as possible to church usages, without sacrificing doctrinal principles; therefore we continue our meetings for phenomena to our weekday meetings in the lecture hall. Already we are gathering in members of orthodox churches who have become liberalized in thought or who have learned something of Spiritualism through the worthy mediums who, pioneer-like, have prepared the way.

We have learned that there are those who have long wished for a place which maintains the dignity and atmosphere of a church and yet dispenses the quickening draughts of our philosophy. When a service descends to a condition in which the interest of but one person centres at a time it loses its prestige as a service. There is, we feel, a general desire among the people who attend churches to receive some stimulus of a religious character and this opportunity is often taken away when but few get "tests," a majority of which are of a worldly character. We do not believe less in the necessity for phenomena, but rather that there is a proper time and place for them.

We have a Bible, yes, two Bibles, on our pulpit; both donated by members of the church. Dr. N. E. Ravlin, whose long experience as a Baptist preacher has given him facility in the use of scripture, knows how to bring out spiritual interpretations to our advantage. We have a choir which was organized in less than a week by our genial and efficient organist, Mr. William Walters. There are several young ladies in the choir who used to attend the Presbyterian church which we have superseded. A Ladies' Aid Society has been organized and promises to assist in making the church self-sustaining. The press reports of our service are dignified and fair. Our new conditions have made it necessary to so amend our articles of incor-

poration as to provide, as far as possible, against those disintegrating forces which have heretofore brought about the dismemberment of other Spiritualist organizations in this city. Our first service was held on Easter morning and we hope the idea associated with the season may be symbolical of the uplifting for the resurrection, if you please, of Spiritualism in this community.
C. R. S.

Wenowoc Campmeeting.

Those who attended, and enjoyed the campmeeting on the Western Wisconsin Camp Association, held in Wenowoc, Wis. last year will be pleased to learn that this Association has decided to again hold its annual campmeeting during the month of August. All who are interested will please note that the campmeeting is to begin August 12 this year instead of July, and continued till August 31.

Wenowoc is a most delightful spot in which to commune with Nature and the loved ones who have passed to the higher life. All who were visitors last year, and those who wish to be visitors, will receive the same cordial treatment that was accorded them during the last campmeeting. The railroad facilities are first-class, and the general accommodations are above the ordinary.

Two good hotels within two blocks of the campgrounds give excellent accommodations at most reasonable rates, ranging from \$1.00 per day. For those who wish to remain upon the grounds during the entire session, there has been provided a fine restaurant, where first-class meals can be obtained, and where also, the campers can procure fresh fruits, ice cream, etc., etc. In fact everything will be done to make your visit one of pleasure and profit.

The talent that will be placed upon the rostrum is first-class. Among those who will be present are, Dr. Nellie C. Mosier, of Kent, Ohio; George Gladys Cooley, Rev. T. Grafton Owen, Mrs. Catherine McFarlane, Mrs. Edna Ford-Jones, and Will J. Erwood. This is an array of talent that is second to none, and visitors will be amply repaid for coming.

Aside from the above, the many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan will be pleased to note that they will be in attendance at the camp, as will also Mrs. N. M. Hardy, medium for materialization. This affords an opportunity to witness all phases of spiritual phenomena.

For further information, write to Nathan Fisk, pres., or Gertrude Spooner, sec., Wenowoc, Wis.

Announcements.

Lynn Spiritualists Association, Cadet Hall, Alex. Caird, M. D., president. Sunday, May 24, Miss Elizabeth Harlow, inspirational lecturer; Miss Rhoda Ward, vocal soloist. Circles, song service and concert.

G. W. Kates and wife will labor in Minnesota most of May. They desire calls in North Dakota and Montana for June and part of July. Address them 1723 Clinton Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, of Tremont St., Sunday at 10 o'clock. A cordial greeting to all. Mrs. M. J. Butler, president; Mrs. M. E. Stillings, secretary.

My address until June 15 will be 134 West 128th St., New York, after which until October it will be Elm Grove, Franklin County, Mass. Helen Temple Brigham.

Having taken the Banner for a long time I will be glad to send them to any one that would like them if they would inclose postage. Mrs. E. Barrows, Fayville, Mass., Box 104. Cambridge Industrial Society of Spiritualists will hold an entertainment and sale, Cambridge Lower Hall, 631 Mass. Ave., on Friday, May 22, 8 p. m. Tickets, 10 cents. Business meeting, 5 p. m.; supper, 6.30, 15 cents. At the business meeting Friday, May 23, the following officers were elected for the ensuing term: President, Mrs. Mabel I. Merritt; first vice-president, Mrs. Charlotte M. Hartwell; second vice-president, Mrs. Marie E. Maddocks; clerk, Mrs. Emma E. Zwalben; treasurer, Mrs. Statira J. Hanson; Mrs. Mabel Merritt, cor. sec., 35 Brookline St.

Mrs. Nellie Burbeck of Plymouth, test medium, will serve the First Spiritualist Society, Fitchburg, Mass., May 24.

New York Annual Convention.

Sixth Annual Convention of New York State Association Spiritualists will be held in Empire Hall, North Salina and West Genesee Sts., Syracuse, N. Y., Friday, Saturday and Sunday, May 29, 30 and 31, 1905.

Convention opens at 10.30 a. m. on the 29th. Convention headquarters at Empire Hotel. The following is a list of some of the speakers and mediums who will take part: Prof. Harrison D. Barrett, Boston, Mass.; Harvey W. Richardson, East Aurora, N. Y.; Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, Westfield, N. Y.; Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds, Troy, N. Y.; Dr. Victor Wyldes, Buffalo, N. Y.; Charles S. Hulbert, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. Milton Rathburn, Mount Vernon, N. Y.; Mrs. Lizzie Brewer, Syracuse, N. Y.

The music is under the direction of Prof. Marsh of Syracuse, N. Y.

Miss Victoria C. Moore of Dryden, N. Y., the talented elocutionist, will favor us with elocutionary readings.

All are cordially and earnestly invited to be present.

Individual membership, \$1.00 per year.

For further information apply to the secretary, Herbert L. Whitney, 65 Howard Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Madison Spiritual Association.

The June meeting of the Madison Spiritual Association will be held at Lakewood Grove, Hayden Lake, Madison Center, Maine, on Saturday and Sunday, June 13th and 14th. There will be one meeting on Saturday afternoon and a morning and afternoon session on Sunday.

The services of Rev. F. A. Wiggins of Boston, as speaker, and Mr. A. J. Marham of Lindow, as vocalist, have been secured for this occasion. An interesting meeting is in store for all who attend. It is hoped that this will be the largest attended meeting in the history of the association.

Crabs and Earthquakes.

For some time previous to the day upon which the great Chilian earthquake of August, 1857, occurred, great swarms of crabs of an unknown variety were seen in the Bay of Payata. They all appeared to be greatly excited, and were literally climbing over each other in their efforts to escape the impending calamity.

How they knew that the earthquake was collecting its strength to desolate the coast is more than man can say; but that they knew something unusual was about to happen there is no doubt whatever.

That there were millions of them may be inferred from the report of Dr. Forbes, who says that "ten days after the earthquake the dead crabs were thrown upon the beach in a wall-like line three to four feet wide along the whole extent of the bay."—Fate.

Books on Sale at N. S. A. Office.

The following valuable works are on sale at the N. S. A. office. These books—a number of each—have been graciously contributed by their respective authors to the National Association, to aid it in its good work, with permission to sell them at the reduced prices quoted. Each book has peculiar merits of its own, and all should be in every home.

Oceanic Physician, Medical, Mrs. Matherson, \$1.00; 'Lisbeth, Fiction, Mrs. C. E. S. Twing, 90c; God's Smiles, Fiction, Maggie Olive Jordan, \$1.00; Wedding Chimes, for Wedding Ceremonies, D. P. Hughes, 60c; Leaflets of Truth, Karl, 30c; Whither the Wind Blows, Venner, 20c; Violets, Poems, Straub, 10c; Three Jubilee Lectures, Peabees, 25c; Longley's Beautiful Songs, words and music, two volumes in one cover, 15c; a fine picture-card of N. S. A. Headquarters, 10c. Any of the above is a rare bargain-at price will be sent postpaid.

M. T. Longley, Sec.,
600 Pa. Ave., S. E., Wash., D. C.

Card from the N. S. A.

Dear Mr. Editor: Kindly give this card a place in your valuable paper. In my former letter giving directions for reaching the Brooklyn, N. Y., cemetery in which repose the remains of the Fox sisters, the word "Tremont" station should read "Terminal" station.

A word to the sympathetic public concerning the N. S. A. Mediums' Relief Fund: In spite of all we have said in regard to this fund, it seems to me, that those who desire to see needy mediums cared for, do not realize that every penny sent to us for that fund, is used for relieving the needs of aged, destitute or sick mediums in need. Contributions to this fund are amazingly small, only one dollar in the month of April and that from a soldier in the Philippines who regularly contributes.

Mary T. Longley, Secretary,
600 Pa. Ave., S. E., Wash., D. C.

Boston Spiritual Temple.

Reception, Supper, Dance.

We desire to call the attention of the readers of the Banner to the reception and supper which will be given by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Boston Spiritual Temple, on the evening of May the 27th, at the New Century Building, 177 Huntington Ave.

The pastor, Rev. Frederick A. Wiggins, and Mrs. Wiggins, will hold a reception from half past six to half past seven, at which it is hoped that all the members of the society will be present, as it will be the last social reunion held prior to the closing of the temple for the summer.

At a quarter before eight, there will be a strawberry festival served in the banquet hall, after which there will be selections rendered by the Ladies' Schubert Quartet, and special readings by Mr. Pope, who is too well-known to need further mention here. This will be followed by an informal dance. Tickets, 50 cents each, are now on sale at the box office at the door at Chickering Hall, after both Sunday services.

Keep Sweet.

Smile in your mirror and it smiles back at you; look pleasantly at the world and it reflects your good-natured looks; cultivate a warm feeling toward all men and they radiate and give back the warmth. Deal justly. Trade on broad principles. The world—mankind—soon discovers where it is well treated and trades there. Be loyal to your clerks and they will return it in loyalty. Trade on broad lines, buy of broad people, treat the public generously and success is sure to come—a success that is worth the winning and keeping and cherishing.

Keep sweet and move on.—Batten's Wedge.

"It is a duty we owe humanity not to complain or become disheartened."

ARE YOU A FAILURE?

Develop your occult forces. Be successful in health, love, business. My booklet, How To Be Cured, and The Secret of Power, free. Distance no bar to successful treatment. MAUDE COLE READER, 22 Park Ave., New York City. A-10-12

TEACHERS WANTED

We are compelled to have a few more qualified Teachers at once. More call the year than ever before. Salaries range from three hundred to three thousand. Write at once. Schools supplied with Teachers free of cost. Address with stamp, AMERICAN TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION, J. L. Graham, L.L.D., Manager, Memphis, Tenn. A-11

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I was run down by Overwork, Worry and Excesses, cost me a large amount to be Permanently Cured. When you have lost all patience with specialists, send me for the same cure. New way to the sickly, Vigor to the well. Mr. E. JAMES, P.O. Box 123 Los Angeles, Cal. Ladies may address Mrs. J. James. A-11

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Tells how all Eye and Ear Diseases may be cured at home at small cost by mild medicines. It is handsomely illustrated, full of valuable information, and should be read by every sufferer from any eye or ear trouble. This book is written by Dr. Curtis, originator of the world-famous Mild Medicine Method, which without knife or painful surgery cures most hopeless cases. Dr. Curtis offers to send this book absolutely FREE to all who write for it address, Dr. F. Geo. Curtis, 238 Shubert Bldg., Kansas City, Mo. A-11

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Such as Sexual Debility, Varicocele and Hemorrhoids cured without a failure by an External Application. A cure in 90 days. This great remedy is a spirit prescription, and has restored more cases of this kind than any other cure known. Send 10 cents for book giving full particulars, with price and testimonials. Address, Dr. R. P. Fellows, Vineland, N. J. and what paper you saw this advertisement in. DR. FELLOWS is one of our distinguished progressive physicians in whom the afflicted should place their confidence.—BANNER OF LIGHT. D-3

The C. E. Watkins Medical Co.

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Will be opened April 15th.

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Emerson Versus Jesus.

On Sunday, May 24, 11 a. m., Dr. Charles K. Wheeler will present a study—Emerson of Concord versus Jesus of Nazareth. The speaker will offer something unique in the way of interpreting the two Brothers of the race. The address will be given at Pierce Bldg., Copley Sq., Room 46. Public invited.

V. S. U. Directors' Meeting.

There will be a directors' meeting of the V. S. U. Friday, May 22, 7.30 p. m., at 79 Prospect Street, Somerville. Plans for the camps, meetings at the home, and such other business as may properly come before the meeting at this time will be considered.

Charles L. Soule, sec.

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To let, at Lake Pleasant, by the week, month or season, a large furnished room on the lower floor, leading out on the veranda. For terms apply to Mrs. Pauline L. Knight, 18 Hazel Park, Everett, Mass.

"He has tremendous power who lives cleanly and purely, and is just, charitable and considerate in all of his acts and relations with Being."

"The external garb of the soul will be radiant with beauty if the mind is cool, calm, serene and dignified in its action."

The Throne of Eden

A Psychoical Romance

—BY—

W. J. COLVILLE.

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Message Department.

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

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

To Our Readers.

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

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

Report of Seance held May 7, 1903. S. E. 16.

Invocation.

Again we come into this little circle with a sincere purpose and an aspiration for the expression of truth. Again we would clasp hands with the angels and speak the message that shall join eternally those who have loved and been separated by death. Whatever is ours to give, whatever of steadfastness of purpose, whatever of faith and confidence we give freely without reservation and with fullness and purest desire. Bless the dear spirits who serve and comfort and ever strive to bring the light. Bless, oh Spirit of Truth, with new strength those who strive to make this message complete, and may the faltering ones be made strong and may the heart-broken ones be made whole, and may all who seek find what they seek in this message from spirit life. We would not forget the mourning ones wherever they may be. We would send on swift wings of love and peace our message to them. However distant they may be from us at this moment our thought may reach them and the spirit that yearns to come into their presence will be strengthened by our purpose and thought and may we all grow nearer to the understanding of the blessed reality of life through this hour of communion with the spirit. May we be lifted to a better understanding of what God means by the changing life into new conditions and new expressions and may we grow and grow and grow into the full stature of children of the truth. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Charlie Atkins, Ayer, Mass.

There is a spirit comes to me first this morning of a man about forty years old. He is tall, slim and not particularly dark. His hair is dark brown; he has a broad, open face. He says: "I am Charlie Atkins; I lived in Ayer, Mass. I have been over here about six years and never felt the desire to return until lately. Of late it seemed to me I could be of use if I tried, so I am making this effort. I want to reach Jimmy to make him understand I am trying to help him and I couldn't lose my interest in whatever comes to him. Mother with me. She says she doesn't feel any different now than when she was in the body. We have been to see Mabel; we found her needing just the influence from the spirit that we were able to bring. I am glad she has moved; I hope she will like this better than the other place."

Lucy Henderson, Madison, Wis.

The spirit of a woman about fifty years old is here. She is short, rather stout, and fair. Her eyes are blue, her face is round, full and pleasant. She says: "My name is Lucy Henderson; I used to live in Madison, Wis. It has been quite a while since I came over here, but I have been trying so hard to get some word back to my people. I wanted Ellen and Bertha to know I was pleased with their efforts in connection with me. I thank them for what they did before I came and I certainly thank them for what they did afterwards. I suffered so much it was naturally a relief to come over to the spirit, but I had a mental struggle and felt uneasy over my inability to express what I felt. I found Frank; he is striving with me to tell what the life is like and how free we are from the conditions of physical imprisonment which were ours."

John Quimby, Bridgeport, Conn.

I see the spirit of a man about seventy years old. He is tall, straight, intellectual looking, and carries a cane. He wears a full beard, his hair is quite long and falls at the side of his face a little. He says: "I am from Bridgeport, Conn. My name is John Quimby. I desire to send word to Harriet. There is sickness, and I am anxious to say there will be no death. She is almost distracted with fear and I want this to be not only a comfort at this time, but an assurance that a long time passes before the death of this person over whom she worries comes into her life. Tell her Aunt Sarah and Luther are together and bring her greetings from the spirit. I would like very much to have Harriet attend to the matter of which we talked before I came just as soon as she can. It will be better for her and for all of us. Thank you."

Lizzie Moore, Macon, Ga.

I see the spirit of a woman about twenty years old. She has dark hair, eyes and is rather tall and slim; she is very nervous and very excited over this effort. She says: "This is my first attempt and it is so hard to say just what one wants to. I didn't want to die; it was a dreadful thing to me, and I came so suddenly that all the horror of death was upon me when I got here. I have children and a husband, and nobody will ever know what it is to come over into this life and leave those you love and be unable to comfort them until they have passed through it. My name is Lizzie Moore; I am from Macon, Ga. I want this message to go to Willie and the babies. They tell me that by and by I will be better and will know need to the separation. I don't know whether I shall or not. I suppose I better not always feel the unhappiness I do now but I can't forget those I have left. I don't want you, Willy, to think of me as being in misery all the time. I am more homesick than miserable. It seems like being in a strange city with plenty of people about one and plenty of beautiful things to see and yet the people one wants are so far away one is homesick to hear from them and speak to them. Tell George his mama is not dead; she will ever watch over him and as he grows older, he may trust her to guide him. I am sure I shall feel better for having sent this message and hope I will be able to send another some day. Thank you."

Sarah Day, Woburn, Mass.

Now the spirit of a woman past the middle life, a strong and beautiful woman, comes to me; faithful in her love and her expression. She takes my hand and says: "Will you please say I am Sarah Day; I lived in Woburn, Mass. I am very anxious to send a message to my own people. This is new to me. I had known Spiritualism but I did not know it the way you people do. While I was a Christian woman and had faith in all things that the Bible taught me, I did not feel as if I wanted to leave my people. I have tried to make them feel my presence. I thought if I could give them an understanding of my life perhaps it would be sufficient. Father is with me and he says to tell the children he is just as happy as ever and can see a good deal better, and as for me I find plenty of work to do and try to busy myself so I won't miss the old life too much. It is beautiful over here. There is a peace and a harmony that makes every place seem beautiful, and inharmonious places I don't have to visit. I suppose there are places where people have their quarrels and disagreements, but I am not there, for my friends all know that above all things I like peace. I send love and greeting and a promise of help to all my friends."

Benjamin Green, Philadelphia, Pa.

Here is a spirit of a man about sixty-five years old, with a gray beard, gray eyes, and strong magnetic face. He is medium height, a little stocky built and earnest and vigorous in his way. He says: "My name is Benjamin Green; I am from Philadelphia. I know more or less about the effort you folks are making to draw spirits together; I thought I would come with a word of encouragement. I believed in this thing before I came over here, but I did not do all I might and if I could send word to my spiritualistic friends it would be that they leave no stone unturned to present this truth to the world. It is the most important thing I know anything about and it is the thing that will make life better for every soul that lives here or in spiritual spheres. Leander Bragg is with me; he and I often discuss this thing over a pipe as we used to when we were here; we have often said if there was some way we could put our notions into execution we would have this thing brilliant with spiritual expression and the world bound to take heed, but perhaps it is better as it is for the people. I send this message to let you know we are not behind the times just because our bodies have gone to decay. We are as earnest, as strong, as vigorous as ever and fully as anxious to give the world the benefit of our truth. Thank you."

George Neidich, Boston.

The spirit of a man about fifty-five or sixty years old comes to me. His name is George Neidich and he says that he is anxious to get to his children. There is a little group of them he is anxious to have understand he is doing what he can to help the school on. He is a little bit nervous over this effort, but says: "What can I do except to speak just as strong as I can, and leave the rest with God?" There seems a certain energy and at the same time a faith that is strong in him that makes him steady in his effort. There are two names that he mentions as having something to do with him. One is Edward and one is Mary. He says: "I am sure this will be understood. Tell my girls their earnest purpose helps me very much and I see nothing for them to do except to stand steady and let the thing work itself out into better conditions. I can do nothing except spiritually now. The time is passed, but my name strong will be playing its part spiritually in your midst."

Cora Thayer, Williamsburg, N. Y.

There is the spirit of a woman, short and slight, almost like a fairy, perhaps twenty-five or twenty-six years old here. She is very pale and delicate looking. As she comes to me she says: "My name is Cora Thayer. I am anxious to get to Williamsburg, N. Y. I want to go to Willy. It is awful hard for me to come; I can hardly breathe. I feel so oppressed and so anxious trying to speak, but I have seen you, Willy, and I know the burden that is on you. I know you can never do what you want to just as you are working now. In the first place, you are working too hard and you are using up your strength too fast and by the time you get ready to do what you want to, you will have no strength to do it. Why don't you let Arthur take hold and help you some? He will if you will ask him but he will never see it unless you do. You know it is because I love you both I come and I wish I could have stayed and gone through the college, but never mind now, it is all right. I am glad you use what I made you so common. It is better. I would not have you put it away because every time you put your head on it, I feel your thought and am able to respond to it in a way. I am not unhappy. I am only anxious. I wish you were coming over here to see me tomorrow, if only you could come and then go back and take up your duties, but I suppose you can't do that, so I must wait until you can come and stay, but I will be ready to meet you. I love the flowers just as much as before and it is most time for my roses to blossom and then you will think of me again. Thank you."

Emily Morse, Loudon, N. H.

The last spirit this morning is a woman about forty-five years old. She is of medium height with dark hair in which a little gray is mixed, very dark eyes, and an earnest and almost strained expression. She says she lived in Loudon, N. H., her name is Emily Morse and she died after a very severe and tedious illness. "What can I do to prove myself?" is the first question she asks me, and then I see her so interested in farm life. Some of her people must live on a farm where they produce more or less from the ground. She says: "It is Frank I want to get to. I want him to know mother, John and I are interested in his purchase, and that is what I am trying to tell him. Certainly conditions look very much better for you than they did before I came. There is a more settled condition and some of the burdens are removed and I am so glad. I wish there was something I could do to make things move along faster, but you will know I am interested. I am not anxious for you to come yet to me, but I do wish I could get to you so you could know when I come. What have they been trying to do to the old meeting house? Don't you think they have spoiled it? It looks that way to me. If I can help you, just ask me to. I can understand where you are wishing for me and will do anything I can. You know I send love and hope you will make it possible for me to speak again."

A bird sings, a child prattles. It is the same hymn. An indistinct hymn, lisp, profound. The child, more than the bird, has the mysterious destiny of man before it. Hence the melancholy feeling of those who listen, mingled with the joy of the little one who sings. The sublimest song to be heard on earth is the lisp of the human soul on the lips of children. This confused whispering of a thought, which is as yet only an instinct, contains a strange, unconscious appeal to eternal justice, perhaps it is a protestation on the threshold, before entering; a humble but poignant protestation; this ignorance smiling at the infinite compromises all creation in the fate which is to be given to the feeble, helpless being. Misfortune, if it comes, will be an abuse of confidence. Victor Hugo.

Some Reminiscences of Abby Judson.

Sweet is the recollection of a good and kind soul, and never to be forgotten is the heart which has beaten for the humble and suffering of the hand that has been stretched out in brotherly or sisterly love to those who lack human love and sympathy and need it as long for it. Such a soul was the late Abby Judson.

The first time I met her was at a materialization seance in Minneapolis, Minn. I was then a Unitarian minister of a radical type and rather inclined to deny than to affirm the somewhat dubious notions then entertained by my fellow ministers regarding a future existence. There were about a score of persons present at the seance, all of them strangers to me. An elderly, white haired lady with refined features and a kindly look was sitting next to me. As time passed and no spirit whom I recognized materialized she, noticing that I was a stranger and an investigator, turned to me and with a smile remarked:

"I do not think you have met any spirit friend tonight!"

And upon my expressing some regret at it being so she asked me:

"Would you like to be introduced to one of my spirit friends?" She was a close friend of mine in my early youth and died thirty-five years ago in Burmah. She has been here tonight once, but if she calls again I will be glad to make you acquainted with her."

And so she did, and for the first time in my life I had a conversation with a materialized spirit form, who was recognized by her intimate associate from early youth and thus no doubt was a genuine and identified visitor from the other life. This lady with the kind interest for a fellow truth seeker was Abby Judson. Later I called on her in her home and am under great obligation to her kindness for many hints and helpful directions during those early stages of my psychical researches, which at last convinced me of the truth of the claims of Spiritualism. She told me she had seen her father many times after his demise, but never her mother, though she had seen clairvoyantly part of her surroundings in the room wherein she died.

Miss Judson's lectures on Spiritualism, delivered in Minneapolis, Minn., about twelve years ago, were among the very best that have ever been spoken from a spiritualistic platform, and it is to be regretted that she could not find a cultured audience large enough and interested enough to secure their continuation.

It is no wonder that a mind so philanthropically inclined as was hers, and I have no doubt, still is, should embrace within the circle of her sympathetic interest not only members of the human race who were in need of kindness and assistance, but also the whole animate creation. She was a great friend of animals, and many are the horses, dogs and other domestic quadrupeds that have been helped and saved by her. The following incident still lingers fresh in my memory.

One day I was caught in a snowstorm on Hennepin Ave. in Minneapolis. It was not one of the "civilized" or tame ones, which it is fun to look at, but a regular old time wild west blizzard with the thermometer at about twenty-three below zero. The snowflakes came dancing down so closely as to make an object hardly discernible at only half a block's distance. Not many wanderers dared to test this wintry hurricane. Suddenly I perceived a person struggling against the fierce gale through the billowy drifts carrying something in her arms. It was a lady carrying a dog. Surprised I was and became still more so when I recognized my friend from the seance, Abby Judson.

"What does this mean," I exclaimed, "is it your dog?"

"No," she replied, and then told me how she had found the sick and homeless dog almost dying in the snow, and she was taking it to her home to care for it till it got well. I asked her to carry it to a place of safety and am sure the dog owed her its life, while she came pretty near losing hers in her charitable effort to rescue him just as if he had been one of her dearest and nearest friends.

These little incidents are characteristic of her kind and charitable spirit; she was ever ready to extend a helpful hand to every one, animal or man, who was in need of it. She helped me to realize some of the truths of Spiritualism, as much as I could apprehend then, and I know she has done the same to a great many other truth-seekers who, harking back to Kant and Hegel, had been groping in the darkness of skepticism and negation. Such persons are rare, and when they leave this mundane sphere their influence is still active here below and ought to kindle an undying spark of eternal and untrailing love for fellow-men and fellow-creatures at least in the hearts of those who have enjoyed the privilege of having been drawn within the circle of their life-giving influence. For as the apostle says:

"And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity." Rev. Axel Lundberg.

The Movement in Great Britain.

It is a pleasure to report to the oldest Spiritualist paper in existence that Spiritualism in Great Britain is flourishing exceedingly. News comes from one or two centres of the future of Societies; but the general report is growth, formation, development. During the past month two notable events have transpired. At Manchester, on the 15th, a seance was held on Good Friday to celebrate the 55th anniversary of modern Spiritualism, and a grand muster of friends from far and near gathered in the Co-operative Hall, Manchester, to listen to a choir competition for a splendid shield and money prizes, and afterward to take part in the mass meeting which was addressed by Miss Ruth Sage, Mr. J. F. Back, and the editor of the Two Worlds, Mr. Will Phillips, under the presidency of Councilor Ward who is a member of the Clive Council of Blackburn, and of the Board of Guardians also of that city as well as leading Spiritualist. On Monday a similar celebration took place at Keighley, Yorkshire; a town as noted on this side as is Hydeville on the American side of the Atlantic. The choir contest and meeting were both splendidly attended, and the mass meeting was presided over by the Mayor of Keighley, who was greatly interested in the proceedings. We have a growing number of men in prominent positions coming into connection with the movement here. The readers of the Banner will see by this report that a great deal of attention is being directed to the cultivation of music by the societies in this country; and it is a great pleasure to note the growth of sentiment in that direction. It is beginning to be recognized that our meetings must be made increasingly attractive in order that the people may be won to listen to our philosophy.

On the 21st of this month a series of meetings is to be held in London. One of the leading questions to be discussed is that of the increasing importance of being attached to this side, and we should like to hear that our American brethren were doing more in this direction.

A wave of spiritualistic revival is passing over Scotland just now. In Dundee the audiences have, of late, often numbered one thousand. Glasgow and Edinburgh with

Greenock are all taking steps forward, and the truth is spreading to Dunfermline. In England, Reading, the town of bisect fame, and Chiswick, London, have new societies. The Resident Speaker principle is steadily growing. There are now resident lecturers at Barrow, Birmingham, Cardiff, Helikey, Leicester, Manchester, Preston and Scarborough. There is an increasing demand for intellectual speakers, and two prominent clergymen are making themselves felt in the Bampton lectures, viz. Rev. W. J. Boudding, who was a Baptist minister, and Rev. J. Page Hopps, a well known Unitarian philosopher.

The traditions of the Orthodox Church are here rapidly going to pieces. A Congregational person has started Bradford by declaring Unitarian principles, although still preferring to call himself a Congregationalist. He has indicted his fellows of hypocrisy, of preaching the gospel for loaves and fishes. You can imagine the storm he raised.

In Cardiff another Unitarian minister has spoken out, boldly declaring his agreement with Spiritualist principles and phenomena. In fact all along the line, notwithstanding the opposition of the worn outs, we are forging ahead at rapid speed. I want to have had an interview with another Congregational minister who is "intensely interested" in the subject of Spiritualism; but, unfortunately was prevented by prior engagement. The "Christian World" here has given an article on the Resurrection, and the special writer attached just the significance to that event as have done Spiritualists from the commencement of their campaign.

If there is one drawback here it is that we lack opposition. There are many capable men and women who are literally "spoiling for a fight," but the opposition is not forthcoming.

I am glad to note the appointment of Judson Tuttle as correspondent at large. The gentleman who occupied that position for some time on this side is unfortunately laid aside by sickness, and it is questionable whether he will ever handle the pen in his old, trenchant manner; I refer to Rev. C. Ware, who was in the early days a Bible Christian minister.

Are the Spiritualists of America going to organize a crusade upon Zion city while Dowie is attacking New York? It strikes me if such an attack were carried out Dowie would need return home suddenly, or lose his limbs.

It has given us a shock over here to learn of the awful atrocities in the Philippines, but, happily Spiritualists cannot be accused of having part or lot directly or indirectly in such ferocious tortures.

That good worker, J. F. Back, mentioned as being present at the Manchester mass meeting is going to South Africa. He has endured such persecution because of his anti-vaccination proclivities, and not long since served a month's imprisonment in Lancaster Castle for refusing to have his child vaccinated. Our loss will be the gain of South Africa.

With best wishes for the success of the Cause in America and for that of the Banner of Light, believe me, yours sincerely in the Cause, Will Phillips.

Editor Two Worlds.

A Rebuttal of Spiritism.

J. K. Hayward, A. B.

The author of this book does not specially attack us in the word spiritism, but spirit in general from God who is spirit to all who, believing in the Fatherhood of God, are conscious of being spiritual entities. To discuss the nature of Mind, and distinguish mind as an "ens" part of the verb sum (I am) from mind as a function, he has coined the adjective ential, to express religious emotion he uses the word epileptoid, a mild form of epilepsy, and for the inherent tendency of matter to evolve he uses the word hylokinosis, forgetting or ignoring that the tendency of matter to evolve is simply the spirit life permeating all nature.

He asks what is mind? Is it mere neurility (nerve action) or a spirit entity creating volition? Is it an ens per se (being of itself) or a non-ens? A determinat instead of a resultant? It is one of the most important questions ever asked and the only one left in doubt in the mind of the masses. I doubt it for if the question was left to a vote to decide, the masses would give an almost unanimous verdict in favor of mind as a spirit entity. He says that the old philosophical notion that mind is the equivalent of spirit, life, soul, etc., came as a plausible hypothesis for unknown causality in cerebration, and has remained in support of vested interests. By denying the human ens the divine ens is gone. He criticizes Lewes, McCosh, Spinoza, Leibnitz, Malebranche, as trying to discuss rationally an ens which does not exist. Spencer, Huxley, and the mass of English naturalists and materialists except Hobbes dodge the conclusion and vital question when brought squarely against public opinion.

He admits that English writers have outstripped all others in exploiting the sciences which bear upon this question, their efforts have been handicapped by social bigotry. This applies to Spencer and Huxley, even Hobbes the greatest materialist of all was a godist in religion, Stuart Mill wavered when it came to the crucial test, Hume is twitted by Balfour for remarks inconsistent with his subjective positivism, Bushner dispatched God without ceremony, but left a little corner open to Free Will. Locke stopped before treating on the church, Huxley truckled when he said: "Anthropology has nothing to do with the truth or falsehood of religion." We are rid of Plato, Aristotle, Descartes, Spinoza and Kant with their schools, and the question is simply this: Mind is merely an incident of cerebration, or it is a separate entity capable of creating independent increments in sensing and intellecting.

American naturalists, materialists and others of that ilk should be proud that a New Yorker has discovered that mind is only an aspect of matter, neurility. What does the author mean by that? Is it a nervous attack, or an acute ailment of the nerves of the brain? The reader can form his own opinion. He asserts that the masses have no rationality, especially in regard to religion, politics and caste. They say that rationalism fails to satisfy identity. What identity? That of the masses? Of what consequence are their notions to philosophy? What does philosophy care about the notions of the mud-sills of the social structure? All they can do is to grovel (worship) before some fictional bogey, hire others to grovel for them (clergy) and to write up the grovel ceremony and have their neighbors to grovel with them. They would be better off without their identity. "We cannot believe that any kind of untruth is desirable in the long run. That is my objection to immortality, epileptoidism, jahveh, soul and all religious dogma." Several times in the book he shows contempt for the masses, that means all who do not share his views, and it is the natural sequence of his unbelief in the fatherhood of God as it must deny rationally the brotherhood of man. He forgets that in some respects he is dependent on some one of the mass in his every day life.

There are two chapters on Free Will in which he criticizes the metaphysicians who have written on the subject. As he denies mind as an entity, of course he denies free will. In his chapters on Ritchie, Balfour, Ward, Hume, Stuart Mill, Thomas Paine, Descartes, Spinoza, Herbert Spencer, he confines himself to refuting their arguments as they clash with his views. He is an inspiring

critic of political metaphysics, etc., etc. He believes that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays. One thing is seen at once, the man is a lawyer; his arguments and many expressions savor of the court room, and he does not write to convince so as to win to his cause; it is not a book for everybody; too many new long words derived from the Greek as geocentricity (ye earth), epileptoidism, religious emotions, etc. I should not wonder if when the book was written his mind was an aspect of matter neurilizing. In his criticism of Carlyle he says: Mr. Carlyle says that there are about forty millions of fools in England, but he, Carlyle, is the biggest fool of the lot.

The book puts me in mind of an anecdote which is authentic. A new fledged lawyer in Paris, full of pride at his newly won honors, was invited to spend the evening at the home of a school chum, where he would be introduced to influential people. Some one happened to mention a religious event, when our young man launched out in diatribes against God, soul and immortality, and concluded by declaring that death was the end of man. An old lady had looked at him and listened with deep attention, so our orator asked her for her opinion. "Well, young man, with all your beautiful language, flowers of rhetoric, and flights of eloquence, it has taken one hour to prove to us that you are nothing but an ass." Amid the applause and cheers which followed this sentence, our discomfited atheist managed to escape. Fred de Bos, Peter Eckler Publishing Co., 35 Fulton St., N. Y.

Research and Suggestions.

N. P. Andersen.

This is a very interesting poem of five hundred stanzas. The author traces the progress of man from hunting to tilling of the soil, then to commerce, the birth of civilization, from barter to money; to the great migrations from the East to the West; the change of languages, the religious growth, the art of writing from hieroglyphics to printing; and so on through all the arts and sciences, the wars, etc., etc., and offering suggestions for the improvement of society and the progress upward of mankind in general. A very interesting little book and well worth reading. Fred de Bos.

Mrs. May Pepper.

Something of a sensation was caused at the meeting of the State Spiritualists' association at Unity hall, Sunday evening, May 3, by the declaration of the test medium, Mrs. May S. Pepper of Providence, that the last will of Colonel Henry Kennedy was still in existence and that it was the one which ought to be probated.

The alleged spirit message aroused more than ordinary interest on account of the prominence of the Kennedy will case, which has, in one form or another, been before the court for several years, certain natural heirs of Colonel Kennedy claiming that a will drawn by Colonel Kennedy during the month of February of a year several years later than the date of the one admitted to probate was fraudulently destroyed. All of the suits brought have resulted in a victory for the defendants and only last month the latest suit encountered a decision from Judge Borahack which appears to dispose of it effectually, but despite this fact, counsel for the heirs in question announce that the case will go to the supreme court. So naturally, under these circumstances, the announcement made directly from the departed Colonel Kennedy that the other will still exists created something of a flutter in the audience which heard it.

Mrs. Pepper uses the envelope system in conducting her tests, by which any person desiring to communicate with departed friends writes whatever he desires to ask of them and seals it in an envelope. The communication is placed on the stage by the writer and Mrs. Pepper gets into communication with the spirit for whom it is intended, by holding it when the time for the tests arrive. As the letters are written at home or anywhere, with ink or pencil, or in any way which may suit the writers, the system is not to be confounded with the fake system used in some cases. In the latter paper is passed around on a piece of cardboard and whatever is written on the paper is recorded on the cardboard, so that the operator has a copy of the sealed communication unknown to the writer. It is important that nothing of this kind exist in Mrs. Pepper's system, and yet she has no difficulty in divining just what is in the message.

The Will.

Among the letters so deposited on the stage last evening was one from Mrs. Kennedy, who is one of the litigants in the will case and in it she asked if there was another will made than that which had been probated. She signed it "Justice." Mrs. Pepper announced as soon as she picked up the letter that Colonel Kennedy's spirit responded and reached out to the writer of the letter whom she designated. The writer had written something about a will over which there had been some trouble. Mrs. Kennedy dissented. "Yes there was, too, trouble," insisted the medium. "If there hadn't been you wouldn't have used the word 'Justice' here. And you are looking for trouble, too, and you'll get plenty of it."

Continuing she said that the spirit of Colonel Kennedy wanted to tell the writer that there was another will, written in February, that it was still in existence and that it was the one which ought to be admitted to probate.

A buzz of subdued conversation sprang up all over the hall upon the receipt of this communication, and the people in the audience commented upon it to each other and it was easily the sensation of the evening. A number of other communications were received by persons present and in nearly every case the names of the departed were given and the description was recognized. In each case, too, it was admitted that the communication received was in response to the letters written and the success with which the medium conducted her tests caused much general comment and even the skeptical ones were baffled.

A woman who feared that her husband's grave had been opened and the body stolen was assured that such was not the case and that the body had been undisturbed. Dr. P. D. Pelier and a number of other well known persons received communications also.

The Spirit World.

Preceding the tests there was an address by the Rev. J. C. F. Grumblin of Boston on "The Spirit World—Where It Is and What It Is." He dwelt upon the absolute truth of Spiritualism and its naturalness. The miracles and the superstitions had no place in it, he said, and the experiences of religion were as true as those of science and those of the immortal soul were as true as those of the mortal. The body and spirit, he maintained, are both real. The spiritual existence of man today as in Christ 1,900 years ago, for divinity is in every man, and every man, woman and child may have spiritual experience if they so will. It is impossible, he said, for science to fathom spiritual truth, for intellectually is not spirituality, and a man of the highest intelligence may not be at all spiritual. The miracles performed by Jesus of Nazareth can be performed by man of today through his divinity if he will.

Children's Book.

BE GLAD OF YOUR PLACE.

I thought I heard a flower complain—
That in my garden sweetly grew,
"Why falls on me the beating rain,
When what I need is gentle dew?
It seems unjust to such a flower
As people say I am for sure—
To bear the hardship of a shower,
And other plagues in peace endure!"

"You foolish thing," at once I said,
"You seem to echo me forthwith,
By idle fancy you are led,
And inexperience of youth;
The soil you're in is just the place,
To bring your beauty to our sight,
And rain like this produces grace,
And gives to us your rich delight!"

And I will learn my lesson well—
And stay complaint about my lot;
The seasons will life's story tell—
And naught of beauty is forgot;
To be a flower that is the pride,
Of nature reaching to its best;
Then let our hearts be satisfied,
And let us leave to God the rest!"

William Brunton.

A Little Girl's Success.

She was always writing, this little Western Hilda—scribbling, nurse and her playmates called it. She wrote in school, when sometimes she should have been working at arithmetic; and then the black mark in the arithmetic column more than outweighed the fine mark for her essay. Home from school, she cuddled down in a corner of the library and pilled her pencil busily till mama interfered.

"My little girl must remember that it takes plenty of play and out-door air to make a good writer," mama would explain, buttoning the reluctant little figure into its coat. "Now run away out of doors till I call you, and tomorrow those lines will go much better."

Only mama knew Hilda's great castle in the air, to have something she wrote and loved so well to write printed, really, truly printed in a magazine or paper. It was mama—it always is mama, somehow—who opened the way.

"If you will stay out doors all day this lovely Saturday," mama promised Hilda the day she was twelve, "I shall have something to tell and show you this evening that will please you very much."

The something was a certain page in the last St. Nicholas. Hilda read it rapturously. Here was a chance for just such little girls as herself. The St. Nicholas League offered a training school for girls and boys who loved to draw and write, and each month the best work was published, with rewards of silver and gold badges and money. It seemed too good to be true.

The weeks seemed very long after the little girl's verses "When School Is Done," which mama thought would do, were sent off; and one could only wait for the important number to come. If you ever wanted anything with all your heart, wanted it so badly that you thought of it all day every day, and dreamed of it all night every night, and if you finally had your heart's desire, you will know how Hilda felt when St. Nicholas came at last, and there, in black and white, were the verses "When School Is Done."

And in a few days came a beautiful silver badge. Papa's eyes shone when Hilda showed it to him; and his voice was just a little hoarse when he said he was proud of his little girl. Papa thought Hilda spent far more time writing verse and stories than was good for her; but he was very proud of a twelve-year-old daughter who could win distinction among forty thousand of the brightest girls and boys of the land.

"Perhaps you can't do it again, though," he teased. And Hilda looked serious. She had won the first prize. She must have more. And she did. How she worked over her verses on "When Fields Are Green," till she and mama were satisfied to let them go; and the June St. Nicholas told her they had won the gold badge. And when, six months later, she put her best into more verses, on the Christmas tide this time, and they brought her the five dollars which meant the very highest St. Nicholas League could offer her and that she must turn to a larger field, she was a very proud and happy fourteen-year-old.

Today this little lass, not yet fifteen, has seen several of her stories and poems printed, and in grown-up magazines too; and some day she hopes that she may be among those who write for the girls and boys of St. Nicholas. Do you suppose she will? For this is a true story, every word of it.

Twenty Robin's Adventure.

Twenty Robin lived in the nicest nest, in the nicest tree in the orchard, with Papa and Mama Robin, and his two little brothers and one little sister. He liked to lie in the soft nest and watch the sunshine fall on the leaves of the tree, and make pretty shadows about him.

Mama Robin was kept busy caring for the four little robins, whom she wished to grow up to be very good and useful robins indeed, while Papa Robin was kept busy from morning until night to keep the four little yellow-bellies that seemed always to be open, filled with worms and bugs.

One day after the Robin family had had a particularly nice dinner, each little Robin having a worm of exactly the same size, so they could not possibly quarrel over them, and Papa and Mama Robin having a fine, fat beetle, Papa Robin suggested that Mama Robin and he call upon Mrs. Oriole, who lived in the cherry tree, and as Mama Robin thought her children quite old enough to be left alone for an hour or two, she decided to go. After the work was done, and the four little robins settled for their afternoon naps, they started off. Twenty Robin was awake, and to him Mama Robin said, as she paused on the edge of the nest:

"Twenty, my dear, you are the largest and strongest, and so ought to be the wisest, and I leave the children in your care," then she and Papa Robin flew away.

"Dear me," Twenty thought, "how easy they do it! I wonder if I could fly? All you have to do is to balance on the edge of the nest, spread your wings, so," and he spread his little wings far apart, waking the other little robins, who set up a great cry of:

"Oh! what are you doing, Twenty Robin?" "Nothing," Twenty answered crossly, and settled down as though to go to sleep again, but he did not, oh, no! He only waited until his little brothers and sisters were asleep, then he crept to the edge of the nest and looked over.

"Oh!" he cried, and drew back, quite dizzy. But in a minute he felt braver. Papa and Mama did not fall, why should he? He hopped to the edge of the nest again and spread off one wing, then the other. How strong they were! then he gave them a little flap, both together, and—fell down—down—down—to the ground beneath the tree!

Poor Twenty Robin! how frightened he was. He fluttered helplessly about in the grass crying shrilly for help. Then a terrible looking animal came creeping—creeping



Mrs. F. Wright, of Oelwein, Iowa, is another one of the million women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

A Young New York Lady Tells of a Wonderful Cure:

"My trouble was with the ovaries; I am tall, and the doctor said I grew too fast, for my strength. I suffered dreadfully from inflammation and doctored continually, but got no help. I suffered from terrible dragging sensations with the most awful pains low down in the side and pains in the back, and the most agonizing headaches. No one knows what I endured. Often I was sick to the stomach, and every little while I would be too sick to go to work, for three or four days; I work in a large store, and I suppose standing on my feet all day made me worse.

"At the suggestion of a friend of my mother's I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it is simply wonderful. I felt better after the first two or three doses; it seemed as though a weight was taken off my shoulders; I continued its use until now I can truthfully say I am entirely cured. Young girls who are always paying doctor's bills without getting any help as I did, ought to take your medicine. It costs so much less, and it is sure to cure them.—Yours truly, ADELIAE PRAHL, 174 St. Ann's Ave., New York City."

—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter meeting genuineness cannot be produced.

out from behind the tree! It was only a cat, but you must remember Twenty Robin was a very little bird, and it looked like a great monster to him.

"Oh! please, dear Mr. Monster," Twenty cried, "do not eat me! I was naughty and ran away while my papa and mama were away, but I'll never do so any more!"

The cat sat down and looked at Twenty, then she yawned and showed some terrible long, white teeth.

"Any more like you up there?" the cat asked, looking into the tree.

"My two little brothers and one little sister," Twenty said tremblingly.

"Guess I'll go up and eat them first. You'll be here safe enough when I get back, you silly young thing. You can't fly away, else you wouldn't be here," the cat laughed cruelly.

"Don't eat my two brothers and one sister, Mr. Monster! don't! don't!" Twenty commenced to scream, and he remembered how mama had left them in his care.

"Dear me!" the cat said, "what a fuss you do make! Really I think I'll eat you first, else your noise will bring some one."

But Twenty's cries had already brought some one. A boy and girl who were playing in the orchard came running to "Twenty's" rescue, just as the cat had one cruel paw on his back! Then Mr. Pussy ran away. Twenty was more frightened than ever, for the boy and girl looked like giants, but he soon found they did not intend to harm him. The boy held him in his hand, while the girl gently stroked his head with one finger.

Papa and Mama Robin came home just then, and the little robins in the nest awoke, and other birds in the orchard who had heard of the dreadful thing that had happened to Twenty Robin came, and they were making such a noise flying and screaming about the tree!

"Poor little chap," the boy said, "see how frightened he is! He must have a home in this tree. I'll see if I can find it," and he commenced to climb the tree, and the cries of the two little brothers and one little sister told him where the nest was and in a minute more Twenty Robin found himself safe and sound at home.

M. Isabel Boynton.

218 Arnold St., New Bedford, Mass.

An Easy Way to Make Money.

I have made \$500.00 in 80 days selling Dish-washers. I did my housework at the same time. I don't canvass. People come or send for the Dish-washer. I handle the Mound City Dish-washer. It is the best on the market. It is lovely to sell. It washes and dries the dishes perfectly in two minutes. Every lady who sees it wants one. I will devote all my future time to the business and expect to clear \$4,000.00 this year. Any intelligent person can do as well as I have done. Write for particulars to the Mound City Dish-washer Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. W. B.

Lilly Dale, N. Y.

City of Light Assembly.

Cassadaga Camp—to be known hereafter as "City of Light Assembly"—has been for twenty-four years an ideal centre of interest to thousands of souls thirsting for a sip of knowledge from the well amid the waste, who have wandered long among the fogs of doubt and despair, groping to find the gateway opening into the vernal fields of immortal life and love—souls who have taken their first steps toward that gateway here in the leaf-crowned bowers and parks that fringe the crystal waters of Cassadaga's chain of mirroring lakes.

This place, the Mecca of American Spiritualists, is too well-known to Spiritualists of the world to need special mention from my pen, save concerning points of recent occurrence. Since last season there has been a complete change in the management, not a single member of the old board remaining. With the incoming of new officials naturally came new aims, ambitions, and opportunities which promise to keep our camp fully abreast of the times, and make it a centre of attraction, to those who turn to the new lines of thought and advancement, as well as those who "cling with memory fond to olden idols and ideals."

With one hand reaching forth to grasp all the new,

And one reaching back to the trusted and true,
Our fair camp is waiting with gates all ajar
To welcome progression from near and from far.

President Pettengill, and her daughter, Mrs. Bates, who is corresponding secretary for the Assembly, returned recently from California where they spent the winter. They met many people there prominent in the world's literary and social circles, who expressed much interest in our camp and its future welfare. Prospects are very flattering for the coming season and Lily Dale's real estate agent, Mrs. Nellie Warren, says that at the present rate of calls for cottages, the few that remain are liable to be held at a premium.

It is said "cleanness is next to Godliness;" if this be true our camp has of late taken at least one step toward it, for during its life of twenty-four years, it has never been so free from rubbish and litter at this time of the year, as at present and still the raking and cleansing continues. At the stockholders' meeting, held the morning of May 2, the consideration of the capital stock, relative to its increase was waived, and efforts will be made to secure means for camp support in other ways, as endowments, entertainments, donations, etc. Some of the western railroads have recently shown much interest in the camp and are making concessions in its behalf.

By unanimous vote the name of the hotel, hitherto known as Grand Hotel, was changed to "The Maplewood" from the grove of Maples in the park adjoining it.

At the stockholders' meeting of last September it was agreed to leave the change of the camp name to the discretion of the directors; but as some objections had been raised during the winter by a few conservative who forgot that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," Mrs. Pettengill, wishing all to be satisfied, gave another opportunity on Saturday to discuss the question again, but as no one called for its consideration, the directors decided at their afternoon session to call it the "City of Light Assembly" instead of C. L. F. A. and the matter has been sent to the proper authorities for adjustment and incorporation.

At the conclusion of the business transactions of the morning Mrs. Pettengill, with charming grace and ease of manner, came forward, and covered a wide range of purpose in a brief address of well chosen points and suggestions. In substance she asked for "co-operation and sympathy in her work, with harmony of thought and action from all, that the greatest good may be meted to the greatest number and this assembly ground be made a great national centre for the dissemination of truth and knowledge, which can be accomplished if all work together in harmony and royal will." She said "this camp is more talked of in California than in Buffalo, and many railroads are ready for co-operation, offering to give excursion rates for four months of the summer if desired, and assistance in other directions. In conclusion she asked all to follow the broad gauge line of purpose and principle as a furtherance to the unprecedented success which she feels assured is trending Lily Dale-ward, and will be made manifest the coming season.

Owing to advancing years, and impaired health, T. J. Skidmore, who has acted as C. L. F. A. treasurer since his identification with the camp a few years after its organization, tendered his resignation, and his brother, H. H. Skidmore, was elected to fill his place.

Though only five board members, Mrs. Pettengill, Mrs. Bates, Mrs. Twing, Mr. Richardson, and Mr. Skidmore were present at the director's meeting, of Saturday afternoon; yet an unusual amount of work was accomplished. Nearly all the appointments for the season were made, all the routine work attended to and the summer program nearly completed. The following appointments were made: A. C. Wade, the genial host of the Leolyon, for the past three seasons, is to act as assembly secretary and Mrs. Lou Eastphale of Buffalo, assistant secretary, and stenographer; Graham Turner, ground superintendent; Mrs. Mary Skidmore and Mrs. Jean Reed ground collectors; the Misses Mix of Sugar Grove, daughters of director Mix, ticket sellers; Riley Johnson, gate keeper; C. H. Payne of East Aurora, electrician; E. Kent of same city, bathroom manager; Wm. Wheeler, camp barber; James Watson of Friendship, auditorium decorator and general information agent; Emily Tillinghast of Petrolia, librarian; Mary Ramsdell, St. Louis, assistant librarian; Mrs. A. Peterson of Grand Rapids, lyceum director; Homer Todd will supply as usual the cream and milk; G. L. Hellows has the pop corn privilege; Jean Reed, bowling alley manager.

Nine members of the original Northwestern band have been charged to furnish the music. They are the ones who helped carry off the prize at Jamestown from thirty-nine other competing bands of as many cities, so camp visitors have a rare treat in store. A bureau of information will be established so that visitors on arrival can learn of locations and other items incident to their comfort and convenience on the grounds. A page will be in attendance at the rostrum to carry messages and to attend to the calls of speakers and officials.—J. E. Hyde.

Spiritual Air.

Extract from a lecture by Dr. Carey on the "Descending Aquarius Age, or Spiritual Air."

In speaking of the possibility of manufacturing our food direct from the aerial substance he said:

"Then the problem of subsistence will be solved. No more 'corners' on Nature's bounties. No more trusts and syndicates to profit by man's necessities. No more will the people be ruled by the dollar instead of reason. No more millionaires and no more tramps. Then a man living one hundred years shall be reckoned a babe."

"The glorious time comes on apace. It may come in the shock of battle and the tempest of revolution. There may be a crashing of helmets on the forehead of the wrong when the 'battleships of Babylon' fall. It may come in epidemic scourge or the rocking of the earthquake. It may come in an—

"Utterance that shall sweep
Like a red-hot liquid slipstream,
And with the flaming things that keep
This beautiful world in gloom."

"Or a great light from the inner temple may shine about the children of men, and they may be changed in the twinkling of an eye."

"Oh, wonderful prophets; under new scientific light we read your words with enlarged meaning. We now see that what has been called sin, or weakness, is only ignorance, and should have been so translated that neither God's love, justice nor mercy need be impugned. 'Will-turn-up' ignorance with unchangeable truth.' Witness the conversion of Saul of Tarsus; he was not destroyed, but the ignorance, lack of truth, was supplied with truth, and then, lo! the Apostle Paul."

"The purpling mountain tops already begin to reflect the celestial light from the heaven above—which is descending to take the place of the air we now breathe. Day by day it draws nearer, as the earth absorbs the coarser in which we live and struggle. Day by day we breathe more and more from that new heaven of truth and love, and day by

day the heaven within is being made manifest or recognized.

"See the march of human science,
Feel the pulse of daily strife,
For this glorious 'second coming'
Stirs the depths of human life."

"The people are speaking with new tongues, and singing the new song, according to the promise: 'And I will put a new song in his mouth.' The poets, writers and teachers of the day have been touched with the holy flame of the descending new heaven, as were the apostles when cloven tongues of fire from this same source came down and rested upon them."

"The common people, like those who 'heard Christ gladly,' are everywhere of one accord talking of a better way to live, of co-operation and brotherhood, instead of competition and literal war to the death between man and man. The altruistic spirit is permeating the heart and brain of men and women as it never has before. The pages of leading magazines glow with truths from the spiritual realm, and all Nature seems to be in travail to give birth to the divine order."—The Journal of Biochemistry.

Vacation Places Where Health and Quiet, Sport and Enjoyment Can be Found.

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New England first of all appeals to the tourist, and when it strikes him, it generally strikes him rather forcibly, for among the numerous resorts of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and Massachusetts, the summer tourist will find everything to suit his or her want and comfort. The hotels are modern, and at the principal summer resorts they have become luxurious palaces. The wealthy visitor who desires to stop at one of these magnificent palaces with a first-class stable of fast horses attached has but to journey to the White Mountains, to Rockland or Poland Springs, Maine, or to the celebrated Bar Harbor.

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Choose your resort, there are hundreds of places on the line of the Boston & Maine Railroad. Send to the Boston & Maine Passenger Department, Boston, for their 1903 Tour Book. It contains 84 pages of useful information, the hotels and their rates and accommodations and the round trip railroad rates from Boston, Worcester, and Springfield. This book will be mailed free to any address upon receipt of address.

Doubtless the world is quite right in a million ways; but you have to be kicked about a little to convince you of the fact.—Stevenson.

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