

EVOLUTION.

When through the evolution of the mind,
Man realized he was a son of God,
And not a dull materialistic clod,
That all the elements in him combined
Were working for his good, and he designed
To fill a place in nature, one with God.
Ah, what a lifting for worn souls that plod
The weary earth, nor knew themselves so blind!
What reinforcement to a doubting breast,
When man finds in himself the keys,
Which will unlock the kingdom, that the quest
For knowledge ever widens by degrees,
And brings the soul that compensating rest,
Which men have toiled to gain through centuries.

Marcia Davies.

Pen-Flashes from the Pilgrim.

NO. 2.

It was the distinguished General Sherman who so emphatically exclaimed, "War is hell!" National and international difficulties must necessarily arise in this epoch-of-the-world's drama, and there are but two honorable ways of settling them. These are diplomacy and arbitration. War is simply murder in a large legalized scale. And be it as sadly as truthfully said, that Christian nations are the bloodiest fighting nations on earth. Through their chaplains they will pray like saints, and fight like devils. And what is more pitiable is some of the churches have connected with their Sunday-schools, cadets and "boys' brigades," with Christian teachers instructing them how to use the firearms—weapons of murder on battlefields—and all in the name of Jesus, the prince of peace! It is not strange that the Christianity of the church is becoming more and more a "hissing and a bye-word," a moral stench to the souls of the truly great, the good and the benevolently minded.

The kindly-plans devised for others' good,
So seldom guessed, so little understood;
The quiet steadfast love that strove to win
Some wanderer from the woful ways of sin—
Are never lost.

The following from a scholarly writer, thinker and jurist, Sir Hartley Williams, of Melbourne, reveals a soul not far from the kingdom:—

"There were, perhaps, many stages on the spiritual plane, and as the translated Ego gradually developed it would pass from stage to stage, as Christ had clearly indicated when He said, 'In My Father's house are many mansions.' Arnold had put the thought well in his line—

Veil after veil shall lift as we progress.

"If there was truth in Spiritualism—and he had little doubt that there was—it must be that much of the twaddle recorded of the cult had been communicated by the foolish, wicked, low-plane spirits. We knew that there must be a higher and also a lower Spiritualism. Those who had passed over were, perhaps, nearer to, and not farther from us, acting in a way as spiritual guardians and guides. He did not regard Spiritualism as all delusion, or as a religious fraud, although personally he had never attended a seance, private or public. In the next life, on the spiritual plane, we should each experience exactly what we each deserved. Let us remember that true religion consisted in deeds, not in creeds; in actions, not in professions, and that the highest duty was to do good and to be good."

The General Assembly of the Presbyterians recently meeting in Los Angeles, California, have, after a struggle of years, so revised their old 17th century creed that the Pope is no longer "Anti-Christ," the doctrine of "election and reprobation" is dropped, and the phrase, "elect infants," indicating infant damnation, is expunged. What stentorian hallelujahs must go up from babies of all the English-speaking nations of the world! Think of it! No more infants to be eternally damned because of a bit of fruit-eating in Eden's mythic garden several thousand years ago! This august Presbyterian body of religionists will accept a thousand thanks, coupled with the hope that they will continue revising—and revising.

Love—pure love, guided by wisdom and dominated by will and purpose, constitutes the great redemptive power of the world. Beautiful in effect is the medicine of fraternal love to the morally diseased. It works by an infinitude of methods, but always to redemptive ends. When fires, fagots, clanking chains and gloomy penitentiaries had all failed to reform, the "still small voice" of love touched the heart-strings, opened a new fountain and redeemed the erring. This principle, wielded by William Penn, tamed the Indian soul and toned it to throbbing kindness. Wielded by the benignant Howard, it made dingy prisons, in Europe, schools of reform. Breathed by the great-hearted Oberlin, it transformed many by-ways of pollution, in the Old World, into blooming gardens. Whispered by the womanly, Elizabeth Fry, it filled those dungeoned in houses of refuge and asylums of outcasts with higher thoughts and purer

ideals—as sure to produce high, elevating influences as are shivering lightnings to do their missioned work. Moral power is the only force ever employed by God, angels and good spirits, in the divine order of subjugation. It is the deepest and mightiest principle in the universe. It is the silvery sea over which mortals sail to the heaven they seek. Oh, it is sweet—it is life evermore to breathe the beauty, the divine sweetness of love!

"For love is the theme that the seraph choirs
Are now hymning through the stars,
And we catch the strain from their golden lyres,
When our souls let down their bars."

Man is not "a religious animal," as is often said in platform talks, but a reasoning, rational, and morally responsible being. Remember that Spiritualism is not mere animism—it is not a helter-skelter series of phenomena from the lower obsessing spheres to gratify curiosity, to cater to individual selfishness, or to personal aggrandizement; but it is a mighty spiritual force of the first magnitude, opening with its demonstrations the gates of immortality to Vedic adepts, to Hebrew seers, to a Socrates, to a Victor Hugo, a Robert Owen, and to all honest seekers after truth today. It is a priceless pearl, holding up a noble type of character, presenting a higher ideal of living, and bearing aloft in vision a new order of society rightly named—Religious Socialism, based upon justice, self-abnegation, and the fraternity of humanity. Could there be a grander consummation than this union of all mankind into one vast loving brotherhood? The inspiration of Spiritualism, embracing all new thoughts, all newly-conceived truths, and new purposes, leads up and on to this mighty result; and energy, continuity in action, and holy purposes are the evolutionary methods to the attainment.

In passing from the old to the new, there will necessarily be rough eddies in the river, rugged rock-ribbed mountains to climb, periods of troubling storms along the passage, discords of broken harmonies, the grating of shifting centres, the elimination of old formulae, all—all bespeaking the travail of a new birth. Suffering precedes all higher births, much as the sounds of the saw and hammer, and the falling of scaffolding precede the finish of the most magnificent palaces.

It was my good fortune to once cross the Atlantic, among the passengers being George Francis Train and Elder F. W. Evans. And believe me, they kept things lively. They were both vegetarians, both anti-orthodox, and both took seemingly delight in teasing and tormenting the preachers aboard. What one could not think of in undermining popular theology, the other could—and they were both industrious in this kind of charitable work. They called citizen Train insane. Of old, the fossilized Pharisees and others, pronounced Paul "mad"—insane. Personally, I prefer their insanity to the sanity of bigots, sepulchral-toned sectarists, and churchian block-heads.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat, concerning citizen Train says:

George Francis Train is an example of abstinence from animal food that is worthy of study. Who could have a more active brain? For thirty years citizen Train has kept aloof from flesh food; nearly half of his life has been a continuous Lent; and in all that time he has managed to startle the country with the originality of his ideas nearly once a year. There are very many people who think Mr. Train is crazy, but some of the brilliancies of his remarks are not to be attained by millions of people who are perfectly sane; indeed, so thoroughly sane that they never say anything worth listening to. Whenever Train opens his mouth to speak the matter of his utterance is considered of sufficient importance that reporters, lead pencil in hand, hasten to jot it down and it is telegraphed at once to all the great newspapers. Are these the maunderings of a crazy man? Well, hardly. They are at least as intelligible as much of "Tommas" Carlyle. George Francis Train has a style of his own, and when he was in his vigor it was refreshing and more often witty than not. He said a great many things about people that were unpleasant for people to hear—if they were conceited—but some of them were so, and nobody had ever said them before.

"The world does not care for a fragrance that never is lost in perfuming.
The world does not care for the blossoms that wither away before blooming.
The world does not care for the chimes remaining unring by the finger.
The world does not care for the songs unsung in the soul of the singer.

What use to mankind is a purpose that never shone forth in a deed?
What use has the world for a loving that never had winner nor wooer?
The motives, the hopes, and the schemes that have ended in idle conclusions
Are buried along with the failures that come in a life of illusions."

Paste the above lines in your hat, brother, and go to work, go to work and do something, making your ideal the practical real. If you've an unsung song in your nature, sing it, and let the world feel its subduing melody; if you've a good purpose in your mind, carry

it out, perfect it; if you have long-cherished theories and aims in your heart, actualize them; but if you have ill-conceived suspicions, envies, and jealousies rankling within, cast them out. They are poisons. They are devils. Yes, "spue" them out, and so give place to the nobler, sweeter, purer emotions of confidence and faith; and if you have money above life's necessities and bare comforts, and intend to do anything for the upbuilding of truth—anything to benefit this great, struggling, pulsing world, do it now—NOW. Tomorrow your body may be lifeless, cold, dead—and your selfish soul in Hades!

Our religious brethren of the Episcopalian cult have ritualistic churchmen, high churchmen, low churchmen and broad churchmen, all presided over, often by one bishop. But Spiritualism is broader, deeper and diviner than any churchian organization, because its cornerstone is Spirit, and because it includes in its ample folds all the conscious intelligences of this and all the invisible worlds of infinity. The old hymnist thus sang better than he knew:

"One family we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath,
Though not divided by the stream,
The swelling stream of death."

Walled-in cities, and residences with high frowning walls around them, often seen in foreign countries, and ever-locked entrance-gates thereto, virtually say, "The latch string is not out. You are not my neighbor. You may look at my roof and chimney-top, but not at my costly mosaic, my grassy, lovely lawn, my bewitching shrubbery, my beautiful roses and lilies, nor at my magnificent paintings, all of which fenced-in stockadings are but the quintessence of mean, soul-shriveling ancestral selfishness." Thank God! No caste, no mercenary aristocracy can wall out the sunshine, fence away the summer showers, still the music of the forest bird, nor bottle up the odors of the million flowers that multi-millionaires offensively call "mine." There are sunrise pictures that the Vanderbilts, Astors, Pullmans and Rockefellers could neither buy nor hide behind great brown-stone fronts. I recollect when first visiting the American Shakers at Mount Lebanon, New York, some thirty years ago, who were straight-out Spiritualists before the day of modern Spiritualism, of asking Elder Frederick Evans why he had no great ornamental pictures in his library room. It was just at the moment of a golden and most gorgeous sunset. The Elder, rising up a full "six feet four inches," and stretching out his long arm westward, said, "There are our paintings, done by a divine hand. Copy them—equal them if you can. . . . Your hotel, parlor, and bedroom paintings, as compared with ours, in the skies, are but daubs. Some are new, and others are nasty. Our ideals are purer, higher. God is the artist, and He paints the pictures that we so much admire." It is but just to say that today the Shaker homes are surrounded by flowers—flowers in their yards, flowers in their rooms, and all their environments are not only attractive but spiritually uplifting.

"Lots of Pretty."

The door bell clashed and the master of the house, who hated gongs, appeared from an inner room, paper in hand, to answer the harsh summons that had come as an interruption to his reading. "No," he said, speaking like one offended (he always was offended whenever he heard that bell), "nothing wanted here."

The mistress of the house drew her tired arms out of the suds, turned her head about over her shoulder and peered through the crevice made by the kitchen door that stood ajar. From where she stood she could not see very well who had arrived, for the outer door, which stood but partly open made a screen, and she was behind that, but after a cautious widening of the crack she discovered on the step, tied up in a cloth, with a rim of snow behind it, a pedler's pack, like a giant pudding set on a white platter; bunched together, the ends of the cloth stood up stiff and thrifty, like the top of a pineapple.

Relieved that the caller was but a pedler after all,—for of course a pedler was not far away, since bundles of goods go not on a mission unattended,—she had been apprehensive of that terror of washday, company to dinner,—she thrust the door open with her shoulder and leaned forward to get a better view, and also to be recognized as one of the ruling powers of the household, as well as to rescue the jeopardized hospitality; and so, somewhat unexpectedly, looked straight into two dark eyes, set in a boyish face, browned by the suns of Italy. "No," she said, like one who greets a friend, "nothing wanted, sir."

"No?" said the fellow, brightening all over, like a bit of metal that has caught the sun-ray; he put a hand on either side the portal and leaned through the opening, not daring to enter, because of the frowning deity at

his side. "No?" he said, again, caressing her with his eyes, "not want to see lots of pretty?"

"Not today—busy," she said, cheerily. "Beezee," said the man, with a smile of appreciation; he grasped the pack and slung it on his shoulder as lightly as though it were a mandolin, and departed. The man of the house went back to his reading. The woman of the house turned round to the washbasin and the door swung to of its own accord, shutting her in the kitchen, and so the little incident was ended.

That night the housewife sat by the window, jaded and depressed from overwork. She was thinking of that question and her answer, "Not want to see lots of pretty?"

"Too busy now." Too busy with washing dishes, making old garments new, worrying, grieving, to give one little hour to the stars and marvel at the majesty of their shining; too busy to remember that life is brief, that the step shall falter and the heart-throbs cease; too busy to note the beauty of the flowers when all the earth is clothed with wonder-grace and every leaf whispers of the mysteries of its world, while the brook sings to the river, "Pretty, pretty, pretty, lots of pretty, pretty everywhere."

Across the street, high on its post of wood, there swung an electric lamp. It sent its strange reflection over the sheet of snow that covered the field opposite the window. As the woman gazed idly forth, the light lessened and changed from a ball of silver with misty rays to an oval of pure gold, whereat a change came over the sheet of snow.

The kettle that held the fire soaked and swung and the snow grew grey and satiny; over it, like a scarf, there trailed a wavering sheen of palest gold; under which the web of satin crinkled and surged and glistened, and the golden light poured over it like water, changing like Northern lights, a marvel and a mystery—"lots of pretty."

The light flared, then changed into a star, which grew and beamed through churning, misty fire, and the snow, now white as paper, caught the reflection of the solitary elm and wrought a miracle in the making of cartoons; then, the light sinking, the snow was again satin and palest pearl, and the slinking, tossing motion was renewed, a river of melted pearls, tossing, surging, catching a weird glory of changing light, and now a glistening quicksand was shimmering under sunset. And that weird glare yonder, set on high, that failed and then flashed forth, was now a revolving light, hung in a lighthouse, to mark a dangerous river!

"Lots of pretty," both in the real world and the world of seeming and folk too busy to give it an hour of thought.

Mary E. Blanchard.

Said the Child.

"The dear Lord Christ stood at my side last night," said the Child.

"'Twas but a dream," said the Father.

"The dear Lord Christ stood at my side last night," said the Child. "And the wounds in His hands and feet were dripping red—"

"How weird the fancy!" shuddered the Mother.

"And the wounds in His hands and feet were dripping red and a crimson stain grew wide and wider over His shining robe. I was so sorry and I cried and kissed the dear hands and feet," said the Child.

"Hush, you know not what you say," said the Father.

"I kissed the dear hands and feet," said the Child. "And I asked the Blessed Jesus: 'What has torn the wounds afresh?' And the dear Christ answered: 'In Africa were my feet torn, in China they rent anew the nail prints in my left hand and in the Philippines was my right hand torn. The injustice of the world tears open the gash in my side. The cry of the miner's child, hungry and helpless, and the wail of the wasted lives of the little ones woven in miles and miles of accursed cloth by the roaring mills bows me again beneath a heavier cross than I bore up Calvary. Oh, these little ones who are of my Kingdom, whose white soul-flowers are defiled by man-made trade for gain! More bitter than the scourging and buffeting is the loss of these to me. And out of the gain wrung from wrecked child-lives they dare build churches in my name! In my name, who said: 'It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones!' And I pleaded, 'Blessed Lord, take me with you, that my love may comfort you.'"

"Oh, my child, think of this no more!" said the Mother.

"And I pleaded, 'Blessed Lord, take me with you,'" said the Child. "But the dear Christ said: 'Oh, little child-heart so near to me now—so near to me now; some day for the love of the world and the lust of success, you will make still heavier the burden of the cross.' And I said: 'Take me now, that I may never leave you or harm you.' And the dear Christ said: 'It may not be, but this lay to your soul. He who sanc-

tions wrong has blood upon his hands—blood of the wronged and my blood, also; and he who stands silent in the presence of evil is not guiltless."

"The child is surely ill," said the parents. "And he who stood silent is not guiltless," said the Child. "And it seemed to me that all men had blood upon their hands—blood of the innocent and blood from the five sacred wounds. And I asked: 'Dear Christ, is there blood upon my father's hands?' But the Christ was gone."

"How ghastly!" said the Mother.

"I must send for a physician," said the Father.

"The dear Lord Christ stood by my side," said the Child.—Frank Stuhlman, in the Whirl.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

I took my sorrow in the sunset sweet,
To thus escape entanglement of care;
I saw the light, I breathed the free glad air;
I walked into the woods; I said, 'I'll meet
With comfort in this calm and pure retreat:
I'll learn the secret how my loss to bear;
Kind nature shall in part my burden share,
And make my heart with hope's expectation beat!"

'Twas so, the south wind spoke to me its word;
The bird and brook were all alive with joy;
I listened to their speech, and so I heard
Of things entirely free from woe's alloy;
I was by dream of good to courage stirred,
And passed with pleasure to the days employ
I took my gladness in the woods one day—
To have companionship with merry earth,
But lo! it was no place to fit my mirth,
And I no longer was of spirit gay.
Somehow my merry friend had slipped away,
And by my side was thoughtful maiden worth,
She spoke to me of man's imperial birth,
And made me monk amid the blooms of May!
So deep is thought it smiles away our smiles;
So slight is sorrow that it fades in sun;
When one assails, the other h-n beguiles,
And light and shade across our heaven run;
Nature for each condition has her wiles,
And variously the field is lost and won!

William Brunton

The Message of the Sunshine.

"For he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good."—Matthew 5: 45.

Here is a sentence that might well linger as music in our minds, it is full of charm as the remembrance of lovely scenes known to childhood, it is nature's gospel of consideration and universal kindness, the brotherhood of sympathy that considers nothing but the need.

Jesus by this word lets light into all the dark closets of theology and shows us the sunshine of God beaming in beauty on all lives. And the force of it is to teach us good will to all without any distinction whatsoever—and we have yet to learn the practice of this wonderful nature lesson of charity and helpfulness.

It is needed as a ruling thought in some minds to bring the springtide of a higher life to men. You see this is a world practical theology, it is for the shop and the street, and inclusive of those we confess we dislike, if we do not hate them.

Sunshine is the making of the outer world. All these changes of the hour, so wonderful from barrenness to beauty, are the work of the all-shining sun. The miracle is so common we do not half appreciate it, or, indeed, think of it as a miracle. It is the ordinary effect of the ever-living Goodness. If it were withdrawn, we should marvel at the lack, should it occur only for a day. But here it is all the while, steady, true, ever supplying our needs, and giving us something to think about of a wider beneficence and service.

I like to think of the splendor of the mornings and the evenings. We are cultivating a taste for such glory, we notice the sight with something of admiration, and recall it once in a while in our business hours—and it is a gleam of gladness to us.

And when it preaches to us a word of forgiveness and tenderness like this—then, indeed, there is a broadening of our natures. We are taken from our self-satisfaction and puffed-up contents into the larger world of duty that we may be imitators of God, even as we are His children; and even as are all these with whom we have to do.

But to some the sunshine seems uncertain. Some days must be dark and dreary, and we think the sunshine is gone. Nothing of the kind, intervening clouds are there, but the world of light is constant in its light, and still pours out its radiance when our earth has turned away from it and we say it is night. This is common knowledge, but there was a time when men did not realize it, and were filled with fears. We have also learned that nothing diminishes the love of the All-Loving, and it is merely an appearance, when it seems to be shortened, and it may be accounted for by clouds or the wilful wandering of the soul itself—but the light is there and must be felt.

And how creative it is. Consider that, for we are afraid of evil, the barrenness in men as it appears to us—but the shining of this inward light would stir every seed of hope and sentiment to striving after selfhood,—

(Continued on page 4.)

THE NOW.

The charm of a love is its telling, the telling that goes with the giving;
The charm of the deed is its doing; the charm of a life is its living;
The soul of the thing is the thought; the charm of the act is the actor;
The soul of the fact is its truth, and the Now is its principal factor.

The world loves the Now and the Nowist, and tests all assumptions with rigor;
It looks not behind it to falling, and forward to arduous and vigor.
It cares not for heroes who falter, for martyrs who hushed and recanted,
For pictures that never were painted, for harvests that never were planted.

The world does not care for a fragrance that never is lost in perfuming;
The world does not care for the blossoms that wither away before blooming;
The world does not care for the chimes remaining unring by the ringer;
The world does not care for the songs unsung in the soul of the singer.

What use to mankind is a purpose that never shone forth in a deed?
What use has the world for a loving that never had winner nor wooer?
The motives, the hopes, and the schemes that have ended in idle conclusions
Are buried along with the failures that come in a life of illusions.

Away with the flimsy idea that life with a past is attended;
There's Now—only Now—and no Past—there's never a past; it has ended.

Ex.

Mediums and Fraud.

E. A. Brackett.

Chapter V.

A wise old Owl on the limb of a tree
Cried, "Hoo, Hoo, Hoo, just look at me!"
A toad replied, "Ah, yes, I see.
You're not half as large as you seem to be;
A bunch of feathers with earmarks tipped,
How would you look if you were stripped?
You sleep all day and roam all night,
Blind as a Bat when you face the light."

"How pitiable is the mental state of those poor deluded simpletons who imagine they are rendering distinguished service to the cause of virtue by dwelling upon reports of some neighbor's misdoing, and who, while blackening their neighbors' reputations, fondly believe they are discouraging vice and promoting virtue in consequence. Drastic treatment is needed for villians and no drastic measure is so effective as to let a scandal monger plainly see that you regard with absolute contempt, every foul report and unclean insinuation."

The above is an extract from a lecture delivered April 1, 1908, by that most remarkable inspirational medium, W. J. Colville, on "Bearing False Witness Against the Neighbor." Although this lecture was given since my previous chapters were written, the quotation is appropriate and applicable to those dealers in misrepresentation and slander, alluded to in them and of which there will be more farther on.

I have pointed out, clearly, some things which have led to the charge of intentional fraud against mediums and again remind the reader that in the analysis which I have given of mesmeric and spiritual phenomena, there is no theory or speculation, but is the result of a long and careful study, commencing with mesmerism and leading up step by step to the all important manifestation of spirit control; facts which any intelligent investigator can verify and without which he cannot explain what he is dealing with. It relieves mediums of nine-tenths of the charges brought against them and places such charges where they belong, namely, on those Spiritualists and skeptics who willfully or ignorantly bring them.

That there are some mediums who play tricks, may be admitted without detriment to what has been said in these articles, but they are rare, and to magnify them into a controlling influence, is the work of scandal mongers. Whether they are pseudo-Spiritualists or skeptics, they are unworthy of consideration.

As to the so called fake mediums whom I have investigated, I have not found one who did not possess more or less mesmeric power.

Many years ago there came to me a man claiming to be a medium, saying that he was in need and asked assistance. He frankly gave me his name. I said, "You are the most noted fraud I ever heard of. If you are hungry, I will feed you, but doubt the wisdom of giving you money." He replied that he did not want my money, but if I would get up a seance it was all he wished. I said, "The most of my friends are skeptics. If I ask them to come to a seance I shall tell them that you are a reputed fraud and that I will not endorse you." He replied, "I do not object to that, provided you will state to them, that if I do not give satisfaction, they need not pay anything."

The seance was a dark one held in my sitting room. A committee was appointed to tie the medium, who took a rope from his hand bag for that purpose. I looked it over and said that I preferred to use my own rope, handing to the committee a braided cord about three-eighths of an inch in diameter and between thirty and forty feet long. It had been used, so that the stiffness had been taken out of it. The medium made no objection to this. He was placed in an arm chair, his feet tied together, his arms tied to the arms of the chair, the rope passed several times over and around his body and tied to the back of the chair. The committee stated that it was impossible for him to move or get clear of the ties. I said, "If the medium does not object, I would like to go a little farther," and handed them a small ball needle threaded with twine with which to sew through the knots and fasten the rope to his clothes. When this was done the medium was placed at the end of a table about seven feet long by three and one-half wide, the audience at the sides, one of the committee on each side of the medium with a hand on his arm, which they did not remove during the whole sitting. I took my seat at the opposite end of the table on which, in front of me were several bells, an accordion and a guitar. The light was put out and immediately there came a ringing of bells, the guitar rose nearly to the ceiling, playing and moving about the room, the accordion played over the heads of the sitters and all present were touched on head or face by hands, from the soft touch of a child to that of a strong, masculine character. Many unaccountable manifestations occurred and at the end of about half an hour, the medium called for a light. The committee made careful examination and reported that the knots had not been changed nor a stitch broken. The light was put out and in less than two minutes was relighted. The rope lay on the floor intact. Not a stitch was broken, nor his clothes, to which it was sewed, torn.

It was evident that this man was irregular in his habits and improvident in the use of money. Years after, I saw it stated in a Western paper that he had been raided and exposed. As newspapers and raiders never lie, there is no doubt that he was a fraud.

I lately came across one of the most remarkable manifestations of fraud I have ever met with. A pamphlet was sent me, purporting to have been written by a Spiritualist, who claims to be an honest man, seeking to reform mediums and purify Spiritualism. It is charitable to accept this statement, as otherwise it leaves him in a mental condition far more deplorable than that of a pretended reformer. He asserts that he is not a fraud hunter, yet his book teems with irresponsible statements of fraud which he has discovered "by purchase" or otherwise. He makes absurd charges against mediums and Spiritualists, being very careful not to call names or individualize. He is not so cautious, however, in writing to those who are foolish enough to send him money, in accordance with his promise to give information. He claims to have driven several fake mediums out of business, but does not tell us who they are.

Knowing, from my long experience, that this pamphlet was full of false and misleading statements and believing that it was intended to mislead and deceive the public and obtain money under false pretenses, I opened correspondence with the author, sending him letters from various localities, each containing the required fee. The first line baited with fifty cents, hooked him. He tugged and squirmed and dodged a direct answer. In no case did he give a straightforward answer to the questions asked him, nor was any money returned.

There is an old saying, "Give a man rope enough and he will hang himself." I preferred to let him justify or convict himself by his own statements. In one of his letters he volunteers the following, which in no wise refers to, nor answers my question, "One of the most popular mediums here, Hattie Stafford Stansbury is an artist in this line, and forms materialize on tables, sofas, stands, on people's laps, etc., very frequently. Yet it is all a trick. The seance is generally light enough to distinguish forms all over the room, but when these special forms materialize outside the cabinet, the light goes away down until nearly total darkness prevails. I took a course of developing sittings and got the whole modus operandi from the medium,—by paying for it."

Then follows a long Munchausen story pretending to explain how it all done.—Just imagine, if you can, a woman weighing over one hundred and forty pounds climbing into your lap, trying to make you believe that she materialized there.

Tell us, oh honest reformer, how much did you pay for her telling you how this was done. The reader will observe that the logical conclusion to be drawn is, that if Mrs. Stansbury is the shrewd tricky woman he says she is, she could not possibly be so foolish as to give or sell to him all that he claims she has. He shows his ignorance of materialization by advocating the grabbing of the forms. Those distinguished European scientists who settled the truth of the phenomena beyond a question of doubt, did not find it necessary to resort to violence, and no decent man will ever advocate such brutality.

I have known Mrs. Stansbury for many years and am acquainted with persons who have known her from childhood. All speak well of her truthfulness and honesty. I have not seen anything of her mediumship lately, and have no right to say what may or may not occur in any seance where I am not present. Years ago I attended many of her seances and, by permission of her manager, had the freedom of the room, to go where I pleased, into the cabinet or around it and do anything I thought best. I knew everything in the room or connected with it and knew that there were no confederates nor fraud in her seances at that time. If she has since resorted to fraud I know that there is no necessity for it.

On two occasions when I was studying her seances, there appeared, on the floor in the middle of the room, at least eight feet from the cabinet, a faint light not larger than my hand. I left my seat and sat on the floor beside it, put my hands all around it and knew that neither to touch nor sight was there any confederate connected with it. There was light enough to see, distinctly, the figures in the carpet. I extended my arms around the light and within the circle thus formed, a figure gradually materialized. When the head, bust and arms were formed, she talked with me. I remained in that position until the form was completely developed, then rose and went with it to the cabinet.

I am not a hypnotic nor mesmeric subject, nor am I afflicted with hallucinations. What I have related was witnessed by more than a dozen intelligent persons.

I quote from the beginning of this pamphlet as follows:—"Again, in every city or town where there are many Spiritualists, there are persons, one or more, who make it their business to gather up items of information regarding those who seem to be interested in Spiritualism. These items they sell to mediums who visit the city, and also furnish them to the 'Mediums' Association' which issues a list of the same to its members. Most of the faking mediums belong to this association and get many of their items in that way. The information is most complete as a general thing and enables the medium to give the most startling 'clear cut tests' from the platform or in private. The Boston 'Blue Book' contains about 7,000 names. Those who are regarded as very credulous are marked in side notes 'Dead Easy' and there are many so marked. It would be a surprise and quite an entertainment for some of our Spiritualist friends if they could look over one of these interesting pamphlets. Supplemental lists with late information, are occasionally issued."

Having satisfied myself that I had made no mistake in my first impressions, I dropped outside communication and wrote the following letter over my own name:

Dear Sir,—I am writing a series of articles for the Banner on "Mediums and Fraud" and I am in need of some facts which I understand you can furnish.

What is the source of your information in regard to the Boston Blue Book, which you say in your pamphlet contains about 7,000 names to enable fraudulent mediums to play tricks? Have you seen this book and can you put me in the way of obtaining it, or can you refer me to some reliable person who has seen it?

As I wish to speak from authority, will you kindly give me your full name and address?

In accordance with the statement at the close of your book, requiring pay for such information, I enclose the required amount. An early reply is desired.

Very truly yours,

E. A. Brackett.

Winchester, Mass., April 25, 1903.

The reader will see the position this placed him in. If he had the information justifying his assertions, he could give it in a few lines. If not, to return the money would be a confession of fraud.

Not having received an answer, on May 12, I wrote again, enclosing a copy of my former letter and asked an immediate reply. To this he answered as follows:—

E. A. Brackett, Winchester, Mass.

Dear Sir,—Yours of 13th inst. at hand. In reply would say, the letter you say you sent on April 25th, and a copy of which you enclose, has never been received by our firm nor by myself. You had better state the case to your postoffice people and have them investigate. This is the first complaint we have had yet, although many letters have been sent us containing money or stamps,

Regarding the matter about which you inquire, I will say this: I have never seen the Boston "Blue Book" but I have seen others and know these "Blue Books" are in use by tricky mediums. The party who told me about the Boston book is a prominent Spiritualist and a high official of the N. S. A. He saw one not long ago, and gave me the particulars. I would not like to give his name without his consent, and he is many miles from here just now.

You will observe, if you re-read the last page of my book, that I do not promise to give out my sources of information regarding the methods given. I stated that when parties wanted "the details of any of these tricks, a charge of 50 cents would be made for the trouble of writing them out." I am obliged to make this charge, otherwise I would not be able to do much of anything else, as so many want to know all about it. There are details in the book, but I have omitted from the book, in order that those who might wish to use the trick would run up against a snag. And I do not give out the details to any one unless I am first satisfied that no dishonesty is intended, and when doubtful parties send the money for particulars of this kind I invariably return their cash, as I am not by any means running a college for the education of fakes in trickery. I flatter myself, however, that the fraud element in Spiritualism will get considerable education of another kind before we get through with them.

I hope the postoffice authorities will investigate your complaint and if possible prevent future "leakage" of this kind. When our mail is tampered with in this way it is not only a loss and an annoyance to our customers, but a damage to us, as it is liable to give the sender the impression that we are dishonest or careless.

One thing more regarding "sources of information." I got my information regarding these tricks in various ways—some by purchase, some by catching on to the method in the seance, some from entirely reliable parties who knew, and some were given me voluntarily by the mediums who had been using them, but under the solemn promise that I would not divulge my source of knowledge while they yet lived. You can see that I could not in honor give up the names of the parties. Any of the others that I can give I will, willingly.

Trusting that the above will prove satisfactory, and wishing you all success,
Sincerely yours,
The Author.

On receipt of this letter, I at once made formal complaint to the P. O. Department. I am told that there is not one chance in ten thousand that the letter miscarried. If there was any mistake, the letter will surely return to me and for the present I will waive the question.

It will be noticed in the quotation from the pamphlet, that he does not say that he has been informed, but makes an unqualified statement. In his letter he says he has not seen the book but somebody told him so. He declines to give the name "without his consent." Such evidence is unreliable and would not be accepted in any court or by an honest investigator.

Having officially had many detectives under my charge during the past twenty-five years, and knowing the labor and expense of running even one person down, I am sure that the enormous cost of procuring such information from 7,000 individuals and printing it would be beyond the reach of all the fake mediums in the world. And even if obtainable, would be of but little practical use.

The same unreliability runs through the whole book. No evidence and no authority is given, not even the poor one of backing his statements by his own name. The man who attacks an individual or a class of individuals and withholds his name is, by common consent, a coward. He says in one of his letters, "I am not a fraud hunter." It may interest the reader to compare this denial with the closing part of his letter.

He says, "There are some details that I purposely omitted from the book, in order that those who might wish to use the trick would run up against a snag." In this confession lies the key to the intent of the book. Without this omission, this reservation, there would have been no inducement for the little fifty-cent game he appears to have successfully played. There is little difference between him and the fake mediums he professes to expose, except that he promises to deliver the goods, such as they are, at half price.

I have no personal feeling toward this writer and should be glad if it were possible to believe that I am mistaken. For aught I know, he may be one of those fanatics who has drifted in to the belief that he is a great reformer. If he will come out from under cover and assume the responsibility of his assertions he may safely be let alone. I should have done so, severely, had not some of my friends been duped by him. From the evidence in my possession, I felt satisfied that he was pursuing a course that every honest Spiritualist should condemn. The reputation and attraction, the likes and dislikes which everyone gives our social relations, must always be reckoned with in spiritualistic phenomena. It is not so much a question of fraud, as of honesty; of common sense and knowing what we are dealing with.

Owing to the magnetic relations between sitters and medium, every medium, no matter how good, is a fraud in the estimation of those who are ignorant of the laws governing mediumship. If you are satisfied that the medium is a fraud, it is your privilege to let that medium alone. That is all right; that belongs to you; any other course is a violation of the rights of others, for what appears to you to be defective, may be the reverse to some one else. Under the laws of magnetic control, you have no right to judge of what comes to me.

Error cannot survive and reports of fraud may safely be left to take care of themselves. Those who desire to maintain a healthy attitude toward true Spiritualism, will do well to consider the sensible remarks of Mr. Colville, quoted at the head of this article.

Persistence.

Dr. Lorenz's discovery is simply this:—Nature will make a lip socket if you convince her it is needed. And the way to convince her is through a gentle, firm persistence. Everything gives before a firm, persistent thought. That is the way Washington won, and that magnificent calm upon his face was the result of a faith that never faltered. He knew what he wanted to do, and he knew that some day it would come about—he could wait. It took nine years for the British to wear themselves out against that which will which did not faint nor falter. Ridpath says Washington was a great general, but not a great fighter. His army was often insignificant compared with that of the enemy, so he gave way, but always to reappear in an unexpected place. His persistence never relaxed.

Lincoln had this same quality of persistence. But why give examples! All success comes in the same way—through firm, calm and persistent thought. Opposition grows tired, hate gives way, fury subsides, and the man marches through open gates into "the eternal city of fine minds."

Know what you want to do, hold the thought firmly, and do every day what should be done, and every sunset will see you that much nearer your goal.

Violence is transient, hate consumes itself

and is blown away by the winds of heaven, jealousy dies, but the righteous thought is a pressure before which malice is powerless. Success is for those who deserve it, faith will remove mountains of trouble, and Nature is on the side of those who put their trust in her.

The Universe is planned for good.—Elbert Hubbard in May Phylistine.

Unto the Third and Fourth Generation.

(WHICH MAY OR MAY NOT BE TRUE.)

(Written by Inspiration for the Banner of Light.)

The telegram read like this: "Have Irma sent away immediately."

It came from Buffalo, but there was no signature to show who sent it. We could not think of anyone there who would send such a peremptory command to have our darling little girl sent from us. "Send Irma away immediately"—what could the mysterious words mean, and what should we do? We stood in a puzzled group about the bit of paper, asking each other fruitless questions.

Our oldest girl, Gertrude, had Irma tightly clasped in her arms. Gertrude was large and stately and grave. She spoke slowly, but there was always something in her tones that seemed to compel obedience. In her turn she looked carefully at the telegram. "I will take Irma to Buffalo. I can get a train in ten minutes if I hurry."

We were too amazed to speak, but when we did such a torrent of questions would have confused anyone else but Gertrude. She was already putting on Irma's wraps and her own, and seemed oblivious of everything else. Before we fully recovered her tall form was disappearing down the street.

"Well, I never!" gasped Kate. "Slow, cautious Gertrude! Nell, for pity's sake, hurry after her and get some interpretation before she gets on the train, if you can."

Nell dashed out with the speed of a whirlwind. "I think Gertrude has done just right," said father, emphatically.

"I think so, too," added mother, with a sigh. "Irma hasn't been quite well lately. I wish I knew what it all meant!"

"Perhaps," suggested Kate, "some despot of some kind is going to have all babies killed and our Irma is saved to be a woman Messiah. Or perhaps measles, or scarlet fever, or smallpox is in town and we haven't heard of it yet."

We did not know, and soon dispersed to attend our several duties. A cloud of depression seemed to have cast a pall upon us, but we were glad in all our thoughts that Gertrude had obeyed the telegram.

Philip Travanton—our bonny-boy Philip! Dear to our hearts is his memory; sweet to our eyes was the sight of that boyish, gentle face; the hope of his aged grandfather's heart. We often used to notice and comment on the relationship between the orphaned boy and the helpless old man. Philip's unwearied solicitude, the old man's love and pride. Old Judge Travanton was rich and Philip the only heir, but the boy's soul was too true to set much value on his wealth, and Mrs. Muldoon, the washwoman, was as true a lady in his estimation and claimed his courteous attention as any fine lady in silk attire. Such was our boy and playfellow.

Little Irma crowded with delight when Philip came to see us and stately Gertrude in her years of womanhood kissed his forehead. Kate and I romped and played games and read on rainy days with Philip, our inviolable chum. There was nothing priggish about Philip, but he was rather a girl boy; anyway, he cared more to be with us than with the boys he knew, and some did call him "Nancy" for "tagging around with those hoydenish Belmont girls," but Philip assured us that he did not mind such talk in the least.

"It don't bother me a bit," he declared. "I don't like those fellows, so why should I care what they say?"

Dear Philip! In thy loving heart there was no room for enmity, in thy sight all was good and pure. Unhampered by restrictions you lived, undefiled, near to nature's heart. Unconventional? Yes, because you were natural and unspoiled and truthful. I loved your perfectly honest, simple ways and I bow my head in submission to the mysterious decree that took you so tragically from our midst.

"Gertrude, Gertrude, what shall we do? Oh, what shall we do?"

In our perplexity and distress we turned to our thoughtful sister instinctively, as we ever defer to some higher, wiser power. We were all weeping about her, but she was calm and dry eyed, and yet it was self control, not lack of feeling, we knew, that kept her so. Tender hearted father had been compelled to leave the room long since, and mother wept softly in her arm chair.

"Repeat the story as you heard it, please," she said. "I did not quite understand you; you all tried to speak at once."

Gertrude's voice was soft and sympathetic, but there was a firmness in her words that acted wholesomely upon our emotional condition. Kate was the first to recover her voice.

"I'll try to tell you, sister. But I don't know much about it, and I guess no one does. The tragedy happened so quickly it is hard to get details. Philip is the only one who could tell and he is lying in an unconscious state that the doctor says will cause him either to awaken a hopeless idiot or pass away in death. Of course we all pray it may be the latter. Oh, our poor boy!"

Kate would have given away to her feelings in another flood of tears if it were not for that dry, "Go on, please," from Gertrude.

Kate tried to go on but her voice faltered and broke. "They found Philip lying unconscious and little Katy Muldoon beside him choked to death. It is impossible that Philip did it, but he had taken her into the grove for flowers. He was fond of the child, you know. Gertrude, where are you going?"

We all looked up surprised. Gertrude arose quietly. Her face was white, her lips pressed tightly together.

"I am going to see the Judge. After that I shall go to Philip."

"You will find it here, Miss Belmont, a record of the Travanton curse whose last victim is my poor boy, Philip. Read it, please." And Gertrude took from the Judge's trembling hands a book of the Travanton race, and turning to the place he indicated, slowly read.

"There is in the Travanton race a ghastly heritage handed down from generation to generation—a morbid tendency to crime. The name is from the Italian, Travanni, and it may be in that hot, murderous, impulsive country the curse began. We can only conjecture. Certain it is, after skipping a generation or two it will unexpectedly crop out in a younger generation. It seems to belong exclusively to the males and the victims are usually baby girls. So far as we can learn the impulse for crime is preceded by an unconscious state that immediately after becomes catalepsy. It usually ends in death. Were the patient to live it would mean hopeless insanity. The unfortunate being has no knowledge at any time of his crime."

Gertrude read the last words and even her marvelous self control began to falter. She stretched her hands in mute sympathy for the old, suffering man before her. He caught

them in a convulsive grasp and leaned against the strong, young frame.

"I never told Philip. I did not want to darken his young life. But the secret pressed upon my heart and brain. 'Do not forget it, do not forget it,' a voice seemed saying, and I never did. But what good would it have done to tell it? It has been so long since any Travanton was so stricken. Philip's father used to laugh at it as a superstition, and sometimes in my heaviest moments I would remember his rejection of the matter and my heart grew lighter, but still the warning voice never ceased. I think it prepared me for this dreadful ordeal."

A little while after we gathered about Philip's bed. He had awakened to perfect consciousness and knew us all but, of course, he did not know why he was there. He smiled his good bye at us in his own sweet way and then turned to Gertrude. "Dear angel of light," we heard him murmur, as in her gentle, womanly way she took, as if by boy in her arms. Her fair face bent over above him and she pressed her last kiss on his brow. There was a moment of intense silence and then a sound of sobbing as the white robed messenger of death came. We never found out who sent the telegram.

Ida Ballou.

Universal Religion.

The thoughtful observer may perceive in the present era some hopeful signs that the time of intense antagonism between differing forms of religious belief which has prevailed for many centuries is drawing to a close. It may be that the world is about to witness the healing of many wounds and the reunion of many divided parties. That no man or body of men possesses all truth that may be known, that each may possess some truth valuable to others is beginning to be admitted. Perhaps in this way may be brought about the extinction of religious differences and the establishment of universal religion.

A uniformity of ritual or even of creeds and confessions of faith would probably never be practicable and possibly never desirable. The founders of the great religions of the world will, let us hope, ever be honored as inspired teachers of mankind and continue to find their special followers and devotees. They will be revered not only by these special followers but by all. The truths they taught will be welcomed by all, but in their expression will be adapted to the needs and conditions of those receiving them. When the letter is recognized only as the dead vehicle in which the living spirit is conveyed and the life given by the spirit is lived, the worshiper will know that the spirit dwells alike in church, mosque, synagogue and pagoda. Each will be seen to have its own particular work and present truth in its own particular form.

The direction of the human mind towards spiritual things leads to higher and broader thoughts. That this has found some part of its expression among Spiritualists is beyond doubt. But that Spiritualism has done its full share of the work may reasonably be questioned. Up till very recently the movement within its ranks has been rather in destructive than constructive effort. There has been much rooting up of tares, not without some sacrifice of wheat. In ignorance of their true meaning, both beliefs and practices have been attacked which were worthy of preservation. This was natural, the materialistic side of Spiritualism being first demanded, therefore first presented in a materialistic age. If the so-called dead could speak with the living, what had they to tell them of benefit in material affairs? This was practically the question asked by most who were at all interested in the subject. It was what might have been expected from those whose perceptions were clouded by an over valuation of material goods. It displayed a mental attitude not merely unspiritual, but distinctly anti-spiritual.

In due time branch lines of thinking appeared. They became necessary for the more intellectual. Too many Spiritualists were contented with evidences of continued existence and wasting precious time in idle chatter with idle chatters whose only claim upon attention was invisibility to physical eyesight. In these branch lines there was a realization of the fact that death in the physical was not essential in order to become a living spirit. But the same materiality follows the New Thought movement in all its differentiations. Or perhaps it might be more correct to say that it preceded and awaited it. It is still the good things of this life, of this little, transitory, in itself unimportant plane of existence that are sought whether by the aid of other spirits or the use of the man's own spiritual powers, it is still the mammon of unrighteousness that is the object of pursuit except by a comparatively few but increasing number of enlightened souls.

These are scattered among Spiritualists, Mental Scientists, Christian Scientists, Christians, Jews, Mahometans and Pagans. They have the religious practices they prefer and that are adapted to their particular needs. They enjoy true spirit communion, the way to which is neither opened nor closed by physical death or physical birth. It is the eternal privilege and also the eternal necessity of the soul. None can escape it if they would, but all must, consciously or unconsciously, select the class of intelligence with which they commune. Profitable or unprofitable, wise or foolish, of ephemeral gratification or immortal blessedness each must choose for himself.

He whose thoughts are limited by time builds for time. He whose thoughts expand into eternity builds his own character for eternity. He fulfills the end of his existence. He does the work for which he came into the world. He is truly a Spiritualist. He has found Universal Religion.

E. J. Bowtell.

Olneyville, R. I.

Infinity.

I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest that has been more than once cut down. The new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is over my head; the earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head and eternal spring is in my heart. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which unite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale and it is history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, song. I have tried all. But I feel that I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like so many others, "I have finished my day's work," but I cannot say, "I have finished my life." The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to open in the dawn. My work is only beginning, is hardly above its foundation. I would be glad to see it mounting, and mounting forever. The thirst for the infinite proves Infinity.—Victor Hugo.

Genius is the inmost nature of a great soul manifesting itself outwardly.—Ex.

SAFE INVESTMENT FOR SPIRITUALISTS

Money Invested in Dr. Peebles' Company Will Draw Handsome Dividends From the Day of Investment. Your Stock Will Also Double in Value if Held a Few Years.

IT IS THE WISE INVESTOR WHO SUCCEEDS

Are you looking for a good and safe investment that will pay you handsome dividends from the start, and will, at the very least, double your capital in a year or two?

If so, it will be well for you to investigate the investment opportunity offered by Dr. Peebles Institute of Health. Some months ago Dr. Peebles and his business associates incorporated their medical business at Battle Creek, in order to secure certain legal protection granted incorporated companies. Believing that the earnest co-operation of the Spiritualists of the country in this great work would add still further to the wonderful growth and success of the company, the doctor and his co-workers have decided to place a portion of the treasury stock in the hands of the Spiritualists throughout the country. A large amount of the original block of stock offered has been taken, but there are still a few hundred shares to be sold at the original offer before the price advances, so if you are interested write at once for particulars.

You do not need to be wealthy to share in the doctor's company; the small investor is just as welcome as the large. The man investing \$50 or \$100 will use his influence for the company just as will the one investing many thousands, and it is the good wishes and support that are desired more than the money.

A small amount properly invested where it will draw good dividends and continually increase in value is worth many times the same amount if allowed to lie idle, or put away in a bank where it will draw only 3 or 4 per cent. at best.

Money invested in Dr. Peebles Company today under his present offer will draw handsome dividends from the first, and, in addition thereto, the stock will increase in value so that at the end of two years at most it will be worth two or three times what you paid for it.

If you have any amount above \$10 you can spare for investment, write for full particulars at once. Seven per cent. dividends are guaranteed from the first, and much larger ones can be expected after the first year.

Address

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

Lakewood Grove, Me.

The June meeting of the Madison Spiritualist Association will be held on Saturday afternoon, June 12, and Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 2 p. m. at Lakewood Grove, Hayden Lake, Madison Centre, Me. Rev. Fred A. Wiggin of Boston, Mass., will preside, following his lectures with spirit messages. The music will be furnished by Mr. A. J. Maxham, the well known vocalist. The meeting promises to be interesting and largely attended. The hotel will be open and ample accommodations given for guests. The regular campmeeting at Lakewood will begin Friday, Sept. 4.

Madison, June 2, 1903.

For Over Sixty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Temple Heights, Me.

Plans for the annual campmeeting at Temple Heights, Northport, Maine, are being closed and the programs will soon be issued for the week of August 15. Ample accommodations will be made at the boarding houses on the grounds and it is expected that a large gathering will be recorded this year. Interested friends desiring to secure programs should send their names to the secretary, Orrin J. Dickey at Belfast, Me. In the list of speakers engaged there will be Harrison D. Barrett, President of the National Spiritualist Association; Thomas W. Cross of Boston and Mrs. Etta L. Webster of Boston, Mass. Special music will be furnished and Madame Marie Foster of Boston, Mass., will be present as a vocalist.

Orrin J. Dickey.

Cures Stomach Troubles. Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Produces healthy activity of weak and disordered stomachs; perfects digestion, and improves appetite. A strength builder.

Report of Editor-at-Large.

Executive Board of the N. S. Association:
Dear Sirs:—I herewith submit to you a report of the work I have done in the past three months. Of the large and increasing correspondence I only make mention. I have allowed no available opportunity to go by of extending the knowledge of Spiritualism, and answering its opponents. I have sent out the following articles:

Reply to Evangelist Taylor in Elgin News, Elgin, Ill. Subjective Mind and Spiritualism, Sunflower. Second Reply to Evangelist Taylor, Elgin News. Reply to Dr. Guth, in Warren Tribune, Pa. Prepared Tract, Spiritualism and the Bible. Article Solicited by O. R. Richards, Explaining Spiritualism, published in the Eudora Journal, Eudora, Kansas. Reply to the Rev. Dr. George, in Kansas City Journal. Article for the Herald, Hamilton, Ont. Article in the Evening News, Buffalo, N. Y. A Conspiracy, sent and published in Banner of Light, Sunflower. R. P. Journal, Light of Truth and Progressive Thinker. Article supplied to Geo. A. Kelth, Lancaster, Pa. Article to the Daily Telegraph, St. John, New Brunswick. Does Dr. Funk Lie? in the Boston Traveler. What is Spiritualism? in the Reporter, Huron, O. Reply to Rev. Dr. Shannon, Toledo Times. Criticism of Dr. Parkhurst, Boston Traveler. Conspiracy Against Spiritualism, Progressive Thinker. Crookes' Retreat, in St. Louis Globe Democrat. Copies of this article were supplied to all the spiritual papers. Reply to the editor of Christian, in Light of Truth. Article explaining Spiritualism, in Sandusky Register, Sandusky, O. How Should a Spirit Identify Itself? in Daily Telegraph, St.

Johns, N. B. Dr. Funk and Spiritualism, Syracuse Post Standard. The Resurrection According to Church Lights, reply to Rev. Dr. Hamlin, published in the Progressive Thinker. Proof of Immortality Furnished by Spiritualism, New York Sun. Explaining Spiritualism, in North Western Republican. Reply to Dr. Buckley's Editorial in Christian Advocate. Sent to all the spiritual papers. Criticism of Rev. B. L. Jones, in Daily Review, Decatur, Ill. Response to Alfred R. Wallace, Article sent to the Harbinger of Light, Melbourne, Australia. I have been greatly assisted by friends everywhere, by their watchfulness and clippings they have sent; their suggestions and personal efforts to secure the publication of articles and replies. Their efforts are of vital importance to the work in which we are engaged. In fact its success depends on their vigilance and active co-operation. I desire to impress this point and there should be no hesitation in offering suggestions and making requirements for editorial matter. I earnestly ask Spiritualists everywhere to act as interested assistants in a special press-clipping bureau and thus furnish material for the successful prosecution of this work. I have found the Press Clipping Bureaus of secondary value to the band of correspondents who thus far have given generous assistance. I am respectfully yours,
Hudson Tuttle.

Berlin Heights, O.

In many cases of Asthma Piso's Cure for Consumption gives relief that is almost equal to a cure.

The City of Light Assembly.

Liberal thinkers in various parts of the country will be pleased to learn that adequate arrangements are being made for the coming season on the Lily Dale Camp grounds. Hereafter the corporate title of the institution located on the banks of the picturesque Cayuga lakes will be the City of Light Assembly, and the alteration in the name is indicative of changes in the general policy of the organization.

Readers will recall that at the termination of last season, a controlling interest in the Assembly was purchased by Mrs. Pettigill of Cleveland. Those who are familiar with the annals of these camp grounds will recognize in Mrs. Pettigill a woman of large means and progressive ideas, who has devoted no small measure of her business ability to the upbuilding of the institution situated at Lily Dale. Having manifested her interest when others were in control, Mrs. Pettigill, as the president of the Assembly, this season will simply come into her natural heritage, so to speak; and those who are familiar with her personality are certain that the success of the institution during this and future seasons is assured.

Because of the interest taken in this summer Assembly by the liberal thinkers of the several schools, a resume of the plans and purposes of the new management for the coming season will be timely at this juncture. Although Spiritualism will remain as the foundation of this institution, it will be the constant endeavor of the new management to so broaden the scope, that every line of liberal, religious and economic thought will be given recognition. Such an endeavor will necessitate more time; and hence it has been decided to extend the forthcoming season to eight weeks, thus practically continuing throughout the months of July and August.

In the arrangement of the program for the coming season, the executive committee will be guided by the policy outlined in an earlier portion of this article. Whatever may be the fundamental truth of Spiritualism, those who have its advancement at heart, no less than those who are acquainted with the peculiar nature of the general public, are aware that measures must be taken to first interest doubters and then convert them into devotees, by the inherent value of the truth presented. But unless the audience is secured

as a prime requisite, propaganda work is of little value. Hence the present plans of the Assembly will be a decided factor in the advancement of the Cause. "Those who came to scoff will remain to pray." Although the complete list of speakers has not been made, it is stated that such prominent personages as Elbert Hubbard, Susan B. Anthony, Morgan Wood, Rev. Anna Shaw, Clegg Wright, Prof. Lockwood, Eleanor Kirk, B. F. Austin, and others equally well known, will appear upon the Assembly lecture platform during the course of the season. In addition, many of the speakers will conduct private classes, thus adding to the variety of the program for the season. The partial list of speakers is indicative of the spiritual and intellectual forces which will animate the famous camp during the coming months.

A series of special days will add uniqueness to the program. Every season this camp is visited by the adherents of popular movements designed for the betterment of the human race, and it is fitting that the management should recognize those interests on particular days. In the development of that policy, the advancing cause of womanhood will be recognized on what will be known as Woman's day; there will be exercises in honor of the veterans on G. A. R. day; and during the middle portion of the season a Peace Congress will afford prominent speakers an opportunity to outline the development of the movement designed to preserve the comity of civilized nations. An additional feature will be the exercises on certain days in honor of the visiting delegations from the adjacent states and nearby cities. This will give Canadians, visitors from Buffalo and the like a direct interest in the proceedings of the Assembly.

It is the consensus of opinion that the Assembly has entered upon a new era of progress. These announcements of a broadened policy have met with the appreciative commendation of the public; and the days of fulfillment during July and August will be awaited with expectation.

Mrs. May S. Pepper.

The Haverhill Spiritual Union is in its broadest sense just what its name signifies, a band of earnest workers for the cause of Spiritualism, and is not a clique working for selfish ends, neither is it a "mutual admiration society" without a specific object in view. It is composed of an efficient body of individuals that believe in the "divine right" of personal responsibility, and in the practice of altruism in all of the affairs of daily life, thereby making the world better for having lived. It has been the aim of this society to promote the cause of Spiritualism by presenting to the public always the very best talent available to expound the philosophy and demonstrate the phenomena.

The lecture season just closed has been eminently successful in every particular. Several members have joined which proves that our work has not been in vain. We do not boast of a large membership. We realize that quality counts for more than quantity.

With all bills paid up to date, and a handsome balance in the treasury we shall be fully equipped to engage in the work the coming fall. Rev. May S. Pepper closed the lectures for this season occupying the rostrum the four last Sundays in May. The large and enthusiastic audiences that greeted the speaker was a splendid tribute to her as a public worker and an unmistakable index to her popularity as a psychic. Every outlying town and city was represented, Boston, Melrose, Lowell, Lawrence, Methuen and even Portland, Me. Her recommendation is her work and she needs no words of praise from any person for her reputation as a psychic. Mrs. Pepper's varied experiences before the largest and most progressive societies in this section of the country, as well as the visitations of many noted divines and investigators, give her a pre-eminence that is a credit to her and the Cause she represents. I understand that she has had several flattering offers to locate permanently with large and wealthy societies, but at present she does not think it would be wise to relinquish her itinerant work, because she covers a larger field of work thereby, giving many more an opportunity to witness her powers as a psychic than she could otherwise. She believes the people as a whole should be considered first rather than any wealthy church. She will be with us once at least during mid-summer and will open our next lecture course, beginning with the two last Sundays in September.

W. W. Sprague.

Haverhill, Mass.

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

Spiritualism in Holland.

We can not compare the progress of the spreading of Spiritualism in our country, with the result obtained in America and England, because, in proportion, many more difficulties have to be surmounted here, owing to the fact that thousands and thousands, not only object to other ideas which are put forward in religious spheres or in other respects, but also fight, with their greatest daring against Spiritualism and gratify their vengeance on same by declaring the protectors and preachers on Spiritualism are creatures, destined for the mad-house.

If not already known, it might be stated here, that the orthodox and the Calvinistic principles dominate in Holland at the present time, owing to the influences and interferences of our first minister. Just opposite this tendency we find materialism and atheism, which on the other side attack Spiritualism as strongly as our orthodox friends, but of course on other grounds. From these lines the reader should gather the consequence that Holland is not yet ripe for these new and great ideas, upon which Spiritualism prides itself.

The several societies, which have formed themselves during the last ten years, only for the sake of introducing the grand truth to those who are willing and prepared to investigate for themselves, do their utmost, but as well in America and England as here, people want positive proofs before they accept it. The writer of this article has been to Sweden and has held conversations with Princess Rara'ja and Madame d'Esperance on the subject. Also several good mediums have been visited in America by him, and according to his modest opinion, the principal reason that Spiritualism has until now fructified so little, must in the first place be attributed to the fact that the Holands does not possess good mediums, who can show the genuineness of the phenomena to the public. If we compare America and England in this respect with our country, we must confess that we are very poorly supplied. On the other hand, our social conditions are closely

connected with our religious situation. The people do not want the proof of a life after this, before the stomach has been filled with bodily food, as otherwise the nourishment of the soul has no effect.

However, the fact is and remains, that, notwithstanding serious opposition, Spiritualism is growing in Holland, which statement no doubt will be cordially greeted by our American spiritualistic friends. The reason I took the liberty to address myself to Banner of Light finds its cause in the high appreciation with which it met me during my stay in America. No doubt when this paper will be introduced in our country, it will soon find many readers in spiritualistic spheres and circles.

What we want for the present is a fund to be used for young spiritualistic preachers and speakers, who have to be trained for their task and later on to be paid for their work. If there should be found rich spiritualistic friends in America who fully sympathize with the propagandism in favor of Spiritualism in Holland, they might perform good deeds in assisting financially and morally their brothers, as, although sad to be stated, our Spiritualists have neither friends nor relations who are enough interested to support and render assistance in their endeavors.

We gladly look forward to the time that American mediums will visit our country, and they might be assured that their brothers in Holland will leave nothing undone to prove that their time is not wasted and that their trouble is gladly repaid by the enormous waking up of the sleeping and the clearing of dark ideas, which will give them joy in their heart, to have been able to make life brighter and happier for those who are most in want of it, thus fulfilling Christ's commandment on earth.

Braams Scheuer.

To the Spiritualists of America.

An earnest Spiritualist residing at Denver, Colorado, whose life has passed its meridian, and who is possessed of some means which he desires to invest in such manner as will be beneficial to his fellow mortals, and more especially to his fellow Spiritualists, submits the following summary of his intentions, and requests the views and opinions of the thinking Spiritualists of the country as to their practicability or feasibility; and also suggestions, if any you may desire to offer, of a better method of disposing of his possessions; or of perpetuating the institution he intends to establish, and which he proposes to name

"THE NATIONAL HOME FOR ORPHANS AND INVALIDS."

He is the owner in fee simple of a tract of land, 684 acres, situated about 21 miles northeast from Denver, and about 4 1/2 miles from the nearest railway.

This land he proposes to bring under cultivation and produce all food products required by the inmates of the institution.

Upon this land he proposes to construct, from time to time, as they may be required, buildings for dwellings, boarding and lodging houses, schools, etc.

The entire property to be devoted to the following uses:

First, Orphans and half orphans of Spiritualists.

Second, Invalids who desire a quiet place in which to rest, recuperate and recreate.

The half orphans and invalids to be charged just so much as is necessary to cover cost of maintenance.

Views with children to be given preference as nurses, teachers, nurses, etc.

The donor proposes to bear all expense of erecting, furnishing and maintaining the institution.

The property is to be deeded in trust to a board of trustees to be selected in manner to be hereafter determined; but donor is to have and retain full control and management during his earth life.

No camp meetings or revivals are to be held, nor will saloons or dance halls ever be permitted on the premises.

In case of long continued disagreement among trustees as to the management of the institution or property after donor's demise, the property shall pass to the State of Colorado to be used as a State Orphan Asylum.

What do you think of it?

Address all communications to Mr. Donor.

1635 Market St., Denver, Colo.

Briefs.

Waverly Home, May 31. This blessed, beautiful Sunday brought many friends of the V. S. U. out to the home to enjoy the glories of mother nature in all her loveliness of verdure and flowers. Our arisen ones joined with us in sweet and beautiful harmony in giving expression to spiritual thought. The meeting was gracefully conducted by Mrs. Moody. Mrs. Kneeland presided at the piano and led in the singing. Among those who gave expression to spiritual thought were Mrs. S. E. Hall, Mrs. Moody, Mrs. Kneeland, Dr. Blagden, Mr. Read, Mrs. F. Curtis read a beautiful poem. The regular meetings for the season commenced June 7. The president and vice-presidents of the union will preside during the month. Vice-president Mrs. Belcher and husband conducted the first meeting. The beautiful grounds surrounding the home will be enclosed, so as to secure quiet and comfort to those who come here to commune with the spirit. The entrance to the grounds will be through the main hall. A small offering will be taken at the door. The managing officers are doing all in their power to make the Home a restful Mecca for the weary soul on what is called the Lord's Day. Come and be refreshed in body and mind and let your own spirit expand in spiritual endeavor. J. H. Lewis.

Fitchburg, Mass., May 21. Lizzie D. Butler of Lynn spoke for the First Spiritualist Society. Tythian Hall was completely filled at the evening service to hear this most gifted speaker and test medium. The addresses were very interesting, holding the closest attention, supplemented by many convincing tests and spirit messages. The piano selections by Miss Howe were finely rendered. Dr. C. L. Fox, president.

New York, May 31. The Spiritual and Ethical Society of this city today held its closing meetings for the season. They were well attended both morning and evening and the inspiration of the speaker even more free and strong than usual. Since our removal up town the average attendance has increased, also our membership. According to our by-laws this list of members is annually revised and we drop therefrom the names of those who for a year have shown no interest in the society; we thereby eliminate "dead wood," and our list means so many active members. I commend the rule to other societies. Our meetings reopen on the first Sunday of October. In the meantime none of us forget our building fund and are soliciting even the smallest subscriptions thereto. Belle V. Cushman, pres. Spiritual and Ethical Soc. Commercial Hall, 694 Washington St., Mrs. M. Adeline Wilkinson, conductor. At 11 the spiritual conference was held—subject, "The Temperance Cause." Opening speaker, Mr. Fred de Bos, followed by A. F. Hill, Dr. Frank Brown, Rev. George Brewer, Dr. Dean Clarke, Mr. Graham, Prof. Holland, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Wilkinson, Miss Sears. Mediums assisting throughout the day were Mrs. Fox, Mrs. Clara Strong, Mrs. Fisher, Mr. H. C. Clough, Mrs. Horton, Mr. Clifford Billings,

IS IT AN EPIDEMIC?

Vital Statistics Show an Alarming Increase in an Already Prevailing Disease—Are Any Exempt?

At no time in the history of disease has there been such an alarming increase in the number of cases of any particular malady as in that of kidney and bladder troubles now preying upon the people of this country.

Today we see a relative, a friend or an acquaintance apparently well, and in a few days we may be grieved to learn of their serious illness or sudden death, caused by that fatal type of kidney trouble—Bright's Disease.

Kidney trouble often becomes advanced into acute stages before the afflicted is aware of its presence; that is why we read of so many sudden deaths of prominent business and professional men, physicians and others. They have neglected to stop the leak in time.

While scientists are puzzling their brains to find out the cause, each individual can, by a little precaution, avoid the chances of contracting dreaded and dangerous kidney trouble, or eradicate it completely from their system if already afflicted. Many precious lives might have been, and many more can yet be saved, by paying attention to the kidneys.

It is the mission of the Boston Banner of Light to benefit its readers at every opportunity and therefore we advise all who have any symptoms of kidney or bladder trouble to write today to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a free sample bottle of Swamp-Root, the celebrated specific which is having such a great demand and remarkable success in the cure of the most distressing kidney and bladder troubles. With the sample bottle of Swamp-Root will also be sent free a pamphlet and treatise of valuable information.

Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

Miss Anna Strong, Mrs. May Millen, Mrs. Alexander; poem by Mrs. Nellie Kneeland; solos, Miss Strong; music, Mrs. Nellie Grover. Meetings every Tuesday for healing and Thursdays for spirit messages. A testimonial benefit for Mrs. Wilkinson will be held Tuesday evening, June 23, at Commercial Hall, Worcester.

First Association of Spiritualists, N. Y., May 31. A delightfully cool day and evening, overflowing audiences, exquisite music and all pervading harmony, rendered our closing services very nearly perfect. Miss Gaule was never better and her messages from the spirit world were very gratefully accepted by those whose arisen friends were able to manifest their presence. Our platform was honored for a short time by a Universalist clergyman, who delivered a brief address, proving conclusively that in this one instance a minister is willing to step from his pulpit to a spiritual rostrum and publicly avow a knowledge of and belief in spirit return. Certainly a step toward liberalism. M. J. Fitzmaurice, sec.

Sunday, May 31. Christ First Spiritual Church of Hartford, Conn., held services in the G. A. R. Hall on Main Street, Dr. M. A. Haven presiding. The speaker, Mr. C. B. Brainerd, gave an instructive address—theme, "Who Was Responsible for the Death or Crucifixion of Jesus Christ?" Mr. Ames sang a beautiful solo, assisted by the Harmony trio. Miss Gertrude C. Laidlaw ably presided at the piano. Dr. Haven gave some fine psychometric readings. We are to have a musical and literary entertainment on Thursday, June 18, it being the fourth anniversary of the organization of this church. We hope to have a goodly number present. We hold conference on the first Sunday in every month. All are welcome at our meetings. Yours for the advancement of the truth, Robert Boyle Ratcliffe.

Church of the Fraternity of Soul Communion held the closing services of the season on Sunday eve, May 31, at 8 o'clock at the Aurora Grata Cathedral, cor. Bedford Ave. and Madison St., Brooklyn, N. Y. After the opening organ recital by Prof. Decker a selection entitled "Hark, Hark, My Soul" was ably rendered by the Verdi Quartet. Rev. I. M. Corbitt delivered a short, instructive address and gave many convincing messages. The church will open the first Sunday in September under the auspices of the Ladies' Auxiliary. A strawberry festival and lawn fete will be given Tuesday afternoon and evening, June 16, at the residence of Mrs. F. Grant, Shore Road, and Emmaus Ave., Sheepshead Bay. In case of rain it will be postponed until following day. No pains are being spared to make it a success. Emma C. Resch, 1118 Mystic Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., cor.

Earnest Purpose Finds Time.

One of the commonest excuses for the lack of self-culture and attention to other duties is the lack of time, says Success. Hundreds of men, young and old, cheat themselves with the notion that they "could do this or that desirable thing if they 'only had time.' But the truth generally is that the busiest of them could find leisure for an extra thing by utilizing odd chinks and crannies of time, and properly arranging their regular employments. Hazlitt observes that many men walk as much idly on Pall Mall in a few years as would suffice to carry them around the globe. The truth is that an earnest purpose finds time or makes it. It seizes on spare moments and turns larger fragments of leisure to golden account. How many men are there in the busiest classes who do not waste daily in bed, in loitering, or in idle talk fifteen or twenty minutes? Yet even this petty fraction of time, if devoted steadily to self-improvement, would make an ignorant man wise in a few years, or, if spent in works of benevolence, would make a life fruitful in good deeds. Even ten minutes a day spent in thoughtful study would be felt at the year's end. A continual dropping wears away a stone; a continual deposit of animalcules builds up a continent. The most colossal buildings are reared by laying one brick or stone at a time on others.

To ask for leisure to do an ordinary thing is simply to confess that we do not care to do it. On the other hand, who but he who has experienced it can tell the rapture with which knowledge is gathered, in those hurried but precious moments, by the reader who has, instead of whole days, only snatches of time at his command? While the owner of a large library lounges a whole afternoon on his sofa, unable to decide what book he will read, the poor fellow who hangs over a book-stall, or snatches ten minutes from his work to dip into a prized volume, revels in an intellectual paradise.

William Ellery Channing observes that the affections sometimes crowd years into minutes, and that the intellect has something of the same power. Ex.

"Nothing can make thee calm, serene and peaceful but thyself—the soul."

BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

SPECIAL NOTICE

The BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY, located at 204 Dartmouth Street, Boston, Mass., keeps for sale a complete assortment of Spiritual, Progressive, Reformatory and Miscellaneous books of various kinds and prices.

TERMS CASH.—Orders for books, to be sent by Express must be accompanied by a cash order (the balance, if any, may be paid C. O. D.). Orders for books, to be sent by Mail, must be accompanied by cash to the amount of each order. Fractional parts of a dollar can be remitted in postage stamps.

Remittances can be safely sent by an Express Money Order, which will be issued by any of the large Express Companies. Books under \$5.00 can be sent in that manner for 6 cents.

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No attention is paid to anonymous communications. Names and address of writer is indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return unsolicited articles.

Newspapers sent to this office containing matter for inspection, should be marked by a line drawn around the article or articles in question.

Banner of Light.

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Harrison D. Barrett.....Editor-in-Chief.
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The BANNER OF LIGHT cannot well undertake to touch for the honesty of its many advertisers. Advertisements which appear fair and honorable upon their face are accepted, and whenever it is made known that dishonest or improper persons are using our advertising columns, they are at once interdicted. We request patrons to notify us promptly in case they discover in our columns advertisements of parties whom they have proved to be dishonest or unworthy of confidence.

The Message of the Sunshine.

(Continued from Page 1.)

and the result would be in men what we see in nature. We have no right to doubt or question this—the forces are from the same source, with the same creative energy and blessing at the back of them.

This gives us of itself the light not seen on ocean or shore, the interior light of loving conviction as to the reality of the truths of life. That love and faith and hope are real, the mighty forces, to be trusted always. To have the strength of manliness, we must be persuaded of this, and hold on to it in every day trial.

And here is the worth of this sunshine that it makes a gem of our hearts by its hiding there, and it radiates in the darkness. It is not always easy to carry out this plan of perfection. Certainly not, but it is the man way of a true man to keep it as nearly as possible. The rebuffs you meet, may do you good, as showing the great need of this power in life. One must keep to the hard and difficult until we master it and it becomes easy and joyous to us—as in time it must, if we are faithful.

And then there is so much behind this sunshine. Our prayer is for light and more light—and yet even the light hides much that we need the darkness to reveal. Think of the amplitude of the heavens made known to us by the shadows of the night. The wonder of it grows upon us as our increased knowledge enables us to penetrate further into space and enjoy the vision. It is most wonderful, and told us by the very shadows men at first feared.

Can we not take the parable to cover all our seeming losses? Would not faith see new worlds of love in the darkness when the sun goes down? And would not hope joyously look for the light that comes again in the morning when

"The morning steals upon the night
Melting the darkness?"

The darkness shall fade in the splendor and we shall walk in the old ways of the sunshine with the flowers and birds about us, and the beauty of the Lord our God yet over all?—William Brunton.

Legal Holiday.

Wednesday, June 17, is a legal holiday in Massachusetts, having been made such in honor of the great contest at Bunker Hill in 1775. In recognition of this memorable historic event, the office of the Banner of Light Publishing Company will be closed throughout the day.

Mrs. Minnie M. Soule.

As we go to press we are happy to report, for the peace of her many, many friends, that Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, if not entirely beyond danger, is on the way to recovery.

A transition of this generous worker at this time we should deem a calamity to organized Spiritualism. There are few organizations in Spiritualism that have not felt her unobtrusive touch, directly or indirectly; and the individual recipients of her generous, unassuming aid are legion.

Let us all centre, on her valuable life, our purest thought forces, trusting thus to aid in bringing her back to health and strength.

James B. Hatch, Senior.

The tribute paid this arisen veteran by Dr. Geo. A. Fuller was richly deserved and was complete in every respect, yet the writer craves permission to express his hearty agreement with Dr. Fuller's thought, and to add a few words in his own behalf. Spiritualism never had a truer friend, a more loyal advocate than J. B. Hatch, Sr. He was never ashamed of his religion, nor did he ever feel called upon to apologize for it. To him Patriotism and Spiritualism were synonymous terms, and who is there today who can question the soundness of his judgment? He was a brave soldier in the field of action defending his country's flag, and braver yet in the great battle of life, fighting for the sacred principles of his religion. He loved his friends most devotedly, and no man was ever truer to his friends than was he. It was the writer's happy privilege to know him for many years, and to be numbered among his closest friends. It was an honor ever to be cherished and appreciated, and this large-hearted friend of truth will ever be held in tender, loving memory by one who was counted an adopted member of Father Hatch's family. Congratulations to him upon his escape from the ills of the physical! The freedom of the soul-world is now his forever, and he can take a well-earned rest from his labors. Joy and Peace attend him in the higher spheres! May Love and the healing balm of angel sympathy be with those who mourn the loss of his physical presence. A good man has gone home, and this earth of ours is all the better for his having lived, while heaven is all the richer because he has entered there.

In loving memory of the arisen one, and in heartfelt sympathy with the members of his family who survive, these words are penned by
The Editor.

Editorial Notes.

SEVEN CREATIVE PRINCIPLES.

With the bursting forth of quite phenomenal interest in the significance and influence of color, a comparatively old book by Hiram Erastus Butler, "Seven Creative Principles," is coming into fresh vogue. There is a great deal that is interesting in that peculiar treatise which professes to treat everything from an "esoteric" standpoint apart from the description given of the meanings and values of different colors, but the colors are the chief point of interest to many readers.

The seven "creative principles" enumerated by Butler are: 1. Force, color red, which leads to power in final evolution. 2. Discrimination, color pink, which leads to riches. 3. Order, color blue, which brings forth wisdom. 4. Cohesion, color green which begets strength. 5. Fermentation, color purple which leads up to honor. 6. Transmutation, color violet, which eventuates in glory. 7. Sensation, color yellow, which terminates in blessing.

A diagram of a seven-pointed star (the mystic Septagram) is used in the book to illustrate and to elucidate this interesting statement. In the centre is a double triangle (Solomon's Seal) of which the upward pointing triangle is blue and the lower pointing triangle is red. The Greek word Logos is in the centre and rays of light are streaming forth in all directions. The symbolic serpent holding the tip of its tail in its mouth completes the inner circle; this emblem is often met with in Occult writings symbolizing eternity, the concentric ring without cessation of activity, or to speak more definitely within determinable bounds this serpent symbolizes but one circle in the order of creation and but one age amid the countless cycles of unending ages which vaguely we call eternity.

A proof of the very finite way in which "eternity" is used merely as the equivalent of age or cycle (Greek *aión*) is to be met with in Maria King's "Principles of Nature" where we actually encounter the expression, "twelve eternities," a phrase not only meaningless, but definitely absurd unless by "eternities" we understand ages or "divine years," as vast periods have been termed by Plato and other Greek philosophers, or "Days of Brahma" as vast epochs are called by many Orientalists as well as by those who have pledged themselves to acceptance of the tenets of Brahminism.

Clairevoyants who see many colors in their visions, often fail to interpret the meaning of much that they behold, therefore it is no uncommon thing to find a seer or seeress asking somebody to interpret what he or she has clairvoyantly beheld. The colors have a fixed value and a definite significance in Nature. It is seldom very easy to interpret other people's visions, though one may soon come to interpret his own; this is because so very much depends upon the brightness, darkness or intensity of the radiance of any special color, and also largely because very few people, comparatively speaking, are affected or impressed in exactly the same way by any set of colors or even by any single shade or tint or hue. Nature's presentation of color to our view is so far fixed that we can learn to read correctly signs in the Heavens and signs on Earth, but the meaning of colors to most highly sensitive persons who see them mystically, is chiefly to be decided by the special effect produced by the vision upon and within the sensitive beholder.

Apart from the color symbolism, Butler's "Seven Creative Principles" is well worth

reading, particularly because it explains very suggestively the work of forces in the Universe which seem to us mallice and only destructive, when in reality they are as beneficent and as ultimately constructive in the results which are eventually due to their action as any forces that at once strike us as friendly and uplifting. Fermentation is a striking illustration in point.

MICROBES, THEIR ORIGIN AND MISSION.

Bacteriology is indeed a wonderful and fascinating study, and we are glad to see that far sadder and more rational views of micro-organisms are now being taken by students of something better than pathology, even though pathology be still included in a medical education. Microbes exist; we can see them through the microscope and watch their movements easily, and we can also soon learn to know different varieties apart and find out what special conditions are favorable or unfavorable to the propagation of varied species. But the sight of microbes does not explain their origin. They accompany disease, but they are not necessarily its producing cause. The best definition yet given of pathogenic germs, infinitesimal creatures, the very name of which strikes terror into many hearts supposed to be courageous—is that they are products of disease but never its first producers; they are, moreover, useful scavengers and as such should be welcomed, even as we welcome street cleaners.

But now comes in the question of questions, the most vital of all to our truest welfare: Can we so live as to render ourselves not only impervious to the attacks of the microbes generated by disorder, but also strong and clean enough to give no work for such unpleasant visitors to perform. We know from experience that every kind of living creature requires a special environment and habitat and that conditions and surroundings particularly favorable to the welfare and development of one kind of animal prove disastrous to the very existence of other varieties. One kind of microbe may be as unlike another as tigers are unlike reindeer.

Right thinking, deep breathing, sufficient outdoor exercise, sunbaths, simple feeding, hygienic dress and all other rational compliances with the rule of health which is universal and fixed beyond our power to alter it, may so render our condition superior to the generation and to the inroad of the microbes of disease that we can generate, disperse and attract health microbes only. It is strangely anomalous that multitudes of people should go on believing something so utterly foreign to truth as that disease can be communicated from one person to another while health is supposed to be incommunicable. If there are microbes of disease floating in the atmosphere, there are certainly health germs also, but the beneficent and pleasurable side of a subject is too often ignored or overlooked, while the most depressing aspects of any topic are upheld by continuous contemplation.

Strange and sad though this fact may seem, it has its bright side, as all facts have when they are intelligently studied, and the bright side of this particular fact is that it serves to indicate the constant working of that highly useful and indeed indispensable instinct of self preservation with which all living creatures are endowed, and without which they would soon all perish. This instinct, however, like all others, can become morbid and is liable to perversion, and when perverted, it makes us terribly anxious and careworn, always sniffing imaginary danger, and continually lowering the tone of our vitality, and weakening our resisting power by dread of impending danger.

Fear is the principal cause of manifold distempers, chiefly because it weakens the entire system both physically and mentally, and opens the door to all that we most desire to shut out. A truly courageous, good-natured optimistic person lives surrounded by a belt of radical aura not only useful, like screens or mosquito nettings, to keep out unwelcome insects, but also actively beneficent in its effects upon all who come in contact with it. We not only breathe the common air, mentally as well as bodily, but we are continually making our contribution to it and according to the nature of our thought and the general condition of our minds and bodies will be the extent and quality of the offering we dispense to swell the sum total of the unseen atmosphere in which we are all living and of which we are all partakers.

BIO-CHEMISTRY.

Now that our good friend, Dr. Geo. W. Carey, is giving lectures in and around Boston, and issuing a very bright and useful monthly paper, "The Journal of Biochemistry"—a periodical of far higher than average value—it seems appropriate to call some special attention to Dr. Carey's specialty, which is perhaps less widely known than it well deserves to be. The attractive heading of each number of his publication is a representative Tree of Life which is said to stand for the Circulatory System in the human body. The twelve manners of fruits are made to represent the twelve cell-malts of the blood. Dr. Carey insists on putting that interpretation upon a well-known passage in the Apocalypse (Rev. xxii, verse 2).

There is a certain remote connection in this declaration and Dr. Geo. Dutton's statement in "Etiopathy" that the Garden of Eden is to be found scientifically in the human heart. These anatomical and physiological correspondences are always interesting, and though such versions of Scripture can by no means fully explain the esoteric meaning of the most marvelous statements contained in Holy Writ they have a decided value in so far as they encourage people to study anthropology more deeply and with a view to definitely improving both the mental and physical conditions of humanity.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

Dr. Carey in the April number of his paper, published some startling assertions under the above heading, and we wonder what Marconi would say to some of them. Here are a few of the most surprising:

"There is a universal etheric substance everywhere present, but in different degrees

of density (rates of vibration) at different altitudes. Jars, oscillations or vibrations set up or started at any given point will jar, oscillate or vibrate all the so-called molecules of etheric substance within range of its power"; and again, "How does electricity or energy, pass along a wire? It does not pass at all. Electricity is a myth, so far as being a substance is concerned. So-called electricity is an effect. That which causes the effect is stationary. So-called electricity is substance in operation. Etheric atoms are everywhere; therefore, the universe is solid. Disturb this body of atoms at any given point and all is disturbed. This disturbance, jar, motion, quiver or vibration records itself when it impinges upon a resistant point sensible to its operation."

This view of electricity does not strike us as entirely novel, as it largely agrees with much that has often been advanced in circles where Occultism is studied, but as a public teaching it will probably set many people thinking, and to its credit it may be said that it is far more comprehensible and rational than much learned gargon concerning "motion" and "vibration" when no hint is given that there is any substance to vibrate or to move. Actions of substance can be considered, but as Dr. Carey well points out, we must conceive of some substance before we can possibly deal in a reasonable manner with any theory concerning its real or supposed modes of activity. A good summing up of the doctrine promulgated by Dr. Carey ends the article from which the present extracts have been taken.

"Is wireless telegraphy the last step in the science of communication? No. The brain of man and woman is both transmitter and receiver, and when the race awakens from its dream of flesh, it will find the brain is the only instrument needed and that the medium for transmission of thought is everywhere present."

WINGS OF TRUTH.

Under that sprightly title our excellent friends, Mr. and Mrs. Marsh Stiles, are issuing monthly one of the most delightful magazines printed in the English language. This is now an inter-hemispherical publication issued in London and New York. Its pages are filled to overflowing with instructive and entertaining matter. The editors and contributors are singularly eclectic in all directions, and there is something which appeals to nearly every type of mind. Chromoscopy as taught by Wm. Heald occupies a prominent place in every number, and it is indeed a fascinating exercise to trace out the value of names and cast chromoscopes by means of a system which seems quite blind until you get the key to it, but when you have learned to unlock its mystery it is by no means unintelligible. The names we bear do certainly influence more or less according to our susceptibility and suggestibility, and the names people adopt of their own accord for literary or theatrical purposes, are even more significant than those we have received from our parents. The vowels in a name determine its strength or weakness, and the color correspondence of the different letters of which any name is composed, afford a fascinating study to all lovers of the mystical which can blend well with the practical. The enterprise displayed by the proprietors of "Wings of Truth" must certainly compel success to crown their constant efforts.

THE PASSING OF A GREAT SCHOLAR.

Rev. Dr. Gustav Gottheil, for many years the honored rabbi of Temple Emmanuel, Fifth Avenue, New York, has been mentioned in English papers since his recent passage to the spiritual state, with very great respect, and among many good words spoken concerning his life, efforts and attainments, nothing has sounded more encouraging at the close than the mention of his strongly expressed desire that no mourning should be worn for him. One by one the great preachers, scholars and leaders of thought whom we have known and honored are passing into the realm of the great majority, and one by one, they bear unflinching testimony to their trust in the life immortal, and the more deeply they feel this trust within them, the more averse do they become to those trappings of woe which though still fashionable among conventional people, are only suggestive of depression and despair. Dr. Gottheil's influence was always on the side of light and progress. Without dogmatism of any sort, he faithfully upheld the Banner of Israel and made Judaism highly respected in many places where blind Anti-Semitism had taken deep hold upon the unthinking multitude. On the topic of immortality, Dr. Gottheil spoke beautifully. He was a delightful preacher, broad, clear and always helpful in his utterances, no matter what might be the immediate subject of discourse. Though a Jew, he was constantly in the company of distinguished liberal Christians and never did he miss an opportunity for emphasizing the great points of agreement between all earnest souls seeking for undiluted truth. Such men do much by their words and still more by their silent influence.

W. J. Colville.

Talents and skill tell for much, but conscience in work tells for more. The mechanic or the clerk who, beyond his stated salary, beyond even his obligations to his employer or the demands which public opinion could make upon him, exerts himself to make his work as perfect as he can, and delights in its thoroughness and excellence apart from any private benefit it can render him, has a value which can never be computed. It matters not what the work be, whether it be done with the spade of the laborer, the pen of the clerk, the brush of the artist, or the voice of the statesman. Such people are sought far and wide; there are places open to them, and their services are always at a premium.—Ex.

Not always can flowers, pearls, poetry, protestations, nor even home in another's heart, content the awful soul that dwells in clay.—Emerson.

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Message Department.

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

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

These circles are not public.

To Our Readers.

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

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

Report of Seances held May 28 1903, S. E. 24.

Invocation.

Oh spirit of infinite power, of peace, so unfold that we may be calmed and stilled and listen to the voice of truth. So strong may we be by the inflowing of truth that never again shall we be engulfed by material conditions or conception of material things. Out of the midst of distress and despair, the cry is coming for help, for a better understanding of life, and for some work to be done among the afflicted ones, and so strong would we be that we may answer the cry and may send the help that is needed. We ask for strength to overcome the dark conditions. Always we turn to the spirit, to the great source of life and love and tenderness always in distress or in happiness, in doubt or in hope, in joy or in sorrow, we would turn our faces toward Thee, oh spirit above and through all, and ask that the blessing of understanding may be ours. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Ada Mason, Joliet, Ill.

The first spirit that comes to me this morning is a girl about sixteen years old. She is of medium complexion, has brown eyes, hair, and a very delicate, frail looking body. She doesn't seem to have had a long illness but her body was so delicate that when the illness came, it took her quickly into the spirit. Her name is Ada Mason. She says: "I lived in Joliet, I want to go to my father, whose name is William, to tell him that I can see him and hear him and am with him. My aunt who came over about two years after I did is with me and she said we would take a little excursion down to the Banner of Light and see if we couldn't send a message to those we love, and tell them how happy we are in this land of beauty and of joy. I have never seen anything of the dark side of spirit life because I came at once to my friends and they have made me so happy and have tried to make me understand that it would be perfectly possible for me to come some day close to my own people. I hadn't made up my mind what I would do when I came over here because I had never been able to study very much, but I am doing some work in art and I like it so much; aunt shows me about it because she used to understand it. I am very grateful to you people for giving me this chance to send my love, oh so much, to my father. Thank you."

May Wright, Swampscott, Mass.

There is the spirit of a woman about thirty years of age comes now. She has dark hair, eyes and skin and is a very strong, magnetic looking woman. She went out to the spirit very suddenly. She says, "My name is May Wright and I am from Swampscott. I have been over here four or five years and I don't believe there has ever been a day but I have tried to see what I could in your life. To tell the truth I don't seem to be very much removed from it. I have been quite near several mediums and have been able to give them more or less help. I think I would rather work near the mediums than to take up a new work in the spirit. I used to sew a great deal when I was in the body and I was so tired of it that I never wanted to see a thing to sew again, and so I am on the go most of the time, but I can't get anywhere unless I have an object. That is one of the strange things about my life over here; I must have an object that leads me somewhere in order to get anywhere. I have been very much interested in Belle and Harry. Harry amuses me. He talks so much about spirits and yet knows so little. He is rather mediumistic. I wanted to say to them all that while it was a great shock to me to come over as I did, I think I much prefer it to lingering along till everybody is tired out taking care of me. Thank you."

Lincoln Goldthwaite, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The spirit of a young man is before me. He is about twenty-five or twenty-six years old; a happy-go-lucky boy with blue eyes, brown hair and a good, handsome face. He seems to be looking on with wonder about this whole concern. He says: "I am interested but do not know how to go to work. First I suppose I must tell my name. Well, it is Lincoln Goldthwaite; I am or was a resident of Brooklyn, N. Y. It is so funny for me to be telling you these things, because I had not thought much about coming, but my mother is alive and she very much wants me to come to her. I wish I could tell her something that would prove to her that I can come, but I do not know just what would help her the most. If I tell her that I was on my wheel about half the time she would know that was true, and if I tell her I like racing the boats she would know that was true. If I tell her too that my father comes with me and says, 'Bless her heart, she is doing all she can to keep things moving,' I am sure she will believe it and be pleased. Her name is Rosa and she has any number of people about her who are interested in her, but I find that she would be more glad to hear from one person, than all those who are left. It isn't hard for me to come and I don't feel that I am turning my back upon any particular glory or joy. I really want to come. I am interested. Tell my mother, please, that I have been with her for the last two weeks particularly, and I know she has bought a house, and now she has bought it. She is not quite sure whether she ought to have done so or not, but I think it is all right. Tell her Lizzie comes with me and sends her love and so does Mose."

Herbert Woodworth, Georgetown, Pa.

Again the spirit of a man comes to me. He is about forty years old, short with stubby, red hair, bright blue eyes and a round, full face. He has a red mustache and seems to be playing with it about half the time. He

says, "Here, here, here, don't get personal; don't go to telling every move I make," and he laughs a little bit. His name is Herbert Woodworth; he is from Georgetown, Pa. "This is the strangest thing," he says. "I came because my Aunt Fanny wanted me to. I didn't think I should be able to say as much as I have but she said Addie would be so glad to get word from me. Now Addie is my wife, and if she can get any comfort out of this message it will please me more than I can tell you. Addie, dear, I have found the baby just as sweet as when we put it away and it is a great comfort to me; I hope you will be able to get as much out of life when you come as I do now."

Frank Wheaton, Buffalo, N. Y.

Right after him is a spirit who says his name is Frank Wheaton; he lived in Buffalo, N. Y. He says: "I wish you would give me a chance to say a word. It seems abominable that one has to beg a chance to speak to his friends, but what's a man to do? I have been trying in every conceivable way to attract the attention of my people and not one bit of notice do they take of all my effort. I wanted Annie so much to get into communication with me before she took that last step. It was irrevocable; there is no possible way for her to change it now and so I shall do all I can to help her but it bothered me very much. Give her my love and tell her I understand. Thank you."

Alice Field, to Mrs. Charles Field.

A girl about eighteen or nineteen years of age who is very black comes to me and says her name is Alice Field and she comes from your home in Chicago. She says: "Won't you please try to send this message to Mrs. Charles Field and tell her that I did not go far away? It only seemed like stepping out of her sight. I am able to hear her voice. I know how she weeps for me but I want her to know I am going forward as fast as I can studying this law of spirit return. Grandpa Mason says he knows a great deal about it and he will teach me enough so I can come to you, mama, and help you when you need me. You can help me too if you will only think of me and love me close to you. I love concerts and I don't like to see you going to the grave so often. Let it go. I am in the house and I would much rather have you speak to me there than to go out to the grave and think I am in that place. Seems to me it must be an awful thing to really believe that somebody is out in the dark and the cold. It is pleasant while roses bloom and the flowers are there, but it must be dreadful on stormy nights. You mustn't think of it so, mama, because I am not there. I am in the house with you and often sit down in the little chair where I used to sit so often before you and eat taffy with you that I used to make myself. I remember, don't you? Oh, I send so much love and I want you to try and open the door for me. Thank you."

Julia Carr, Fall River, Mass.

A spirit by the name of Julia Carr who comes from Fall River is here beside me. She wants to go to John Carr. She says: "Get it off as soon as you can, and tell John I am anxious to get him out of that sickness and bring him back to his normal condition of health and strength. I am not unhappy but I do feel uneasy. I have little Johnny with me and I am trying to influence Frank to do the things for you that he ought to. It isn't much I send you but it is to show you I am interested and anxious and no matter how long I am gone I wouldn't or couldn't forget you."

George Linscott, Malden, Mass.

A spirit stands here now of a man about forty years old. He is a little above medium height, slender and fair, with brown hair, blue eyes and a light mustache. He is very slow and matter-of-fact in his way; doesn't seem the least bit inclined to hurry, and he says, "Well, it wouldn't be George Linscott if he did hurry, because he never was known to make much haste over anything and to tell the truth, I don't believe I could hurry much for I feel the influence of the old sickness about me and it is almost impossible to shake it off. I am from Malden and I have many friends and acquaintances and some I love that I would like to send my message to. I made up my mind I would not say much about my dearest ones but I would make it quite evident I am alive and able to communicate and then I would leave something for them to do in the way of making plans and time for me to speak. I have Annie with me and she is rather concerned over this effort of mine. She was always afraid she might do something wrong and she seems just a little bit afraid that it may be wrong for her to come, but I tell her I don't believe that any law that is so universal as this law of return is the least bit wrong. I'd like to have William understand I am trying to help him and very often I stand by his side trying to impress him of my presence. Thank you."

Charles Lord, Wiscasset, Me.

The spirit of a man about fifty-five years old, short, rather stout, with very dark eyes and hair comes to me. He is quite bald on the top of his head and is a very earnest, quick sort of a man and says: "I had an idea that at the last minute I might lose my strength and would not be able to say what I want to. My name is Charles Lord, I am from Wiscasset, Me. Strange thing this, to be so perfectly conscious of your own existence and the existence of friends and be so utterly ignored by them. It is the greatest riddle of the universe that one can stand on this side of life and see and be conscious of the thoughts of those they have loved and yet be so utterly put out of that thought and life. It is like a vague dream, if it were not so real. I have been to my wife I should say a thousand times and have been so near that I felt she must see me anyway and she just looked right out into space and saw nothing of me. It makes a man doubt his senses after a while, but I have talked with many people over here and I find that very many of them have the same experience and wonder just how they are ever going to make it plain. Most of them go away and let the problem settle itself when their friends come over here to them, but I couldn't quite do it. There are a number of things I find an important interest in but I don't know that I can particularly about running the affairs, but I did feel I would like to make the effort to let them know I am alive. I would like to send this word to Sarah, I wish she, in response to it, would give me a little thought and help from her side of life. She can do it by sitting down and giving her attention to me. Thank you."

Transitions.

One of the oldest supporters of Spiritualism in the state of Maine, Cyrus Bryant of Fairfield, passed away on the twentieth of May at his home in Fairfield, Maine, at the good age of eighty-six years. The deceased was one of a long lived family and while age has been creeping on in the last few years he has manifested the same interest in the belief in which he took so much enjoyment, and by his pleasing ways has made others happy around him. His death which was due to a heart trouble was sudden. He was a twin to Mrs. Nabun Tottman, who survives him. He had always lived in the village and was the son of William Bryant who assisted in the construction

and sailed on the first voyage of the old Constitution. He followed the occupation of a farmer and lumberman until about ten years ago. He is spoken of as a genial old fellow with a crowd of friends. Three sons and one daughter survive him, residing in Illinois. He was a frequent visitor to Temple Heights and had a friend in all whom he met there—Orin J. Dickson.

The funeral of James Madison Ward who died May 25 at 10 o'clock at his home in South Barre was held May 28 at 10 a. m., the Rev. Lucius Colburn of Cambridge, Vt., officiating. He spoke in very consoling words to the bereaved family from the text: "Why should I fear Death? If I am, Death is not. If Death is, I am not. Why should I fear that which cannot exist when I do?" Mr. Ward was born in Hartland, Vt., on February 14, 1837, where he remained until twenty-seven years of age, when he went to Montpelier, Vt., to enter the employ of the Lowell, Mr. C. where he remained a faithful employee for over twenty years. On June 19, 1867, he was united in marriage to Miss Ellen Brown of that town. In 1884 he purchased the Elijah Wood farm in town of Barre where he made his home until the summer of 1899 when he moved to his present home in South Barre. In the summer of 1901 he purchased the business of G. E. McFarland which has been conducted under the firm name of J. M. Ward & Son.

Mr. Ward endorsed modern Spiritualism in his early life and has always been a faithful adherent to the Cause. He was highly esteemed as a neighbor and friend and has always maintained a high standard of business integrity. Perhaps nothing can better illustrate this esteem in which his memory is held than the words of his aged mother who says: "Nothing too kind or too generous can be said of him." He leaves to mourn his departure a mother, Mrs. Abbie Bradstreet Ward, aged 92 1/2 years; his wife, Mrs. Ellen Brown Ward, and six children, Geo. A. Ward of Bath, Me., Elizabeth Ward Lane, Edward Ward, Wm. H. Ward, Mattie Ward Wiley, Blanche E. Ward. There were many beautiful floral offerings, among them a large and beautiful bouquet of carnations and roses from the employees of the firm of J. M. Ward & Son, bouquet of carnations and ferns from Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Valentine, Nashua, N. H., bouquet of pinks from Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Wiley, bouquet of cut flowers from Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Quinlen, bouquet of white carnations, J. N. McKenzie, wreath from Mr. and Mrs. K. A. Lane, roses from Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Lane—Barre (Vt.) Telegram.

In Ludlow, Vermont, June 2, at the age of eighty-five, Saphira E. Richardson Sawyer passed away. She was the widow of Willard Sawyer and mother of four children, three of whom are living. Like her father her happiness consisted in making others happy, her aim in life to find the silver lining in every cloud however dark. Her efforts were crowned with a ripe old age; she was blessed and happy in the sunset of golden days. Her work is done; she hath gone to her rest.

Dr. George Dutton.

Dr. George Dutton passed away in Chicago on the morning of May 27. Mrs. Dutton came East with the remains and the commitment was in Evergreen Cemetery, Rutland, Vt., May 30.

Telepathy Discounted.

Prof. Trowbridge Says it Has no History.

It is well that physical science wears leaded boots. The disposition to ignore or negative everything that is not bounded by its observations and methods is of great value even to the students of the occult. Everything must be seen and recorded in their way, and by orthodox physicists, to be acceptable to them. While this disposition often hinders scientific advancement, and tries the patience of free progressive thinkers, it is yet a necessary condition of security against the adoption of errors, by a too hasty acceptance of conclusions which seem clearly correct to an intuitive intellect. Intuition is not always reliable. If it were perfectly developed in all minds it might be. But it is yet in the training school of the kindergarten.

Telepathy has been accepted as a demonstrated possibility, if not a reliable reality, by many experimenters. These are not limited to the Psychic Research Society and its experiments. These have probably given it a more conspicuous place in the public mind than the individual experiments and experiences, attested by hundreds of witnesses. It has been thought, of late, that it was a proven fact, and we have been accepting telepathy as one of the settled questions in psychic science. But it is difficult to settle anything so that it will stay settled. The Heliocentric astronomy is supposed to be settled by mathematical demonstration. But it is only settled by those who accept it, either upon their own experiments, and figures, or the authority of others, in whose ability and integrity they trust. But John Jasper does not accept it. The Bible is his authority for disputing it. He knows more about that book than he does of mathematics. But he may yet find that he has misinterpreted the book.

Telepathy is not a mathematical subject; and it may be in doubtful company with physics; and, according to Prof. John Trowbridge of Harvard, Telepathy is in bad company with science. It is a somewhat lengthy effort to analyze its claims to recognition, as published in The Evening Post, he says: "There is, at present, no evidence of telepathic communication, which would be accepted in a court of law, in regard to property, or in a scientific laboratory." Would not the testimony of W. T. Stead be accepted in a court of law? But it may be said that testimony is not evidence; but it is accepted as evidence, in the courts, and men are electrocuted for crimes which are proven to the satisfaction of courts and juries, by human testimony. The law does not require a murder to be committed in court, in the presence of judge and jury, before a criminal can be convicted. If W. T. Stead, or any other of a hundred witnesses, were to testify in court of a conversation heard, or understood, by a recipient a hundred miles away, giving proof as tangible as the answer to a call by telephone, what rule of law would justify the court in rejecting his testimony? But physicists are usually quite determined, and, from my view, therefore, unscientific, in bringing all classes of facts, and evidence, to the special standard of their favorite science. Prof. Trowbridge says: "The evidence which is adduced and submitted to societies of psychical research cannot be compared with that of the simplest analysis of a chemical compound, or that which gave men the suspicion of the electric action excited by the motion of a magnet."

Perhaps not. Can the evidence of the fall of meteoric rocks, or the vanishing of a star from the constellations, witnessed only by a select few, and not observed for years, be compared to the "Analysis of chemical compound"? Is the evidence any less reliable in the one case than in the other? Again he says: "It is one of the chief characteristics of a science that it has a history, and no subject can rise to the dignity of a science unless it has at least the rudiments of a history." Just what he means by "history" I do not know, but Webster defines it, "A written statement of what is known; an account of that which exists or has existed; a record; a description." Is there no "written

statement of what is known" about telepathy? Is there no "account of what exists, or has existed" in the telepathic experiments? Is there no "record" or "description" of any experiments in telepathy?

I wonder if Prof. Trowbridge is posted in the psychic experiences of the past fifty-five years, and the hundreds of records carefully made of such facts as pertain to telepathy? The phenomena and the history of telepathy, may not be exactly like a chemical analysis, or the study of electric excitation of magnets; but is it any the less a history? The records of court trials, the hanging of witches, of the doings of women in suffrage conventions, of the persecutions of heretics under the savage authority of Torquemada, of electric storms, and cyclones, of the origin and development of the Protestant reformation, and hundreds of other historic realities may not compare with the analysis of a chemical compound; but are they to be discounted and rejected on that account? Referring to wireless telegraphy Prof. Trowbridge says: "These facts and phenomena can be studied and the phenomena can be repeated by any skilled person."

Is he sure that the same is not true of telepathy? But a skilled person in telepathy may require a different preparation from the skill required to investigate wireless telegraphy. It requires a different quality of skill to demonstrate the musical capacities of a piano from that which solves a difficult problem in higher mathematics. But there are many classes of phenomena which cannot "be repeated by any skilled person." An eclipse of the sun cannot be repeated by the manipulations of men; but the proper knowledge of planetary motions may enable one to forecast an eclipse. There have been countless storms, and but few accurate records of them; but no man can repeat them at will. Shall we then discredit the fact that storms have been?

After various queries and objections Prof. Trowbridge decides that "there is no science in telepathy—it is merely a belief," and he examines the reasons for the belief, as he sees them, and concludes that "It is not in consonance with scientific thought; it belongs to the realm of demonology and witchcraft." Brothers Hodgson, Meyers, Savage, Hyslop, and Stead are in rather questionable company. Almost as bad as to be called Spiritualists! But Prof. Trowbridge wisely says: "We are not stating our conviction that telepathy is not possible." Physicists are not so free in declaring the impossibility of spiritual phenomena, as they were thirty years ago. They have learned some things by experience. Prof. Dolbear claims to have discovered and demonstrated wireless telegraphy thirty years ago, or more. When he applied for a patent his application was denied because it was unscientific and impossible. But it was shown to be possible not only, but real, and a few years later his patent was granted. That patent office official probably learned something by this experience.

But Prof. Trowbridge says: "If telepathy becomes an acknowledged fact tomorrow, it will be an unprecedented fact in the history of the scientific advance of the human race." This is well worded. "If it becomes an acknowledged fact." That is of course if Prof. Trowbridge and his school acknowledge it. It is already an "acknowledged fact," and has been for many years; but Prof. Trowbridge does not acknowledge it. Of course he, and his school of physicists, regard themselves the only competent authority to make such acknowledgment valid. Very likely it would be "an unprecedented fact in the history of the scientific advance of the human race," if telepathy should be acknowledged by the guardians of orthodox science, without a long series of denials, rejection of evidence, and juggling with facts to discredit it, no matter how strong the historic testimony might be, or what the character of the experimenters, and witnesses.

How can telepathy have a history for those who ignore its records, and deny the facts vouched for by scores of the best minds in the world? Here is a statement that commands itself to reason. "It must be remembered that there are no limits to scientific inquiry, but there are fatal limits to metaphysical speculation." But in view of the confusing facts that deluge spiritual students everywhere, one might suspect that there are no limits to metaphysical speculation, and no limits to the ingenuity for conjuring with words to express the psychic tangles of unscientific speculations that weave a mystic charm into the mental habits of many idealists. If Prof. Trowbridge has set no limits to scientific inquiry, and carries this mental attitude into all his investigations, there is hope for him beyond the analysis of chemical compounds.

But in extending this article beyond its normal limits, yet I have not covered half the points in this remarkable analysis of the learned professor; and perhaps I may add a second chapter, if this finds a welcome in the Banner. After relegating telepathy to the realm of belief, Prof. Trowbridge proceeds to discount even the belief. It is to the analysis of objections to the belief that I would pay my respects. As a fitting closing to illustrate the professor's attitude, I quote his closing words: "When a scientific man takes to such works in psychics and philosophy, the death knell of his scientific career is rung."

Lyman C. Howe.
170 Liberty St., Fredonia, N. Y.

A Wanderer's Legend.

Maxwell Somerville.

The writer describes how in his research for old Oriental manuscripts, he came across one of the 16th century written in French and Latin entitled "Disertatio historica de Judeo non mortali" (historical dissertation of the Jew not mortal), and he gives it here as he was permitted to copy it.

The wanderer tells that his father was a carpenter of Jerusalem, while he was a shoemaker. He says I am of the tribe of Naphtali, my name is Abasuerus, I was educated to read and write in Hebrew and Parthian, so I read the books of the Law and the Prophets, and he went on giving a synopsis of the history of the Jews from Adam to Christ. He told how being a lad he followed the three kings as they left Jerusalem to go to Bethlehem to worship the Christ, he heard Christ preach many times, he was at the raising of Lazarus, and he was with the crowd when Jesus was taken in Gethsemane, the next day as they were leading him to Calvary Christ stopped at his door as to rest but he cried to him:

"Go, go away from my door, I cannot befriend you"; and Jesus answered him: "I will go, but thou shalt walk, and walk continually; thou shalt never cease thy wanderings; thou shalt walk as long as the earth remains, until the last day when I shall come to judge the twelve tribes of Israel."

So he started on his wanderings, forsaking home and friends, knowing not where he was going, as constrained by some power he went to Egypt, in his journey he met the early Christians, he saw Mahomet, he passed through Africa, then to Phenicia, to Greece, to Crete where he was able to see the ruins of the palace of Minos in a city destroyed 2000 years B. C.

He tells how he went to Italy, he was in Rysanum when Constantine was emperor. He spoke of the Crusades, of passing through England in the eleventh century, when the Norman Conqueror, King William the first, and the Swedes became kings. He went to Denmark, Holland and France, where he became better acquainted with the Druids, of

whose rites he gave a short account; thence he traveled through Germany and Spain, then he was led to go to Palmyra, where the queen Zenobia showed him favor, he wandered through Persia, China, India, Japan, then to Russia and back to Judea, he came to America, Mexico and Peru. Wherever he went, he was able to converse, he was reviled often by ignorant men, though he never asked for help, he was always provided for, he often was received by kings and dignitaries of the church and state.

Such is the legend of the wandering Jew, the narrative is not consecutive and there are some anachronisms, still as a legend the book is quite interesting, but it remained for Eugene Sue to make the poor wandering Jew famous all over the world, as his book has been translated in many languages.

Fred de Bos.

The Spirit of Life, Whence? Whither?

Dr. J. A. Houser.

This is a very instructive little work. The doctor explains how the whole creation is the result of cells grouping together, each cell has a life of its own, living on the substance that it multiplies according to the laws of nature, as nothing is phenomenal in nature, but everything moves by an unchanging law. They can be depended upon to produce the same effect under the same cause, infinitely. With the knowledge of natural laws, the life of a world may be studied in the life of a plant, and the life of the universe in the life of any part of it. He reviews all the old theories of Chaldaea, Egypt, Greece and Christianity upon the beginnings of life, and while approving of all in some points, he does not wholly accept any of them, but he says that we must believe that all that is came from somewhere, and if it departs, it must go somewhere. We must then seek and conclude what source is possible and the most reasonable. By the study of nature's laws we find that matter always changes, this inexorable fact is present, working out its mission as long as there is any matter to work upon. This change, progress, development show law and order and system in which there must be an infinite intelligence ever present and ever working to lead on the evolution of all things. He who seeks God in nature will find his finger marks in every plant, his footprints on every hill and valley and hear the crash of his fiery hammer strokes that herald the coming storm.

As matter differs in kind, so must the infinite spirit that abides in it. The same matter is formed into the widest variety of living bodies by the different kinds of life that molds the senseless clay. Every living body is made up of organs, and these are composed of cells. A cell is a little bag with a little fluid in it, and a vesicle in the centre. He calls this the "soul speck" as it is the point of life. These cells must differ in the different parts of the body, for they have different work to perform. In the whole body millions of cells die and millions are born every day, though we cannot say whether they really die. Since the first step in visible life is a cell, their multiplication maintains life, and certain changes bring the state called death, it is evident that there is a possible condition of cells which would perpetuate life indefinitely.

The doctor shows that reincarnation is a very possible fact, for the return of life to its former habitation is not more wonderful than the fact that it came at all. Neither does he see anything supernatural in the spirit manifestations.

"The little book is well worth studying and its low price, 10 cents, brings it within the reach of everybody, and it will repay a hundredfold the small investment."

Fred de Bos.

More Light on a Dark Subject.

Dr. J. R. Bailey.

This book differs from any other book on the subject with which it deals, it takes matters from the standpoint of nature. He makes the anatomy and physiology so plain that it will present a mental picture to those who are ignorant on the subject. The matter of the vital principle is taken up from the standpoint of the primitive cell, giving a clear understanding of the several phenomena of existence. Under the head of physiology he traces the evolution of the mental faculties from the same primitive element as the sexual instinct, which is proved by the peculiar anatomical connection of the nerves supplying the organs of generation, which accounts for the close relation existing between the mind and the sexual function in man. He dwells at length on the anatomy of the sexual organs of man and of woman, and the natural instincts which become developed at puberty, and he deprecates the ignorance in which children of both sexes are brought up owing to the prudish and prudish decay forbids the mention of such things, as if there was anything impure in nature.

Dr. Bailey treats of marriage under two heads, the man in marriage and the woman in marriage. People who are bound in marriage should be in a state of confidence toward each other which would put them into more intimate relations than is generally the case. People should consider the question from the standpoint of nature, and the relationship existing in the married unions is the place for such understanding. In the matter of the sexes in marriage he is taken up the suppressed phase of the question, and he tells people to understand the wise plans of nature, and give and take in accordance with the conditions, and perfect harmony will be the result. He devotes a chapter to the subject of abortion of which too much cannot be said or expressed in too forcible a manner, it is the curse of the age, and it is the element which will destroy a nation in the most sure and insidious manner. It destroys not only the mother but the womanhood also, and this condition is brought about through the increasing disrespect which we manifest for the sanctity of the marriage rite; marriage for commercial ends for cementing great business interests, marriage for attaining social prestige which newly won millions cannot buy, marriage for political ends, marriage for a home and independence from exertion, marriage for the purpose of seeing how it seems to be married. All these for purposes entirely foreign to the assumption of this solemn and binding obligation. He laments the ease with which divorces can be obtained when both parties desire a separation; he urges the people to learn the facts in nature which lead to this sacred union, and then to carry out the ends of nature in their own case. No man or woman should marry a person they would not choose to be the parent of their children, no matter what wealth or social prestige they bring with them.

Conception is touched upon and its mysteries cleared away as it is of the utmost importance to married people and cannot be too well understood, and it is a well known fact that the disposition of the child will be influenced by the mental condition of the mother at the conception and during pregnancy. He touches lightly on the predominance of the sex of the offspring in generation. He treats plainly all those truths of nature which unfortunately a few married people thoroughly understand.

Fred de Bos.

What Did the Horse See?

JOHN W. CLARK.

It has often been said that animals have a keen and quick appreciation of anything which partakes of a supernatural character. Whether the whole animal creation are endowed with this singular capacity, it is impossible to say, but as regards horses and dogs—if we are to believe the many stories which are related on the best of authorities—it is certain that these animals have been the first to recognize and to testify by their fright and terror that they are in the presence of something beyond their ken.

In the following instance a horse evidently saw something claimed to have been seen also by one occupant of the vehicle, but unseen by the other. The peculiar circumstances were related to the writer by a friend on whose word he can implicitly rely.

Mr. S. was a farmer owning a large farm in a beautiful agricultural district. His house was a roomy, substantially built place, standing some distance back from the road and approached by a carriage-drive of considerable length, lined on either side with tall trees. The entrance to this drive was through a gateway on the public road. One evening Mr. S. and a friend who was staying with him set out for a neighboring house, a few miles distant, where they were invited to dine. They drove a fine, spirited horse in a light dog-cart, and arrived at the end of their journey in half an hour. During the drive Mr. S. experienced a peculiar sense of depression.

He knew of nothing which would adequately account for it, and thought that it would wear off before they reached their destination. His mother, who lived at a great distance from him, was ill, but he was not aware that there was any cause for alarm on that account, as he fully believed she would recover. Soon after their arrival at the house dinner was served. During the progress of dinner the "queer" feeling experienced by Mr. S. on the way deepened, and though he was an interesting conversationalist and a man of genial manners, tonight he was unusually quiet and reserved. Try as he would, he could not shake off the depression which had fastened upon him, and at length the feeling became so unbearable that he made his excuses on the plea of indisposition and left immediately on the conclusion of the dinner. Orders were given for the horse and dog-cart to be brought round to the door, and at half-past eight Mr. S. bade adieu to his hosts, and accompanied by his friend, got into the dog-cart.

The night was fine, and somewhat dark. The dog-cart was in absolute silence. Nothing was heard but the rhythmic beat of the horse's hoofs upon the well-kept roads. At length they reached the open gateway leading to the farmhouse. Just as they entered the gateway, the horse, always obedient hitherto, stopped and refused to go forward, at the same time showing unmistakable signs of fear. At this moment, Mr. S., with eyes fixed intently on some object right ahead, stretched out his arm, pointed in the direction of his gaze and said, "There is something standing there!" His friend peered into the darkness, but could see nothing. The horse, in spite of coaxing and urging, still refused to move and stood trembling in every limb. After vainly endeavoring to get the animal to go on, Mr. S.'s friend got out of the cart, and taking the horse by the head, led him gently past the place. He resumed his seat in the dog-cart, and the horse, having now apparently got over the worst of its fear, went as usual up the rest of the drive to the house. Next day word came to Mr. S. that his mother had died at nine o'clock the previous night. At that time Mr. S. says he saw his mother standing in the driveway to his house—many miles from the place where she died. His friend got seeing nothing. What did the horse see?—*Magazine of Mysteries.*

The Outrage of Compulsory Vaccination.

A PLEA FOR PERSONAL LIBERTY.

Charles K. Wheeler, M. D. [Harvard.]

That cannot be a Federal or State constitution of freedom which compels one man to do, to protect another, what that another has only himself to do to be himself protected. That cannot be a Federal or State constitution of freedom which compels one citizen to be vaccinated to protect from small-pox another citizen who has only himself to be vaccinated to be himself protected—and even better protected than if another were vaccinated to protect him. Compulsion under such circumstances could be but the acme of absurdity, to say nothing of its tyranny. In fact, the plea of the "public good" can have no possible bearing in the matter. Only a knave and despot, or a fool, could suggest it.

The right of exemption from compulsory vaccination, then, as only adults are involved, is self-evident and unimpeachable.

True, as I neglected myself to be vaccinated, would my neighbor's neglect to be, possibly imperil me. But with what right or reason may he be compelled to be, to protect me, because of my neglect to protect myself by being myself vaccinated? With what right or reason may he be denied his freedom in the matter because of my neglect? With what right or reason may he be forced not to neglect what I, practically (as I neglect to be vaccinated) claim the right or privilege to neglect?

But then, again, it may be said that this may rightfully be required of the adult neighbor to protect the children who cannot be expected to care for themselves. Ah, but wait. We have only to have the children vaccinated when they, too, are rendered immune—to the extent vaccination renders immune—as well as the adult as he is vaccinated.

So, under a constitution worthy of freedom, a neighbor may, with no more rightfulness or propriety, be compelled to be vaccinated to protect the children than he might to protect another adult. And, if with none whatever to protect neither the children nor another adult, then as he still should be forced to be vaccinated only to protect himself? Worse than this, what right have you to deny him the right to choose, when only himself is involved, between the two alternatives—the alternative of a certainty of being poisoned as he is vaccinated, and the alternative of the very remote possibility only (not one chance in thousands) of his being poisoned by small-pox? What right have we, have you, under the circumstances, to deny him the right of personal liberty in the matter which is, in effect, a denial exhaustive altogether of that right? Deny him this much and there is nothing left to be denied him, and more deny him all right of personal liberty whatsoever. Everything after that as granted him could be but as privilege granted him, even if in the disguise of a right. Deny him this much, and it is as hideous a tyranny of one human being over another, or of society or the State over the individual, as was ever heard of in the whole history of despotic government. It may be a more refined tyranny, but not one whit less a tyranny.

And if, under the constitutions, both State and Federal of this country, this reasoning does not hold, then there is not under them the least right of personal liberty guaranteed to anyone; nothing of the sort that is not even positively swept away. It is only cant and hypocrisy to pretend otherwise.

So much as to adults. But now, is there nothing to be said in defence of the children, why they should not be forced to be vaccinated, which is to say poisoned, against the discretion and will of the parents? Indeed, is there nothing to be said why the State should not even take it upon itself to shield the child, rather, from this infection than force it upon him?

We (Society or the State) may sometimes rightfully force upon the young what we may not upon the adult; and this is recognized, too, every day. Thus, by law, we require of minors abstinence from tobacco in some of its forms, what we do not of adults; not because such abstinence is not a good thing for the adult as for the minor, but because one adult as an adult is the peer of every other member of the State, and may fitly be left to his own discretion as to what affects only himself. So, if vaccination were a good thing for both child and adult, we might rightfully force it upon the child when we could not upon the adult. But there is a reasonable doubt about its being a good thing.

And now to sum up and finally: What right has society, or the State, under a constitution worthy of freedom, to compel one of its members to be vaccinated to protect from small-pox other members who have only themselves to be vaccinated to be themselves protected—and even better protected? Or again, with what right or reason may society, or the State, force even upon the child, particularly against the discretion of its parents, what, as to advantage to it or to the community, there is the most manifest reasonable doubt?

To these, as I have made evident, there is only one reply—No Right Whatever, moral or constitutional. It is but the very acme of self-abuse and despotism as such right is assumed. And if ever one is justified in resistance to the State or to the individual, it is to exercise this tyranny over him of prohibitory vaccination.

The World We Live In.

E. A. Brackett.

A little book "The World We Live In," by E. A. Brackett, published by the Banner of Light Co., Boston, Mass., and on sale here in Cincinnati, at James' bookstore on Seventh St., is one of the things in the progressive literature of today that is good to feast upon.

In it is solid food for thought, given in so beautiful a manner that one is fain to read it again, finding that its stimulation to mental activity lingers long after the book is closed.

His review of the Christian religion, from its foundation to the present date, is an eye-opener to those who have never taken that retrospective view. His fearless and unbiased handling of the subject, places the writer entirely above personal criticism.

To those who have a strain of the poet and artist in their make-up, it is beautiful. Every article in the book deals with questions of plain matter-of-fact history and philosophy, but all in clothing such as only an artist and poet-philosopher could give them.

It is a volume for the thinking world and is bound to be more and more appreciated.

H. M. Gagner.

Terrace Park, Ohio.

Statement of Being.

The Universal Principle, Spirit or God is impartial. There is no point in the universe better, higher or nearer God, or the centre, than any other point. No place is favored over any other place, for all places are necessary.

Good and evil are opposite poles of the same absurdity. Good must have evil for its opposite, if it exists at all. He who would realize being must get rid of the concept of good, as well as the concept of evil. Good, or evil, are qualifications, and Being does not admit of qualification or gradation. It simply is.

Nothing is low or high, good or bad, except to individual concept that allows comparison. "Comparisons are odious."

Infinite Life, or Intelligence, is all; therefore, knows naught of time, place or gradations. Its operations are infinitely diversified, but none are low, or better than other operations, but all differentiate.

If the same Life or Principle does all, then all must be its handiwork, and equal in principle, although widely different in appearance or form.

These appearances, or forms—Spirit or substance visible—are not the result of evolution from low to high. They are the expressions of the only Principle—the same, in essence, yesterday, today and forever.

As this Principle never commenced, it can not progress, nor get better, being perfection itself.—Dr. Geo. W. Carey, in *Journal of Biochemistry.*

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