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TO ISBAEL IN EGYPT.

As the days of toll and labor Each to you its burden brings, Comes there not a thought, O toiler, Of diviner, higt or things?

Bowed benrath thy tasks in Egypt, Ornshed beneath the senses' sway, Turn thy face toward the desert To the light of coming day!

Gird thee on the c'anking harress, Get thes out from Pharaoh's land With the flaming sword of courage Waying in your knotted har d.

Up! the morning light still beckons! Up! The manna waits for thee! Back of they the sin ard striving, Wide before the parted sea

O. R. Washburn

Henry David Thoreau.

Suste C. Clark.

In this celebration of the centennial anniversary of Emerson's birth, his associates and compeers likewise invite our cordial interest, not that the separate glory of each depends for recognition on a false conception that they were in any degree satellites of a full-orbed sun, reflections of its radiance, but as being essential and component parts of that galaxy of genius whose achievements stamped the era in which they lived as the Augustan Age of American literature.

It is interesting to recall in this connetion, the close and intimate relationship existing between Emerson and Thoreau, the nature-poet, the naturalist and philosopher, who became an inmate of Emerson's home for three years, a helpful member of his family, supervising the business affairs of the household, planting the garden, serving as secretary, and assisting in the editorship of The Dial, gaining for himself meanwhile, formative impulse for his own genius and retiring nature, inspiration in meeting the many literary guests from both the Old and New Worlds, who journeyed to Emerson's shrine, and an opportunity for congenial occupation among the trees and flowers that he loved, writing at this time also, many of his essays and giving occasional lectures.

Emerson's children likewise found in Tho reau an unfailing and helpful friend, who fed their fancy and growing intelligence with tales of classic or mythologic lore, Indian legends, and the recital of weird poems. It is recorded by a son of the house "He was a great comfort to us all." As might be ex-pected, Emerson's skill in the use of tools, or in husbandry, was quite limited, a deficiency noticed by his little son Waldo, in his well-known remark: "Papa, I am afraid you will dig your leg," but Thoreau, with equally philosophical quality of mind, was a natural and skilful gardener. Of the little Waldo, "the hyacinthine boy," whose early depart-ure inspired the beautiful "Threnody," ure Thoreau writes, "He died as the mist rises from the brook, which the sun will soon dart his ray through. Do not the flowers die every autumn? He had not taken root here." Thoreau's own heart was also deeply wrung with sorrow in this same winter of 1842, by the death of his only brother and close companion-John Thoreau.

Mrs. Emerson (whose sweet benignity and of character, w

same thoughts, the same spirit that is in me, but he takes a step beyond, and illustrates by excellent images that which I should have conveyed in a sleepy generalization." Thoreau was perhaps the less lofty, but more specific writer.

It is unfortunate for a thorough compre hension and appreciation of Thoreau's pure and noble life, that the hermit episode should have been so over-emphasized, made so unduly prominent, until perhaps the majority of the youth of today, regard him incorrectly as a stoic, a taciturn, silent recluse, one who permanently withdrew from his fellows, and corned all social relations with the world. There could be no greater mistake than to thus exalt that brief Walden incident to a stereotyped habit of life. An ardent lover of nature, a student and a reformer, he longed for opportunity and quiet leisure to work out some of the problems that appealed to his large brain and tender heart. He desired to observe nature in her every mood by becoming her close companion, to learn the secrets of her winter sleep, to taste the glad delight of her slow awakening, to listen to her everchanging music, to become "the self-appointed inspector of snowstorms and rainstorms," he wished to watch the habits of bird and bee and fish, these shy creatures often nibbling at his fingers, or lying in his outstretched palm, as his canoe silently floated through their watery haunts. He felt so closely akin with every llving creature that he could harm none, for even when a woodchuck gnawed off a half acre of beans he was raising, he caught it in a trap, carried it two miles away, and then released it to enjoy fresh fields and pastures new. He wanted also favorable opportunities for inscribing his poems and essays, to think out the philosophies, the social and educational questions, with which his active brain was teeming; as he himself explained, "I would fain communicate the wealth of my life to men, would really give them what is most precious in my gift. I will sift the sunbeams for the public good."

Thus he conceived the "experiment" (his own word for his sylvan venture) of building a study in the woods, to which he could retire, at will. Therefore, borrowing an axe of Mr. Alcott, and a plot of land owned by Mr. Emerson, in the woods bordering Walden pond, he hewed timber enough for his little ten by fifteen lodge, was assisted in raising it by his notable friends, Bronson Alcott, Edmund Hosmer, and George William Curtis, and here he took up his abode at intervals, for only two and a half years out of the forty-five years of his life. Every day of this time he walked to his home in the village, not two miles distant, was always the devoted son and affectionate brother, ever ready to meet the family needs, he visited old friends and neighbors constantly, was frequently the gracious and hospitable host to delighted guests from near and far, his family always spending Saturday afternoons with him, bringing contributions of delicate cookery for his larder. He made excursions while living thus, to Maine and Cape Cod, and recorded the results of his limited solitude, his researches and experiences, in charming volumes of fine thought, noble ideals, and valuable suggestion which have made the world richer and better. When he had tried his "experiment" long enough to fulfil his literary plans, to "sift a few sunbeams for the public good," he closed that brief chapter of his life and 'resumed his cherished place in the family circle, and the village life to whose interests he had never been recreant. Here, some years later, he slowly, cheerily, faded from mortal life, being overtaken all too soon, by the family scourge, consumption. His philosophy, like that of his older kinsman in soul, was one of pure optimism, and work to him was a religion, although he would severely censure the "Saint Vitus" Dance" kind of activity which characterizes present day effort. He never held a theory or promulgated a principle that he did not conscientiously live, leading a thoroughly consistent life at every point. He made valuable contributions to natural history, as a pioneer in this field, his classifications of the flora and fauna of New England's woods and mountains serving as trusty foundation and nucleus for the data of naturalists who have succeeded him. Even Agassiz visited him for conference, while he was occupying his Walden retreat, with much profit, although these great minds approached their favorite field of research from the opposite' viewpoints of poet and scientist. Thoreau's flute, on which he was a most skilful performer, was the constant companion of his solitude, and it discoursed to him rare melodies, echoes of the sweet rhythm sung by the pines and the waves snatches of tone that never were imprisoned by measure or bar. It is related that soon after he had breathed his last, a strain of music swept briefly across his flute, then hanging upon the wall of his room. It was supposed that a breath of wind accomplished this marvel, but might it not be the swan-

all music, he was passionately fond, and once wrote: "The profane never hear music, the holy ever hear it. It is God's voice, the divine breath audible."

He was among the first interpreters of Nature through literature, drawing rich lessons therefrom, with practical deductions of simplicity in living, as the true secret of growth for mind and sodl. His fame must increase as the years go on, his books be more widely read and appreciated. And how voluminous his work, considering his brief existence. Would Emerson, Hawthorne, or Lowell have made such incisive and enduring mark upon the literature of the age, would their influence upon the pregnant thought of that epoch have been so strong had they passed from earth in their fourth decade before the ripening influx of maturity had been won, their most fruitful years of production so sadly curtailed? Thoreau stands a unique and solitary messenger of Truth and Beauty to all who are ready to receive his myriad-tongued translation. Many of his crisp sentences might serve as daily inspira tion to fidelity of purpose and action. "Be resolutely and faithfully what you

are; be bravely what you aspire to be." "Be faithful to your genjus. Write in the strain which interests you most. Consult not the popular taste."

"Read the best books fist, or you may not have a chance to read them at all."

"We feel self-congratulation to be absurd as for a man to break forth into a eulogy on his dog who hasn't one. Have we not our everlasting life to get? If we made the frue distinction, we should almost all of us be found in the almshouse for souls." "Only the day dawns to which we are awake. There is more day to dawn. The sun is but a morning star.'

Pen Flashes from the Pilgrim. RO. 1

Offering no apology for the past in literature, and making no premise for the future, I step right into the field, writing as I am im-pressed, inspired. Not a day passes but that conscious of the presence of invisible in-I am telligences about me. They may be denominated divine helpers.

It is now just half-past four o'clock in early day-time. From this to five is my usual time for rising. How lovely and fresh this May morning, and the more so after the copious showers of yesterday. Upon rising I salute the sun, the trees, the birds. They are my brothers and sisters, for they are afire with life. Life is a unit, and life is everywhere.

Of sleep M. Jules Verne wrote:

'Six hours of sleep suffice for old and young, Seven for the lazy-eight we grant to none.

Some organizations require more sleep than others. This is admitted. Those begotten, born and brought up in the suburbs of "sleepy hollow," find their chief delight in dozing. Such too slothful seldom make a success of life.

. . .

Who does not luxuriate in the stilln

Israelitish Nation," "History of the Hebrew Second Commonwealth," "Origin of Christianity," etc.; are as invaluable, touching the Semitics, as are Max Muller's relating to the Aryans.

Only such movements as are founded in truth and are needed, can perpetually abide. Error has in it the leaven of disintegration and ultimate destruction. When the history of any movement, be it scientific, social or religions, becomes more important than its present activities, its chief work in the world is ended. That merciless law of the survival of the superior removes it as do showers and winds the dry leaves. The presence of cadavers, under whatever name, are offensive, and should be promptly burned or buried from sight.

On the contrary, just so long as a move ment founded in truth is fed by genuine phenomena, nurtured by principle, inspired by convictions, stimulated by conscientious activities and guided by wisdom, these-all these mutually supporting and gracing each other, a mighty work may-will be accomplished. This becomes the more certain when the past, lending a venerable dignity to this twentleth-century present, all ablaze as it is with possibilities and optimistic opportunities, continues in the line of widest research, and deepest psychic studies, adding to its storehouse of treasures day by day all that is new, which is true. Philosophically considered, there are no new

truths. It is only our conceptions of them that are new, and these conceptions, in consonance with evolution, are abounding more and more.

The "new thought," as yet undefined, is at best an off-shoot from and rooted in Spiritvalism. Every newly-thought-out truth must necessarily pass through three stages of evolutionary unfoldment,-birth and struggling youth up to the plenitude of a full-orbed manhood.

This applies to Spiritualism. Its first stage, fifty and more years ago, was char-acterized by a whirlwind of excitement, by stirring conviction, by inspired utterances, by wildest expectations, lack of culture and often indiscreet enthusiasm; and yet at the helm were eloquent expounders, and substantial thinkers and statesmen, jurists!

The second stage was often noted for extravagant conceptions, theoretical wranglings, internal excesses, petty jealousies, and pushing ambitions within,-and external ridicule from plodding conservatives, newspaper paragraphists, giddy old crones, and the gruesome grinnings of semi-imbeciles, whose sepulchral plety was a demonstration of a postponed manhood, all of which was interspersed with an increase of candor, culture and tendency to broad-minded organizations for more effective and constructive work.

Today we are merging into the third stage of this heaven-purposed movement, denominated Spiritualism. The status of Spiritualism at present is one of esteem and honor in the estimation of the scientist, the psychologist, the savant, the broad-minded religionist and the profoundest thinkers, whether "of Anglo-Saxon or Latin origin. The opinions of bigots and semi-idiots do not count. Spiritualism is respected in any intelligent community just in the ratio that Spiritualists respect themselves, living up to the highest, alations .

While aspiration is beautiful, faith uplifting, and hope cheering, all that I know-positively know of any future existence, I know through Spiritualism-through the mediumship of our sensitives (heaven bless them), and my own mediumis ic gifts. And I count

all Oriental dreams and speculations, all crumbling towers, monuments, shrines, altars, inscriptions, Bibles and brimming coffers of gold, as dross-poor, perishing dross, when compared with the positive, undeniable dem-onstrations of a future life-life conscious, life social, life retributive, and life progressive in the enzoning, npward-reaching spheres of immortality.

Which are you-Spiritualist or spiritist? Those versed in the science of language need not be told that suffixes are great modifiers; nor need they be told that there is a marked difference between Spiritualism and spiritism. The following passage, rich in thought, though rather too strongly drawn, appeared in the "Light of Truth," of May 16:

the "Light of Truth," of May 16: Spiritist and Spiritualist—there is a great difference between these two persons; a spir-tualist may not be a Spiritualist and a Spirit-ualist may not be a spiritist. A spiritist is a man who believes in spirit existence and spirit manifestations; a Spiritualist is a man who lives a spiritual life, though he may have no knowledge or experience of spirits out of the body. Hence a man may be a spiritist, and yet a had man, a false man, a perfect demon of a man; and the spirits he deals with may be like himself—bad spirits, wicked spirits, demons of darkness and not angels of light. And another man may be a Spiritualist, a good man, a true man, a perfect angel of a man, and yet may know nothing of good spirits, true spirits, angelic spirits, although attracted by his goodness, they may be all about him, and continually ministering to his spiritual life.

The Rev. John Alexander Dowie, of whose disagreeable history I was thoroughly posted while in both Australia and New Zealand, and who is now figuring as chief of the religious heroes in Chicago, recently reaffirmed in stentorian tones that he was Elijah-the real old prophet Elijah. It might be well for him to write "junior" after his name, lest later he be aken by his devotees for the Almighty.

The "Outlook," one of the most liberal of the sectarian journals, is publishing a preacher's account of his work. This preacher is the Rev. W. S. Rainsford, Rector of St. George's Church, New York City. We quote from the April issue, page 875:

from the April issue, page 875: After I had been about a year and a half in Norwich, England, he asked me to préach. The wife of the old rector had a beautiful voice; they had gathered together a good choir. The pulpit was a tiny black-oak box, with a small desk for the Bible or sermon. This desk sloped down; my Bible slipped, and I had to stoop to get it; in stooping I leaned argainst the pulpit door; it split open, and I nearly fell out of the pulpit! After I had been preaching for a time, I looked down in to the choir, which was in a great box pew in front of the pulpit, after the old-fashioned way, shut off from the congregation by a cur-tain; and I saw one fellow put his arm right around the waist of the girl next to him and draw her head down to his shoulder; and he kept it there; then he looked up straight into-my face and winked. It broke me all up. I walked out of the pupit, went to the rector, and said: "Dr. —, your choir members are behaving outrageously; I cannot preach un-til this is stopped." He walked up to the square, pew where the choir sat, tore the red balze curtain down with a jerk, and exposed them. disconcerted and ashamed. to the full square, pew where the choir sat, tore the red baize curtain down with a jerk, and exposed them, disconcerted and ashamed, to the full view of the congregation, and then sat down again. I returned to the pulpit and went on with my sermon. In the midst of it I looked ngain. I returned to the pupit and went on with my sermon. In the midst of it I looked up and saw walking up the middle aisle, in solemn procession, a hen with twelve er four-teen chickens! When the sexton tried to drive them out, he was so drunk that he fell right on top of the hen! The old doctor called out, "Let her alone, John; she is doing no harm."

and strength, were always a help to her gifted husband and who therefore should not be forgotten and ignored at this commemorative season), exerted also a refining and growthful influence upon Thoreau, educing his grandest qualities towards expression, and his lively appreciation of this service in volced in a letter he once wrote her, from New York: "The thought of you will constantly elevate my life; it will be something always above the horizon to behold, as when I look up at the evening star. I feel taxed not to disappoint your expectation."

It is quite incorrect, however, to claim, as some critics have done, that Thoreau was simply a reflection of Emerson's philosophy, for it is a fact that to some of the Emer sonian ideas, Thoreau had given an earlier expression. Their minds were attuned to the same tonic chord, were fed from the same founts of nature and classic literature, tinged by the same environment, therefore it was Inevitable that the colian harp strings of such similarly gifted brains should produce like vibrations, though expression was modified, was restricted or amplified, by the varying femperaments of these two notable men. It is remembered that Helen Thoreau, after hearing one of Emerson's early lectures in Concord, exclaimed, "Why, Henry has inscribed that thought in his journal," whereupon Emerson's sister-in-law, Mrs. Brown, borrowed the book and showed it to the lecthus opening the lifelong friendship between these kindred philosophers. There i > legend current in Concord also, as an amusing instance of the blind devotion of a mother's love, that Madame Thoreau, on leaving a hall where Emerson had just spoken, remarked to a friend, "How like our David Mr. Emerson grows." The sage himsilence? Personally, I am never lonesome, unless when in a crowd, or cribbed and cabined in a parlor among fashionable, voluble uncongenials.

Though oniet in my library, so rich with the recorded wisdom of scientists, seers and savants-though the waving trees are musical with singing birds and lawns and landscapes afar are vestured in their best, and though all nature seems glad and golden, my eyes are tearful as I read of those Kishineff murders and massacres in Russia, by Russian Christians-ecclesiastical butchers!

There are two lies among the millions that ought to be immediately stamped into eternal annihilation, that:

1. The Jews-the wicked Jews-crucified Jesus Christ.

2. That a Gentile, or Christian child is yearly murdered to furnish blood for the passover ceremonies of the Jews.

True, Jews loan money, and so do Chris tians. Vividly do I remember, when hard pressed, financially, in San Diego, California, of borrowing money of a Methodist standing high in the church, and paying therefor 12 per cent. Such excessive usury is an abomination. There is a warm corner in my heart for the Jews. Their industry is admirable. They take care of their own poor. Their cir-cumcision ceremony is pathologically cleanly Their cirand scientific. And the hygicale altitude taught by Moses during an epidemic has not yet been attained by Christian nations. Twice when unable to secure a public hall, or a church for my dectures, respectively in Helena, Arkansas, and Louisville, Kentucky, the Jews gratuitously opened their synagogues for my Sunday lectures. Never had I a truer or more scholarly friend than the late Rabbi self paid this tribute, the year after Tho-reau's death: "In reading him, I find the final flight from the confines of earth? Of Cincinnati, Ohio. Such works of his as "The istries and the soul's immortality.

It is well known that some forty-five years ago I lived in Battle Creek, Michigan, serving the Spiritualist Society for fully six consecutive years. The late Brother Giles B. Stebbins was at the same time located in Ann Arbor, and the eloquent Dr. F. L. H. Willis in Coldwater. Harmonious in thought and work, we often exchanged Sunday exercises. I am still residing in Battle Creek. lecturing for the Spiritualist Society more or less, when not in foreign lands. I have also recently, by invitation, addressed the "Nature Club," in this city; the "Woman's League,' The Temperance Society," and once, officialinvited. I-addressed the members of the "Young Men's Christian Association," on a Sunday afternoon, and why not? Why not see the good in others? Why not hunt for roses instead of thorns? Why not affiliate with and zealously work in all the great reform movements that gladden these blessed years of progress? Our gospel, all-comprehensive and cosmopolitan, is the gospel of fraternity.

Our gospel, in a word, Spiritualism, the antithesis of chilly materialism, if not the mightiest, is one of the mightiest words in the English language: for its basic foundation is Spirit, and Spirit, pure, essential and tmmutable, implying and embodying con-sciousness, life, purpose and will, is God. And man, a finite spirit, fleshly vestured, "made"-evolved in the "image of God," is necessarily a spiritual being, and spiritual beings, whether in worlds visible or invisible, just as naturally respond to each other through encircling ether waves, as music responds to music, love to love, and seeds to sun-kissed solls. In accord with these reasonings, we have spirit, spiritual, spirituality Spiritualism. These are holy and heavenly

Supposing all this had happened at a Spiritualist meeting in a public hall, a "drunken sexton," a "fellow with his arm around a girl's waist, winking at the speaker," an "old hen with her twelve or fourteen chickens walking up the middle aisle!" What gossip -what an uproar it would have created among the extra-pious, and what a delectable tidbit for the press reporters.

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The spirit of unity, of co-operation is in the air. This is especially manifest in the, religious world. I look back sixty and seventy years when Methodists, innocent of silks, satins, furbelows, fine feathers and jewelry were considered noisy, riff-raff ranters by the more orthodox denominations,-the Episcopalian and Congregationalists of New England. To this same end, Bishop Samuel Fal-lows, in an article appearing in the Chicago Journal, Jan. 20, writing of progress during the 19th century, said:

A few years before the opening of the last century a clergyman of the Established Church wrote thus of Methedist ministers; "They are canting sealots, dirty dabblers, who turn religion into riot, prayer into strife, themselves into wolves, and the temple of the Lord into a den of devils."

There! That is what orthodox Christians thought of Methodists a hundred years ago! (Continued on page 4.)

1

BANNER OF LIGHT.

TO THE SEASON'S BRIDES AND BRIDE-GROOMS.

Mrs. Chas. H. Toby.

"Two hearts now beat as one,"—they say A union hath been blessed today, A stalwart youth and maiden fair, May now earth's joys and sorrows share. All through the arches of life's way. That years may seem one peaceful day, May dores there choose to spread their winz.

And each one bring its offerings.

Two soals united thus in love, Hold keys to heaven's gates above; One peep within its jasper walls, Portrays a place where no man falls; A happy home is heaven on earth; A place where love may have its birth; A spark of love from heaven sent, Hath here a tinge of beauty lent.

To light the path through pastures new, Which here and there will bring to view, A glimpse of fairer gardens still, Where spirit comes and goes at will. May angels tarry at the door, Of new-found home, and evermore, Bring blessings from the realms above, And hallowed be this home of love.

The Man of Tomorrow.

A STUDY IN SPIRIT RETURN.

Charles Daubarn.

Chapter IV.

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BANN I Now let us see what all this means to us in our present study. If such facts contra-dity what we have believed, and have been faught to believe about spirit form in the next life, it is the belief must go—not the fact. If certain organs will be missing more the peak life then the form cannot be the same. So form becomes a subject for care-ready to answer our question why the learned man of Nippur lose not come back and teach the very other mortal, and was, of course, while every other mortal, and was, of course, the every other mortal, and was, of course, the every other mortal, and was, of course, subjected to every effect produced by death. That is to say, his organism was changed by form mortal friend or acquaintance be could not make him sensible of his presence. No storeched hand was met with a friendly grasp, the old senses by which he had lived his set thing had vanished. Even the old sense of touch was gone. He found himself pass-fue form, and begins to investigate the investige, or waded through the stream, totoring, this to converse with those who the bridge, or waded through the stream inconsciously. He no more realizes the pro-set him greeting to walk in earth it. He wants to converse with those who is the dol arrays, tongue, jips and lungs by prince him greeting to walk in earth it. He wants to converse with those who is the dol arrays, tongue, jips and lungs by prince he expressed himself in earth life are inversed him greeting to walk in earth it. He wants to converse with those who is doid larryay, tongue, jips and lungs by princh he expressed himself in earth life are inversed with the old, almost unlimited, since works. His sight and hearing are by com-paind hearth if the are left be-hind. That which he would desire to are is the to and a reply flashed that needs no isond.

It is true that as mortals neither the writer

and perceived, and a reply finshed that needs no sound.
The sound.
The sense of an evaluation of the source of

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the progress continue, it will and must remain

there. But the changes in the various organs of which we have spoken depend upon the law of use and non use. Every portion that was mortal contributes its quota after death. Further changes must depend upon the con-ditions and surroundings of the new life. If the change stops at this point we have what have been called "spirits" because we can neither see them nor hear them, unless we are sen-sitive beyond the normal. In reality they are neither spirit nor mortal. They are nameless, and are living in "slush" bodies, which we have concluded to call "threshold forms." They are all but mortal. Just a degree or two of vibration changed and they are nearly back again. They in many cases haunt earth life: or with just a degree or two of vibration changed in the other direction they vanish be-yond our sense perception. But in either case they are still living under this law of change which demands either progress into trife spirit life, or else a continuance of the "threshold" form, because return into 'solid matter has become impossible. This is not only logically clear, and a natural fact, but it carries with it much that we need to know and study if we would grow wise to our own salvation from the perplexities of modern spirit return. But the changes in the various organs

as a morital. For every sequisition of knowl-edge in theil implies some progress. Whilst very, close to carth life the "deceased" is just for enough away to neither see nor sense normal mortals. Among such threshold spirits there is, of course, no uniformity. Not even two leaves in a forest are alike in all respects. So the threshold spirit who is near-est earth life can almost, and sometimes quite clasp hands with a mortal very nearly on his own level. This is the acknowledged "spirit return" of today, which, with all its incon-sistencies and limitations, is an absolute and untural trath. atural truth. San Leandro, Cal. (To be continued.)

The Ideal Home.

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Reflect upon your present blessings, of which every man has many-not on your past noisfortunes, of which all men have some.-

The gods have placed sweat on the path-way to excellence.-Hesiod.

Mrs. Chas. H. Toby.

JUNE 6, 1903.

We have all listened on some Memorial Day to the emulation of those whose love for their country hade them climb the ladder of self-denial, and although each round perhaps meant a greater sacrifice, they, led by cour-age, were cager to grasp for another, o'en though the top was ne'er for a moment in sight. sight.

- Memorial Day Tribute.

though the top was never for a moment in sight. These beautiful tributes fell from the lips of pastors in fervent prayer and soulfal dis-course; from the well spring of song there gashed forth strains of sweetest music, so laden with buoyancy and hope, that we could not mistake the volces of loyal youths and maldens; beautiful also to see and hear wero the exercises of the little children who so proudly did their best to enrich our lives with gens of song, and bits of rhyme, that breathed of the loyalty of the writer; add to all these the march of the comrades as in reverence they visited the graves of fallen brothers dearing in their hands the tokens of remeinbrance and love: lastly the respectful ceremony as accompanied by solenn strains they knelt, and caressingly expressed their they knelt, and caressingly express ed their sympathy

Such a beautiful expression Of man's love for his brother Should teach all creation To love one another.

Honoring the valiant soldiers being one of the sweetest a d holiest customs of the age, and one that leaves a lasting impression on the minds of the young, leads us, as we sometimes ponder, to ask ourselves, if our lives might not be ideal examples to posterity should we seek for living heroes whose lives we could brighten by kindly words and deeds.

deeds. Just one look from window of home or workshop, and some burdened soul cannot escape our notice; turn the pages of memory and one may be there; search our own homes; there is hardly one in existence, but within it dwells some member who is weaker physically or mentally than the others: granting this not to be so, an uncultivated spirituality may attract our most earnest efforts

forts. Is there not ample opportunity for sympathy to lend the fragrance of her flowers? Should our labor be unceasing, how many human souls would be spared breathing the sad refrain:

Toils of earth have snapped asunder The thread of life that bound the soul To mortal spheres where lived in wonder, The spirit that now has reached its goal.

While sitting lonely by the window, Gazing down the quiet street, Traveled not for days together, But by children's busy feet,

Comes a crowd of men and women Dressed in black, with faces grave, Bearing in their hand a token Of a love 'twas theirs to give.

Ah! too late have come the flowers To the house of mourning brought; We should scatter them in showers To the living, should we not? How beautiful the spirit shown By our friends on funeral day! Let us from this the lesson learn To strew the flowers while we may

To strew the flowers while we may.

May God implant in every soul Such love for one another here As will make our life a perfect whole And earth become a heavenly sphere.

THROUGH THE LAW OF DESIRE.

LOUISE VESCELIUS SHELDON.

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(CHAPTER IX.-Continued.) Amina, conscious of Helena's efforts, endeavored to

struggle against the tendency, which as time passed began to paralyze her energies. It was useless, for her senses were slowly closing to the sentiments of those around her, until she moved about the house like one in a dream. Continued thoughts of Joseph, and her intense desire to know more of the life beyond, had led her to silent hours of meditation and solitude, and in so doing, she had placed herself in a negative condition. She had relinquished her birthright of individuality, and at a cost. The doctor became anxious as he noted the change in Amina, but was cautious in his answers to Helena when questioned in regard to her. It lacked six days of being the anniversary of Joseph's death, when, as Amina sat softly playing a Chopin nocturne in the dim light, the room was illumined, a sigh breathed itself through the air, and Joseph stood looking into her eyes.

and as I came to one, an impulse seized me to descend and enter. I had only to point my foot downward as I came to the house, and touch the steps and walk in through the open door. There the members of our household greeted me with a smile of welcome, and accompanied me to a central court where tall trees stoed and fountains were playing and birds singing. There were father and mother. As soon as I saw them, I realized that this was another home of theirs farther on, and that the first garden in which we met was in comparison as a porter's lodge to the master's mansion, and I knew that there were ad-vancing stages in their life as on earth." Joseph here opened his eyes with an intense look of joy and continued: "Sister, we have met; Ailsa and I. We have seen each other and we know, we understand. There has been no need for explanations. She lives in a great white mansion where lovely children whose mothers are yet earthbound, are now living. Ailsa in her trailing white robes and golden hair that ripples in masses over her shoulder is more beautiful than anything you can imagine. The little babes which she carries over the swiftly running stream nestle to her white throat as a dove under its mother's wing. There are no homes over there more beautiful than the great white houses where the babies sleep and laugh and grow in stature. The gardens are filled with white butterflies, and tall, white lilies and tinted or-

one long since made perfect, and when we met, I felt that I saw before me the adorable expression of what I would some day become, simply through the indwelling power of development emanating from the central force like a supreme ray of light.

Dickens

CHAPTER XI. "I could not stand another moment, and was slowly

sinking to my knees, when the Being spoke and in such dulcet tones, that the great old organ at Ulm, which has no mate on earth, seemed harsh in comparison. "'Not there,' said the voice, 'but in the height of your

stature, with your heart beating against mine, for I am only the son of prophecy and your elder brother. Shall we lift the veil and view the heights celestial, where we shall meet again, some day?'

"An instant later, a scene of such beauty and entrancing vistas lay before me, that I could not breathe. Rolling from below our feet lay a valley that stretched away to a grassy slope on whose side, hanging like white lilies, were temples overshadowed by camelia trees in full bloom, unlike any that I had ever seen before, so wide-spreading and yet so perfectly proportioned. Over these grassy slopes were scattered mansions of alabaster of every size and description. Each one had its own peculiar vines and trees blooming around it, and the guardians of the place knew the souls who dwelt therein by the flowers which bloomed near the entrance. The slopes generally rose to a high mountain in the far distance, and there fairy-like that wonderful light could be seen a hrough

"'I will go back,' I said. Then came one glorlous moment, for I had beard a rhythmic chant in the air as we stood there, but so intent was I in gazing on the scene at our feet and into the beyond, that I had not noticed that our Prother was surrounded by a legion of the most adorable creatures that eye had ever seen. They were swaying back and forth above the green sward and their garments being of azure-like quality, created a vibration until each one had a special tone that blended with those nearest, and so on and on through the band, until I awakened to the fact that they were each one in tune with the Infinite Mind, and the glorious anthem which gradually began to steal upon my car was an 'Alleluia,' snatches of which I had often heard in the organ loft, but could never catch clearly enough to fasten in my memory and so give to the world. Oh! to think of trying to do such a thing! It could not have been understood only in the company of such a celestial choir. It was a song of triumph over what I had decided upon doing that they were singing, for it seems that my giving up their world for a moment of time to descend into the depths to reach you, sent them into a song of rapture. 'Another soul redeemed,' they seemed to say. But I had made the decision first. After hearing that song it was no effort for me to return, for I would have been wretched if you could not have heard those chorals in the skies. But every step to them is made through a decision on the part of each soul whether he will accept and go forward or not, and you are unaware of it until after it has been

"I have come at last," he said, smiling down upon her. Amina was not surprised to see him. "Did my desire to see you once more reach you, brother?"

"It was the compelling force that brought me to you. I came through the law of desire. Your desire went out to me with such power that I could but answer to it."

"I want to return with you," said Amina, pleadingly, "I want to go to the celestial home, brother," she cried with hands clasped in supplication. "I cannot wait much longer, or endure these narrow confines. If I had never heard from you, who have my soul's confidence, what there was on the other side. I could, perhaps, have attuned myself to this life! But now I suffocate. I must escape from this my 'island of misery.' "

Joseph stood silently at her side, and looked lingeringly at her sweet face. His eyes, even more brilliant than when in earth-life, pierced her spirit. Repose was written in them, and she knew that she must walt. He took her hand with a gentle touch, which Amina returned with a hand clasp. Questioningly she looked at him! Was he the same flesh and bone as formerly?

"What form is this you wear, Joseph? It is the same. and yet it is not, tell me."

"This form was my inheritance on entering the Celestial sphere, and it is infinitely stronger in every way than the old earth form," replied Joseph. "Yours, dear, is awaiting you, nearly ready for occupation." As Joseph coned talking Amina's heart almost ceased to beat. "And now, sister, I have found a still greater world far into the beyond than I knew when I was here before, and as much more beautiful than the first stage I reached was more rfect than this. A Being (of whom I will tell you later) led me to the border of that land, and taught me to control my will and I could then glide over the surface of the country I had hitherto only trod upon. The light was nore reseate tinted, with no speck, no dust while the grass was greener than I had over seen It; like a great under the feet. Lilles stood taller than I, carpet spread with their stalks and leaves transparent. The limbs and the leaves of the trees were also transparent, and the foliage took on the form of feathers waving on the perfumed breeze. Many of the homes resembled alabaster,

means trimphant power; it is the one word that expresses all things."

chids which swing in the wind in their cobwebby foliage,

and sweetest lullables are heard in the air. Unutterable

chords are struck when that word 'Love' is spoken. It

"It is impossible for me to hold my tears any longer," aid Amina, breaking down utterly and sobbing bitterly. 'I am only living from day to day hoping for the signal to call me to the new home made ready for us. Oh! how

long it is in coming. Why must I wait?" Amina's face was a picture of despair.

"Hush, dear," said Joseph tenderly, "for I have a mes age for you; it is that you will soon be with Ailsa."

"Don't say that, Joseph, if it is not true," cried Aming leadingly.

"Ailsa came to tell me that everything was prepared for rour arrival, and that she would be waiting to accompany

you on the white raft. She will be with you, and you will fear nothing!"

With a gesture full of sympathy he lifted his hand, and placing it on Amina's head, continued:

"Your desire is about to be granted. On the anniversary hour of my release from mortal vision we will be here and we will take you with us."

"In six days?" asked Amina. Joseph bowed his head in the affirmative. Amina gave him one long, intense look, and then slowly sank on her knees saying:

"Oh, let me see this new life with you to lead the way!" Joseph rose to his full height and covering his face from Amina's gaze said:

"I wish to tell you one thing more before I go, sister. As I was walking by the river's side listening to the waters, the music suddenly ceased, and there stood before me a Being whom I cannot yet look upon. A voice so perfectly modulated as to make all other sounds seen harsh in comparison, spoke to me, but it was in rhythmical strains that It spoke. This Influence pervaded space, and was neither that of man, nor woman, but a seemingly Perfect Being that combined the two, so that I realized I had no love to express which It did not fully understand; and I had nothing to give which It had not still more to offer from a full store-house. I had a sense of what Spirit itself is. Perfect in Itself, and yet I and you and we of our household, were component parts of It. I cannot tell yon except in part, how my very soul seemed to dissolve when we met. I had been in search of one Perfect Being. riven.

city, symmetrical and more beautiful than any dream of made."

fancy, for it was the home of the Perfect Being, who continued, saying:

"'We will go there later. You shall see from the jeweled tower which is lost in the stars, how you have jour neyed from your darkened home on the earth planet, and how every time you were disappointed and stumbled blindly along the way, it was a step upward to join us here.

"Oh, what ranture it was. Amina, to hear him talk, for every word that He uttered struck a responsive chord in

my heart, and I knew then what he said was true. "'Shall we go on,' I asked?

"'Do not be too impatient, for it is necessary that you should return to earth once more, and yet, again, for the longing desires of that earth-born soul will call you back even from the celestial spheres,' he replied.

"'Must I return to earth? Oh! cannot a messenger be sent to bring Amina to me, for I cannot leave this place that I have longed to see and yet pever realized a jot of its glorious beauty. No words can paint it and make it understood to those who have not seen it, and if I return down that awful abyss to earth again, and lose you,

brother, how can I hope to regain these heights? Nothing there allures me but Amina's intense desire to join me. Her love was all that I had there. I know, but the joy of this unthought of blissful moment, makes earthly love seem like apples of ashes compared to the real fruit." "Then you would wish to go on alone, and partake of all the delights prepared for you as your birthright? Shall we go? Choose."

great struggle took place within me. Then I heard a distant cry and a chord struck from your tiny instrument down here reached me. Its tenderness, its trust, its fidelity were heard where we stood. I looked up to where the Being who called himself my elder brother stood. His eyes were closed, but he could see through the lids and read my thoughts as well, but he did not presume to do it, for there is no desire in the celestial realms to possess anything that does not belong to one. As I hesitated, I heard you cry with infinite tenderness:

"'Joseph, have you forgotten me?' and my heart was

"Joseph, I understand: I know now how utterly small and selfish I am," cried Amina. "Oh, what a miserable creature I must be to have shed tears and given you one instant's reason to look backward! Did you not earn the right to your release from your form of clay, and now to think that I could have uttered a sigh to bring you back from those realms of light."

There was such an expression of deep self-nity on Amina's face that Joseph tenderly laid his hand on her suffering head.

"That is all right, Amina. The greatest thing in the world is to learn to forgive yourself. Besides, if I had not made that decision to return because your love and lesire drew me to you, I would not have heard the 'Alleluia.' I can hear it yet, Amina, but I cannot give you a note of it through the agency of any earthly in-

strument. There is nothing created here that can translate that song, and I have been wondering ever since how I could have turned from it and come to you. But I only knew that through the entrancing song came a voice, and that voice drowned out all other sounds. It said:

"Brother, as our hearts have beat once in conscions unison, the tie can never be severed. You belong to me. for you are a part of me. Return to that other heart which cries for this celestial life like a little child; it is attaned to the songs we sing here, and she is pining to join the band: her longing desire is for the life which speaks to her in the stillness of the night; in the watches of the morning when the swinging orb of day throws its taper against the eastern sky and nature cries aloud. She thinks that she weeps for you, and that her heart loves you only, but it is not so; she longs for the life shed of dross, which she sees reflected through her love for you. There is a body Terrestrial and a life as well. There is a body Celestial and a life also of which the terrestrial is but a shadow. But shadows are such real objects to children; your sister will soon belong to our Celestial household and will come and claim her own.' "I turned away from my Brother to descend by the

JUNE 6, 1908

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The dispute over the reality of telepathy and the value of eridence offered by individ-uals and societies engaged in psychical re-search has assumed a particularly interesting form in the last two numbers of the Nation, in an exchange of letters between Professors Trowloridge and James of Harvard Uni-versity. The former scientist dealed a week ago that telepathy hus as yet a right to the name of science, that it is only a belief, and that its investigators are mainly unscientific in their methods, and wrong in their conclu-sions. Professor James, in the current issue, and its that telepathy stands as yet upon no invulnerable position, but he believes that the remarks of his colleagues are based upon in-sofficient knowledge of what the investiga-tors in telepathy have accomplished and printed.

reinarka via consignes are unset upon in-sufficient knowledge of what the investiga-tors in telepathy have accomplished and printed. When sages disagree, who shall decide? In the presence of specialists the opinions of the much-interested but amateurish public are of little weight; yet the obvious conclusion we can draw is, in the words attributed to Lin-coln, that "much can be said on both sides." There is hardly a subject that proves more attractive—or serviceable—in general conver-sation, unless it be the weather, amusements, politics or fashion. These mysterious mani-festations of forces that seem to lie just be-yond the realm of the natural appeal to one of the deepest emotions of the human mind, the ave and wonder at the subtle things that are not seen. So it is not surprising that when Dr. Funk maintains he has confirmed tho remarkable statement from the spirit of Beecher regarding a certain long-lost and wholly forgotten coin, the reading public takes general interest in the pros and cons. When Kellar says that the natives of India possess some atrange means of communica-tion enabling them to cover thousands of miles far more quickly than can the British officials with the telegraph, our minds are agreeably stirred by the new mystery and we includge in hypotheses among ourselves. But, while we are seeking to restrain our imaginative natures from dwelling upon the attractive mysteries here suggested, we are forced sometimes to feel that the scientists are a bit inclined to assume the position of the proverbial ostrich, when asked to con-sider the approach of the advocates of tel-pathy as a science, or even as a record of phenomena not yet understood. Professor

the proverbial ostrich, when asked to con-sider the approach of the advocates of tele-pathy as a science, or even as a record of phenomena not yet understood. Professor Trowbridge is not by any means the only man seeming to deny practically in toto the usefulness of the work now being done by the societies of psychical research. We have in mind at this moment a professor of an-other college, a man of science most liberal in religious views, who is absolutely intoler-ant in the presence of any suggestion that there may be even the slightest "thing" in telepathy, clairvoyance, spirit-communica-tion, etc. It seems to us an unfortunate po-sition for men of science to assume. The analogy of wireless telegraphy and wireless thought-transference may be wholly useless for instance as a working basis; but the wholesale claim that phenomena not seem-ingly falling under known laws of nature are or will be explicable only by physical laws soms just as unreasonable as the thousand and one instances of stubborn belief on the other side in reports evidently fanciful and not authenticated—The Boston Transcript. other side in reports evidently fanciful and not authenticated.-The Boston Transcript.

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Madison Spiritual Association.

The June meeting of the Madison Spiritual Association will be held at Lakewood Grove, Hayden Lake, Madison Centre, on Saturday atferition, June 13, and Sunday morning and afternoon, June 14. Rev. T. A. Wiggin, pastor of the Boston Spiritual Temple, will be the speaker and A. J. Maxham, the well-known vocalist, will have charge of the music. The hotel will be open for guests and all arrangements have been made for an inter-esting and successful meeting. Let all the Spiritualists who can be present at this meeting.

meeting.

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LAKE COLEY.

Lake Colby, I have seen you in all your various moods; Sun-kissed, moonlit and storm-tossed, The waves dashing like mad on every shore. How changeful thou art, first wooing with

How changeful thou art, first wooing with kisses,
Then raging as if thou wouldst break one's heart:
Still thou dost enchant us and hold us fast,
Like mortals—today so winning—tomorrow. casting us so far apart.
The soughing, mourning pines weep above our graves of hope and tears;
And with outstretched arms enfold us—
Wooing us away to fairer scenes where there are no tears.

one are no tens. Oh! love-lit lake! when shall we stand again upon thy blissful shores? The answering echo comes—"When your souls are white and pure— Pure as the morning light which crowns all more this work on the standard one of the standard of t

earth's wandering ones." Goodby, fair lake-lake which I have learned

Goodby, this lake—lake which I have learned to love so well. Be you sun-kissed, moonlit or storm-tossed, Your beauty is ever graven on my soul, And to you and singing pines, I give my heart.

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When You Are All Bound Up

and are suffering from indigestion, lack of appetite, foul breath, headache, dyspepsia, catarrh of the stomach, kidney and liver com-plaints your need a table heating compthing catarrh of the stomach, kidney and liver com-plaints you need a tonic laxative, something that will move the bowels quickly, easily and without leaving hurful effects behind. Never use a purgative or cathartic. They weaken the bowels and system and make the disease worse. Use instead Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine. It tones, builds up, gives new strength and vigor, not alone to the bowels, but to the whole being. Only one small dose a day will cure any case, from the lightest to the worst. That means cure, not simply relief only. Most obstinate cases yield gently and easily and the cure is permanent. Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine is not a patent relief only. Most obstinate cases yield gently and easily and the cure is permanent. Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine is not a patent medicine. A list of ingredients is in every package with explanation of their action. Write us for a free sample bottle. Vernal Remedy Co., 120 Seneca Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Briefs.

Briefs. A Spiritualist meeting was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Nichols, 180 Winches-ter Ave., New Haven, May 10, conducted by Mrs. F. H. Spalding of Norwich, Conn. There were over one hundred people present. Mrs. Spalding prefaced her lecture with a poen and closed by giving tests to nearly all present Fred A. Hempstead, 142 Harriet St., New Haven, Conn. Fitchburg, Mass.—Mrs. Nellie Burbeck of Plymouth spoke for the First Spiritualist So-siety Sunday, May 24, to large audiences. The afternoon address, appropriate to Mem-orial Sunday and the evening's address, "The Philosophy of Spiritualism," were well presented and received, holding the closest attention, followed by many correct spirit messages. Miss Howe, pianist, finely ren-dered several selections. Dr. C. L. Fox, pres. The First Spiritualist Society of Lowell held Memorial services Sunday, May 24, at 230 and 7.30. The speaker was Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn of Stoneham, assisted by the children of the Lyceum, with a very beauti-ful program of speaking and singing, which was arranged by Mrs. Allyn. The hall was very prettily decorated with bunting, flags and palms. The speaker, Sunday, May 2, was Mrs. Annie L. Jones of Lowell. Mrs. Minnie Ingalls, clerk. Ther Theratives of the Sunshine Club, Clara E. Strong, president, went to Castle Square Theatre on Wednesday, May 27. A plensant evening was spent by the Shiners. A. M. Strong, sec. Church of Fraternity of Soul Communion hald services in the Aurora Grata Cathedral, Bedford Ave. and Madison St., Brooklyn, N. V. Sumar arrange was 20 for 20 fo

Church of Fraternity of Soul Communion hold services in the Aurora Grata Cathedral, Bedford Ave. and Madison St., Brooklyn, N. Y., Sunday evening, May 24. Organ recital-by Prof. Decker opened the services. The pastor, Rev. I. M. Courlis, read a poem and chanted a prayer. The Verdi Quartet sang three beautiful selections. The pastor's lec-ture, on the book of Daniel, was very inter-esting. Seance given by the pastor consoled many. Doxology and benediction closed the services. Sunday evening, May 31, this church will close its season's labor. Emma C. Resch, correspondent.

Work for American Women.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

So many Gods, so many creeds, So many paths that wind and wind, While just the art of being kind

Is all the sad world needs.

New Haven, Conn., May 20.-The slaughter of the Jews in Russia should arouse every an in America to a rightcous indignation. There should be a united appeal sent from America to the Czarina of Russia, begging her to use her royal power to protect the lives and honor of the Hebrew women in her do-All

ity. To be silent at such a time is a cr sin by silence when we should protes cowards out of men. The world has out of ignorance and crime step by the protest of the advanced few again

the protect of the advanced few against ex-isting evils. Let the women of America protect agains the servile and cowardly position the Caarin of Russia occupies today, and demand an ex-planation in the name of all Womankind.—N Y. Journal.

Ladies' Spiritualistic Industrial Society.

The Ladies' Spiritualistic Industrial Society met as usual in Appleton Hall, Thursday, May 21. Business meeting at 5 p. m.; supper served to a large number at 6.30 p. m. fol-lowed by a social hour till 8 p. m. The evening, Mrs. Ida P. Whitlock, presiding, was devoted to a "Memorial Service." A large and handsome contribution of flowers for Our Own gone before and the colors, reil, white and blue tastefully draped in homor of "Our boys in blue" were notable features, siving inspiration to all participating. Ser-vice began with song. America, Mrs. Lovrer-ing at the plano. Appropriate remarks by Mrs. Whitlock, then Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn addressed the andience. Mrs. Allyn is such an earnest speaker, reveals such honesty of purpose, that it would be a pleasure to re-port every word sl uttered, but space will form Mr. H. A. Kellogg, himself a "Veteran boy in blue," called a halt, and asked "Com-rade Allyn" if she would grant just a few minutes more and give an inspirational poem. She kindly returned 'mid much applause and a "Where is Heaven?" were promptly given. Oh so beautifully and touchingly were these and eyes overflowed. Long live Fannie Allyn: A violin solo, and encore, piano accompani-ment, by the Misses Erricson and Costar.

and eyes overflowed. Long live Famile Allyn! A violin solo, and encore, piano accompani-ment, by the Misses Erricson and Costar, were finely rendered. Mr. Hill recited a poem "In Seeking Truth." very appropriate and much applauded. Mrs. Dix said a spirit was present who wanted "The Home Over There" sung; she then gave some fine tests, particularly to one gentleman who had waited many long weary years for the first word of comfort from loved ones on the other side. Mrs. Wilkinson, Dr. Fowler and Mr. H. A. 'Kellogg followed with remarks fitting the occasion: a recitation, "Kentucky Belle," by Mrs. Curtis; Mrs. Julia Davis gave ex-cellent tests, appreciated by those receiving them; Mrs. Col. Pope was called for, but she declined to make a speech, saying in a few words that her husband and herself entered the army under "Spirit direction." It was Mrs. Pope's birthday, lovingly re-menulered by her daughter with beautiful flowers. Mrs. Whitlock made a few remarks and asked that "Marching Through Georgia" be sung. The Rev. Mr. Parrish of Barbadoes volunteered to play and it was sung with a will, closing one of the very best meetings of the kind we have ever held. C. M. Mallard, sec.

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path which leads to the abyss which lay between us, Amina, and I found myself in a dense black for, so black that I hesitated to inke another step. As I stood wondering at it, a great fear stole over me. This continued until I became terror stricken, when that Voice spoke again from the darkness; 'Fear nothing, I will light the way,' it said. With that there came a light which shone through and around me, as if my body reflected light from a great sun. It lit the path ahead of me, and as I passed down now filled with the spirit of confidence, and came near to the place where the cold winds were blowing in a minor key, shapes of strange unknown crea-tures slunk past me in the darkness. At a point where the wind shrieked and howled, I met the rich woman in her brown rags. She stood fearless, but with blinking eyes; as I neared her I stopped. She was leaning hear-ity on her cane and regarding me through those hard stely blue eyes. As she con-tinued looking at me they began to soften into an expression such as I would not have believed possible. ""Where did you come from, Angel of Licht?" she asked with a commanding air.

be worth two or three times what you paid for it.

into an expression such as I would not have believed possible. ""Where did you come from, Angel of Light?" she asked with a commanding air. "I canne from above, where all is Light," I replied, 'I was a mortal until I climbed up there, and was changed to what you see me, in the twinkling of an eye." "I have come up from below by slow, tor-tious steps, hoping to meet with some one who could teach me how to rise to those sum-mits which I catch glimpses of when the wind lulls and the leaden veil lifts a little,' she said, with a sigh. 'I am willing to try to climb higher if you can assure me from your experience that I will not lose my way, and may hope for a ray of sunshine such as you reflect to fall across my weary life. Oh! I am so weary, so weary,' and she leaned on her staff and sighed again. "As I stood waiting for her to cense speak-ing, so that I might tell her of the Great Heart awaiting her up here, my own heart was beating with ecstatic throbs of joy which were almost painful, when suddenly the 'Allelula' was wafted to our ears. She looked up star-tled and listened, and then slowly sank to the ground, her old cane dropping from her grasp and rolling down the hill, and she fell into a deep sleep with a smile that changed her en-tire expression: and I knew that she had

Box 2421, Battle Creek, Mich.

until the morning sunshine warmed me."
"Amina," Doctor Bell's voice roughly broke upon her confession. He was now angered at her persistent dwelling upon her loss. "Try and be a good girl and use your will to rouse ont of this senseless condition into which you have thrown yourself. We will begin anew tomorrow; you must be taken away from this house. You need a change of scene. New faces and surroundings will act as a tonic to your system. Besides you must think of Helena. She has not concealed from me her anxiety of mind in regard to you, for no change in your looks has escaped her notice."
"Dear Helena," and she turned to her sister, "you cannot realize with what rapture I now contemplate the coming visit of Joseph. He will loose those cords that bind me to this earth. Do not grieve. If you but knew! Oh, I choke—I cannot find the words to make you understand what is awaiting me. Listen! Bow they chant! The roll of an organ like the beating of a heart throbs through it all. Hush."
As Amina ceased speaking she sank back oblivious to her surroundings. while Helena

he has not come! He promised to be here when the clock struck the hour. Joseph has forgotten me!" As she said this a long, weary sigh escaped her lips, and she foll back again into a deep sleep. The watchers felt relieved and at the same time were confident that the turning point had been reached and she would be cured of her vagaries. It was nearing the hour of ten, with the hands of the clock pointing an hour later, when Amina awoke. The words of encouragement which the doc-tor was about to utter died on his lips, for an influence almost palpable filled the room. The look of despair had changed to one of rapture that illuminated her face and she seemed to be gazing fixedly at some object through and beyond him. As the clock struck the hour she rose, unsided, to a sitting posture, and holding out her hands as to some invisible presence, murmured: "Here I am, Joseph!" Then in a faint voice she added, "Oh, hear it! Hear it! 'Allcluin! Alle—' " and with one long sigh of happiness the heart fluttered, and stopped beating. The silence was profound. No one but Amina heard the "Alleluia," "Alleluia." During those hours of anguish her ear had become attaned to the music of the spheres, where the morning stars sing together, and on the waves of that vibration her soul sighed itself to rest in the house she had builded so well while in earth life through love, patience well while in and fidelity.

was nothing that gave me any heart. I have felt famished for just a hand clasp, the touch of Joseph's hand, until I have literally clutched at my own heart in anguish, and so I sat here of nights with Joseph's portrait, until the morning sunshine warmed me." "Amina," Doctor Bell's voice roughly broke upon her confession. He was now angered at

the beating of a heart throbs through it all. Hush." As Amina ceased speaking she sank back oblivious to her surroundings, while Helena and Doctor Bell stood in silence by her side. In that moment he realized that here was a force defying his skill to avert the coming dissolution, for Amina was not suffering from any organic trouble. He had heretofore scoffed at the metaphysician; now he felt the greater need of knowledge of the spirit-ual law of life. As the sixth day came and Amina still lay in a semi-stupor, the doctor was constantly within call. Every method he could think of to dispel these illusions from her mind was carefully pondered and often acted upon, even to the turning of the hands of the clock for-ward one hour. That night as the clock struck ten, the doctor entered the room. Amina was crying. "He has left me. They have taken him from me. Oh, what shall I do?" Despair was depicted on her countenance. "Doctor, he has not come! He promised to be here when the clock struck the hour. Joseph has forgotten me!" As the said this a long, weary sigh escaped

and rolling down the hill, and abe fell into a deep sleep with a smile that changed her en-tire expression: and I knew that she had found peace and would go higher and join the throng, so I passed on and came to you." As Joseph concluded, he uncovered his face; his eyes remaining closed. His countenance was glorified. It was as if he were reflecting in a measure the light from the Being whom he hed attempted to describe. he had attempted to describe. Aminn felt her blood chill and then turn to

molten fire. Her body thrilled to this new emotion, her head fell back against the chair in which she had been sitting, and when she swoke, a new day had dawned.

CHAPTER XII:

The following morning Helena sent for Doctor Bell. Amina seemed to be walking on the border of trance-land and as the physi-cian caune in with his usual cheery greeting he hesitated when he saw her. The great dark shadows in Amina's face had deepened and it was plainly visible that a change had taken place. She gave him a smile of recog-nition and crossing her hands over her breast as if to-quell the tumultuous beatings of her heart, she lifted her eyes to his confidingly and said: "I am going."

am going."

"I am going." "Going where?" inquired the doctor "I am going to Joseph-to brother." "Amina!" solbed Helena. Bell turned his serious gaze on Helena. But no emotion of Helena's stirred Amina. "It is true," she said seriously. "I fear that neither of you will understand me when I say that the Real Self of me, this Self which alone has an existence, is about taking its de-parture from ontward vision. Joseph came last uight and said that he would return for me on the anniversary hour in which he passed last uight and said that he would return for me on the anniversary hour in which he passed from us, and that will be in six days. Doctor, we have loved you, and know that you did your best to keep Joseph here, but he was to pass on. He was so tired, so tired of his earthly garment. He is now free to live his life, because he first earned the right through living a useful life here, and I am thankful that I am going to his home." Rhe turned ou her pillow as she continued dreamily: "I have tried to tune myssil to my surroundings and become interested in your life, dear sister, but I could not. There

A Fine Kidney Remedy.

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock, East Hampton, Conn. (The Clothier), says if any sufferer from Kidney and Bladder Disease will write him, he will direct them to the perfect home cure he used. He makes no charge whatever for the favor.

I think I know what Love is for, although I'm not quite sure. I think Love is given us so we can see a Soul. And this Soul we see is the highest conception of excellence and truth we can bring forth. This Soul is our reflected self. And from seeing what one Soul is, we imagine what all souls may be-and thus we reach God, who is the Universal Soul.-Elbert Hubbard.

merits of its own, and all should be in every

home. Occult 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 Ceremonics, D. P. Hughes, 50c.; Leaflets of Truth, Karl, 30c.; Whither the Wind Blow-eth, Venner, 20c.; Violets, Poems, Straubb, 10c.; Three Jubilee Lectures, Peebles, 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;

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.

Children like Piso's Cure. It is pleasant to take and cures their coughs. At druggists. 25c.

Lake Sunapee Campmeeting.

The Twenty-sixth Annual Lake Sunapee Campmeeting will be held at Blodgett's Landing, N. H., commencing Sunday, Aug. 2, and continuing four weeks, closing Sunday, Aug. 30. The annual business meeting for clection of officers will be held at 10.45 a. m. Tuesday, Aug. 25. This beautiful and attractive place is one of the finest sports for an one place is meeting

This beautiful and attractive place is one of the finest spots for an open air meeting that can be found in the state. Lake Sunapee is fast becoming au ideal summer place and the lovely scenery is unrivaled. We have engaged an excellent list of speakers and mediums and our beautiful philosophy will be fittingly presented to the public. The list for the season includes: Mrs. 8. A. Byrnes, Mrs. Sadie L. Hand, Mrs. Effe I. Webster, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, Mrs. Edith Lloyd-Browne, Mrs. Fashie H. Spalding and Ed-gar W. Emerson. The annual fair will be held Thursday, Aug. 20. Memorial services Thursday, Aug. 27, will be conducted by Effe I. Webster and Ida P. A. Whitlock. Effe I. Webster.

ETAn excellent cabinet photo, of "The Poughkeepsie Seer" (A. J. Davis) for sale at this office. Price 35 cents.

women's clubs should call special meetings for the purpose of formulating such an

appeal. All churches ought to join in this organized

movement. It is time that outraged public sentiment err out in detestation of the outrages con-mitted in the name of religion. What a trav-esty on the religion taught by the gentle Christ, the Jew. He said: "A new commandment I give unto you-The cond to those who despitefully use you, love your enemies, render good for evil." Yet ever since He passed away those who claim to be His followers have used murder and outrage as their weapons against their

Tet ever since He passed away those who claim to be His followers have used nurrier and outrage as their weapons against their enemies, and Christians have warried with their their their their their their enemies, and Christians have warried with blood of women and children, spilled in the "Cause of Christ." Oh, the shame and pity of it! That one of the most powerful countries in the world to-day could be the scene of such abominable atroctites as are taking place in Russia, seems almost beyond belief. If the Czarina is unable to protect and suc-cor the women and babies who are in her dominion, what a travesty upon royal power. Surely it is time kings and queens cast down their foolish gaudy crowns, and cease to strut in ridiculons assumption of royal greatness, if that greatness means only a circus parade, with no real power behind it." We cannot help feeling we are in the darkest ages of the world's history as we read the dispatches from Russia.

world's history as we read the dispatches from Russia. We cannot help feeling plty and shame for the Czarina, herself a wife and mother of daughters, who either cannot or will not take under her protection the helpless Hebrew women who are being persecuted, outraged and murdered by her subjects. As the women of America represent liberty and progress, let them units in an effort to awaken the whole Russian nation to the shameful and ridiculous position which the Czar and Czarina occupy in the eyes of the world today. This is a matter which concerns all human-

poises them the spirit bland, what, such these with inspired irrate and express the vision of the spirit carching simulation of the future, the wealth of the spirit carching simulation has been used. Here are the intuitive statements of im-mortality in words full of sweetness and giory-full, too, of a divine philosophy. No better collection illustrating the idea of immortality has over been made. Rer. 7. 8 sunderland, Asn Arbor,

has ever been made.-Rev. I. 4. OBBECTIONS, AND AVEN., Mich. The poet is the prophet of immortality. The world will thank the compiler long after be has gone from this life.-James G. Clark, is Asburn Advertiser. This volume can only bring hope and comfort and peace into the household.-Detroit Neet. A most precious book.-Mrr. M. E. Rool, Bay City, Mich. A golden volume.-Haslees Tutile. Pp. 34, Imo. Frice 31.00. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT FUBLISHING CO. To

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Pen Flashes from the Pilgrim.

(Continued from Page 1.)

What do Methodist ministers, such as Dr. Buckley of New York, now think, and some times say of Spiritualists today-Spiritualists fully, and in every way their peers!

.

A letter just received from Alfred H. Love, Philadelphia, expresses regret that I was not present at the Hague Court anniversary, held in the old Mennonite church. Coupled with this is a cordial invitation to attend the Longwood Progressive Friend's 50th anniversary, Chester Co., Pa., June 4; and the further invitation to attend the 38th anniversary of the Universal, Peace Union, to convene later in the Peace Temple, at Mystic, Conn. Nothing would-nothing could so de-

A New Departure! ! ! !

Ever in touch with the progressive thought of the age, the venerable "Spiritual Pilgrim," of eighty-two summers, is the young man of eighty-two summe constantly sending out to the world speaking germs of truth, whose combined rays are filling all minds with wisdom. The Banner of Light, recognizing the inestimable value of these thought flashes from this world renowned author, traveler, lecturer, has made SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT

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Dr. Peebles will greet our readers from week to week, discussing such subjects as he feels impressed to present, touching upon social and all reformatory matters. Wit, wisdom, pungent satire, logic, fact, will all flow from his pen, and we know that our readers will he signally helped by what this gifted youth of over eighty years will have to say. Every reader of the Banner of Light should make a

SPECIAL EFFORT

to secure one new subscriber at least, in order that the truths given by Dr. Peebles may find their way into a million homes Subscribe for the Banner at once and induce your friends to do likewise. Watch its columns for the initial paper from the earnest, traveled and learned "Spiritual Pilgrim."

Editorial Notes.

SCATHING INDICTMENT OF VIVISECTION.

Never before in the annals of the Anti-Vivisection Society has that body made so profound an impression on the English public as during the past few weeks. This large representative humane organization has now an enormous and ever-increasing membership all over the British Empire, and as many of its spokesmen and other active members are men of exceptionally high positions both scientifically and socially, it gains a hearing in the columns of the daily press, and can call together audiences of from two thousand to three thousand persons to listen to its tremendous declarations. On Friday, May 1, an immense gathering was convened in St. James' Hall, and hospital laboratories were mentioned by name where most disgraceful cruelties were carried on in defiance of law and order to the great disgust and horror of the tender-hearted section of the British public, which is now getting its eyes pretty widely opened to the atrocities committed in the name of science falsely so-called. Many very eminent physicians and surgeons are lifting up their voices in clamorous protest against practices leading to dangerous misleading consequences while they outrage every fine susceptibility of human nature. The great difficulty experienced in supporting many hospitals is largely due to the people's knowledge of the shameful outrages on human well as animal life often perpetrated within their walls. People have only to know of grievous wrongs to be led by conscience and reason, acting as a unit, to rise in indignant protest against a wrong's continuance. The more we trust the common people the safer are we; for the heart of a

ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

great nation is always on the side of equity,

even though its head is sometimes turned

away from righteousness.

Nothing can be more hopeful for the peace of Europe and eventually for that of the whole world, than the newborn friendly attitude now taken by France to England and by England to France, and we have to thank the good sense and gracious temper of King Edward VII. and of President Loubet for this delightful cessation of the long drawu out hostility. Two great nations separated only by a few miles of water which can be crossed in less than two hours, ought certainly to live on terms of mutual freindship, and now, though it would be absurd to suppose that the ancient "hatchet" is completely buried beyond resuscitation, there is great cause for heartfelt congratulation on account of the altered tone of feeling in France toward England and in England toward France. It is always a pleasant duty to chronicle the progress of the peace sen timent which is certainly rising where war did formerly most abound, and it is also very delightful to observe the part now being played by forces which have long been decidedly militant and on the side of extreme militarism, in promoting the end of peace which all sane and sober thinkers are longing to see consummated. The nations are getting heartily tired of warfare, and though there are still many indications of military prowess all over Europe, the feeling is grow ing in all directions, that though prepared for war, it is far better to live in peace. France is decidedly on the upward move: her industries are improving; she is turning her attention to agriculture and to the in crease of her commerce, and what is still more to the point, she is improving her moral temper, becoming more calm and rea sonable, and in every way preparing to meet the glorious future which, according to numerous predictions, is now in store for her. Both in France and England, America is looked upon as friend and neighbor and there is little likelihood of any serious disagreement between any two of these three great powers within the next year and many years beyond the next. Almost every seer who publishes his visions speaks in glowing terms of coming international amity.

greatly charned with the magnificent scenic effects in which the play abounds as with the superb acting of Henry Irving, whom the character of Dante suits perfectly, and bis truly excellent and wonderfully well balanced company. The Divine Comedy is always fresh to the public, as it is always of thrilling interest to students. The visions of the great Florentine poet deal with those themes of deathless interest which touch one generation as greatly as another, for however many changes may come to pass in our modes of thought and expression, we are all in-

tensely interested in the development of such traits of character as when developed will cause us to escape all that corresponds to an Inferno and to the attainment of all that may be described as Paradise.

"Art has no fears of sea sickness," said M. Sardou to an interviewer. "Why, then, should it be wonderful that a Frenchman should write a play specially for the English stage?'

This epigram happily summarizes the veteran dramatist's view of a play, which should appeal to any audience, no matter what its nationality.

But though, doubtless, the purely literary merits of Sir Henry Irving's production will be the subject of many discussions for the next few weeks, there is another matter that will interest both the ordinary playgoer and the student.

M. Sardou is mainly responsible for the mental portrait of Dante that is presented to us, but what of the purely physical portrait? Does Sir Henry Irving, as he appears on the stage, really resemble the great poet-philosopher, the man who could leave his study to take part in the struggle on the battlefield, and who, amid his dreams of another world, could yet find time to become an active politician in this one?

To decide this point we must turn to the portraits of Dante that the artists of longdend_centuries have left for us. The most authentic, perhaps the only one upon which much reliance is to be placed, is that painted by Giotto, which is now one of the treasures of the Municipal Palace at Florence, Giotto is known to have been a personal friend of Dante's and must, therefore, have had unique opportunities of studying the ascetic features that he imaged in paint. This picture has a history. For 400 years it was lost to the world. Then, one day, while some work was being carried out at the Municipal Palace, a workman happened to scratch one of the whitewashed walls. The few flecks of whitewash that fell disclosed paint beneath. With scrupvlous care, more of the covering was removed, until at last the picture that all the world knows today was revealed.

It is this picture that Sir Henry Irving has taken as his model, and his own clearlycut features have helped him to give us a living portrait of the poet whose fame the centuries only increase.

For the dress he has had a less definite quide, and earnest research has been necessary to correctly realize the costume of those days from which we are separated by six slow-moving centuries. A bronze statuette by Carrier shows practically the same robes as those that Sir Henry Irving has adopted. This statuette is a beautiful piece of work, for which £500 was paid, and it is now in the possession of the Dante Society, of Albemarle street, London, having been presented by Dr. Walter, of Venice.

Of Beatrice we have no portrait except the word-picture that Dante himself left us. She whom he first met on that long ago May-Day of 1274, is described as one whose love guided him for thirteen years, and who revealed to him the mysteries of Paradise. In Dante's own words:-

"She had already been so long in this life that in its time the starry heaven had moved towards the east the twelfth part of a degree, so that she appeared to me about the beginning of her ninth year, and I saw her about the end of my ninth year. Her dress on that day was of a most noble color, a subdued and goodly crimson. . . . At that moment I saw most truly that the spirit of life which hath its dwelling in the secretest chamber of the heart began to tremble so violently that the least pulses of my body shook therewith."

How the world of today would value a painting, however crude, of that woman whose beauty captivated the heart of one of the foremost thinkers that the centuries have given us, he who, astrologers said, was born under "the glorious stars pregnant with

Creative Spirit is, by virtue of His Om where, the moral perfection of all that He has caused, by thought-generation, to be." Among the contents are sermons on Pre-

destination, Free Will, Auto-Suggestion, Universalizing the Christ, The Immanence of the Logos, All Things Work for Good, The Origin of Evil, God is Love, Love to God-Service to Man, The Silence of God, Optimism, The Laborers, Spirits in Prison, Missionary Obligation. All of which, as well as the other which complete the volume, are replete with very lucid and helpful spiritual teaching.

There is no dogmatism and no pretense these hearty appeals to the hearts and minds of thinking, and often struggling men and women. The singular freedom from overstatement, coupled with the very earnest appeal which the book makes manifest, render it extremely acceptable to the many in and out of the Church who like to read the honest utterances of a man of deep thought and intensely vital sympathy. There is every reason to be thankful at present for the grea amount of really excellent literature of a broad and deep religious character which is being substituted for the harrowing and depressing tracts and sermons, which not very many decades of years ago were considered the only fit spiritual food to place before any who desired to tread in paths of plety. Canon Wilberforce is quite a Universalist and very largely a Spiritualist.

Another remarkable religious work written from a somewhat different standpoint is Religion for All Mankind based on facts which are never in dispute.

A recent work by Rev. Charles Voysey, B. A., minister of the Theistic Church, London, has just been issued by Longmans, Green and Co. It is worthy of far more than passing notice. In the preface the author says: "Th following pages are written for the help and comfort of all my fellowmen, and chiefly for those who have doubted and discarded the Christian Religion, and in consequence have become Agnostics and Pessimists.

My object is to bring proofs of the Wisdom and Righteousness and Love of God in those events and experiences which are commonly called "evils." It is not possible to explain everything, but it is possible to explain by far the greater part.

My method is to base every argument on facts-undisputed facts which no one even even wishes to doubt or deny.

I keep absolutely clear of all so-called "Divine Revelation" as an authority. I use many of the true and beautiful words in the Bible, especially from the Old Testament, but only as illustrations, never as a basis for belief.

The first part of the book is occupied in stating the bare facts on which the Theistic Faith is founded, answering the great ques tion "What do we know?" From these facts I have drawn what appear to me to be strictly true and reasonable inferences, exactly as men of science build up their sys ems on well-established facts.

It is for intelligent persons in all ranks of life to judge for themselves whether my inferences are or are not correctly drawn, and thankful shall I be for any correction of error into which I may have fallen.

Finally, as my researches into God's facts have immeasurably increased my admiration of His matchless wisdom and have revealed to me many more wonders of His unspeakable love, working even in the things we most dislike and dread, my heart longs to make known to others the thoughts which have brought so much bliss to my own soul.

Oh! that my words may win many hearts to trust and love Him and to find in His presence the fulness of joy!

I have, therefore, offered this book at a price which will barely cover the expense of production, that it may be within reach of all, and at the same time give proof that the work is not being done with mercenary aims.

At the close of the main argument I have added a sermon illustrative of The Theistic Faith as applied to the events of life. It is entitled "The Uncertainties of Life," and was preached on the 29th of June, 1902, just after the King had been struck down by the dangerous illness which cancelled all the arrangements for the Coronation.

I have also inserted Four Sermons on "Sin and Its Consequences," dealing with individnal experiences in detail, and I have concluded the work with a Sermon on "The Reasonableness of Prayer."

One helpful word I may say here: Let all o take up this book our best teacher, and not any man, not the

wisest and best who ever lived; therefore, if

we would learn the truth, we must pray to

God to teach us what to believe and what to

reject out of the human words which lie be-

runs the first article of the Theistic Faith.

We have only to remember that, if we will,

As a contribution to current religiou

thought, this book is both wise and timely

and ought to have a wide circulation in

think for himself in matters of religion."

God will help us to think aright."

America as well as in England.

"It is the right and dufy of every man to



opportunity of a life time and every one should embrace it.

What is this offer? Every subscriber now on our books will receive a handsomely bound copy of Dr. J. M. Peebles' greatest work,

"THE CHRIST OUESTION SETTLED."

for sending us one new yearly subscriber. This makes this splendid book



to every subscriber who will send us ONE NEW NAME for one year's subscription, accompanied by two dollars. This is the price of the Banner alone for one year, yet we give this excellent book Free to any Old Subscriber who will send us

ONE NEW NAME!

Authors, scholars, seers, prophets and savants in all lands unite in pronouncing "The Christ Question Settled" to be one of the best works ever penned by Dr. Peebles, and by far the best and most exhaustive ever written upon the subject. Both mortals and spirits testify to its worth, and declare it should be IN EVERY HOME ON EARTH!

This volume of nearly 400 pages, elegantly, richly bound, contains the ripest thoughts of Col. Ingersoll, Rabbi 1. M. Wise; Prof. J. R. Buch-anan, B. B., Hill, Moses Hull, Hudson Tuttle, J. S. Loveland, W. Emmette Coleman, with the J. S. Loveland, W. Emmette Coleman, with the testimonies of the controlling intelligences of J. J. Morse, W. J. Colville, Stainton Moses, Mrs. M. T. Longley, and others, concerning the existence or non-existence of Jesus Christ, concerning his conception, his travels, his gifts, his mission, etc., with the interspersed writings, criticisms and conclusions of Dr. Peebles. This book, wrote W. J. Colville in reviewing it, "takes high rank, and will be long looked upon as a STANDARD CLASSIC regarding the subject of which it treats." which it treats.

Here is The Great Chance

JUNE 6, 1908.

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Extraordinary

A Great Opportunity!

BANNER OF LIGHT.

light me as to be present, the companion of these noble, peace-loving souls, bearing my testimony against war, and in-favor of peace through arbitration.

The thought of crashing navies, crimson battle-fields, armless sleeves, legless trousers, orphan children, weeping, heart-broken widows, mourning mothers, and benumbed consciences, consonant upon war,-thrills with pain every nerve in my sensitive nature, and my soul cries out, "How long, oh, how long before the nations of the earth will rise above the status of beasts!" And, sad to say, Chris-tian natious are the bloodiest fighting nations on earth. Army chaplains pray for victorious engagements-pray like saints, and then fight like maddened devils, as did Stonewall Jackson and Bishop Polk of Louisiana, during the Civil War.

In all my wanderings the wide world over I have never met the man perfect, nor the man infallible: and yet I have met many who would pompously mount the judgment seat, don the ermine, and both judge and condemn their fellow men. This class of self-righteous souls, who are ever throwing bouquets at their own feet, would do well to take down an old dust-covered book, and read Matt. vii.-1, 2, 3, 4, 5; Rom. ii.-1; to be followed by a careful perusal of Lincoln's great speech and all to be further considered by a series of self-examinations.

Wait not any longer this work to begin. By work we grow stronger. Be steadfast and win.-Thos, Hill.

Calm deliberation will bring us near to Truth, but heat, anger, strife and war only drive her far afield.-Elbert Hubbard.

DANTE AND SIR BENRY INVING.

The old Lyceum Theatre is now in mins to make way for great improvements in the Strand, but Henry Irving and Ellen Gerry, though not just now acting on the same singe, are both doing splendid work in London. At

the weary problems which surround human Drury Lane, the largest theatre in Eugland existence; he merely records the experience of a heart 'feeling after him,' with an un-shakeable conviction that the responsible devoted to legitimate drama, Henry Irving is presenting Dante to large and enthusiastic audiences and spectators who are quite as

virtue, to whom he owed his genius," the stars that they believed were favorable to literature.

Of Dante we know much, of Beatrice we would know more. We have read of his travels, his exile, the persecution that he suffered, of the time when he was condemned to be burned alive if he should come into the power of the Republic. We are told that he visited Paris, and in those distant ages is even believed to have crossed the Channel and to have seen Oxford; but we could even spare some of this knowledge if we could but exchange for it some glimpses of the woman whose love was an inspiration, and whose death turned his thoughts to things not of this world.

A NEW BOOK, BY CAN IN WILBERFJECE.

As a preacher in Westminster Abbey and rector of one of the large Westminster churches, Dr. Basil Wilberforce is a prominent personage in the religious world, and one who often sets people thinking rather deeply. As a pulpit orator he has few if any superiors at present in the English Established Church, and his sermons when printed are always well worth reading and re-reading. A recent volume is now exciting great interest, and as it has been advertised in "Light," many Spiritualists are perusing it with a good deal of thoughtful interest. Its title is "Feeling After Him." It is a volume of sermons preached for the most part in Westminster Abbey. The writer says in his preface: "The preacher does not assume to provide a clear solution to

What Do We Know? What Do We Think? Death. Pain. Pain Caused by Man. Avoidable Sorrow. Benefits and Consolations of Sorrow. The Final Issue of Good. Origin of Sin. Conscience and the Moral Codes. Hu-man Liberty. Human Love. Religion. Re-

fore us.

lation Between Religion and Morality. Grounds of Hope for Immortality. True and False Anthropomorphism. The Term "Personal" as Applied to God. The Highest Impulse to Morality. The Omnipres-ence of God. The Uncertainties of Life. Sin and Its Consequences. The Forgiveness of Sins. Sin Caused by Lack of Love. The Sense of Sin and Its Moral Value. The Reasonableness of Prayer are the subjects dealt with. Each chapter is beautifully written in clear and forcible language; it can be obtained for seventy-five cents. W. J. Colville.

Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?-

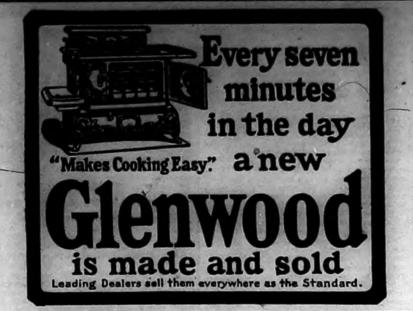
Draw near them, then, in being merciful; Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge. No thoroughly occupied man was ever ye very miserable .-- L. E. Landon.

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JUNE 6, 1908.



Dr. Gee. W. Carey.

Dr. Geo. W. Carey completed his course of eight lectures at Banner Hall last Thurs-day. His address will be 14 Dresden circle, W. Somerville, until June 12, and Onset, Mass., until September.

Notice.

The thirty-ninth annual picnic of the Com-pounce Association of Spiritualists will be held at Compounce Lake, Bristol, Cona., Wednesday, Jone 17, Ten a. m., business meeting; report of secretary and treasurer; election of officers; 11 a. m., conference; 2 p. m., Mrs. May S. Pepper of Providence, R. I., the well known psychic, will lecture and follow with a test scance. The lake can be reached by electric cars from Hartford, New Britain, Meriden, Plainville, and Bristol. Mrs. J. E. B. Dillon, sec.

A Card of Thanks.

I wish to extend my personal thanks to the many, many blends, The Banner of Light Pub. Co. and to The Cirst Spiritualist Ladles' Aid Society of Boston for the beautiful floral tributes sent to my home with love to my beloved husband.

I am deeply touched with the love expressed by these tokens and would, were it possible, gladly acknowledge each piece separately, but at the present time I am not physically able

With loving thanks, Mary S. Hatch. 217 Medford St., Somerville, Mass.

Note from L. C. Howe.

Dear Banner:

Dear Banner: The summer incense is tangible in the air, and I am sharing it at home. Mra. Howe has rallied so she gets about and looks after the household affairs, and I am working a little and reading for history, corresponding for data and reloicing that I can see. I want to learn of Leftoy Sunder-land, and his psychological feats in public. Also of some of the accomplishments of John Boyce Dodds, before he became a Spiritual-ist, and after it—especially his healing of Retsy Cook nearly fifty years ago in Boston. I rejoice to hear of Bro. Barrett's returning health, and the hopeful outlook for the re-covery of his beloved wife. covery of his beloved wife.

Cordially yours, Lyman C. Howe.

L Dr. Wyman-J. B. Hatch, Sr.

<text>

flag and all it represented. Here he served as faithfully as he had done in other walks of life, fighting in the defense of the institutions of our land and for the freedom of the op-pressed. He will ever be remembered by all who have heard his voice, strong and manly, uplifted in our conventions of the National and State associations in behalt of mental liberty and for all the great principles for which Spiritualism must ever stand, but especially, his pleas made for the spiritual ducation of the young; these should never be forgotten. As a citizen and a man among men he will ever be remembered by the ster-ling qualities of his life. Kind, charitable and just, may be written upon his monu-ment. His strong personality has been stamped upon the Lyceum movement of this country. He leaves a wife, son, daughter and two grandchildren, who in spite of all the howledge of immortality and spirit return, needs must feel their great loss in his de-parture to the higher life. The funeral ser-vices were held at his late residence on Wed-nesday afternoon, May 27, at 2 o'clock. The Ladles' Schubert Quartet rendered most ar-tistically and feelingly several beautiful selec-tions. The writer conducted the services, The fornal tributes were many and very ela-lorate. The interment was at Mt. Hope. Geo. A. Fuller, M. D. Onset Mass.

Onset Mass.

The Vermont State Spiritualist Association.

The Vermont State Spiritualist Association will hold its next quarterly convention in the Opera House, Hardwick, Vt., on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, June 19, 20, and 21, 2002

1903 The Vermont State speakers Mrs. Abbie Crossett, Mrs. Emma Paul, Alonzo Hubbard, Lucius Colburn and Sarah A. Willey are all

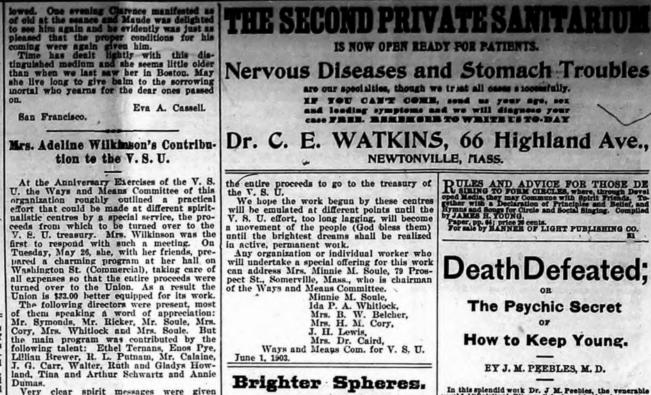
Lucius Colburn and Sarah A. Willey are all invited. In addition to the Vermont speakers the management have secured Mrs. Effle I. Web-ster of Lynn, Mass., a good test medium and speaker, and Rev. Fred A. Wiggin, pastor of Spiritualist Temple Society, Boston, Mass., a fine test medium and one of the ablest speakers on our platform. During the convention test scances' will be held by Mr. Wiggin and Mrs. Webster. To these scances a small admission fee will be charged to help defray expenses. All other sessions free.

All of our State speakers Mrs. Webster and F. A. Wiggin have given excellent satisfac-tion at our conventions and campmeetings, and great effort will be made by the speak-ers, the management and the Hardwick So-ist. to rack the convention one of the best

and freat ender with be indeed by the open-ers, the management and the Hardwick So-ciety to make the convention one of the best held in the State. The first session Friday at 2 p. m., consist-ing of an address of welcome by the presi-dent of the Hardwick Society, response by the president of the Association, followed by conference, also session Friday evening. Saturday and Sunday three sessions each day, consisting of an address and conference or seance. Mrs. Mary Eddy Huntoon, materializing medium, will be present and hold materializ-ing seances. Good music will be furnished. Entertainment at Hardwick Inn, Geo. F. Daniels proprietor, one dollar per day, two in a room; one dollar and fifty cents per day ore in a. room. Single meals twenty-five cents.

cents. Eastman and Hoffman, livery stable near hotel, will care for teams for seventy-five cents per day. Single feed twenty-five cents. No better rates than mileage can be secured. Those coming over the different railroads will do well to procure mileage books or round

ab went to procure mineage books or round trip tickets. A. F. Hubbard, Tyson, Vt., president, Don H. Chapman, Cambridge, Vt., Treas, and Chairman of Board of Managers. Miss Alma Leonard, East Caluis, Vt., Secretary. By or-



BANNER OF LIGHT.

J. G. Carr, Walter, Ruth and Gindys How-land, Tina and Arthur Schwartz and Annie Dumas. Very clear spirit messages were given through the mediumship of Mrs. Ham and Mrs. Pyc. Mr. Clough, under inspiration, gave an earnest word from the spirit and pledged his contribution to the work with a special meeting to be held in Lynn at a date to be announced. Mrs. Noyes also gave a snirited message in her own peculiarly im-pressive manner and not being situated so she could give a special meeting, contributed in cashr at this meeting. Much of the talent that richly conduced to the program was from the Judkins School of Acting. The Gospel of Spirit-Return Society, of which Mrs. Soule is Pastor, together with its Young People's Psychic Inquiry Club, is to give an entertainment, with refreshments, at the Waverley Home on Thursday, June 25.

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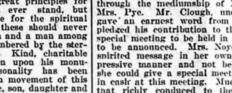
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to Forest Hills for incineration. Geo. A. Fuller, M. D. Onset, Mass. Tassed to the splirit life from his home at ity Medford St., Somerville, Mass., on Sun-day, May 24, Mr. J. B. Hatch, Sr., aged 75 years and 9 mos. Mr. Hatch was one of the prosence and kind and good at heart as ever, and inquired of me if her Boston friends held her still in remembrance. "Yes I lore Boston and think often of the originators of the campmeetings which have proved to be one of the most successful movements in our ranks. For twenty-three years he was an places his voice was uplifted in behalf of the tyreoum movement. Children all loved him because they knew he was their true friend On this account the Lyceum over which he presided was always successful. He was also connected with the old Music Hall Spiritua-ist meetings, and those held in tate years at Berkeley Hall, and for many years was an active member of the Ladies' Aid Society. He will be remembered by all who are now living in physical bodies, who in the days gone by camped at Lake Walden, High iand Lake, and Silver Lake. Later years have a most genial and whole souled man, therefore endeared himself to all who became a counting in thysical bodies, who in the days gone by camped at Lake Walden, High iand Lake, and Silver Lake. Later years have a most genial and whole souled man, therefore endeared himself to all who became a counting in thysical bodies, who in the days gone by camped at Lake Walden, High in the sounces of he told her that if she wedded him he would be compelled to leare her, as he could not work among the inharmonious con-ditions he foresaw would follow. Maude married the man and Clarence was not seen at married the man and Clarence was not seen at married the man and a separation fol-

California Letter.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: :

To the Edisor of the Banner of Light: : It is strange how one is led from day to day. Returning from Florida in April, I had hardly rested from travel when I made use of the Presbyterian excursion from Boston to California to take a pleasure trip and to visit my friends in the Golden State. The journey across the continent was lowerly, and words are powerless to describe the grandeur and beauty of the mountains. The spiritual Cause is progressing in Cali-fornia. There are many mediums here, Mrs. R. S. Lillie speaks before large audiences and is performing her mission nobly. Mrs. Maude Lord Drake that tried and true worker of the spiritual faith is located here in San Francisco, and her seances are always fully attended. She is just as queenly in presence and kind and good at heart as ever, and inquired of me if her Boston friends held her still in remembrance. "Yes indeed-many inquiries are made for you. Do you intend to return there at any time in the future?" "Yes, I love Boston and think often of the dear friends, and shall certainly go there soon for a long visit." Mr. Drake also expressed himself in cor-dial terms of the Boston Spiritualists and declared it would be a pleasure to meet with them again. Mrs. Drake gave me a history of her life

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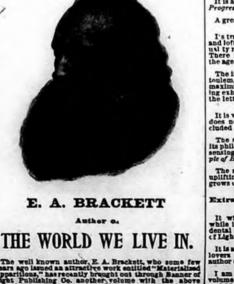
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The well known asther, E. A. Brackett, who some few years ago issued as situative work estillad, "Maiserialmad appartitions," has receasily brought out through Banacer of Light Publishing Oa another, volume with the above named title. The value of a book is often enhanced if we two something of the writer, and as a good photograph good intreduction to the volume which it prefaces. We are told that the book was written at the close of the suthor's Mid year, and that many of this captering site were made in company with Wm. H. Channing, investor of the directions. From the intensity of als safers, and the day ing character of his thought. Mr. Brackett the covery experiments unusually far is many vemarinable directions. During these experiments, Mr. Speckett dis coverrof, the indicate relation between performant measurements of his state relation between performant measurements of the scaling there with a sense monomening spirit lift. This satisfor dains immense in polar of or would use, and combines therwrith a consider very rest antiguity. By Day the meast remarkable portion of the volume is

able portion of mysic lore, which mysenstantial ensure of very (real antiquity. By far the most remarkable portion of the volume is millide "the Universe". This chapter contains one of the mest thrilling accounts of a strange pyrchis adves in all the straight read. Lossing of the metric how y would and despity spiritual type, will be well versation of a strange away as impice percent of "the World We Live In" which is submissed in the World we Live is " which is submissed in the Straight of the Straight of Which is submissed in the Straight of the Straight of Which is submissed in the Straight of the Straight of Which is submissed in the Straight of the Straight of Which is submissed in the Straight of the Straight of the Straight of Market of Light FUBLISHING CO.

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It is well worth perusal for its novel features, if a person does not accept any of the Spiritualistic doctrines in-cluded in its production and teachings. The Susforer.

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The styl- is cri-p and 'trong,' the spirit vigorous and appliting. In it is expressed the laws by which the son grows out of the unical into the real. Toledo (Ohio) Blade.

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It will easily take its place among modern classics while its spiritual impress ranks it as a work of transcen-iental power. HABBISON D. BARBETT, Editor Bannes dental po

It is a work of high order, and will be appreciated by all overs of good literature. Gao. DUTTOR, A. B., M. D. author of E lopathy, size works on Anatomy, Hygians, etc.

I am immersed in the 'Wisdom of the Ages." It rolume of assuring interest, of fascinsting revelation writhing rhythm. PAUL AVENEL, suthor of many In and Poems of an Occut and Scientific nature.

Your book is rightly named. I have herein my honest opinion. I read carefully every war find frequent occasion for going to it for what Mission. RSY. F. A. Wieoly, lecturer and "Onbe and Spheres in Human Life."

I believe your book will have a large circulation. My copy I shall read from at my Sunday meetings. PROP. W. F. PROE, anthor and locturer.

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To Our Beaders.

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.

world. Win the cause of Truth, will you kindly assist us in finding those to whom the follow-ing 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. locality.

Report of Seance held May 21, 1903, S. E. 56.

Invocation.

Surround us, oh spirit of divine love, with the influence, the power of love; refresh us with the inflowing of the love of truth. Strengthen us with all that is holy and pure and good, and so refreshed and strengthened may we go forward with the common duties of life, finding nothing small or mean, noth-ing low or homely, but everything glorified, everything possible beyond comprehension and our own spirits attuned to all that is best. We would understand the peace and the joy of truth. We would be so lifted above the sordid cares and conditions that we may be a strength not only to those about us, but a of truth. We would be so infect above the sordid cares and conditions that we may be a strength not only to those about us, but a bright and shining light in the world. May we fully understand that no life well adjusted, no life purely and sincerely lived is without its influence and its force in the world and may we as truly understand that every opportu-nity put aside, every low thought, everything that brings us down from the very loftiest heights of truth has its influence and its ef-fect on those about us. May we fully under-stand these things and be strong to live the pure life. May every unhappy soul find its joy and comfort and because we would have this so, we make the effort to cast away the fear, the doubt of separation, of distress that death has brought. May no sentiment of folly enter into our condition of life to lead us astray from the one revealment of truth that death is not, but that life is ever open-ing on and out into brighter and better con-ditions. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Hattie Weston, Long Island City.

<text> The first spirit that I see this morning is

Pa.: I want to go to Dr. Leonard Swift. I am not unhappy. That is the first thins, and mother is with me and so is Angle and they are so giad to have me with them that in a way it is a recompense for my absence from yon, dear. It isn't as hard now as it was at first, but yon know we talked it over and I was prepared for it. I am sorry I could not have been braver when we did talk but I wanted to stay so. It is hard to want to live and know there is so much in the world that can help people, and yet to feel yourself just-passing away. If it had not been such a horrible thing that caused my transition I would have been better satisfied, I think, and yet I do not know as that makes any difference. I feel pleased with the pic-tures, particularly the small ones. They are yood and I am also pleased about the flow-res. You will know what I mean. Give my love to Edith and to Bessle. Tell them both that I think of them very often, and for yourself, you know what I would say. Thank you."

Lucy Evans, Waltham, Mass.

¹ Lucy Evans, Waltham, Mass. There is the spirit of a woman named Lucy Evans; she lived in Waltham and wants to send word to James that she is as happy as a lark. She says: "I am often with you, James, and have been with you of late when you have been taking the little trips away. I think it is good for you and I am glad you have started in this kind of a way. It will he helpful not only for your health but for your business. It has been some time since I came over but I am just as much in touch with your life as the first day I opened my eyes in spirit life. You know I had an awful cough before I came, but I didn't breath once in spirit that the cough was not gone and while sometimes I have had a reflection of what I went through, it doesn't bother me at all." all.

Charles Davis, Dedham, Mass.

Chartes Davis, Dedham, Mass. The spirit of a man comes and stands be-side me; he is quite stout, a little above medium height and has a heavy face as though he thought seriously and deeply on everything that was brough to his attention. He is about forty-five or forty-eight years old and is a very earnest man. He says: "I am Charles Davis from Dedham, Mas. This is new to me: I must say it is entirely new. I was so infercated in my own affars and the conditions present about me that I did not realize that it was at all important to seek to find out about the other life. I wish I could give you a history of my first expe-rience. It was rather laughable after all, because I had made preparations for my death, knew that I was coming and made all the arrangements as to what should be done, and it was absurd when I first came over here and found myself so conscious of what was going on. There was something gratify-ing though beccause I left affairs behind in a very orderly and settled state, but it seemed so strange that I did not know enough to make preparation for continued-conversion with myself after I had gone. Send this word to Fred and tell him Alexander found me just about as soon as he came over here and it was quite a surprise to him as well as to me bur he is getting along pretty well. I wish Mary would give a little more attention to the spirit problem, I might be able to assist her." The spirit of a man comes and stands be-

George Mickerson, Harwichport, Mass.

George Nickerson, Harstehport, <u>Hase.</u> The spirit of another man stands beside me, for y stout, has rather bushy hair and very first eyes. His hair has some gray mixed in help the says he is George Nickerson and help the says he is George Nickerson the help the says he is George Nickerson and help the says he is George Nickerson and help the says the is George Nickerson and help the says the is George Nickerson and help the says the is George Nickerson and help the says and says: "Yes, I am a Cape of a see what's going on that I don't tee If and its conditions. You might think I was the source of the says one can be will and its conditions. You might think I was the source of the says one can be will and the son any friends left that I thought the there so many friends left that I thought it have so many friends left that I thought the wore interested in as Lam. There have help the have the been here some time and the the the same for the should have the beople the says help the the same for the should have the beople that is help the done when I was here, but as it is help the done when I was here, but as it is better for help the done when I haven't been displeased his done when I haven't been also fund help the source to have and he was reall of fun aber here the and he was shall of fun aber here the and help the and failet i would have to say and be they are all so jumbled here atter another, that I am afraid I would here atter any better than I did, altours i tee nent it so long. Then you."

Edna Brown, Oswego, N. Y.

A little girl about fifteen or sixteen years of age, very fair and delicate looking, is here now. Her cycs are dark but her face is like wax as though for a long time before she went away she had that time before she went away she had that very delicate waxy look. Her name is Edna Brown and she says: "I lived in Oswego, N, Y. I want to go to my father who is named William and tell him that he and mother must not feel so hadly over my coming here. It is a shame for them to be so disturbed about my death. I don't mean that it is a shanne for me but it is a shame they should suffer so when I am there so often and am striving so hard to say something to them. It was not pleasant to die because I wanted to stay with them and there was so much for me to do and live for, but it wasn't any use for me to try to stay and they understand for me to do and live for, but it wasn't any use for me to try to stay and they understand all about it now. I have a little brother over here named Georgie and he is grown larger than I am, he is just as nice as he can be and takes care of me just as much as though he were my father. He says he is a sort of a-father in the spiritual life because he has been here so much longer than I and then I have Aunt Ada and she is good too. I send my love, and oh so many kisses and so many desires to come and speak to you both face to face." to face.

ville, Oldo. I was well-known there and have many friends still alive. I came over to the spirit when roses were in bloom and I had great quantities of them round me, and now I bring them, great beautiful roses from the spirit, to my many friends who need the inspiration of a touch from the spirit."

Edgar Smith, Wheeling, W. Va.

Edgar Smith, Wheeling, W. Va. Now a man, just as big and strong and vigorous as any man I ever saw, comes to the whole place and he seems to sweep his hand around with an air of "Let everybody stand back while I speak." He doesn't do it unkindly, but it seems to be more his way; whenever He did anything he did it with force and it was bis business. His name is Edgar Smith. He says: "I am from Wheeling, West Va. It is quite a trip to take to come to Boston to give a communication, but I wanted Helen to know I know what she is doing and how things are being carried on. Sometimes it seems as though I would have to get back in a more definife way than this and just speak to her as no spirit ever spoke before, and then I find that I can't do it. It is all logt and I have come to make this effort today. I don't know that it is any-body's business what I mean, but I want Helen to know I understand. I don't see how the affair will be straightened out until you do something yourself, Helen. Take a stand and don't change after you have taken you own way with your own independent thought and you will be surprised how easy stand and don't cannage after you have taken it and don't be afraid, but just work along your own way with your own independent thought and you will be surprised how easy it comes. I have seen Tom and Bert. I don't speak of them because they are no more important than the rest, only that I am better able to get near to them. Ma says she will help me to help you if you will do your part of it. I have been here long enough to know that spirits can't do it all. These people who sit back and wonder why the spirit doesn't do this or that or the other, don't have much conception of what spirit life is like. You folks have got to do your part and help aloug, else we are impotent. I do send my love and I wouldn't come this way unless I were interested and I might tell you a thousand things I do but they don't bear on this subject at all. You may be pleased to know, though, that I have the dog. He is my constant companion. Thank you."

Verification.

Mrs. Minnie Soule. Dear Friend:--I intended ere this to write hanner Oct. 25 from Mrs. James Clark, Hal-lowell, Me. I went to Hallowell to learn if there were such people as Jane and Amos Clark and found a gentleman who said he attended school with Amos Clark and he had a wife whose name was Jane. I also intend just as soon as I can to look up the M. F. Hutchinson if possible to whom a message was sent in Banner, Jan. 31. I know Mrs. M. F. Hutchinson who with her family made her home in Augusta but has moved away. Georgianna S. Davis. Augusta, Me.

Augusta, Me.

THE POET.

Let me go where'er I will, I hear a sky-born music still: It sounds from all things old, It sounds from all things young, From all that's fair, from all that's foul, Peals out a cheerful song. It is not only in the rose, It is not only in the bird, Not only where the rainbow glows, Nor in the song of woman heard, But in the darkest, meanest things, There alway, alway something sings. "Tis not in the high stars alone, Nor in the cups of budding flowers, Nor in the redbreasts mellow tone, Nor in the bow that unlies in showers, But in the mud and scuin of things There alway, alway something sings. But in the mud and scum of things. There alway, alway something sings. --Emerson.

Spiritual Evolution or Regeneration.

THE LAW AND PROCESS OF THE UNFOLD-MENT OF THE CHRIST IN CONSCIOUS NESS.

R. C. Douglas.

This is a series of metaphysical essays on the Bible account of the six days of creation and the seventh day of rest and on six steps or degrees in the life of Jesus the Christ and his resurrection. The author is a close Bible student and independent thinker, who has studied well the spiritual meanings of the Scriptures. He speaks to all who are seeking spiritual development. His interpretation of the life of the Christ is very beautifal, in pointing out "the way" for the realization of the Christ in consciousness. He has made certain portions of the Bible the basis of his ne hre or the Christ is very behultid, in pointing out "the way" for the realization of the Christ in consciousness. He has made ertain portions of the Bible the basis of his argument, as they contain the dundamental order of all evolution, whether cosmical or spiritual. The Scriptures have been written to tench Truth, and there is a scientific law tunning through them, a law as accurate as the laws of physical science. The one thing which all the world is seek-ing is truth, the pearl of great price. Truth is ternal, unchangeable, spiritual principle, as Lucretia Mott says: "Truth for authority, not anthority for truth." Because truth is ternal principle, the great teacher said, "I am the truth." Truth is divine and is au-value, as though it was an objective something which the mind can grasp and analyze, but is is not a thing of intellect, but being spir-tual it must he "spiritual idea, we may clothe it in intellectual formula, that by the science and the spiritual idea, we may clothe it in intellectual formula, that by the science ot others. "With this introduction he turns to the first fay, Gen. 1, 3. God said: "Light be and fay, Gen. 4, 3. God said: "Light be and fays Gene ways." The proper study of manking is man." Then it is necessary that we see him as he is in truth, not from the set him as he is in truth, not from the set him. "His son, made in His image." This is the true man, not as he appears to be Being God born, he is naturally a wor-sonception of God, dark, superstitious, etc. Bristis a versting of intelligion "is the man's science." The tendency of today in this di-science." The tendency." On the science is of Man and the Universe, and why should oct apiritual as well as material things be-scientifies As the spiritual udderlies th certain portions of the Bible the basis of his

of concealed mysterice, written by mystics in symbol, metaphor, allegory. Genesis history of creation is one of the most ancient of alle-pories, not original with Moses. We must here eliminate time and space for there are neither with God so "In the beginning" is the Moses way of beginning his history. This Genesis story is an allegorical pleture of the cosmic order, designed to show the process for the unfoldment of the spiritual conscious-ness in the individual; it is the story of Re-generation, the great theme of the Scripture, and the first necessity is Light, so Light was. The second day: "Let there be a firmament

seneration, the great theme of the Scripture, and the first necessity is Light, so Light was. The second day: "Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters and let it divide the waters from the waters." Gen 1, 6. The second day of this symbology is the second step in spiritual evolution. Every great unfoldment has its six periods, the sev-onth is the perfect attainment. Unfoldment is the order of life; progress is the law of the universe. Notice that in this allegory it is always "the evening and the morning" which make the "day," never otherwise, as that would be advancing downward. We are taking our second step in search of the light of truth; and we must use the graser of denials. To this end we must es-tablish a firmament to divide between the waters, that is discriminating between classes of thoughts, the true from the false. We are to reject from the mind all that cannot be measured by the perfect plumb line of truth. The mind must be emptied of its errors and liez, before it can receive truth. Two great errors prevail in man, the first is the reality of eril. God alone is, and God is good and as He is all, there cannot really be any evil. We must then deny the reality of evil. The second error is the reality of matter. From the standpoint of the animal-human they seem real, but from the standpoint of the divine-human they are not real. This radical denial of things of the old consciousness, may distress us at first, but old things are to be put away. The third day—Affirmation and concentra-

distress us at first, but old things are to be put away. The third day—Affirmation and concentra-tion: "Let the waters under heaven be gath-ered together in one place, and let the dry land appear." Gen. 1, 9. Our first two steps having been taken, we will advance another step, but in the nature of the case, we may not be able to open up fully developed spiritual senses all at once. The divine wisdom is unfolded to us with our unfoldment.

of the case, we may not be able to open up fully developed splitual senses all at once. The divine wisdom is unfolded to us with our unfoldment. When the waters of thought are gathered together, they form a compound of character, which is the dry land that always appears. The waters inder our firmament are the thoughts we make practical in life, and they determine character. Discrimination of thoughts was our previous step. In this we come to affirmation of the truth, and that fills the mind with beautiful pictures of joy, harmony and health. Our ideals are our greatest, most useful and helpful pictures, and our highest ideal is our conception of God. Our first affirmation is that man is the Son of God, with all that it implies. Our second/will be whatever God is, that I am. Our third is: Since I am a son of God, I am holy like him, not a sinner. The fourth is: God's will is my will. He explains these af-firmations at great length: Tourth day, the two great lights: "And God made two great lights, the greater light to rule the day, the lesser light to rule the night." Gen. 1, 16. There are two great lights, by one or the other of which every man is guided. To the children of the Re-generation both lights are in constant daily use, but to those of the generation only the lesser light is known, they are in spiritual darkness. The greater light (the sun) is spir-itual wisdom. The lesser light (the moon) is the symbol of intellect. The one is divine, the other human; one is of eternity, the other of time. Knowledge may be found without; but wisdom is to be found only with. "The fifth day, thought and expression: "God said, let the waters bring forth alund antity the moving creature that has life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven." Gen. 1, 20. This chap-ter treats of the creative power of thought. Mind is the creator of the idea, and will is the executive power which exceutes the di-vine purpose, that the divine thought any be visibly expressed. This is the universal order of

pire high, mounting as on engle's wings. The sixth day, creation of man. Gen. 1: 26, 27. This chapter treats of God imaging himself in man. Everything in the universe images God in a certain degree, but man is the highest expression. His crowning work, man, was at first spiritual like God, the phy-sical developed later on, and crushed, as it were, the spiritual, but the true conception of man is Man as God sees him from the standpoint of truth, the false conception is man as viewed from the standpoint of the seuses. God saw His creation and pro-God saw His creation and prononneged it "very good," and as He has purer eyes than to belold iniquity, he sees man as His image very good; that is the standpoint of truth, and our unfoldment will bring us to of truth, and our unfoldment will bring us to the book. The second part will follow the six days of the Christ's symbology. In tracing out the process of spiritual evo-lution in the Mosaic course, the author has shown in the symbolism of the great allegory of creation the law of the soul's unfoldment through divine order in the six days neces-sary to every great unfoldment, when the soul reaches the end of its struggles in spir-itual realization, its Sabbath of rest. Then in the six days of the Christ course he outlines the same process of regeneration, as allegori-Ithe six days of the Christ course he outlines the six days of the Christ course he outlines the same process of regeneration, as allegori-cally set forth in the unique life of Jesus of Nazareth, the archetypal man, whose life course was the prophecy of the experience of every individual evolving the Christ con-sciousness. The first step in the way of spir-itual unfoldment is the conception of the di-vine idea of germ-principle in conscionsness. The New Birth is the first step for every ini-tiate in the way of the true Christian life. Christ born fn the soul. The second step is the soul's unfoldment in wisdow, indicated by the mystical expression "tweive years old." This unfolding continues until the fulness of wisdom is attained. Wis-dom is the spiritual nutrition of the soul which builds it in strength and power, un-folding its manhood to the "stature of Christ," attaining which it receives the bap-tirmal revelation: "This is my Beloved Son." The third great step is overcoming and dis-comption of the soul the so tismal revelation: "This is my Beloved Son." The third great step is overcoming and dis-crimination. Here you wrestle with tempta-tion, and prevail like a son of God. Here you must solve the problem of good and evil, and thus demonstrate your son-ship. Here all things of temptation must be met (the 40 days fast) and all overcoming must be done, and thus demonstrate your son-ship. The fourth great step is demonstration in words and works, bealing the sick and re-forming the sinner, by showing your under-standing and appropriation of the Kingdom of Herven. of Heav of Heaven. The fifth great step is "Gethsemane" or self-remunciation, a most heart-searching ex-perience, nor can we conform to the divine will until this lesson is learned: "Not my will, but thine," must be the language of the soul, even to the utter giving up of self, before you can advance to Calvary. Many have taken

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the first four steps, but few have had the comage to pass the severe ordeal of Geth-semane. The sixth great step is Crucifixion, another does nexperience of the heart, the one preced-ing and making possible the glories of the resurrection of Christ in our consciousness. We must crucify the carnal self, the son of man before the true self, the 'Son of God' can be realized in consciousness. The teachings of the book are nothing but "Christian Science," no evil, no sin, no mat-ter and no disease. The book is well worth reaching and cannot fall to interest metaphy-sicins. Fred de Bos. Tublished by Lee and Shepard, Boston. Order of Banner of Light Publishing Com-pany. Price \$1.20.

"Hundreds and Hundreds of Thousands of Lives."

Rivenoak.

Riveneak. So Prof. Wallace is right after all, Flam-stration and the rest to the contrary notwith-standing. This earth is the centre of the Milky Way and the centre of the universe; therefore the first chapter of Genesis equally true, the earth created for man's growth, the suns, moous and stars merely to give him life of man is played upon this earth. Adam and Eve, the apple tree, the serpent and all facts. Mark Twain's weeping at the grave of Adam is no longer funny. If any other proof be needed than those of the Hebrew Bible, reincarnation supplies it, for as we are to live and re-live here for 'lives.'' it is very easy to be seen that Earth is the important dot in the universe. Here through cternity; here only they progress. It is no busy turning celestial somersults in a mad effort to give heat and light to the and effort.

a mad effort to give heat and light to the royal carth. The present writer, however, is one who does not accept the theory of reincarnation nor the "centre of the universe" idea of Prof. Wallace. In an article to the Banner some few weeks ago I gave it as my opinion that reincarnation is unscientific and unnecessary in the Cosmic Economy, and I still hold to this idea, notwithstanding the sympathy ex-tended to me for my ignorance by a recent contributor upon the same subject. The readers of the Banner have recently-been told that the idea of reincarnation being in the minds of so many people, cropping out

been told that the idea of reincarnation being in the minds of so many people, cropping out in magazine articles, in poems or in lectures, is a strong indication of its truth. It is noth-ing of the kind. Thousands more people do not believe in reincarnation than do; thou-sands in the Christian churches especially and thousands of free-thinkers most emphat-ically disbelieve in it, so the weight of that argument is decidedly against reincarnation. -We were also told that "when we awake to conscionsness here, the whole world seems a familiar friend to us. There is nothing new or startling in any scene or happening. It dawns upon us that we are thoroughly at home." Surely such statements bear their own contradiction upon their face. Nothing can be more obviously false than such words. Why, the very first look the child gives is

or startling in any scene or happening. It dawas upon us that we are thoroughly at home." Surely such statements bear their own contradiction upon their face. Nothing can be more obviously false than such words. Why, the very first look the child gives is one of interrogation, and as soon as he can speak he begins to ask "What is this, or that, or the other?" A child has been called a living question mark and the definition is certainly a very apt one. I was born and reared in a scaboard city, never leaving it until when a lad of eleven I went on a short journey into New York State and obtained my first view of mountains. I have never forgotten the trip. Every peak that I saw was a revelation to me, something entirely new, as different as possible from every idea I had had of a mountain. Every scene that came to my view was decidedly "new and startling" to me. Years afterward, when I traveled West and beheld the mag-nificent "Rockies," I was equally astounded at their grandeur. I had seen our Eastern mendows, too, before that Western trip, but the prairies were another revelation to me; and so today, I often see and hear things in Nature which to me are "new and startling." The sea is always "new" to me. I always see some new light or shadow or scene upon it, which reveals it in a new beauty or in a more sublime phase. Of course there was "nothing new" to Co-lumbus in the sights he beheld when he landed on a new world. "Nothing new" to De Soto when he gazed upon the mighty Mississippi. "Nothing new" to the people of the old world when they saw the strange race of men, the vegetation and other alleged wonders of a new world. Oh, no! They simply gazed at them all in astonishment that was feigned, not ren; for they had all seen jist such things in some one or another previous life they had lived upon this earth. It is a little odd that early or middle geologic strata do not show any trace of hu-man remains, while they give abundant evi-dence of lower animal existence; and that present science almost foresees a

ing destined to live here for anything like "hundreds and hundreds of thousands of ves." Belief in reincarnation leads simply to relives. duction and absurdium, as the great majority of the arguments offered in its behalf indicate. It is parrowing. It is soul and spirit stultify-<text> ing. It drives from our minds the concep-tion of the Great God, Infinite Intelligence

Elizabeth Jordan, Oakland, Cal.

Elizabeth Jordan, Oskland, Cal. A lady about twenty-five years old, comes here now. She is slight and delicate like a flower, fair, with light brown hair, and her manners betray good breeding. Her name is Elizabeth Jordan, she was married and lived in California, Oakland. Her husband's name was Benjamin, they called him Ben. She says: "I wasn't married very long and I felt deeply grieved to leave earth life when it held so much for me. You who are still living can never know the first agony of the soul when it finds itself on the other side of all that it has held dear. There is some-thing that soparates us from those we love. I have never been just the same since I came here that I was before. I have the same thoughts and desires but I cannot make it so real as to feel myself in the family as before. I suppose part of this feeling came from the very literal way in which I was put out of the life, just as though death had ended everything for me until the great from the very literal way in which I was put out of the life, just as though death had ended everything for me until the great morning of joy abould dawn, when my friends would come too, and in that very practical way everything was put away that belonged to me. It seemed to make me turn to spirit conditions and see what I could find there. Aunt Anna is helping me to come today and she says, 'Please tell all die friends we are trying to be as brave and strong as though we had understood all about this from the beginning of our lives.' I am still trying to paint a little and occupy my mind for I have a mind over here as well as my spirit and I am trying to occupy my mind with some thought that shall keep me from dwell-ing too much on the past. I haven't been much among the children, I couldn't quite bear to. Sometime I suppose I will but not yet. Oh it is so hard to speak! It seems as if I could take up life again with more strength than I ever had for having had this opportunity to speak and I thank you so much for giving me the chance."

Sarah Swift, Harrisburg, Pa., to Loonard Swift.

I see a woman about forty-two or forty-three years of age. That may not be quite as old as she is or quite as young, but ahe is a quiet, sensible little woman; she isn't very stout but rather tall and large with a clear skin and not much color. She says: "I am Sarah Swift; I am from Harrisburg,

Mrs. Bemis, Plantsville, Ohio

Mrs. Demis, Planisville, Ohio. The is the spirit of a woman about fifty for a sold. She is thin and quite tall and looking face. Her name is Mrs. Bemis and she thrown hair, blue eyes and a very sad her says it is no hard to be so near and yet we unable to say all she wants to. "Td like him better it would be the happiest moment of my life. I have a home, dear, and I am onsy in it; I am getting ready for you. It halps me so much, everything I do-to know him better it would be here with me. It am able to say to other places and sometimes wounged over ever being able to speak what it wanted to, I have taken a little journey to ever here, great distance doesn't seem like dis-tange have they are a long way of a sy hen I am close to them. It is a clearer at and thim here fascinating to try to see all the him to know I have tried to help him ma-terially. It seemed best to do so because here was he such need. I used to live in Plants.

JUNE 6, 1908.

love. I see with the eyes of the spirit beyond the cloud land of earth into the sunlight of His blessedness.

His blessedness. They can you who hold the doctrine of re-incarnation claim the protection of the courts of law as teaching a religion? There has never been a better definition of religion given than the old Biblical one—'True religion is to keep ourselves unspotted from the world and to risit the widows and the fatheriess in their "widows and fatheriess" that would not be a mockery of their grief? Can you say you are "unspotted from the world" when your every thought and idea revolves about this petty bit of clay and is permeated with the influence of "the earth earth?" — Influtely better in every means the teach-ing of the orthodox churches of the day than is a teaching based upon reincarnation. Peace of rafte. — The politicalities only proves the truth and gives an everlasting reality to it. In its blessed ways and is permeased when the four the set of failt. — The we Spiritualists have liked to hold god who was better than the God of Ortho-forky for that God condemned some to ever-lasting transmither while we had found (or hought we had) that Love reigned supreme. Forgive us, dear reader, that was in the draw of our youth, before we understood nit" mow and "see its sweet reasonableness," and we are going to tramp up and down this earth of "hundreds and hundreds of thous ands of lives" seeking progression, be-spirit realm is far too small to hold us all and the God we now know know we have progressed since learning about reincarnation! We have found that the spirit realm, instead of being infinite in ex-tent say eused to think, is really a sort of the occupants of that chamber, and, or though the same old show one we know whow when the sea end y the dream biblings of the occupants of that chamber, and, or proming back to earth life at its close to pro-progression where they are, and as we shout "henuified spirit messages." We now whow that these are only the dream biblings of the occupants of that chamber, and, or proming back to earth life at its close

truy wondertui how you have progressed since the days of that sword affair! Progression is only during earth life. Let us see. Is it so? How much have we really progressed in the past five centuries? Then men were hung, drawn and quartered, burned at the stake and tortured in many ways. To-day we have our "lynching bees," we burn merroes at the stake, we electrocute or hang as the passion of the hour may dictate. Five hundred years ago kings, princes and employers tyranaized over their subjects. Men in au-thority, our merchant princes and employers very often do likewise today. Power and do-minion over one's fellow creatures are as much sought after and correspondingly as-greatly abused today as ever they were. "I fear no wild beast," I once heard a man eay. "but God protect me from my own kind."

and the state of the state o

avoid nor whist goals to seek. We should be as apt to fall into the ditch today as we were resterday, and the results would be as se-rious. As to the "blessing of forgetfulness," failing memory is a sure sign of approaching senility, a weakening of the powers and a grait stride onward toward dissolution. Let us not then weakly think of forgetting, but manfally and bravely use every mistake of our lives as a rock upon which to stand as we pass to something higher and nobler, re-membering the wrong of the past together with the strength given us to put it under our feet.

membering the wrong of the past together with the strength given us to put it under our feet. "Reincarnation," it is also said, "makes death no more than a sleep to us and a re-clothing of our lives when the new morning comes." It is added that our friendships are ours through these changes. Thanks be to God death is not a sleep to me. It is active, glorious life wherein I shall be forever with those more dearly beloved than my own life. What guarantee have I under the dogma of reincarnation that I shall meet my own again —meet them and know them as I knew them here? Some of those I most long to see were old, as years of earth, go, when I was but young and have now been in spirit life for many years. When I go to that sleep they may be just awakening here again. At least so I have been told in a lecture given in the city of Boston by a Spiritualist-reincarna-tionist.

so I have been told in a lecture given in the city of Boston by a Spiritualist-reincarna-tionist. So I say yet again, it is a hideous doctrine. It destroys hope and makes mock of love and sacred grief. Why, oh God, torture us with sorrow at the transition of a loved one if sor-row be so vain? Why smite us twice with heart-crushing, soul-withering grief—once in earth life, again in spirit? Better far is an-nihilation itself than this pitiless doctrine of reincarnation; for it is, when reduced to its simplest terms, but annihilation of the indi-lution as the final goal. "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." I reject and despise the little god and his bed chamber heaven. I reverence and adore the Almighty and to all men in-comprehensible God of the illimitable universe in whose hands are all times and seasons,

in whose hands are all times and seasons, who has not made love to be destroyed, nor my soul to be swallowed up in nothingness after an eternity of toil and pain and wearl-

ness. I know that my own beloved are not, "asleep," awaiting a cruel mandate that shall return them to this shadow land, and I look forward in blessed hope and stendfant faith to the day when I shall be with them all there "where no clouds gather," to live with them and grow with them from one glory to another glory, ever onward and upward for ave.

Joy is Life.

Elbert Hubbard.

We are finding out things right along; and

We are finding out things right along; and one of the things we have recently discovered or re-discovered-is that getting old is simply a bad habit. A man who thinks he is old, is. And the man who retires from business will shortly be retired by death. Nature has no use for the person who quits, so she just takes his word for it and lets him quit. And another rather curious thing is, that the foar of death is the monopoly of young people. The man who has lived lives long, and who has kept right at his work, living one day at a time and not bothering other folks any more than he had to, doing each task the best he could, keeping an interest in all good things—that man is not afraid to die. He is willing to go or stay, stays quife a while. Mental work of a congenial kind is a great stimulus to bodily vigor—to think good thoughts, work them out like nuggets of gold and then coin them into words, is a splendid jor.

thoughts, work them out like nuggets of gold inor. And joy is life. I remember seeing Oliver Wendell Holmes when he was eighty-three at Emerson Col-lege of Oratory, where, of course, he was dearly beloved by everybody. On the occa-sion I have in mind, he made a little speech and explained that he was just getting his affairs into shape, that he market come and join the school as a student. Then to prove his quality he recited, "Has there any old cellow got mixed with the boys?" The man's enjoyment in life was complete— he was satisfied, grateful for the past, and he showed his gratitude by filling the present with good work. Bran work is just as necessary as physical forercise, and the man who studies his own case and then plays one kind of work off against another, finds a continual joy and zest in life. The Greeks came-near finding this just balance of things: Solon, Sophocles, Findar, Anarceon and Xenophon lived to be over eighty, doing strong and excellent work to the last. When Goethe died, past eighty, the doctors laid his naked body out on the table, and Scheffler exclaimed, "It is the body of a Greek god," and burst into tens. There was no wastage, nor shrinkage, nor signs of age in that heroic form. Michael Angelo was writing love sonnets at eighty-nine, and titian came within one year of making the entury run, and his prayer at the last was that he might live to finish a certain freesco.— The Philistine.



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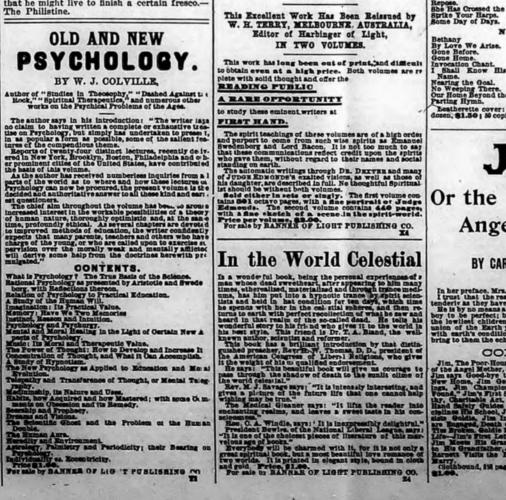
400 pages, by DR. J. M. PEEBLES, Contains the ripest thoughts and

richest scholarship of a number of the most distinguished Liberalist and Spiritualist authors, writers and debaters of this country

We have been told in a recent Banner arti-cle that eternal progression in spirit life is contradicted by our experience with spirit phenomena. My experience is directly to the contrary. I have both seen and heard, again and again, phenomena of a kind and of a quality guite at variance with those ap-parently witnessed by my brother writer. Moreover, it is dragging in an exaggerated psychological condition to assert that there has been little knowledge given which was beyond the reach of the medium's attain-ment. I fail to see what the capability of attainment has to do with the question. I think I could attain to the solving of prob-lems in conic sections, but if I have never studied Analytical Geometry nor gone be-yond the arithmetic, and an equation of lems in conic sections, but if I have never studied Analytical Geometry nor gone be-yond the arithmetic, and an equation of parabola, hyperbola or ellipse should be demonstrated by my organism, it seems to me that it is clear enough that some intelligence information of the section of the section of mastering the subject after years of study through I have the possibility within me of mastering the subject after years of study through algebra, trigonometry and the rest. It may very well be that beyond a certain point progression in spirit life is of a nature information of the section of the section of the section with the section of the section of the section in it. We must "make haste slowly," conquere had, and then we can go forward into the neurage and sure of victory. In my previous article, to the Banner I sected that reincarnation is useless because. It is not only useless but cruel: keeping dreds of thousands of lives," with only the weary blodding through eterality. And a man may be born and live for years with a ster-ing character, and suddenly, in the fires of adversity or firece temptation, fall and leave to born and live for years with a ster-ing character, and suddenly, in the fires of adversity or firece temptation, fall and leave to born and live for years with a ster-ing character, and suddenly, in the fires of adversity or firece temptation fall and leave to a blackened mass to mark what he one was an old, however, that my reply-entling

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Mas. I am told, however, that my reply-calling the loss of memory an affliction, is not a very forcible one, and that "the blessing of forgetfulness is one of the precious helps of true living." Both these statements I deny. The loss of all memory from marmation to incarnation would be an affliction indeed. We should not, I repeat, know what pitfalls to



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The twilight shades are falling fast, The sounds of earth are dead. The end of day has come, at last, When Baby goes to bed.

The eyelids white are drooping low; "Tis time that prayers were said; Aud to the land of nod we go, When Baby goes to bed.

And now the little limbs are free To kick and roll and tread; For this is what he likes, you see, When Baby goes to bed.

We'll put the warm, soft nightle on-He cuddles down so deep. And then comes food to grow upon When Baby goes to sleep.

Now spread the little blankets o'er, And round his dainty feet; The tiny body stirs no more When Baby goes to sleep.

He's crooning to the angels soft. To them his thoughts are sweet. Guardian wings are held aloft When Baby goes to sleep.

-Hugh Glenn Murray, in Mind.

An Unhistoric Dark Day.

Beriha E. Bush.

They were sitting before the fire reading. "Candles were lighted in the houses," read Jimmy. "The fowls retired to roost; the cocks were crowing all around as at the break of day; objects could not be dis-tinguished but at very little distance; and everything bore the appearance and gloom of night."

Well, so they do every night," said Jen-

"Well, so they do every night," said Jen-nie. "That's not wonderful." "Oh, but this was in the daytime," said Jimmy. "The darkness began about ten o'-clock in the morning and lasted all day long. The histories all tell of it, and call it the Dark Day. It was May 19, 1780." Jennie's only answer was a great yawn, for she did not care for history as Jimmy did. The two were keeping house alone. Father and mother had gone to stay all day and all night. Jimmy and Jennie had celebrated by sitting up very late. "How jolly it will be not to hare anybody call us in the morning!" said Jimmy. "Let's sleep as late as we want to for once." "Oh, no, let's get up early. There's lots to do, and we don't want father and mother to think we neglect things," said conscientious Jennie.

Jennie. Fifteen minutes later they were both sound asleep, and only the old clock was left to make a noise in the farm kitchen. But the clock was not so faithful as usual. Something was wrong with it. In the middle of the night it stopped, and no ticking was heard for five hours. Then without any apparent rea-son, it began again, as watches sometimes do. The house was very still in the morning and the two children slept heavily. Jennie woke up first just in time to hear the clock strike.

strike. "Jimmy, Jimmy, wake up!" she cried. "It's

They had always been early risers at the farm and seven o'clock seemed very late to them. Jimmy jumped up like a shot. He hurried to do the chores, and Jennie hurried to get the breakfast. It was a dull, cloudy day, and not a glimpse could they, get of the sun. Jimmy went to his weeding, like the faithful farmer boy he was, and Jennie was very busy about the house till the clock struck twelve. Then she called Jimmy in to dinner. They were very merry at dinner, and ate a long time. "How dark it is!" said Jennie, when the meal was fairly over. "It must be going to rain."

meal was fairly over. "It must be going to rain." They hastened out to scan the sky, but no rain-cloud was to be seen, only the gray mist that had covered the sun all day. "Why! Why-ee!" cried Jennie in astonish-ment. "The chickens are going to roost. Jim-my, it's another Dark Day!" Jimmy rau into the house and brought out the book. He had to hold it close to his eyes to see in the dim light. "Yes!" he cried, excitedly. "It's just the way it was then. We're having another Dark Day. Hooray! Go and look at the clock." "A quarter past one," reported Jennie. "Jimmy, we'll have to light a lamp. Oh, I



Art Association, tells young women what to do to avoid pain and suffering caused by female troubles.

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of women; and when one considers that Miss Gannon's letter is only one of the countless hundreds which we are continually publishing in the newspapers of this country, the great virtue of Mrs. Pinkham's medicine must be admitted by all; and for the absolute cure of all kinds of female ills no substitute can possibly take its place. Women should bear this important fact in mind when they go into a drug store, and be sure not to accept anything that is claimed to be "just as good" as Lydia EN Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, for no other medicine for female ills has made so many soctal cures. many actual cures.

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"It's almost eight o'clock at night! The old clock must have stopped. O father, father, did you ever hear of anything so funny?" But Jimmy and Jennie did rot think it so very funny. It was not till years after that they saw much amusement in their unbistoric Dark Day,—Youth's Companion.

How a Woman Paid Her Debts.

cers for the ensuing year took place. Officers elected are as follows: President, Mrs. Maggie J. Butler; first vice president, Mrs. Eilla A. Weston; second vice president, Mrs. E. C. Dudley; financial secretary, Mrs. M. Eilla Stillings; corresponding secretary, Miss Laura F. Sloan; treasurer, Mrs. Abby F. Thompson; matron of kitchen, Mrs. Forsyth; directors, Mrs. Nellie Walte, Mrs. Porter, Mrs. Neltie Kneelaad, Mrs. S. M. Hall; Mrs. L. A. Backminster, Mrs. Forsyth, Mrs. Mrs. Netlie Kneelaad, Mrs. S. M. Hall; Mrs. I. A. Bnckminster, Mrs. Forsyth, Mrs. George. Our evening meeting opened at 8 o'clock. We had an old fashioned circle and the following mediums assisted: Mrs. Anne Chapman, Mrs. Mary Knowles, Mrs. Moody, Miss Whall, Mr. A. P. Blinn, Mrs. M. J. Butler and a finely rendered song by Mrs. M. E. Stillings. We separate to meet again the first Wednesday in October. The nnual plcnic of the Union and Progressive Lyceum occurs June 20, at Norumbega Park. All members and friends welcome.-Laura F. Sloane, Recording Sec?. A party of ten persons from Foxboro and fifteen or twenty from Mansfield Centre went to West Mansfield on Tuesday evening, May 26, to hear Edgar W. Emerson lecture on The Philosophy and Phenomena of Spirit-ualism as a Science and a Beligion. There were a hundred or more persons present to listen who were investigators and thinkers. Mr. Emerson is one of the best instruments for spirit messages we have in our Eastern States and any society that employs him may be sure he will give perfect satisfaction.--W. G. Lanphine, Foxboro, Mass. Waverley Sunday services.-Sunday services will be resumed at the Waverley Home June 7. These services will be hald each Sunday until October, from 230 p. m. to 430 p. m., with a nickel offering at the door. The open-ing service will be conducted by Mr. and Mrs. Belcher of Mariboro. Mrs. Moody, musical director.

First Association of Spiritualists, N. Y.-Miss Gauls will be assisted next Sunday by Mrs. Helen Temple Brigham, as the society over which she so ably presides closes for the season today. The music will remain under the direction of Mrs. Severn, with Mrs. Oliver as solist, so long as Miss Gaule continues these meetings. Marie J. Fitz-Maurice, secretary, 688 E. 188th St. Mrs. S. C. Cnuningham, test medium, will serve the First Spiritualist Society, Fitch-turg, Mass., Sunday, June 7.

Connecticut State Convention.

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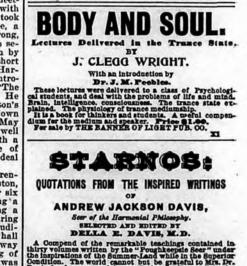
What Was It?

Every citizen of the State of Maine, who has been a continuous resident of that Com-monwealth for the past forty years, has not forgotten the heavy snows and extreme cold of the winter of 187-. The ground was cor-ered with an average depth of the white crystals of more than three feet, and the immense drifts that filled the roads made it seem as if a much greater burden of snow had concealed the earth from view. Trans-portation was very difficult outside of the cities and larger towns, while in these cen-tres traffic was seriously clogged. Between many of the smaller towns, teaming was often utterly impossible for days at a time, and the mails were taken to them by men on snow shoes. This depth of snow was not only unusual even in Maine, but what was more inexplicable, it was accompanied by intense cold. The two conditions do not often go together, even in the State of Maine. cold. The two conditions do not often go together, even in the State of Maine. About the middle of December of the win-ter in question, a terrible snowstorm set in. The winds rose almost to a hurricane and the roads were soon so badly drifted as to render them impassable even for a horse and cutter. The storm was not only fierce, but it was also very cold, and every man, woman and child who could do so, avoided venturing outside of the doors of their homes. Cider, apples and popcorn were indulged in by many was also very cold, and every man, woman and child who could do so, avoided venturing outside of the doors of their homes. Cider, apples and popcorn were induiged in by many families of farmers on that memorable night, and they enjoyed their comfort by the fire as only these sturdy children of the grand old "Ine Tree State" know how. Between the towns of H. and C. lay ten which wound a road that was hard to traveler which wound a road that was hard to traveler on the set of the set of the set of the road of the set. On this wild December night, it was blocked almost too completely to be noticed by the eye of a traveler even in daylight. Just about four o'clock in the furnisances beyond his control, was obliged to set out from H. for C. The storm rose higher and higher and the snow and cold increased in volume from the moment of his doparture. He had a steady hores and small cutter, but his progress was exceedingly slow. After more than two hours' struggle he found inviself only four miles from H. Here he was obliged to leave his hors and proceed as life by exposing himself in such a store. The traveler thanked his kind host, but was done he sought shelter for the horrs protested against his attempting to proceed as inform that night, stating that he risked his that he must reach O. that night, as its maned to it that his mow shoes were in good ordition, as he had a hard road before him. The farmer said no more, but urged his guest is to it that his mow shoes were in to the terrible storm. He buffeted the winds, and drifts, for about two miles, when he sud-dely found himself in the midst of a large pine forest. The great trees towered into the structer a brief respite from his battle with the elements. He made his way through the forest without difficulty, despite the thick

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way it was then. We're having another Dark Day. Hooray! Go and look at the clock." "A quarter past one," reported Jennle. "Jimmy, we'll have to light a lamp. Oh, I wish-I wish-that it was night, so that mother would come." "Nonsense!" said Jimmy, although his own hands trembled queerly. "It's only living history over again. Don't be a coward, Jen-nie. Just think how grand it is to be alive on such a wonderful day." "Don't go out to weed again!" begged Jennie. "Stay in the house with me." ' So Jimmy stayed, and although he wouldn't have liked to own it, he was glad to stay. He even wiped the dishes, "for company," he said. At two o'clock a rattle of wheels was heard, and a buggy drove into the yard. "It's mother!" cried Jennie, joyfully, and ran cut, dish-cloth in hand. Mother got out with her arms full of packages and a beaming smile. But she looked at father queerly when ane saw what the children were doing. "Why, Jennie," she said, "haven't you got your supper dishes done yet?" "Supper!" cried Jimmy and Jennie. "Why, ma, you mean dinner! Did you come early because you thought we'd be afraid? We might have been if we hadn't read about the other Dark Day in the history last night." "Two o'clock in the afternoon," chorused Jimmy and Jennie, pointing to the clock. The mother laughed. Oh, how she laughed! The table fairly shook till all the dishes rat-tied.



es away offerstone cleanes and refreshes the encoder and digest proper food. It contains and digest proper food. It contains the foregoing the second second second the second second second second second the second second second second second the second s d and commended by

Sec. and \$1, or by The Tarrant Co. ("En.) New York I am out of debt, thanks to the Dish-washer business. In the past three months I have made \$600.00 selling Dish-washers. I never saw anything sell so easily. Every family needs a Dish-washer and will buy one when shown how beautifully it will wash and dry the family dishes in two minutes. I sell from my own house. Each Dish-washer sold brings me many orders. The dishes are washed without wetting the hands. That is why ladies want the Dish-washer. I give my experience for the benefit of anyone who may wish to make money easily. I buy my Dish-washers from the Mound City Dish-Washer Co., St. Louis, Mo. Write them for particu-lars. They will start you in business in your own home. L A. C. L. A. C. own home.

Announcements.

Announcements. Dr. Geo. A. Fuller will lecture at Fall River, Mass., June 7, and at Providence, R. L. June 21 and 23. Could accept an engage-ment for June 14. His time is nearly all taken for season of 1903-04. Societies desir-ing his services would do well to write him at once. Address, Onset, Mass. The services for Healing through Music, which Christine Brown has been holding, closed for this, her third season, last Sunday. She will accept engagements, however, dur-ing June, to hold the same kind of service in other localities. The service is for healing, as well as to suggest some of the practical uses to which music may be put. Permanent address, Back Bay P. O., Boston, Mass. The Sunshine Club, Clara E. Strong, presi-dent, holds its public circles at 30 Hunting-ton Ave., Room 202, on Tuesday and Friday evenings. A. M. Strong. The Lynn Spiritualists' Association, Alex Caird, M. D., president, will open meetings for the summer meason at Unity Camp, Saugus Centre, Sunday, June 7-services at 11, 2 and 4. Elisabeth Harlow and other good talent will be present. Music by Etters' or-chestrs. Refreshments can be procured on the grounds. The Ladies' Lyceum Union met in Dwight

the grounds. The Ladies' Lyceum Union met in Dwight Hall, 514 Tremont St., Boston Mass., Wed-nerday, May 27. The annual election of off-

Belcher of Mariboro. Mirs. Moody, musical director. The Gospel of Spintt-Return Society, Min-nie M. Soule, Pastor, held its last service, until September, on Sanday last. Tirst Spiritualist Society, Lowell. Mirs. Annie L. Jones of Lowell lectured and gave spirit, messages afternoon and evening May 81. Between the meetings a sence was held for spirit messages, Mirs. Arthur and Miss Putney of this city and Mr. Geisler of Lawrence conducting the same. Afterwards a large developing circle was held, composed of the members of numericous weekly circles, many of whom are showing marked progress. On Monday evening, June 1, a test scance was drean for the bonefit of the society by Mirs. Anna M. Coggeshall. On Sunday, June 7, the meetings will be commenced in the grove (Earnsclift Grove). Mr. Chas. Dane, Lowell, will occupy the platform. Edmand Pickup, president.



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