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EDITORIAL.

"Tired!" Did you say you were tired? Are you brainweary, body-worn, soul-exhausted? Is it so that your frame is so racked by pain that sleep cannot reach you, nor rest quiet you? Are your nerves so tensioned that every pulsing throb of your heart is a stab of pain in your every vein? Do surging thoughts crowd and jostle one another in your mental arena until you perceive only a struggling mass of phantom shapes, whose distorted visages reflect the augury of your own soul? Does every touch upon your person send a polgnant pang of agony through your system, and does every mental jar cause you to quiver with indescribable sufferings? Do discordant thoughts and inharmonious relations of others fill you with a strange, intense longing for peace, with a sense of pain that is beyond the power of words to express? Does the sound of even a loved voice vex you, and make you feel ill at ease in the presence of the one who is of your own Soul-Self akin?

If you feel and realize all of these, then are you indeed tired. The aching pain, the weary strife, the bitterness of heart, and the agony of soul are known to you, and you do need rest. Yet that rest lies within you! Send abroad your Soul's intensest longing, and ere long, like Noah's dove of old, you find it swift returning with the olive branch of love, whose tree has its roots within your own heart. Go into the Silence of your inner self, there clasp the hand of the unseen monitor, the angel of life. and find your way to the olive tree whose branches shall be to your outer self the magic wands of healing. Then will you become at one with your Soul-Self, in harmony with your seeming self, and peace and rest will be yours The nerves will sink into delicious repose, the brain will yield to the soothing touch of your own musical rejoiclngs, and your soul become at peace with itself and God.

Strange revelations will you find in the Silence when you retire thither in search of that rest which the earth with all its weary noises, has denied you. Stored within its sacred caves are all the prayers of your mothers for your future well-being and success. There also are all your own pure thoughts, your own noble desires, your own outreachings for truer and higher things. There are the unsung songs of your childhood, the unheard shouts of laughter of your youth, and the purecorded deeds of kindness you wrought in love for the good of others. Mirrored there are all these seeming memories, which are the eternal reals of your being's life, set in frames of golden sunshine whose reflections shall fill the darkest recesses of your spirit with their rays of effulgent light. With the sweet echoing sounds of a mother's prayers, with the reflected touch of a baby's kiss, with the transit of a dear one's tender smile, with the low, tender music of your being's unsung songs, with the rippling rivers of purest laughter playing around you, and the joypeaces of those whom you blessed for love's sweet sake,with all these around you in the Silence, can you, could you do nuglit else than rest? Would you not sink intothe slumber of delicious repose to the sound of the unswept lutes and mellow chimes of bells never heard on earth? Try this recipe, oh ye storm-tossed and weary ones of earth! The Silence is God's divinest healer, and His greatest teacher for all of His sorrowing children.

"Show me the way, O Father! Teach me the first step, and gladly will I go forth in search of the Silence, upon the quest for the Holy Grail from which my soul shall drink and he satisfied!" What! Hast thou wandered so far away from thy Soul that thou dost not know the way thereto? Then art thou indeed of all men the most miserable. If thy sufferings, thy weariness, thy grief, thine on in darkness until, like the Prodigal Son of the Master's parable, thou dost come to thyself even while herding swine in a far country, filled with a desire to return to thy father's house. To thee, this "Father's House," is thine own Soul, and when the desire comes to thee to return thereto, thou hast taken the first step, and in taking it the way will appear before thee. Dimly, it may be at first, but as the longing for thine own grows upon thee, thou wilt strive the harder to overcome, thou wilt reach out thy hands in longing for higher things and thy whole being will burst forth into sweet and tender prayer. Then the scales will fall from thine eyes, the way will be clearly defined before thee, and forward wilt thou go, with a song of joy in thy heart, until thou art again united with thine own, in the hospitable home of the "Father's House," where forever dwells thy Soul! How sweet the welcome, how tender the greeting, how peaceful the rest, how calm the atmosphere of love, only those who have earned their way thither can know, yet all may know who carnestly pany to become at one with Truth, with their Souls, with God!

"Far from the safe, quiet harbor we rode," in search of those things that ministered only unto the pleasures of the senses. The glisten of gold, the noise of the shop, the whirr of the mill, the costly table viands, the expensive raiment for the person's adornment, were mistaken for the real things of life. They have so immersed almost the entire human family that very few hear the voice of the Soul-Self, but listen eagerly for the sounds of the things that perisheth. Wealth, position, place, power, physical pleasures of all kinds obscure the real man from sight, and men persistently engage in the vain work of chasing phantoms under the delusion that they are thereby getting rich, gaining fame, and becoming wiser and better than their fellows. They have armored themselves with the galling iron of materialism, and fear that they will be wounded unto death should they cast their burden one side. Yet all of these who wear this heavy armor must be awakened to the realities of ex-It will take time and earnest labor to accomplish this great feat. Some can only be reached through memory, every sacred thought, as connecting links be-their physical senses, hence require hard blows that give tween us and those gone before, but let us avoid every-neighbor, but only then. He who does otherwise must plish this great feat. Some can only be reached through

them the severest possible pain. Some are called to duty thing that would chain those loved ones in a slavery of by a rude shock, or sudden heart-wrench that almost sunders muscle from muscle, nerve from nerve in every portion of their being. Some are quickened by the voice of the Soul-Self, heard afar off, whose soft echoes awaken tender memories of the distant Past, and turn them to the true realities of life. Some are forced to wrestle with afdictions, which, like the scourge of flame, burn away the dross that concealed the pure gold of being, and left the Real shining brightly 'neath the cheering rays of the King

Whatever their pursuits, their mirth, their seeming enoyments and duties, they must all, sooner or later, take leave of them and deal with that which is Real. They will grieve, they will mourn in bitterness of spirit, and even curse the Fate that forced them to part with that which was so dear to them. But the lessons of life must be learned by all men alike, and the same Infinite Power governs His kingdom with equal and exact justice in its every province. Every heart-ache, every pain, every sorrow, every seeming disaster, every bitter cruel is a step toward the Soul-Self, a stride toward the home from which the child has wandered in search of things of little worth. Where the Soul-Self dwells, there is ever the abode of Peace, of Rest, of Trust, of Joy, of Love. Wherefore do ye hesitate, oh mortals, to enter the sacred caves of Silence to find these jewels of priceless worth and eternal radiance? There, in those caves of Silence, where the Soul-Self-abides, each mortal will find all that he has ever been, all that he is, and promises of what he may become. There are gathered all of the treesures of earth that are real in character, and are necessary to prompt their possessor to take the next step upward toward God. There are the dear ones, taken early or late from the gardens of earth, abloom with life and love in the higher gardens of the Soul. There, if the mortal child be worthy, will he find every fond hope, every noble wish, every pure desire conceived unselfishly for the good of others, firmly rooted in the soil of Reward, bearing rich fruit for the refreshment of all who are in need of nid.

Go forth, then, "O child of earth, in search of thy Soul! If thou would'st drink from the Holy Grail of Truth and Wisdom, mount thy milk-white charger as did Gallahad of the Round Table, and ride, all unarmed, so far as weapons of warfare are concerned, until thou dost find the Holy Thing. Thrice armed is he who can say in

> "My strength is as the strength of ten. Because my heart is pure!"

With that song upon thy lips, with a tender prayer within thy heart, with an ineffable yearning for the good and true in thy being, thou art already the victor. Pain thou canst kill because it is only of the flesh, an error of thy mind, a false concept of thy purpose in Grief thou canst subdue because it is only a misunderstanding of thy true relationship to the world of which thou art only a part. Sorrow thou canst surmount because it is only a cloud that hides from the glad realities of being. Mourning thou canst put away from thee, because it is only a fetter to thee in thy quest-only a selfish outburst of thine own nature, that makes thee think of self first rather than of the greater need of the loved one gone. He only truly lives who knows the life of the Soul.

Living in and with the Soul, every mortal fixes his thought upon the gold of truth, the silver of affection, the iron of wisdom, the granite of enduring love. Pain, grief, sorrow, despair, and bitter agony of mind all, all become helps into the highlands of the true life. The Soul-man never grieves his loved ones who have entered a higher chool of existence by cruel, bitter, selfish mourning. With Muarten Maartens, he says: "When we really love our dear departed ones, we owe them something better than mourning." And so we do. We owe them everything we would have given them on earth-pleasure, happiness, pleasant surroundings, agreeable company, opportunities to grow, to enjoy themselves, yea, not only these but more than these do we owe them. We owe them encouragement to study the lessons of their new life, inspiration to live it well, and daily help to make the most of every moment that they may become strong enough to help us in our hours of need. The feeble, grayhaired man, or the sweet babe, or the youth, or the mature man all need us (and we need them) that they may become towers of strength unto all who require staffs upon which to lean. He or she who constantly mourns keeps the loved one in the swaddling clothes of weakness and helplessness. He or she who admits the heartache, then resolutely seeks to overcome it by helping the dear one gone, soon becomes a savior on earth and a guide in the world of souls to higher and yet higher things.

When, the parent with the eyes of the Soul, sees her darling resplendent in the new life, radiant in her beauty, glorious in her love, going about doing good, inspiring those who are faint, cheering those who are depressed, lifting those who have fallen, and breathing the perfume of love's sweetest evotics into that parent's life, then can the saying of old, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." be realized in full. Wail and weep for a time, perhaps-it is but natural that such should be-but let that wailing and weeping be stepping stones upward, that God and your dear ones may make them rainbow clouds of glory there. Every sundered heart-tie, every breath of affection, every look of love, every smile of joy, every tender memory, every sacred toy or memento of the dear one gone, are found again in the land of the Soul. The beautiful flowers of that dear one's love are not lost but are found in the sweet uplifting perfumes of the other life, where float in all their regal beauty the spirits of earth's choicest blossoms. Let us cherish every sweet

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grief, in a night of gloom, in years of uscless mourning: Look aloft and behold the smiles of those arisen one from the height of an arch that spans the spaces between the seen and the unseen, and learn that only those who dwell in the Soul can readily find and know their OWA.

Truly the Soul is man's Shepherd. It leads him beside the still waters of the river of Life, into the green pastures where rest and peace forever dwell. It is the rod and staff for the weary ones of earth upon which they lean as they try to find their way into the Silence of being. It gives goodness and mercy to all who heed its voice and bestows a crown of sunshine and a laurel wreath upon all who follow its lead. The Soul giveth power to those who are faint, and to those who have no might it increaseth strength. It is the voice that calls everyone who is athirst to partake of the waters of life freely. It is the still, small voice heard by Elijah of old, when he, alone of all the prophets, remained true to his trust, bidding him return to do his duty. It is the inner monitor that enables its followers to judge between right and wrong, to determine the meaning of all sounds, to interpret all music, to judge aright in all things. It is the power within that enables man to hear the grasses sing-ing together by the side of the laughing brook or in the midst of the flowering meadow; that tells him the words of the songs of the trees, and opens his ears to the grand symphonies of their leaves; that reveals the Power that made the birds to sing, the rivers to whisper the secrets of the ages, and caused the stones of the earth to talk It is the real Self of man, the God of his life, and when man walks with his Soul, his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brooks and the rustle of the corn. Live then the life of the Soul, for he is dead who simply lives in the gilded palaces of the Senses.

Would you be happy while here on earth you dwell? If so, pull up the thorn trees of hate from the garden of your life and plant in place thereof the myrtle trees of affection. Then will all your days be filled with sunshine and all your paths be paths of peace.

Would you become a daily blessing unto your brother, wherever he may dwell? If so, cast upon the vibrating ether some tender thought of love and kindness, and lo! it wall and lodgement in every heart, and the whole world, because thereof, shall be filled with the effulgent light of the Eternal morning of Life's new day.

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Do you long for opportunities to become good and great? If so, cultivate with care the garden of your own mentality, and see to it that no noxious weeds choke out the life from the tender plants of kindness and sweet good will. He only is truly good, and truly great, who has a clean mind, a pure heart, and a glorified soul. Kindness and good will are the plants whose fruitage is that which makes man good and great.

Are you in love with life? If so, seek to know its every manifestation, and learn that its every expression is divinely nure and good; that its every form is sacred, and that no man has a right to take away that which he cauof give in return or replace in case of need. Learn the commandment "Thou shalt not kill any living creature," and make it your life precept if you truly love existence and would know its every secret.

Do you seek knowledge? Are you desirous of acquainting yourself with the causes of things? If so, then do not despise small things, nor pass them by as unworthy of our notice, neither refrain from questioning those not learned of the schools. He who follows the counsels of the wise of earth, often becomes a fool thereby, while he who counsels with nature, with his brother as he really is, becomes wise and has a true knowledge of all existing things. Such a man first knows himself, learns all of his own innate possibilities, and then marches on until he stands at one with his Soul.

Are you satisfied with yourself? Have you gained that which you feel is all you need to know? If so, go forth along the highways and through the byways of life, and note there those who are in need of aid. There are the sick and the afflicted, the poor and the needy, the lame and the blind, all, all in need of your aid. Assist them, and you will perceive that your own need was greater than any of theirs, for he who is self-righteous is the chiefest of all earth's sinners and the poorest in soul treasures of all of God's children.

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Children of earth, what is your purpose while you dwell n company with your physical forms? Is it to rejoice that you are not as other men are, and to glorify your own achievements? If so, you have lived to little purpose and must retread your being's pathway yet many times nutil you find your Souls, and learn that only by loving yourselves last, can you really live and become worthy of your immortal inheritances. He lives to a noble purpose who devotes himself to the needs of the Real Self, and strives by means of a pure life to unite himself with his Soul. He unites himself with his Soul who purifies his own being and lives truly, cleanly and nobly every passing day.

Does your neighbor displease you? Are his methods offensive unto your tastes? If so, look within to see in what you are like unto your neighbor, and determine to improve your own methods of living. He only can be an offense unto you who most exactly reproduces your own faults, and proclaims them in acts unto the world. When your own dwelling, within and without, is faultless, you

pay the penalty of his own sinful folly when he stands face to face with himself in the world of Souls.

Are you in sorrow? Have you need of consolation? If so, go forth on some errand of mercy and you will find many whose sorrows are far greater than your own, whose need of consolation is almost too great to be told in words. Minister unto all whom you can reach, and in so doing your own heart is consoled, your sorrow forgotten and your whole being irradiated with the light of angelic love. He only truly lives who strives to do for others.

Are you distressed in mind? Do the memories of the Past haunt you, and encompass you round about with a pall of darkness? If so fill your mind with the thought of what you can do to comfort others, then distress will fly away. Then tear away the draperies of Night's despair, and let the inspiring rays of the Sun of Life fill your whole being with their celestial light. Then memory will become a tender friend, a gentle monitor, to encourage you to deeds of loving kindness, and to thoughts beautiful in the divinity of their love.

"Who hath sorrow? Who hath woe? Who hath contentions? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes?" queried the prophet of old. Those who have gone afar from their Souls, those who have failed to aid others, those who worship the dross of earth, those who strive to injure others, those who perceive what they have lost by idle living and by seeking only to minister unto the senses. He who finds his Soul, and walks in harmony therewith is the man who is likest unto God.

There is a peace that passeth understanding for all who live in harmony with their real selves. The Kingdom of Heaven is ever within those who honestly seek to be good and do good. There is more happiness in drying the tears of a little child who is hungry and athirst, in ministering to its single needs, than there is in ruling a nation, or in acquiring a world-wide fame. He is poor indeed who has never known the love of a child, nor felt its helpless, innocent arms about his neck. A child's kiss is the reflex of an angel's love, and he who would be angelic must first become as innocent as a child.

That woman must be born again who hates a child, or mocks and sucers at the sacred office of motherhood. That man must again and again trend the wine-press of earth, dwell alone even for ages in the Gethsemanes of life, who scorns innocent childhood, and shirks the responsibility of fatherhood. Those men and women have only half lived who have never known the joys of parenthood. They are happier whose memories linger lovingly around the cradle and infancy of an arisen child, than are those who possessed of missions and of places of power, have never realized the divinity of a child's pure love.

> "I hold it true whate'er befall; I feel it when I'm feeling most, Tis better to have loved and lost, Than never to have loved at all."

-Tennyson.

The anxions questionings of the human mind, the intense longings of the heart, and the earnest yearnings of the Soul are somewhere, somehow, sometime, met and satished. As no true parent of earth would ever deny that which was just, reasonable and proper to his child, so the Soul-Self will ever remember and care for the child of its love. The question of whence or whither will be answered by the revelutions of knowledge, while all heart hunger will be appeased by the bread of the spirit, and he yearning for higher th nes on the part o itself be responded to by its parent as that child becomes capable of understanding the lessons given unto him. "Knowledge is Power," and he who knows that Soul is the all of Being, is anchored to the rock of Understanding, and will want nothing in any portion or department

"Behold we are compassed round about by a host of ministering angels," said a teacher of old. That encompassment means something to the children of earth. It is a visitation with a divine purpose behind it. The purpose of revelation and demonstration of the immortality of all forms of life. Angels testify to their survival of the change called death, and declare that they have loved for ages beyond the grave. They then tell us that, by analogy it would follow that they (and we) are to live on and on throughout all eternity. Angels' visits are not as few nor as far between as has been said, but are of increasing frequency, whenever man elects to have them, and they are ever for the purpose of leading the thoughts of men to nobler and higher things.

But be not deceived. Spirit-return or communion by no means constitutes mathematical evidence of Immortality per se. It is but the initial step in the study, of the problem, and it leads us, if we apply ourselves to its study in a spirit of true devotion, to a knowledge of the startling fact that man the Soul always was and always will be. That which has a beginning must needs have an end, and as the Soul-Self is as old as God, it must be as enduring as God, for it must share the same destiny as its Creator. Therefore, the Soul always was and always will be immortal.

Every soul has in it the germ of divinity. This germ will develop as sure as God is God, for it is always brooded over by the Most High:-Ursula N. Gestefeld.

We can only shine as lights in the world by bearing the Light of the world within us.

> The world rolls into light! It is daybreak everywhere.-Longfellow,

VIEWS OF TODAY.

Annie Knowlion Hinman

A threefold nature we own, it is true,
Yet seldom we keep the spirit in view.
We cater to mind and matter in man
And often ignore God's infinite plan.
We are slaves to body, and feed the mind
To gain the approval of human kind.
We know that self is a friend in disguise
Who robs us of gifts that make us all-wise.
We wonder how some conditions begin,
And fall to remember transgressing law
Induces disaster and open war.
Laws of our being, the laws of our land
Known and respected, make equipoise grand.
Questions of moment we vaguely term fate,
And wonder, will Justice ere rest in state?
And so by the wayside some sit inert
And let the world move, nor ever revert
To man as part of an Infinite whole.
Some make of their presence a selish stole
That waives all questions of civic power.
Nor thinks of latent spiritual dower.
Automatons we who fail to aspire
And are not infused by spiritual fire—
In failing to know the right from the wrong
We often are weak when we ought to be
strong.
With visions broad of the Infinite One

with visions broad of the Infinite One
He will stand revealed in each mother's son.
So noble and grand our concept should be
We can know Him in shrub, in flower and

orms at our feet suggest divine though The worms at our feet suggest divine thought Purely revealed as in other forms taught. The birds of the air, beasts, fish of the sea Are tinctured with sparks from Divinity. Knowing these truths and establishing right Makes Justice triumphant and sin without

Makes Justice triumphant and sin without might—
Then seems our soul a sweetly strung lyre By love attuned, and so touched by desire For all that is good, and all that is true, Not a doubt-shadow our soul shall imbue, Then by the masses shall be understood, They who love God work together for good.

Dionysius the Areopagite.

THE LEGEND OF ST. DENNIS OF FRANCE .-A TALE OF THE SECOND PERSECUTION.

Leo.

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Six months later Dionysius was standing again by the Virgin's grave. This time his companion was a tall young girl who walked as lightly as a deer, Myrtlene the dancer. Shewore the simple white robe which was the dress of the Christian women of her day, without any ornament whatever but her beautiful pale gold hair, which was coiled like a coronet round her head, and wreathed with deep blue violets. Dionysius watched her with admiration, for every movement of her long, supple body and splendid limbs was grace itself; it was a poem to him just to see her move among the flowers; and though at first glance her face seemed too placidly pretty for beauty, she had only to look up, "and the dew that on the violet lies, matched the deep lustre of her cyes."

Myrtlene was at present a member of the old Athenian's household, Antipas having left for Rome on his wedding day to look for emf ployment and escape from his wife. Though he did not forget to provide for her amply, he never wrote to her, nor even ever mentioned her name in his letters to Dionysius. Whether

ployment and escape from its wite. Induct he did not forget to provide for her amply, he never wrote to her, nor even ever mentioned her name in his letters to Dionysius. Whether she felt her husband's behavior Dionysius could not tell; she rather puzzled him. No one could have been more docile or ready to help in his home than she, yet he had never met a woman with so little to say. He would have thought her stupid had she not shown herself very quick to adapt herself to the ways of this new life she was living. No Christian maid in Ephesus was more sedate and meek than this girl who had been a dancer on the streets. Her jewels she had given for the poor when she applied for baptism; she was now a probationer, receiving instruction before being admitted to the Church. Dionysius knew that the embroidery she worked at so much was sold to supply her simple needs, and that every penny Antipas sent her was locked in her casket and never touched.

A letter from Antipas had arrived that day, and as was his custom. Dionysius handed

never touched.

A letter from Antipas had arrived that day, and as was his custom, Dionysius handed it unopened to Myrtlene, and left her on the stone bench beneath the cypress to read it. When he returned she was flung in a passion of grief on the ground, weeping too bitterly to be able to answer his agitated questions, if indeed she heard them.

Fearing he knew not what, Dionysius picked up the letter, and glanced over a burlesqued description of the Emperor Domitian's court, where Antipas had secured a small position, then he went on to say:

where Antipas had secured a small position, then he went on to say:

"My friend, I am not yet a Christian. There is something in me which will not be persuaded of the reasonableness of thy faith, when I am away from the witchcraft of thy words and John the Beloved's touch. But in all my ways I am living as thou wouldst have me live, which keeps me separate from my me live, which keeps me separate from my companions in the palace. Seeing I cannot attend the Emperor's feasts nor the games at the circus, and keep the resolves I made when thou didst give me back my life, so I shound be utterly alone did I not attend the Christian's meetings. And, O Dionysius, I wonder sometimes if perhaps their faith may not become the world's, not because of its reasonableness, but because of the lives these Christians live, all purity and charity. I am is come the world's, not because of its reasonableness, but because of the lives these Christians live, all purity and charity. I am in love—do not be shocked—it is not with one only, but with all those fair Christian maidens, who are maidens indeed. I am afraid I go to the Church more to watch them than listen to any preaching, and I dream of what a man might be, what he could do, if he knew that there was a woman somewhere who was keeping herself as if she were a sacred thing until one man should claim her. Oh, against our bad, black Rome, who is damning herself faster than any God could, the Christian Church seems like a flock of snow white doves flying against an inky sky."

Dionysius laid the letter down. "The conceited young fool!" he muttered, "as if a woman should keep herself for a man who had never k pt himself for her."

Myrtlene sprang up suddenly, and looked at him with her beautiful, despairing eyes, "My God." she cried, "why was I everborn?"

"Dear child—" began Dionysius gently, but

"Dear child—" began Dionysius gently, but she interrupted him passionately.

"I was not to blame. It was not my fault. I was hut three years old when my parents were killechin one of Rome's wars, and I was taken prisoner and sold in your slave markets. The man who bought me was the keeper of a brothel, and how was I to know that there was any other life to live but the one I was brought up to? I was not starved or beaten—it might have hurt my beauty—and I was educated in a fashion. But when I was old enough I was sent to the houses of any who had paid my hire, to dance at their feasts, and be anything my master for the hour required. God knows I loathed the life but I knew that a slave who defied her master could be crucified, and I—I was only fourteen—I was afraid. Then Antipas bought me and set me free because, he said, I pleased him, yet he would touch no woman who gave him her love with the fear of the cross before her eyes. And by that he made me his, body and sonl, forever, and by the maldenhood of her whose grave we stand beside, I have been ear child-" began Dionysius gently, but

as twee to him as ever wife was to her lord. Oh, why was I born to be made a thing that a man who is living right feels it a polution

a man who is living right feels it a polution to touch?"

"Antipas was not a man when he wrote what he did," answered Dionysius grimly. "He was a demented monker, and when he goes smirking round those Roman churches, some one should box his ears, and tell him to go home and fall in love with his wife. See, child, for what did Christ come into the world, if not that our sims might be forgiven? and what doth God through nature teach us but the same? Suppose some prowling dog should crush through yon lilies, would nature keep the rotting flowers in sight, and go on forever mourning over the 'sin'? Thou knowest how quickly the great All-Mother (who is really one with God, our Father) buries her dead, and brings forth beauty instead of wounds. Dear child, to be a Christian thou must believe that God hath forgiven and forgotten thy sins. The old Myrthene is dead, and will be buried in the grave of which our waters of baptism are a type, and thou art our dear little sister who must mourn no more but be beautiful with the white flowers of peace and joy blooming in the garden of thy teart."

"Thou art very good and kind," said Myrtlene, who had recovered her calmness, though there was a wistful sadness in her eyes that

"Thou art very good and kind," said Myrtlene, who had recovered her calmness, though there was a wistful sadness in her eyes that hurt the old man to the heart. "But I love Antipas, and it is hard to feel that I am a fetter to his higher life instead of the helpmeet I believe God made me to be."

Dionysius had nothing to say, and the girt exclaimed suddenly, "My father, Antipas is near us. I can feel him."

Dionysius looked among the -trees in wonder, and Antipas, hardly recognizable in the coarse, ragged dress of a slave, strolled towards them.

"Greeting to thee, lady," he said to Myrtlene, "have I permission to kiss thy hand?"

She howed with stately gravity that was certainly a new trait in her, and he saluted her as he might have done an empress.

Then Dionysius said sharply, "What does this new foolery mean, Antipas? Why hast thou left thy post and come here in this dress."

Antipas raised his eyebrows in surprise a

Antipas raised his eyeorows in surplus and the other's manner, then in tones of assumed reproach he said, "Is it possible, O Dionysius, that at thy age, and thou a Christian, too, I am unwelcome because I have disturbed thee while making love to Lady Myrtlene, my

Dionysius turned away impatiently, and Antipas said: "O, my friend, why this coldness? Have I not hurried from Rome to tell thee something I thought would delight thee?

I am a Christian."
"Indeed!" retorted Dionysius, "Christianity is to be congratulated. This disguise, I suppose, is part of thy confession of faith."

"One would think, O philosopher, that thou didst doubt my word, but I must be a Christian, for the divine Domitian says so, and surely thou wouldst not presume to dispute a fact asserted by that 'god among gods?' "Antipas, what on earth hast thou been doing now?"

"Antipas, what on earth hast thou been doing now?"

"My friend, thou hast heard how the great Colosseum planned by the Emperor Titus hath been just completed by his brother Domitian. Well, I received a special invitation to attend the magnificent games at its opening and declined it. Result, our god-like ruler nearly went into hysteries. I was arrested and told that I was a Christian. I replied that I was filled with admiration at the more than human insight of the Emperor, which had detected a fact about me that I had not known myself, but that henceforth I would certainly keep the matter in mind and always remember what I was. Then I was put in prison, and threatened with various things very disagreeable to a man of my sensitive and refined disposition, so with the help of the divine Hermes I made my escape and came here."

With the help of whom?" "Hermes, the 'speedy-comer.' Art thou an Athenian and dost not know the name of him who shared with Athena the guardianship of

who shared with Athena the guardianship of our city?"

"I am perfectly acquainted with the gods of Hellas, but I thought thou wert a Christian?"

"I am, when Domitian or his agents are within hearing."

"I see. But now we waste time. Thou canst not find shelter in my house for it will be the first place they will seek for thee. Come, we will go to the Bishop, he may be able to say what is the best thing for thee to do, for in spite of thy words thou art most certainly now one of us."

Antipas took a ceremonious leave of his wife, and then was hurried away by his friend, and as he went he thought, not of his danger, but of the transformation in Myrtlene.

danger, but of the thought, "she was ever a good actress, and after all it is only a white robe that has changed the painted girl who was the partner of my revels, into this excellent imitation of a Christian maiden. Bah! let the child play out her game, she will soon be weary enough of it and go back to her old companions of the theatre and the street."

companions of the theatre and the street."

In his heart Antipas knew that he purposely neglected his wife, hoping that young and passionate as he knew she was, she would grow tired of living alone, waiting for would grow tired of living alone, waiting for a husband who so plainly showed his dislike for her, and go back to her old life of pleas-ure and sin. For man-like, though he be-lieved in the possibility of his own repent-ance and reformation, he did not in hers.

ance and reformation, he did not in hers.

The next few weeks passed very quietly. Antipas, still in his disguise of a slave, worked with a Christian market gardener, and his wife never met him.

Then came the most unexpected publication of Domitian's edict, which declared all Christians enemies of the state. "For do not all men know that if famine, pestilence, or earthquake affect any part of the Roman empire, it is because of the impiety and blasphemy of these miserable wretches, who refuse their due of worship to the ancient gods."

So thirteen years after the first persecution

due of worship to the ancient gods."

So thirteen years after the first persecution ended, the second began, which though terrible enough, did not approach in extent or horror the atrocities of Nero. In Rome and Milan the Christians were given to the lions in the ampitheatres, and the gentle, aged Nicodemus (the same who came to Jesus by night) was beheaded in Rome on the first of that June of \$1. But for the most part the Christians who refused to renounce their faith, often under torture, were branded on the forchead with a cross, and sent to labor in the mines and quarries of Patmos.

In Ephesus, the prefect, who was a warm

In the mines and quarries of Patmos.

In Ephesus, the prefect, who was a warm friend of Dionysius, carefully looked for Christians where he was sure they were not, so there was no persecution in that city, though the big, bare-walled church was closed, and the riff-raff of the streets scrawled insulting remarks on its walls, while the Christians met at night in secret places.

while the Christians met at night in secret places.

Then came the time of the games, and the nob of Ephesus, up to this indifferent, were suddenly infuriated at finding that a few malefactors were all that they would see given to the beasts.

"The Christians to the lions," they yelled in the arena that day, and beside themselves with rage at being denied their expected pleasure, they rose, and that night Ephesus was in the hands of a mob gone mad in their lust for blood.

They rushed to the houses of the best known Christians, but a rumor spread that the Christians were gathered in their church, and hither the mob streamed, to find the doors barred, and hear the sound of chanted psalms from behind them.

While some of the crowd were forcing the doors, others set fire to the building, and soon Timothy and the dozen men who had sacrificed thenselves to give their friends time to escape, were in the hands of their merciless foes, to be beaten and trampled upon, then flung back into the burning chapel. Some of them had still life enough to try to crawl out.

With screams of laughter the mob watched their struggles, until a yell from those behind turned their attention in that direction. On the flat roof of a small stone house they saw a young man standing in the glare of the flames. He wore a white tunic, with a golden belt, and a spray of white roses twined in his long, dark hair. His hands were raised as if in prayer, and with upturned face he chanted:

'I believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, The only begotten Son of God. Whoso believeth on Him shall not perish But have everlasting life."

"A Christian! A Christian!" yelled the mob and leaving the half dead men to be rescued from the fire by their waiting friends, they rushed pell-mell towards this new victim. He looked a slight figure standing there in the fire glow, and no one could have guessed that under his smooth, white skin were muscles of steel, or that the long, gold bilted, glittering weapon he had now drawn, was in the hand of the best swordsman in the empire.

When Antipas saw that he had succeeded in drawing the attention of the mob on him-

When Antipas saw that he had succeeded in drawing the attention of the mob on himself, he stepped into the shelter of an arch where he was safe from attack except up the steep stairs in front. And there for the next hour he was very happy, for his would-be lynchers, literally foaming with rage, rushed of the stress except and except the stress except the stres at the steps again and again, only to meet the point of that glittering ribbon of steel which darted at them like the tongue of a

the point of that glittering ribbon of steel which darted at them like the tongue of a venomous serpent.

Then as he began to realize that he was growing tired, and that the night's escapade bade fair to be the last one in his reckless life, a boy astride of a snow white Arab dashed into the narrow street, and the mob scattered before the plunging hoofs. They were surging around him again in a moment, but he had brought his horse to the foot of the stairs, and held them at bay for a few minutes, until the soldiers who were following him came in and drove the rioters on before them at the point of their spears.

As they passed, the boy slipped from his horse, and without a word or look at him, Antipas mounted, then taking up his young ally behind him, he rode away.

Through the blood splashed streets, now illumined by the light of a dozen fires, the white horse carried his riders swiftly, while the soldiers who were attempting to restore order, drove the shrieking, cursing crowds from street to street, spearing those that fell.

Lights glimmered round the Virgin's grave.

Lights glimmered round the Virgin's grave,

Isights glimmered round the Virgin's grave, and armed men sprang up from the shadow of the cypress trees as the white horse entered the cemetery, but the boy made the sign of the cross and Antipas gave his name, so they were allowed to pass.

As they dismounted, a tall woman with heautiful Jewish eyes, Eunice, the mother of Timothy, came forward, and throwing hearms round Antipas kissed him as she said: "He will not live, but at least he can die among his own people, thanks to thee, my dear, dear son."

Then she went back to the side of the dying Bishop, and the boy touched Antipas timidly on the arm:

"I am Myrtlene," he whispered.

Antipas shook himself as if her touch defiled him. "I know," he said bitterly, with a glance that made the girl feel her boy's short tunic and bare limbs, "I know that thou art Myrtlene, the dancer, the wanton of the streets."

She fell back as if he had struck her, and

streets."
She fell back as if he had struck her, and without turning his head he walked away. In the gray of the early dawn, Milo, the prefect of Ephesus, came to Dionysius: "Last night," he said, "my soldiers rescued and recognized Antipas and seeing what the Emperor's orders are concerning him, I fear I shall have to seek him among you Christians—temperow."

Emperor's orders are concerning him, I fear I shall have to seek him among you Christians—tomorrow."

"I understand, Milo," answered the Athenian, "it is what I expected. In an hour he leaves with me for those estates in Gaul which were lately bequeathed to me."

"It is the best plan, I think," said the prefect thoughtfally, "I shall miss thee sorely. But with a madman on the throue, the further you are away from Rome's civilization the better. In Gaul they will be thinking more about rebellion among the people, and barbarian invasions, than the faith of a few people who, being Roman, must take sides with the government. Thou wilt take thy household with thee, of course, and others doubtless, of thy faith; will the girl Myrtlene be among them?"

"Nay," said Dionysius with a shadow in his eyes, "the child hath chosen to leave me and will stay with sister Eunice!"

Milo turned away to hide a smile, for he thought he knew the reason of Myrtlene's decision, and to himself he said,—

"Myrtlene and Christianity were not made for each other. She is too much flesh and too little spirit. Well, I think I can promise that the will have he reason to report her returned.

for each other. She is too much flesh and too little spirit. Well, I think I can promise that she will have no reason to repent her return to 'carnal things.' As a child she was good to look on, and now in her young womanlood, she is a creature made for love. I wonder it she really thought her dress last night disguised her? I never saw anyone more adorable."

(To be continued.)

A Brief Explanation.

If it is not the purpose of language to con-ceal thought it frequently appears to convey-it to the minds of readers and hearers in a most imperfect manner. This I have long observed, but it is brought vividly before me by an article in the Banner of Light of-June 6 on the subject of rebreamation. As the writer of this article makes reference to a contribution from myself published shortly before, it seems proper that I should add a few words of explanation upon the subject as I understand it.

learned and practiced. Where are Jesus, Confucius, and the rest of the great souls of the past? Wherever they are they are doing the work they became qualified to do by many earth experiences. From the invisible realms, we may justly suppose, they are helping as best they can those who look to them for aid to advance on the same path they trod and be freed from the necessity of rebirth.

they trod and be freed from the necessity of rebirth.

Verily there are some who claim to have been mighty ones of old and seem to us to be poor, weak ones now. It may be the case that some who were great potentates or victorious generals in the past are occupying some humble position in which they are working out their own salvation and are spiritually far in advance of their former state. For the greater part, however, of such claimants it would be safer to class them with those who inflict upon us driveling nonsense under the alleged control of Jesus, Socrates, and Guatamia. Self conceit and foolish vanity with their consequent self-deception are not the special prerogatives of belief or disbelief in any system of religion or philosophy.

not the special prerogatives of belief or disbelief in any system of religion or philosophy.

Majorities are not always right and therefore this could not fairly be used as an argument, but the opinion of an immense majority is justly entitled to examination before
it is dismissed with contempt. That an immense majority of the world's population believe in reincarnation is as certain as anything can possibly be. Orthodox Christianity
of course rejects it and has done so since
eternal torture became an article of faith.
Islam, a past Christian religion, an evolution
and development of Christianity in one direction, never had it. Against these must be
reckoned the swarming millions of various
Oriental religions, split into almost innumerable seets but firmly united on this one point.
In our own land the numbers of its advocates
are daily increasing among Spiritualists and
liberal thinkers generally. Narly if not quite
all spiritists of the Latin races accept it and
if this might not be strictly true of Northern
Europe it is, certain that many adherents are
to be found there also.

Let each believe or disbelieve in this and all
other matters as he will or must but let us
try to understand our neighbors' ideas before
we attack them with either argument or ridicule. I cannot conclude, however, without
an expression of regret and surprise that we
have made no progress in the last five hundred years. Evidently we have boasted of
the great work done by evolution, education
and modern Spiritualism on insufficient
grounds. Still I think that sword thrusts
were once more common than poisoning by
mail is today and hanging witches and roasting harding and the services and roasting harding and the services and roasting harding and the services and roasting harding and hanging witches and roasting harding and the services and roasting harding and hanging witches and roasting harding and hanging witches and roast-

grounds. Still I think that sword thrusts were once more common than poisoning by mail is today and hanging witches and roasting heretics have ceased to be popular pastimes. But there are constantly those from lower races incarnating in the higher and thus the progression of a race is slower than otherwise it might be. At least so think some of us and so think I. E. J. Bowtell.

Olneyville, R. I.

The Man of Tomorrow.

A STUDY IN SPIRIT BETURN.

Charles Dawbarn.

CHAPTER V.

CHAPTER V.

While every human being must, when his hour comes, cross the threshold between the two worlds, it is only the unprogressive who linger there. They may still be called intelligences, but they have, of course, no organizations among themselves for acquiring or storing knowledge. They may, and probably do cluster in groups of like tastes, but institutions of learning, with libraries and nuseums, would be unknown to them, for they would mean progress, and it is the lack of progress that holds them upon the threshold. Every step of progress would carry them further from earth life. Still it may be said that the knowledge of hieroglyphics, which we are now seeking, is an ex-

carry them further from earth life. Still it may be said that the knowledge of hieroglyphics, which we are now seeking, is an experience of earth life carried with them through the death process, and which therefore they ought to be able to impart to mortals if they so choose. But we must recall certain facts already recorded by science as pertaining to manhood.

We none of us know what life in itself may be, but its manifestation is always by the movements of certain molecular groups of units, which movements are, so far as we know, the only way in which intelligence can manifest itself. These movements are called vibrations. Everything we sense in mortal life is a certain vibration, and education consists in interpreting such vibrations. The difference between the savage and the man of learning is that one interprets many more of those vibrations than the other. Certain sounds may mean nothing to my ear. They are vibrations, but I have not learned to interpret them. To your ear they may be thoughts expressed in Sanscrit or Chinese. So your education is beyond mine in those respects. Now we once again recall that the threshold spirit is threshold because he has stopped learning. His bodily vibrations are outside those of the mortal, though inside those of the spirit. His old brain molecular groups of units had vibrated to certain experiences which had constituted his manhood. These experiences included thoughts, words and actions, all or which expressed themselves periences which had constituted his manhood. These experiences included thoughts, words and actions, all of which expressed themselves by vibrations. The repetition of these vibrations always produces the same effect, which effect we call memory. In old age the vibrations become slower, and then we find memory growing feeble and uncertain. At lifet those vibrations cease altogether, and we then say that body is dead.

We ask the student reader to now recall our illustration of the physical change in

We ask the student reader to now recall our illustration of the physical change in molecular groupings when the ice was disappearing, but had not entirely merged into water. The condition is at that point of the change which we have called "slush." These spirits of the threshold are precisely in that condition physically. They have lost their hold on their own physical past. Their forms are no longer sufficiently solid to be counted as mortal; and their old mentality can but feebly express itself in the vibrations of the are no longer sufficiently solid to be counted as mortal; and their old mentality can but feebly express itself in the vibrations of the threshold. They have lost mortal manhood, and yet have not vained the manhood of the spirit. With the lost mortal form has gone all of their old memories, save those which can be repeated as vibrations in their present form. No spiritual ambition to learn or teach can belong to their present condition, for that would imply progress, which is absent from threshold possibilities. They are very near the old earth life. If you are a sensitive you may ron against them in the street, sense them in your homes, and make contrast with them in your seances. The only change possible to such human beings must be that which takes them further from earth. They can, as some of us know, sink into a degradation below the very possibilities of earth life, and thus live in hells of their own creation. But that is change without progress, and leaves no possibility of their exchanging thought with mortal sensitives save on grossly sensual planes of vibratory movement. If their change be in the other direction, that is a contribution from mysen published and a few words of explanation upon the subject as I understand it.

I have come to the conclusion that controversy upon religious subjects is waste of time but where opinions are entirely misunderstood it is well to remove the misapprehension if possible. Whether the earth is the centre of the Milky Way or elsewhere would appear to be irrelevant to the matter under consideration and might be dismissed as such were it not for the little light thrown upon the subject by a sentence later on which makes it appear as a reincarnationist view that the soul of man originated on this earth and will therefore perish with it. It is true that some non-reincarnationist Spiritualists state their opinions that spirit life begins at some time although it—fever ends but I am not aware that any believers in re-embodiment will admit though it—fever ends but I am not aware that the Ego, the real man, ever had a beginning. "Before Abraham was I am" is but a mild and partial saltement of the truth. Before the earth, the sun or any star now existing in the universe began to take its present form I am. When the last ray of light from any of these shall have ceased to vibrate, still I am. This I take to be a declaration to which all reincarnationists would subscribe.

But there was a beginning to incarnations and there will be an end to them when all the lessons of earth lives shall have been

life is lost to him. Once a fine Greek scholar, he cannot now recall even its alphabet, save as he may for a moment contact with some earth brain of similar education. Let us remember that if he is now making spiritual progress it is away from the vibrations of the mortal brain. Therefore all its memories, that were not spiritual, must be left behind. His present experiences, that are spiritual, cannot pass the threshold, so the very attempt of such a spirit to become mortal for an hour, is presently found so distasteful, and at last impossible, that he usually seeks to send his message earthward through some spirit nearer the mortal level.

What is called a "test" is merely a repetition of something known to that spirit when he was a mortal, and it can only be expressed at the threshold level, and with the threshold confusion. It is at best but a flash of inspiration upon some mortal brain, thus recalling some of that spirit's experiences in earth life.

His form is perhaps seen clairvoyantly, but only as it was in earth life. There is not usually even a pretence to show it as it is now, for no mortal could recognize it. We have seen that he has organs in his present body, some new and specially adapted to his spirit form, while any that may be still shadowed from earth life must dwindle and shrivel because now unnecessary. In other words, he is changing because he is progressing in knowledge and power. But that progress is away from earth life. His new knowledge and experience will, we may be sure, not be recorded on clay tablets in the old

words, he is changing because he is progressing in knowledge and power. But that progress is away from earth life. His new knowledge and experience will, we may be sure, not be recorded on clay tablets in the old hieroglyphics. That would not be progress. But that those old earth experiences will be recorded as veritable histories of a nation's past is certain, for progress implies knowledge of the past upon which to build still greater knowledge of the present.

We suppose, therefore,—it is only a justifiable supposition—that something in the nature of our colleges, libraries and museums will have been instituted by spirits of aspiration for such knowledge. For instance the astronomer of old Nippur who left on the tablet discovered by Professor Hilprecht his true record of the constellation Scorpio, as it appeared in his lifetime, would, whatever his new powers, hold that mortal experience as both interesting and instructive, and a necessory record in a nation's history. He does not himself stop at that point, for that would not be progress. But we may be sure it is recorded as history for the generations of spirits, each passing through and beyond that expression of life in Cosmic matter at that stage of vibration. Thus neither as threshold spirit, nor as a citizen of the sphere next to carth, can he do much more than to positively prove his identity. The thought embodied in his old hieroglyphics is necessarily as uninstructive as the school essay of one's poyhood compared to his present knowledge. So far as that knowledge and experience' is history the physical record belongs to the vibrations of earth life. So far as it is spiritual he cannot now reach the mortal, save very imperfectly, to repeat the lesson. His present recnot now reach the mortal, save very imper-fectly, to repeat the lesson. His present rec-ords cannot be reduced down to our mortal level, for they are recorded in spiritual vibra-

level, for they are recorded in spiritual vibrations.

So we have two distinct and impassable obstacles in the way of that man of Nippur that would prevent his playing the interpreter of his ancient hieroglyphics. First, they are to him but fossils of his own prehistoric past. Like the flint knives of the primitive man they may be interesting, but have been long left behind. The man who left that record has traveled further and further away from his own past. The present dweller on that spirit level has, perchance, the record and nothing more. But such as it is, it is expressed to him only in his present thought language, which he cannot impart to mortal brain. The very best he can do is to inspire some mortal to an effort beyond his normal capacity. And, with his present surroundings and mental powers, how he can even do that is beyond mortal comprehension.

There are those who, at each new discovery by our patient scientists, shout "spirit power," and belittle the mortal. But each to his own sphere is Nature's law. The Edison of today is on our plane now, and whatever he invents or discovers is at least possible of mortal comprehension. But the moment he leaves his present hieroglyphics behind, and exchanges them for the records of a higher life, he is drifting hour by hour further from the possibility of his becoming our instructor. We can no longer read his records, or interpret the vibrations by which his thought finds its present expression.

In our present study of spirit return we have thus become certain that a progressing spirit must gradually change his form beyond all possibility of our recognition. With his old organs now unneeded, and his present organs very different from ours, but indispensable in his new life, he is now wearing a form we could not recognize. The writer of the old hieroglyphic has become a changed man. He has grown away from the old physical expression of his past. The thoughts embodied in those marks he may possibly retoin, but the material expression of them in the old form is So we have two distinct and impassable ob-

largely a failure. He may talk history most learnedly, but proofs of its verity are necessarily absent from mortal ken.

Herein is the key to our mystery. Spirit return, so far as it is actual verified identity, must be largely from the threshold. Therefore its reports will be either (a) confused, (b) woefully unreliable, or (c) compounded of earth experiences gathered from the old condition of earth life, so far as known to mortals of today. Just as soon as we seek communion with the progressed spirit we must ourselves meet him beyond the threshold. It will be no question then of his old hieroglyphics, nor of any other of his earth experiences, save as the surroundings he enters when communicating may restore them to life. It will not afford the dearly loved "tests" of his old form life, for his form has now changed beyond recognition. His present mental powers have still more advanced, and have become impossible of translation to us.

When we reach such spirits, by ourselves

When we reach such spirits, by ourselves crossing the threshold to meet them, we shall experience genuine spirit return out of which we may gain most precious truths. But such visitors will be no help to the translation of old hieroglyphics, any more than they will teach us the most improved method of making flint knives, as practiced by primitive man.

teach us the most improved method of making flint knives, as practiced by primitive man.

Our own grasp of truth new to our comprehension, our recent grand discoveries of natural law, previously utknown to the mortal, are still not on the higher spiritual plane. They are not bridges on which mortal and immortal can cross to each other. Our very highest grasp may be kindergarten to the spirit scientist, but with his new form and its advanced mentality we remain as far apart as ever. We may sense his presence till we glow with love, but as a teacher he will be unsuccessful, because his pupil is too dull of comprehension.

Our pathway is to the development of our own powers to the utmost, to the very utmost, which powers include both those of the mortal and his larger selfhood. And at each step those powers will carry us nearer and nearer to a realization of the grandeur of God manifest in fesh which we call humanity. But it will bring to us no knowledge of the old hieroglyphic, save by our own effort, which means the unselfish life devotion of men like Professor Hilprecht to the task of translating them into the language of modern life.

San Leandro, Cal.

(The end.)

About Lawn Swings.

A cosy home, a little or big lawn, a few shade trees and a lawn swing with a canopy top. That is real happiness for every member of the family. One of the staff of The Banner secured an Eagle Steel Lawn Swing made by A. Buch's Sons, Elizabethtown, Pa. He has tried various wooden swings which were all right for a time, but more or less unsightly or cumbersome, but the steel swing is light and airy and so arranged that the movement of the swing is always on a level. You do not get sea sick. It is a delightful swing and an ornament to any lawn or porch. Banner readers can find out more about these swings by writing for a catalogue to A. Buch's Sons, Elizabethtown, Pa.

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

The following valuable works are on sale at the N. S. A. office. These books—a number of each—have been gratuitously contributed by their respective authors to the National Association, to aid it in its good work, with permission to sell them at the reduced prices quoted. Each book has peculiar merits of its own, and all should be in every home.
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Campmeetings for 1903.

Campmeetings for 1903.

Lily Dale, N. Y., City of Light Assembly—July 8 to Sept. 2.
Freeville, N. Y.—Aug. 1 to 16.
Onset, Mass.—July 12 to Aug. 30.
Lake Pleasant, Mass.—Aug. 2 to 31.
Saugus Centre, Mass.—June 7 to Sept. 27.
Mowerland Park, Mass.—June 7 to Sept. 27.
Occan Grove, Mass.—July 12 to 26.
Verona Park, Me.—Aug. 1 to 31.
Temple Hights, Mc.—Aug. 14 to 23.
Etna, Me.—Aug. 28 to Sept. 6.
Madison, Me.—Sept. 4 to 13.
Queen City Park, Vt.—July 26 to Sept. 6.
Sunapec, N. H.—Aug. 2 to 30.
Niantic, Conn.—June 21 to Sept. 6.
Sinand Lake, Mich.—July 19 to Aug. 30.
Grand Ledge, Mich.—July 24 to Aug. 30.
Grand Ledge, Mich.—July 4 to Aug. 30.
Forest Home, Mich.—Aug. 1 to 23.
Waukeeha, Wis.—July 17 to Aug. 17.
Wonewoc, Wis.—Aug. 13 to 30.
Ottawa, Kansas—July 30 to Aug. 9.
Winfield, Kansas—July 30 to Aug. 9.
Winfield, Kansas—July 3 to 13.
1 ranklin, Neb.—July 17 to Aug. 2.
Mt. Pleasant Park, Iowa—Aug. 2 to 30.
Marshalltown, Iowa—Aug. 23 to Sept. 13.
Chesterfield, Ind.—July 16 to Aug. 30.
New Era, Oregon—July 4 to 20.

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Announcement.

We print the following from a recent issue of Harbinger of Light:

To Friends and Customers:

Personal attendance to the book business having been a strain on me for some time past, and prevented me from giving as ful attention as I should desire to my medical and spiritualistic work, I have disposed of that branch of the business to Miss E. R. Hinge and Miss Isabella Skeeles, the former of whom has been in my employ for the past ten years, and is familiar with the nature and requirements of the business. The latter is a lady of business capacity, and interested in the dissemination of Spiritualism and advanced ideas. They have fortunately secured a shop in Austral Buildings (with ample room for the extension of the business), so that the address will be as heretofore. Direct business with me will terminate on Saturday, 18th inst., and the new firm will commence on Monday, 20th. I trust that all my customers will transfer their favors to my successors (who I feel assured will give them every attention), and that friends will do what they can to assist them in the extension of the business.

With thanks for past favors,

I am, yours truly,

Austral Buildings, Collins Street, Melbourne, April, 1903. To Friends and Customers:

Briefs.

The First Spiritualist Society of Lowell held services at Earnscliff Grove, Chelmsford Street, Sunday, June 14, at 2.30. Mrs. Anna M. Coggeshall gave messages which were all recognized. The speaker Sunday, June 21, was Mrs. Lizzie D. Butler of Lynn. On Wednesday eve, June 17, Mrs. Coggeshall held a benefit circle at her home, 26 Nichols Street.

Fitchburg, Mass. Mrs. Emma B. Smith of Lawrence was speaker for the First Spiritualist Society Sunday, June 14. Pythian Hall was well filled at both services to hear this efficient speaker and test medium. The subjects "Spiritualism and Some of its Beautiful Truths" and "The Progress of All Religious Thoughts" were ably presented, supplemented by many correct spirit messages. The plano selections, by Miss Howe, were as usual finely rendered. This closes the so-

ciety's hall meetings for the summer season.
Dr. C. L. Fox, president.
Christ's First Spiritual Church of Hartford, Ct., held its fourth anniversary, in the G. A. R. Hall on Main Street. The following is a part of the program: Hymn; address, president, Dr. M. A. Haven; hymn, "Nearer My God to Thee;" invocation, Mrs. M. E. Clerk; scripture reading, Mr. Baisden; poem, "Rometime," M. R. Smith, Mr. F. A. Spaulding; quartet, "One Sweetly Solemn Thought;" lecture on "Spiritualism and its Relations," Mrs. Spaulding; solo, Mr. L. Ames, "Forever with the Lord." Tests were given by Mrs. F. A. Spaulding and Mrs. M. E. Clark. We held a literary and musical social on Thursday, June 18. We are gaining in numbers at every meeting and we welcome all investigators. Robert B. Rateliffe, secretary.

The First Church of Progressive Spiritualists that was organized on January 4 by Ralph Chester, the Oriental medium from India, has had a steady increase of membership and our church has been crowded to its utmost capacity. Mr. Chester's platform tests are remarkable in more ways than one, for not only does he give the name in full to the one he is talking to, but gives the name in full of the spirit. Mr. Chester, who has already served this society for six months, will serve the society as speaker for the season of 1903 and 1904. Meetings close here June 28 and reopen September 6. The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society, that holds meetings in McKiney Hall, is also doing a good work here for the cause of Spiritualism and has had some untiring workers, among them being Kate Ham, who gave satisfactory hallot readings. Mr. Chester was presented with a watch fob.

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Amendment to By-Laws of the N. Y. State Association.

Adopted May 30, 1903, at the Syracuse Convention

Resolved that article 9 of the By-laws be amended by striking out the whole thereof, and substituting therefor the following:
"The president of the New York State Association of Spiritualists shall represent the charter thereof as delegate to the annual conventions of the National Spiritualist Association

conventions of the National Spiritualist Association.

"It shall be the duty of each auxiliary society in good standing at the time of the last preceding convention of the New York Association of Spiritualists, to elect at a duly called meeting of such society one delegate to the annual convention of the National Spiritualist Association, such delegate to be elected to represent the State Association, and the report thereof to be filed with the secretary of this association on or before August first of each year. In case of failure or neglect of any such auxiliary society to so elect and report such delegate on or before the date named, it shall be the duty of the executive committee to appoint delegates for such delinquent society or societies.

"It shall be the duty of the president of this association to see that the state is fully represented at the annual conventions of the National Spiritualist Association and appoint substitutes to fill vacancies should any occur.

"Tillie U. Reynolds,

"Mrs. L. A. Holt,

"Henry L. Hanson,

"Committee."

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Waverley Home.

June 14.—A pathetic yet pleasing incident occurred at the Home today. A little girl between eleven and twelve years of age, whose home is not far away from here, and whose mother passed away from earth life last fall, came to the person in charge of the Home and said:
"Please, may I come to the meetings?"
"Yes," said the person in charge, "but tell me, if you will, why you wish to come to a Spiritualist meeting?"
"Well," said she, "last summer, when you had meetings on the lawn, the mediums used to tell the people that they could speak to those that went to Heaven. My mama is up in Heaven, and oh, I want her to speak to me so much."

By this time the tears were welling into her eyes, her little frame shook with emotion, and she murmured:

By this time the tears were welling into ner eyes, her little frame shook with emotion, and she murmured:

"Lonesome, oh, I am so lonesome for mama, and 'my little sister, too."

I am pleased to say, that through a medium from Lowell, this dear little child received a message from her little sister in Heaven; and it is the hope and prayer of all that know of this dear little or when, that her spirit mother may be personal. phan, that her spirit mother may be per-mitted to draw nigh unto the earth sphere to

President Irving F. Symonds presided over a large meeting today; his remarks were appropriate and interesting. Mrs. Sadie Hand appropriate and interesting. Mrs. Sadle Hand gave an interesting address and messages; good sister Mrs. S. E. Hall, Mrs. Anna L. Jones and Mrs. Woodbury of Lowell, gave beautiful messages and tests. Lowell has furnished us with many fine mediums since we began the meetings, and we feel that with the aid of the true and tried mediums and friends of Boston, we shall indeed make the Home in Waverley a sweet resting place for spirit to commune with spirit.

J. H. Lewis.

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

Don't Worry.

The following colloquy between Mr. Depew and a New York Journal reporter the other day is worthy of attention whether one aspires to a senatorship or any other success in this world:

aspires to a senatorship or any other success in this world:
"Did you ever despair of becoming a Senator some day?"
"Never. I am sure of what I am going to tell you. Fix a point that you want to reach, concentrate all your faculties to the task of reaching it, and you'll get there. Nothing will stop you. It is more than consoling, it is an alsolute statement. It is a fact."

That is it. High aim, concentration, fixedness of purpose, unfaitering faith and persevering work. The time has not gone by when these can remove mountains and attain senatorships.

And don't worry. Mr. Depew's father and mother died of worry. But he-kasn't. He once lost all the money he had ever saved, by indorsing for friends. Things looked dark. His health was poor and his nerves were gone. But he said to himself, "Stop worrying." Sleep came back. His health improved. The carres that infested the day vanished as he laid his head upon his pillow. Cheerfulness triumphed over all his ills. Listen to his testimony:
"In the day my enemy did his best to throw

me down. He worked with his might in the dark and in the open. I went to bed having forgotten him, and when I woke up in the morning I could lick him."

There are a dozen sermons in Mr. Depew's account of how he won the senatorship. It indicates the wisdom of high ideals, steadfastness, cheerfulness and industry, and casts out envy and jealousy. He never sought to rise by pulling any one down. He fought fairly and honorably, as every man must to win the full enjoyment of success.—Times-Herald.

A FACE AT THE WINDOW.

A loved face at the window, In her home, once to her so dear; How oft I've seen her looking "When in earth life over here."

I was looking into the darkness,
From my home, the other night;
It looked like a face at that window,
I saw it plain to my sight.

Though to some it may seem improbable, "Perchance it could be true;"
That God should permit a spirit
To appear before our view.

It may be an idle fancy,
O call it what you may;
But I saw a face at the window,
Whatever one may say.

"'Tis only a veil between us,"
Just a step to the other shore,
Casting off a worn out garment;
No use to us any more.

O Mollie, your nearest loved ones, For you, their hearts doth break; The home so lonely without you, Teach them, God will not forsake.

It must have seemed sudden to Mollie, When her earthly sight grew dim, As the Master read the roll-call— To walk in the light with Him.

Such a radiant smile on her features,
All who looked upon her said,
"'Tis just as if she's sleeping,"
We cannot call her dead.

Not dead, but life eternal, A crown upon her brow; Where flowers never wither, 'Tis well with Mollie now.

We'll think of her in God's garden, Among His lilies so fair; Hearing divine music, Learning her mission there.

Salem, Mass.

The Ohio State Convention.

Emma L. Bruce.

The Ohio State Convention.

The seventh annual convention of the Spiritualists of Ohio was held in Memorial Hall, Tolelo, May 29, 30 and 31st. A goodly number of delegates and visitors from different sections of the State was in attendance, and in every respect the gathering was a representative body. A great deal of interest was taken, and the reports of the officers showed that the Association had steadily gained ground during the preceding year. The day sessions of Friday and Saturday were devoted exclusively to business, including the listening to the reports of the president, secretary and treasurer, also to the work of planning the campaign for the coming year.

President Wadsworth's report dealt with the missionary question at some length, and he told the results obtained through his individual efforts in certain localities in the State. He made several very practical recommendations and hinted at plans for work that might redound to the good of the Association in the future.

The reports of the secretary and treasurer showed that the receipts during the year had been largely in excess of the expenditures, and that the sum of \$165 was in the treasury. Every delegate entered into the spirit of the convention and dealt with the reports of the officers in a most painstaking manner. They were determined that the Association should become a power for good in Ohio and labored with singleness of purpose to accomplish that end.

The election of officers for the year ensuing resulted in the choice of the following: Mrs. Carrie Firth-Curran, Toledo, president; Mrs. Hattie G. Webster, Columbus, second vice-president; John C. Hemmeter, Cleveland, secretary; Rev. F. D. Dunnkin, Cecil, treasurer: Mrs. W. S. Allen, Cincinnati; Mrs. Walter Baird, Elyria; Mrs. Elizabeth Schauss, Toledo and Mr. J. F. Grove, Columbus, trustees, Mrs. Carrie F. Curran and Mrs. W. S. Allen were elected delegates to the National Convention in Washington, D. C., October 20-24, of this year. Mrs. Elizabeth Schauss, Toledo and spirit messages. Th

Spiritualists, and our friends in Toledo are by no means lacking in this respect. They can well be proud of their Lycenum work.

Sunday afternoon was an interesting session and the address was delivered by Mrs. Carrie Firth-Curran of Toledo. It was one of the finest addresses ever delivered from any rostrum, and the gifted speaker held the closest attention of her large audience to the very close. No one could take exceptions to her thought, and she certainly rose to great heights in her facility of expression and eloquence of delivery. Prior to her address, President Barrett of the N. S. A. dedicated two children to the cause of Spiritualism, laying chaplets of flowers upon their heads. It, was an event that will not be forgotten by those who attended it.

Sunday evening Memofial Hall was filled almost to its full capacity by eager listeners who were in search of spirituality among all classes of people. He was followed as was Mrs. Curran in the afternoon, by Mrs. Marian Carpenter who voiced spirit messages unto the waiting ones present. All were promptly recognized.

Special praise is due Miss Julia Curran for her untiring services in the realm of music, and for the excellent quality of that producer of harmony among the children of men. She was ably assisted by Mrs. Anderson to whom the thanks of all attendants are most certainly due.

The Convention was largely attended from first to last, the numbers increasing from session to session by large percentages. Financially, the Convention was a success. All expenses were met, and a comfortable sum on the right side of the balance sheet. This showing is one of the best ever made in the history of the Ohio State Association, and should cause all higher Spiritualists great rejoicing throughout.

The new oflicers start out with an excellent opportunity to do good work during the coming twelve months and there is no doubt but that they will render good accounts of their stewardships. All local societies in the "Great Ruck-eye State" and all isolated Spiritualists wh

at once take steps to join this progressive association.

One of the most zealous workers on the floor of the Convention was Henry E. Dowd, the genial president of the Independent Association of Spiritualists of Toledo. He is certainly in earnest and throws his whole heart into his work.

The Negro Problem.

Axel Lundeberg.

The air is black just now with the negro question, some one has fittingly remarked. Yes, black in more than one sense. For it has been asked and asked time and again; what shall we do with our great colored population? And while many answers have been given still there has been no satisfactory solution. The problem is a knotty one. It resembles fire. Nobody can touch it without burning his fingers. So did Mr. Roosevelt. So have hundreds of other well meaning men and women done. And still we are not nearer a solution now, than before the war, perhaps farther from it.

Very few of us seem to realize or at least are loath to admit that this question like some problems in mathematics (as for instance quadratura circuli, trisectio anguli kymight be insoluble at the present. Looking back at times past we will find that a race problem never has been solvedyet. For thousands of years the Semitic race has been living among other races, not peacefully but in a state of war. We find the same race prob-

sands of years the Semitic race has been living among other races, not peacefully but in a state of war. We find the same race problem in Austria-Hungary, in Turkey and in Great Britain, where Celt and Anglo-Saxon now as five hundred years ago are fighting the old never ceasing battle of race against race. And though those races are so closely related to each other still they will just as little mix as fire and water.

How then could we expect to find a solution of the negro problem? The black man will always retain the chief characteristics of his race, and so will his white brother. They will never be each other's equels, not even when the colored man has arrived at the highest standard of civilization and refinement he can reach. For then he will be still more a negro than he is now, and no time and no environment can make him anything else.

time and no environment can make him anything else.

But while a complete, perfect and in every way satisfactory solution of this intricate problem is out of the question, still there might be found some ways and means by the adoption of which a right and tolerable relation or "modus vivendi" between the two races can be established. Emigration or deportation to Africa is certainly unpractical. Intermatriage is impossible and would be suicidal to the white race. Co-operation either socially, financially or politically has proved a complete failure. Then only one thing remains: a complete and absolute separation of the two races in one and every respect, or in other words, home-rule for the negro. Let him alone and let him work out his own salvation under self-government.

Let us consider what this measure means and how it would work. It means nothing

respect, or in other words, home-rule for the attend the Couvention.

Friday evening, May 29, was devoted to addresseys, music and spirit messages. The addresseys, music and spirit messages. The many control of the certain of the country of the control of the certain of the country of the country of the country of the country of the certain of the c

peacefully within the boundaries of this wide and glorious country if not forced to an unnatural and loathsome co-habitation, but kept at a proper and safe distance from each other.

Let us try home-rule for the negro! It would develop the black man by teaching him to trust and rely on himself, and it would remove the threatening black spectre from the blue horizon of our beloved country. Why not give it a trial?

A Legacy from Alex. Pope.

All the weeping willows in this country, it is said, are descended from a twig planted by the stepson of George Washington, at his place, at Abingdon, a few miles from Mount

place, at Abingdon, a few miles from Mount Vernon.

It was this way: Young Custis, as a member of Washington's military family, sometimes carried messages, under a flag, between the belligerent commanders. In this service he became acquainted with a young British officer who, like others, had come over with an impression that the "rebellion" would be speedily crushed out, and that he would then settle on the confiscated lands of the rebels. He had even brought a twig from the weeping willow near Pope's villa, at Twickenham, carefully wrapped in oiled silk. As his vision of a castle in America faded away, he gave a twig to John Parke Custis, who, on his return to Abingdon in the spring, planted it near his house. It grew and flourished. Just how it has multi-lied may be noted from one end of the country to the other.—Everywhere.

Even without that comfort and presperity the soul can find its blessedness. Behind prison bars it can know the joy of an angel, for the soul is fluidic as light. Stone wall and iron bar cannot imprison or hold it against its will. Its joy, its health and its freedom are not bounded by them, for it makes its own circumference, which none shall limit.—Ex.

Little self-denials, little honesties, little passof kindness, little silent victories over favorite temptations—these are the silent threads of gold, which, when woven together, gleam out so brightly in the pattern of life that God approves.—Dean Farrar.

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Is New Thought New?

Our worthy and venerable Pilgrim seems very much disturbed over the claim of novelty for the school of so-called New Thought. and displays a fierce partisanship for that label to which he has rendered such long and faithful and praiseworthy allegiance, rather than to universal truth, however designated. The New Thought people are hardly responsible for their title; it is not one they have deliberately chosen, or electively assumed, but one rather which has been thrust upon them by common usage. Probably few of liftment of humanity under any label, bethese exponents of practical metaphysics would refute the Doctor's position that the widely-inclusive philosophy of Spiritual-diverse need, unmindful of any puny mortal desires for individual ownership of spiritual-desires for individual ownership of spiritual mutable principles? How do they apply them in daily living, for practical needs? this not the distinctly "new" feature about this latter day outpouring of the Spirit, its energetic, faithful practicalization of spiritual

truth, of soul possibilities?
There was nothing "new" about the lightning when Franklin sent his kite into the teeth of an electrically-laden cloud. Its forked flames had enwrapped the planet from the age of fire mist and cosmic ether, but the philosopher, Heaven-Inspired, was moved to harness that mighty force as a flery steed for man's service, and far and wide has this practicalization of electricity extended, as a most useful servant, at human behest. There was nothing "new" likewise about the Power back of electricity, the potent Breath of Spirit, the Parent of all Life, when the first Spiritualist was born and got his dull eyes and ears open to question concerning the deep problems of Truth. The Spiritualist holds no copyright on the discovery that Spirit is the only reality, the supreme power. Therefore, it is manifestly his chief duty less to protect his patent, than to perfect his grasp of it, and likewise practicalize it for the good of the world. If recreant to this trust, then others must be chosen for this necessary service, for a new crusade in the arena of Truth, and certainly the New Thought movement has become a mighty factor toward the upliftment

of humanity.

What practical use is the Spiritualist of today making of his pure religion? The writer (likewise a stanch Spiritualist) is not unmindful of the vast work which has been accomplished by our gladiators in the field, in proving the continuity of life, in permeating the world with humanitarian thought, unforging the shackles of theological bond-age, a work in which the Unitarian, the Uni-

versalist and other liberal thinkers can rightly contend for their share of worthy achievement, but if the gospel of Spirit were a vital realization to the heart as well as the brain of the disciple, if it were a life rather than a belief, would we have any broken-down invalids in our ranks? Would Spiritualists be perpetually ill, in as marked degree perhaps as any class of believers on earth, if the sustaining potency of Spirit were an attested reality to their consciousness? Even our worthy and prominent leaders cannot muster sufficient trust in the all-sufficiency of spirit power or in the dominance of their own spirit, to keep them well, or to feel quite safe when prostration occurs, to employ purely spiritual healing, but place their trust in drugs and potions and material agencies. What an anomaly is this for representatives of the greatest Truth revealed to man, the Truth which maketh free, whose apostles, it seems, wish to hold the field so exclusively as to allow no other the right to

Now there is this distinctive feature about the New Thought, its adherents claim health as their inalienable birthright, their trump card of honor, and if overtaken by illness, they are heartily ashamed of it, as they should be, which position must seem quite "new" to many Spiritualists. They seek also to overcome such visitation, which rarely occurs, on the plane of causation, rather than in the realm of effect. They try to rise in spirit above the plane of mortal consciousness, on which altitude, pain and weakness or contagion are unknown. If desirous of exhibiting another picture on the sphere of existence, they change the slide in the lantern, instead of laboriously scrubbing the external screen with salts or senna. They also seek to purge the mentality from any wrong, ignoble thinking that may have cast such disstrous reflection.

For example, some exponents of the correspondence of thought hold (perhaps incorrectly) that a strong, vicious impulse of icalousy toward another (strange as it may seem that intelligent spiritual beings can ever generate such poison), is conducive to the rapid accumulation of bile, and thus a fierce bilious attack sometimes results, for which the best antidote would evidently be a clearing and purifying of the mental waters, inviting, until mastered, a strong impulse of love, unfailing charity, and good will to all. But Spiritualists, of course, having thoroughly overcome all jealousy one of another, have no use for this phase of New Thought. Again, it has been noted that a severe influenza often follows an outburst of temper; therefore the disciple of intelligent thought action soon grows afraid to indulge in anger, overcomes the habit of vexation, his own selfishness and personal welfare being thus enlisted on the side of pure righteous thinking and blameless living. Thoughts surely are forces, if not "things."

The serene, health-crowned, aspiring faces of these New Thought adherents, plainly reveal that they have gained a "new" grasp of Life's possibilities, and are striving nobly to practically apply all spiritual truth, seeking demonstrate the message they have received. There is not one disciple in the ranks of New Thought, we venture to affirm, who would stoop to invective or ridicule, to whom courtesy, if not principle, would be sufficient safeguard against such mistake. If perhaps they have not all yet recognized Spiritualism to be a legitimate parent of their own ideals, they never could be found calling any Spiritualist a "catering coward," "a respectable quack," or their Christian friends, who may possibly occupy a lower slope on the hill-side of progress, "churchianic blockheads." This leniency is a phase of New Thought which all writers and speakers might do well to adopt, for "by its fruits" must every tree be judged.

Spiritualism must have failed signally to purify, redeem and uplift the life, if it has not fostered a spirit of universal love to every human brother or sister, friend or fancied foe, if it has not ensured the possibility of seeing only goodness and beauty in those who differ with us, if their aim be pure and high, if it cannot say heartly, God-speed to every noble endeavor towards the freedom and upneath any banner. There are so many types

To Spiritualists have been granted the finest gifts of healing vouchsafed to earth, which have been skilfully exercised, also the grandest gospel of health, but neither by precept nor example have they tried to hasten the day when the inhabitant of all this fair planet no more shall say, "I am sick." While patients are notably cured, they are not permanently healed, not unfolded into complete immunity from future attack, and many scoff at such possibility. Innumerable lives have been lifted by New Thought practitioners from beds of prolonged suffering to energetic usefulness, their crippled souls unfolded and transformed into their own rightful sovereignty. These emancipated ones do not therefore resolve to seek the aid of the same healer should further Illness occur, for they are henceforth their own high priests in the Teraple of Health and Power. "Neither shall there be any more pain." An old promise indeed, but its realization is a new message to this age.

Our beloved cause of Spiritualism is languishing today for the infusion of New Thought energy, of a little metaphysical dynamite: it wanes for intelligent methods of soul unfoldment, for valiant endeavor among its adherents, both teachers and laymen, to live their truth more thoroughly and practically. Then, Doctor, instead of unworthy criticism, please use your trenchant pen to induce a new practicalization of our bracing spiritual philosophy. Strengthen the weak knees, uplift and energize the slimsy hands, inspire the sluggish, sordid hearts with incentive toward grandest progression, and noblest achievement. Help them to live their Spiritualism gloriously. Let all Spiritunlists move out of their glass houses, before they engage in throwing stones.

A Disciple of All Truth.

Pen Flashes.

The Pilgrim-Peebles.

NO. 3,

Spiritualism with its loving "Father in Heaven;" its brotherhood of man; its perpetual ministry of angels; its fatherly chastisements for wrong-doing; its open heart toward all reforms; its sweet charity for human misfortunes; its encouraging, inspir-ing words to the cck; its comforting voice to the mourner, and its musical whisperings of love and precious memories from those who have crossed the crystal river, putting on immortality and summering in the eternal verdure and bloom of those elysian fields of the blest where souls never lapse nor suns never set-is of God. I repeat, this Spiritualism is of God. It has come to stay, and it will stand forever. stand forever.

Nearly ninety per cent. of the human body is water. It bears up our ships as they plough the ocean, and drives our dashing railway cars in the form of steam. It was God's one great instrument in building the world, transforming the rocks and mud and sand, and transmuting the plants into coal! Descending in gentle showers, it clothes the hills and valleys in green, gives moisture and sustenance to the buds and blossoms of the trees; it softens and lubricates our food, and then, in the form of a watery fluid, carries the nourishing atoms and elements to every part of the body, that the thinking, conscious soul-a real, substantial entity-may superintend the building and repairing of its own material dwelling. Let us build wisely and well for today-tomorrow, eternity.

. . . "Consider the heavens," exclaimed the old Hebrew prophet. The Pleiades, all those shimmering stars that gem night's glittering crown, and those dashing comets that wildly, madly rush athwart the arching skies, may ultimately clash and crash into one splintered wreck of cosmic ruins; but I shall live. The higher, diviner self, the immortality within me cannot die. The moon, say scientists and astronomers, is already dead, but I am alive, and shall live forever - shall live as with you, individually conscious, and immortal, the companion ultimately of martyrs and sages, of angels, archangels, and the seraphim of the heavens. ...

London "Light" recently said editorially: "Let all true Spiritualists beware of listening to incontinent, ignorant or malicious evilspeaking. It was a beautiful and blessed tribute to Prince Albert that he

"Spake no slander, no, nor listened to it. Charity,' said Paul, 'taketh not account of evil' but 'believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things';-a divine lifeprogram!

"The most difficult thing in the world is to rightly judge another. It is but seldom that we know all the circumstances: and we can never be sure we know motives. But slander takes no account of circumstances, and heeds not motives. It exaggerates or invents. It is malicious, reckles, impish. From that, and from all that is akin to it, Good Lord, deliver us!"

Procure from the Banner office and read E. A. Brackett's book entitled, "The World We Live In." It is a neatly bound book, and not only rendable, not only thought-inspiring, not only clear in statement of fact and philosophy, but it is a rich addition to the literature of Spiritualism.

One of the cleverest, most scholarly and yet really provoking of books, of nearly 600 pages, that has come to my notice in years, is "Searching for Truth," published by Peter Eckler, 35 Fulton St., New York. I said provoking, because the book is authorless and dateless; and further, it is difficult to decide just whether the author is an agnostic, a spiritist, or a rationalist, limited largely to the study and elucidation of objective nature Upon the whole, I write him down as a rainy, clear-headed, psychic-research spiritist. Possibly I am wrong; but wrong or right, he will accept my hearty thanks for

The distinguished William Caldwell, professor of mental and moral philosophy in the Northwestern University, said to his class recently, while lecturing upon "ethics and nervous disease":-

"Don't drink tea. Don't drink coffee. "We talk of drunkenness as a crime," he continued; "but tea and coffee drinking at meals is more injurious than liquor to some men."

Ten and coffee drinking, Professor Caldwell told his class, is responsible for much of the restlessness of the American nation.

If Spiritualism is misrepresented and caricatured, it is the fault largely of the extreme eccentricities and irrational rantings of some of its devotees. It certainly has in it all the elements to convince the reason, to enrich philosophy, to enlist the affections of the humblest disciple and to command the homage of the proudest intellect. It appeals to the young mother, weeping over the casket of her first-born; to the materialist who sighingly hopes for immortality; to the statesman who casts the horoscope of nations; to the philosopher, who investigates and probes the mental realms of being; to the astronomer, who counts and measures planetary worlds, and to the conscientious worshiper, whose spirit, looking up, rests upon the bosom of Infinite Love. Really, I do not see how any one can live—live in the full sense of that word, without Spiritualism.

The Neo-Platonic philosopher Porphyry, born 233 A. D., and whose original name was Malchust or Melech, the Hebrew and Syriac for king, was an illustrious author, writing sixty books, fifteen of which were against the Christians. These books must have been or considerable importance, because there were thirty replies made to his attacks by Christian writers.

Inspirational Work.

There are two kinds of inspirational work.

creator, of the production of such a picture until inspired by a reading received through a wonderful mathematician who claims that his The one produced by the action of the con-scious mind aided always and under all con-man and lived upon the seas. He now lives scious mind aided always and under all con-ditions by the educated intelligence of the -within a sphere controlled wholly and intelligently by the law of Nature.

Beard Lum Pagaremmas

The other by the unconscious mind aided by a foreign intelligence known or unknown, educated or uneducated, which may easily be

determined by results. Inspirational work is most interesting, be it

the one or the other. The question as to which is the most interesting may be considered upon so many sides it would not be fair to determine in these colnmns which, however, are always open to thinkers upon these lines and the editors are ever ready and pleased to voice any such who may desire to be quoted.

Personally, I have witnessed both.

To the educated observer it is natural that the former should claim sympathetic attention and the latter more marked attention possibly because of its phenomenal side.

When an uneducated, unconscious speaker presents to his audience beautiful thoughts, clothed in classic language the inspiration at once takes violent hold upon the listener in questioning wonder never to pass from the mind; while an educated conscious speaker presenting the same thoughts equally well clothed would hold his audience only by the power of individual magnetism, which power ceases to exist as soon as the relation of speaker and listener becomes a past.

The same conditions may be recognized with music, poetry, and art.

At the head of this column is the reproduction insexceedingly diminutive form (as the original picture is twenty-six by forty-one inches) of an inspirational water color picture created in an incredibly short space of time, ome eight or ten hours at most.

There was no thought in the mind of the

His "Treatise on Abstinence from Animal Food" gives as one reason, among others, for such abstinence, that the flesh of beasts incrassated the subtile body, which must be purified not alone by the elimination of gross desires, but also by care and diet, and by listening to certain strains of music at rising and retiring. These instructions Porphyry addressed to those whom he terms "divine men." for this stupendous ideal of Plotinus and of Porphyry was too difficult of attainment for the majority. There were no rites, no ceremonies, no worship of the gods-only one ideal, one aim-Union with the Divine! Hence the system was too rigorous for the weaker, and many turned away. The school of Jamblichus.

Vastly more fortunate is the man whom coverty compels to action than he whom poverty luxury lulls to laziness. Blessed, therefore, are these twentieth-century taskmasters who force us with the whips of stern necessity to the achievements of a larger and nobler manhood-a well-rounded, harmonial man-

Nature's laws are so fixed that every man must pay the full price for existence. A tricky man may dodge his debts, but he candodge Nature's demands and live. What wilt thou have?" said Emerson, "pay for it and take it."

Obsession, and obsessing spirit influence should receive vastly more attention than it does from Spiritualists. Aurin F. Hill thus writes me from Boston: "All doctors, nurses and attendants employed to judge and care for the insane, should have knowledge of spirit influence, control and obsession. Much of so-called insanity is only obsession. Ignorant people, whether registered doctors or nurses, do not know this." It may not be amiss to here state that I have been collecting facts for several years in preparation of a book to be entitled, "Obsession, or the Reign of Evil Spirits." Evil is here used in the same sense as when applied to men-undeveloped, evil-disposed men. Where is Dr. Kimball? He is interested in these obsessing influences.

The true genius feels that his mission antedates his physical birth. He has intimations of a work which was planned, assumed before the birth of his body. The invisible world is the realm largely of causes, while this is the world of physical effects. The spiritual of the real.

Considering the inharmonies in choirs and quartets, I would suggest the substitution of phonographs. How would it sound upon a Sunday morning for the speaker to say, "The phonograph will now please sing 'Old Hundred,' omitting the second stanza," Though n little harsh-throated and mechanical, this dear phonograph would not manifest any inharmonies or jealous janglings.

All too often in Spiritualist societies there are a few so puffed up with stubbornness and self-importance that if they cannot be at the head, cannot be leaders, they will not do a thing! Sensible people, pitying them, pass on. When the hay stack would not com the mule, the mule finally went to it. Mules are not the prettiest animals in our beautiful pasture lands.

Last Sunday I lectured in Sturgis, Michigan, in the Free Church, which I dedicated forty-six years ago. This next Sunday I to let any such serve on the jury that is to speak at home here in Battle Creek, to the Spiritualist society.

The only sufficient corrective for human inharmony and misfit is purification and regeneration from the centre of character-a spiritual awakening and overflow which will sweep through all the channels of soul activity.-Henry Wood.

"Tolerance is the charity of the intelli-

Wherefor came this picture and with it its name,-

THE MAJESTY OF NATURE,

also an inspirational verse in hieroglyphics descriptive of the picture.



The Majesty of Nature.

The editors of the Banner invite its trans-

lation by any one in any part of the globe.

A sepia or black and white copy of the picture ready for framing, sixteen by twelve inches, together with a copy of the hieroglyphical verse will be forwarded post-paid to any part of the world upon the receipt of twenty cents in stamps, coin, or postal note. They will be carefully rolled and encased for safe transportation.

Every render of the Banner and every adrocate of Physic force should possess a copy of this inspirational picture, together with the hieroglyphical verse, one line of which we submit herewith.

Any questions relative to the picture or hieroglyphic will be promptly answered if addressed to the Art Critic of the Banner of Light.

The Latest Word of An Eminent Man of Science.

A very interesting writer in the Referee, a London Sunday paper, who signs himself "Merlin" writes timely articles from week to week called "Our Handbook." Recently he has had much to say about the alleged degeneracy which now prevails, but he always ends in hopeful strain and reserves his best reflections to the end of his contributions. From one of his highly characteristic letters we have gathered the following remarks concerning a topic of ever fresh interest to all truthseeking minds. "It is not easy to pass in silence the em-

phatic proclamation of Lord Kelvin that in his mature and ripened judgment the latest and highest revelations of science positively afterm the existence of a Creative Power. This is a question on which no man dare accept another's ipse dixit, but the proclamation will exert a great moral force. Time was when it was reckoned rather a proof of deep thinking to speak of the material universe and our poor knowledge of it as affording no light at all on this great problem; but it remains truth that amongst the profoundest searchers into the mysteries of Nature there are always to be found those who, not from any emotional gravitation towards belief, but out of the fulness of knowledge, are impelled to reject the sterile doctrines of the materialist. Verulam and Newton thought as Lord Kelvin thinks, and it will comfort many of those who have permitted themselves to be browbeaten by smaller men that the 'Prince of Science' of his time is in himself a proof that ignorance is not altogether a necessary concomitant with faith. Faith in what? Not in this or that dogma or this or that theology, but in a Creative Power which moved the whole universe along in undeviating progress to some end which cannot fail to be worth seeking, because in all we see and know we trace a settled purpose towards better things. And if one should meet this with the cheap answer that the greater part of this present 'Handbook' has been a lament over decadence the answer is ready. We live by law, and we are learning law, and even if in a iff-necked ignorance should great people to decay, we shall have served our turn as an object-lesson in that book of history the pages of which are being eternally written for the instruction of mankind."

Astrologer in Court.

Seattle, Wash., March 9 .- If you were born between June 21 and July 22, October 23 and November 22, or February 19 and March 21, you have no business on a jury. You are not amenable to argument or advice. The signs were wrong at the time you made your advent into the world and you are sure to be so set in your way that no amount of argument could move you to give a fair and impartial trial to the defendant at the bar.

This is the conclusion of A. J. Speckert, an astrologer, on trial here for murder and he says he bases his argument on communings with the planets. Any veniremen born between the dates mentioned are promptly objected to by his counsel, acting under his di-

"I have made a life study of this thing," said Speckert, "and it is sure that anyone born under the signs of Cancer, Scorpio or Pisces cannot be moved by argument or influenced by advice. Therefore, I will refuse

This, of course, opens up a new line of thought and may have to be passed upon by the Court of last resort, which does not or-dinarily pay much heed to the funny marks in the almanac.—Hearst's American.

Glorious Indeed is the world of God around us, but more glorious the world of God within us: there lies the land of song; there lies the poet's native land .- Longfellow.

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New Era, Oregon.

Preparations have been made this year, at New Era, Clacksmas County, Oregon, for the greatest camp meeting yet held. The camp opens Saturday, July 4, and continues to Monday, July 20. Mae E. R. Hunt, the noted California inspirational speaker and medium, will be present Chas. F. Goode, D. M., will appear Sunday, July 5, and Hevy. J. H. Lucas will occupy the platform Sunday, July 12. Board at the camp hotel will be \$5.00 a week; 25 cents for a single meal. Admission (including all public lectures and seances) 10 cents a day or 25 cents for the season.

Cor. Sec. C. C. S. C. M. A.

How to Grow Beautiful.

Beauty is to be acquired, but it cannot be won by earth's cosmetics. True beauty can come to one on earth only by reflection from heaven's glory. He who would be beautiful must be made so by the transfiguring light of his soul's saintliness. Love in one gives loveliness. This is the way to grow beautiful.—Ex.

Picnic at Waverley Home.

Dear Reader:
You are invited to join us in a picnic at the Waverley Home, Waverley, on Thursday, June 25. The grounds will be open at 2 p. m. The evening entertainment will begin at 8 o'clock. Admission to all 15 cents. Refreshments served a la carte. This gathering is called in the hope that a large sum of money in aid of the V. S. U. Home may be realized and we trust you will try and spend a few hours at this beautiful spot on this occasion. We believe you will find the entertainment alone fully repaying any effort you may make to attend and we should be glad of your company for the social features of the occasion.

Most cordially yours,
Ada M. Came,
Marguerite C. Vose,
Alfred Hewitt,
Com. of Arrangements.

Using What We Have.

Not what we have, but how we use it, is the measure of our power, and that marks the highest degree of our real service. This measure, and this degree, are possible to us each and all in God's service, whatever are our limitations. Doing what we can is doing our best. Each of us can thus say:

"I ask not wealth, but power to take
And use the things I have aright.
Not years, but wisdom that shall make
My life a profit and delight."

-The Sunday School Times.

West Michigan Spiritual Association.

On account of personal business I was obliged to resign the office of secretary of the West Michigan Spiritual Association. My successor is Mrs. Sarah E. Herrick, wife of the president and manager. Her address is 298 N. Ionia St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

I write this for the benefit of people corresponding with me in order to save delay in replies to the letters, as mail forwarded to me has to be forwarded to her and this will facilitate a reply.

I'rospects are good for a large meeting, the grounds are beautiful and the work of cleaning them and arranging for the meetings is practically completed and everything points to a good time.

Thos. J. Haynes.

Thos. J. Haynes.

Banner Hall Lectures.

Mr. George A. Porter held the second of

Mr. George A. Porter held the second of the Sunday evening meetings June 14, In Banner of Light Building. The subject taken by the guide was "Life's Opportunities."

The great opportunities to add wealth to the gigantic trusts during the winter's necessities and how it was embraced, regardless of the spiritnal law, was spoken of as an instance of ignorance of what true wealth is. A prophecy was made that some time in the future, instead of the present methods employed toward incarcerated criminals, a board of psychically developed men and women would by concentrated thought awaken the true manhood and womanhood of the diseased ones and by realizing the divine bond of brotherhood, humanity would no longer dwell in the twilight or night, but awake to a new born morn of the spiritual day.

The conditions having become more familiar, Mr. Porter gave a number of clear messages to the satisfaction of the audience. These meetings will be held every Sunday evening at 7.45 during the summer.

A Lesson.

I learned a lesson when a small boy when my mother let me set my first hen: I was always in a burry for everything and wanted to force things; so, when I heard the little chickens peep. I thought they wanted to get out of the shell, so broke the shell away from one and, to my surprise, the blood began to drop from the unfinished part of the chick which the shell was protecting; and the chick died.

chick which the shell was protecting; and the chick died.

This was a lesson, I say, yet I spent several years trying to break the shell from people and get them into the light just because they seemed to peep and show that they were dissatisfied with their surroundings. But I finally found that nature, and that includes all persons, conditions and things, never surrounds people with what they do not need for the time being: so I quit being a missionary. I simply do what Life in me causes me to do and let them kick the shell from them when they can. Just because your surroundings are close for you and are uncomfortable is no reason why I should tear them from you or you from them.—Spirit Fruits.

Announcements.

Mrs. Dr. George Dutton is the guest of her brother and sister at 47 Pine St., Fall River, Mass.

The Sunshine Club, Clara E. Strong, president, holds its public circles on Tuesdays and Friday evenings at 30 Huntington Ave., Room 202. A. M. Strong, secy.

Mrs. Hattie C. Webber is very ill at her home, 483 Massahusetts Ave., Boston. The kind and loving thoughts of friends and patrons are solicited to assist in restoring her to perfect health.

Unity Camp, Saugus Centre, Alex. Caird, M. D., president. Services every Sunday at 11, 2 and 4. June 23, Rev. May S. Pepper will be present and give a short address and communications. Other good mediums and speakers. Good music. Refreshments can be procured in the grove.

Mrs. Katie M. Ham of Haverhill, will serve the First Spiritualist Society of Lowell at Earnscliff Grove June 28,
Wayerley Home.—Mrs. Whitlock, Mrs.

Annie L. Jones of Lowell, Mrs. Annie Banks Scott and others will assist in the services Sunday, June 23. A cordial welcome is extended to all.

G. W. Kates and wife are doing N. S. A. missionary work in Montana during June, They have organized a local society in Billings and will also secure the co-operation of Butte, Anaconda, etc. They have the promise of a mass meeting early in July at Butte, when a State Association will be discussed. Mr. and Mrs. Kates will serve at camps in Franklin, Nebraska; Delphos, Kansas, and Vicksburg, Michigan.

Mrs. Minnie M. Soule.

To the Kind Friends of Mrs. Soule: Let us thank you through the generous col-umns of the dear old Banner for the aid from Let us thank you through the generous columns of the dear old Banner for the aid from your consistent thought service in the severe illness of Mrs. Soule and assure you of her steady, if slow, gain. The reality of the healing power of the spirit, coupled with the skill of our intelligent physician (Dr. J. P. Chamberlin) in sympathy with the spirit intelligences, has been vividly expressed to us. While it may be many weeks before the sufferer will be able to meet her friends again with safety, we are assured of her recovery, should no accident occur.

I trust that those of you who have been so tender in written expression will let this acknowledgment serve as a recognition of the same, as it has been necessary to keep the immediate circle of helpers on this side confined to a few persons with whom her band is familiar, for obvious reasons, and it leaves us little leisure. But feel assured that your help is definite and that we rely upon it for the final victory.

Ever sincerely yours.

the final victory.

Ever sincerely yours.

Charles L. Soule.

79 Prospect St., Somerville, Mass., June 16, 1903.

A Liberal Education.

That man, I think, has had a liberal education, who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that as a mechanism it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work and spin the gossaniers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose miral is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of nature and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art, to hate all yileness, and to respect others as himself. Such an one, and no other, I conceive, has had a liberal education, for he is, as completely as a man can be, in harmony with nature. He will make the best of her, and she of him. They will get on together rarely; she as his ever-beneficent mother; he as her mouthpiece, her conscious self, her minister and interpreter.—Thomas H. Hux-lev.

Madison, Maine, Camp.

The June meeting of the Madison Camp Meeting Association was held June 13 and 14, as announced.

Saturday afternoon, though rainy, a little company of us were amply repaid for braving the elements in listening to an interesting and profitable discourse by Rev. F. A. Wiggin and the always inspiring music of A. J. Maxham.

I heard one lady say she and her husband drove thirty miles in the rain to be with us. I could not help thinking if all were as earnest and persevering in the work, the world would soon learn of spiritual truths.

Sunday forenoon, with clearing skies, a goodly audience assembled, all seeming greatly to enjoy the beautiful day together with two excellent lectures from F. A. Wiggin and Mr. Maxham's harmonious selections.

gin and Mr. Maxnam's harmonious selec-tions.

We trust each received a new inspiration, which shall help to higher aspirations and a more perfect life, thus carrying an influence which is ever broadening, reaching out its loving tendrils to twine that beautiful tree, luman life, and cover all its branches with the rarer blossoms of true spiritual percep-

tion.

Kindly remembering and speaking of the absent ones the rain had prevented our greeting, we separated in the calm beauty of the early evening with pleasant anticipations of meeting again at camp time.

Lucy W. Houghton, sec.

Open the door of the heart, and leave it open, to the influences of Heaven.—Mark Guy Pearse.

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DR. C. E. WATKINS.

The Gospel of Spirit Return Society and the Young People's Psychic Inquiry Club will hold a picnic at the Home Thursday, June 25, for the benefit of the Union from 2 p. m. through the evening. The evening program is to consist of unusual talent with various instruments of music, duets and vocal offering, together with literary work by one of the principals from a leading theatre in Boston, it is expected. Admission to this entertainment, which will begin at 8 p. m., will be 15 cents, but the admission to the grounds in the p. m. will include the entertainment in the evening. Refreshments will be served by the committee in charge at reasonable prices. Proceeds from all go to the treasury of the Union. All are cordially invited to be present.

Admission to all 15 cents. Refreshments a

la carte.

Why not spend an afternoon with your friends a in the beautiful grounds at the Waverley Home and give the movement a

SUCCESS.

Tho' fate may baricade my path
With bars of wrath, yet this I know:
"Success" is written on my brow;
And Truth to me is rod and staff.

My Soul is strong as God's own hand To master fate, and, from my path, I brush each shard of hate and wrath, And walk on Truth's bright golden sand. -Sam Exton Foulds.

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

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 Beaders.

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

werld.

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

Report of Seance held June 11, 1903, S. E. 56.

MESSAGES.

Aaron Glass, Leavenworth, Kansas.

The first spirit that came here this morning is a man from Leavenworth, Kansas, and he says his name is Aaron Glass. He is rather tall and thin with dark hair and dark blue eyes. He appears to be a studious, scholarly sort of a man. He says: "For a long time I have been making a study of this method of returning to our friends. I have found there is much that can be done aside from the spoken word or the written message. So many times I have been able to influence and direct my own people and even those who were not very close to me that I have become convinced all spirits have a certain power over spirits still embodied and the only way to be sure of one's independent thought and strength is to have this knowledge brought before them in a way they can understand and not be buffeted about by everyone who comes. I want to go to Lena. If I could get her to try to get into communication with me as I am trying to come to her, I am sure we could meet on a common ground and find many things that would be of use to us both and I could help her physically very much. She is in great need of a touch from the spirit that shall release her and open her life to brighter and better influences and I am hoping that through this effort she may understand and give me the opportunity which I seek. I am very grateful to you for allowing me to come."

Henry Worthen, Franklin, N. H.

Henry Worthen, Franklin, N. H.

There is the spirit of a man beside me; his name is Henry Worthen. "I did not know anything about this subject," he says. "It is entirely new to me but when I found that other people were communicating I said to myself, 'Now I will go and send a message to my wife, Lucy, who lives in Franklin, N. H.' She doesn't know any more about this than I did and it will seem to her very strange that I should come in this way but I want her to understand I would not have to come in this round about fashion if there were any other place or any other way I could attract her attention. I am still interested in the plans for selling and whatever is going to be of benefit to you but I cannot express myself clearly about these things until I see you face to face. It isn't against any law that I are received of that Level Livet Sul. self clearly about these things until I see you face to face. It isn't against any law that I am conscious of that I come. I just find myself so easily returning to my friends that I believe it must be perfectly right and as it should be for me to come. We were Methodists and some of our Methodist friends might be surprised at my coming but somehow when a man has a wife in a far country and he loves her very much he won't stop to think of his church connections or whether they would approve or not, but he will hasten as fast as he can to her side and try to express to her all the love he has in his heart."

Susan Crompton, Ballardvale, Mass.

After him comes the spirit of a woman After him comes the spirit of a woman who looks about forty-five or forty-eight years old. She is a little above medium height and very light. Her eyes are pale; she doesn't look particularly sick but as though she never had a very definite color. Her name is Susan Crompton. She says; "I lived in Ballardvale, Mass. This is the funniest thing I ever heard of. I wanted to go to Sam. I kept trying and trying and couldn't make him understand. He is my son; finally I was told about this and came and am so happy I don't know how to express it. I want to tell him my bead is all right now. I want to tell him my head is all right now. I am glad I came over hear when I did. I had stayed long enough. It would have been a pity to have had me stay any longer and there is nothing I can see that I regret that has been done since I came. I should think it was a good deal better for them to put me out of their minds as much as possible. In a way, it gave me a freedom. My mother and my sister were both here and so good to me and nursed me as if I had been a sick child, and it is only now that I begin to have a desire to send some word to those left. Please tell Lillie I can help her, but she mustn't be afraid of me. I won't hurt her. I will only send my helpful thought and if she sees me, it will be naturally and with a smile on my face and love in my heart. Thank you." want to tell him my head is all right now

Charley Wingate, Dover, N. H.

Charley Wingate, Dover, N. H.

The spirit of a man is before me whose name is Charley Wingate. He says: "I come from Dover, N. H. I am bound I will make myself known and understood. I didn't know anything about this but decided just as soon as I came over that the thing for me to do was to make effort to communicate. I don't want to get back. I wouldn't come back if I could. There would be no sense. I have every opportunity over here that I had when I was in the body and I feel just as real to myself as when I was in the body but the desire to let my people know about it is very strong in me. My mother is with me and she says we will together make effort to stir up some spiritual impulse and bring a better condition into the town where we lived. I saw Wentworth the other day and he said he was going to do the same thing but I haven't heard of it yet. I shall be glad if anybody will open the door for us so we can come and tell all we want to."

James Monroe, Norwichtown, Conn.

I see a man about sixty-five years old with very heavy gray hair, blue eyes, a full gray beard and kindly face. He says: "My name is Monroe, James Monroe—not your president but James Monroe simply. I lived in Norwichtown, Conn. I was in the hardware business. You half wonder what a man in that business could find to do in this life. It is not that I sell tools the same as I did then but the spirit of hasiness and thrift and get-

a-head that I accumulated for myself in my business is like so much capital over hear. I am just as busy and of course we can't all be missionaries over here any more than you people can all be missionaries there. It is the shoemaker's children who go without shoes and sometimes missionaries' children who have holes in their stockings so I felt that I would be one of the practical ones and settle dewn to the common things of spirit if there is any common thing in any life, and I have been trying to keep things to gether looking after homes, helping those who could not make them for themselves to make them, teaching them how to do one thing and another until they were able to beautify and naite better their own conditions. Somebody whispers that that is missionary work. Perhaps it is but I hadn't reckoned it such. I'd like Lucy to know I am not so busy in my own life that I can't help her. I would gladly come into her life and advise her, especially about Ed, and do anything I could in the way of advising her about her other affairs but I can't unless she makes it possible for me. There will be spasmodic manifestations always of the spirit without effort on the part of the receiver of the manifestation because sometimes by chance, sometimes by long continued effort and sometimes by desperate effort the manifestation comes, but the regular, steady, always-to-be-dependedlong continued effort and sometimes by desperate effort the manifestation comes, but the regular, steady, always-to-be-depended upon manifestation must come through cooperation on both sides, and so I ask you, dear, to make it possible for me to speak with you and help you and you help me. God bless you. It was always my prayer and is now."

David Gorham, Mattapan, Moss.

A spirit of a man who is tall, slim and nervous comes here now. He is active; his name is Gorham, David Gorham, he comes from Mattapan, Mass. He has a very indefinite idea of how to return from the spirit and it makes him slow in his words and yet I find such a desire that I feel like helping him all I can. He says: "I want to get to Baby. It seems dreadful to me that I should be shut away when there is such a possibility of my It seems dreadful to me that I should be shut away when there is such a possibility of my being able to speak to her. She is sick and it is strange that they don't get somebody who will understand the case better than the one they have now. Grandmother Clark is with me and says that if they will make a new trial and take someone who is not quite so old, she thinks they can get her well. I have many other things I want to tak about but I can't seem to get this off my mind and so I just leave that message, hoping it will do the good I want it to." the good I want it to."

Jennie Gould, Ottawa (City, Canada

A spirit of a woman is here who seems to be about thirty-three years old. She is dark and pretty. She has a little baby with her as though the two went out together to the spirit. She isn't crying and yet I can see that a good many times she has felt the sadness of the separation. She writes on her hand "Jennie Gould," and she says: "My husband's name is Harvey and we lived at Ottawa City, Canada. I have been over here about five or six years and the silence has been awful. I have had plenty of friends and things to see and places to go, but my desire was to connect with my own people, and so I put aside all my past prejudices and come and ask to be received. Oh Harvey, if you will tell mama that I am so sorry it happened so. It is too bad, but I can't see how to make things any better, and tell her, too, I shall be the first to meet her and Charlie is as anxious as I over her coming. Sometimes it seems as if we couldn't wait, and then at these there and charle and one ious as I over her coming. Sometimes it seems as if we couldn't walt, and then at other times we just plan and plan and don't make any particular thought about it and the time slips more quickly. I have seen Molly and she is happy too. Harvey dear, I can't forget you. I don't want to, I only want to help you. I just want you to feel I am near you and loving you just the same

Etta Davis, Hackensack, N. J.

Etta Davis, Hackensack, N. J.

The spirit of a girl about twenty-one or twinty-two years of age comes to me now. She is not very tall nor very slender, one of those strong beautiful looking girls who seem to be able to do anything and not feel the effect of it. She says: "My name is Etta Davis and nobody ever thought I would die, at least not so young, and I would not have if it had not been an accident. I was drowned, and while it seemed a most awful thing it was not a bit awful to me. It was really over so quickly I did not realize it, and I have just kept on so busy every minute since I have been here that it seemed I could not feel badly as I saw others. I love my music just the same. I am living and singing and studying all the time. You people who see nothing in spirit life except personalities can't imagine, that we have everything you have. My plano is as real to me in spirit life as any you have, and everything that is real to you is real to me. There may come a time by and by when I will grow away from these things but so far I can't see very much difference and I am trying to be as good as you would have me. I would like to send my message to Aunt Kate, and I want Winnie to understand she can help me too. They all live in Hackensack, N. J."

Emma Howe, Waltham. Mass.

Emma Howe, Waltham. Mass.

The spirit of a lady, Emma Howe, from Waltham, Mass., is before me now. She says: "I want to send my love to my husband and children; I want to draw them as close together as I can. I don't want them to feel I am apart from them or that I am unconscious of the changes that have come. I know them all and am interested to have the hest come out of all and send my love to all and a desire that I may be able to do more in the future than in the past. To my baby I send a kiss and a thought that she will always look to me for help and strength and to all the rest I would bring peace and the perfect understanding and spiritual unfoldment that I am sure is about to be theirs. Thank you."

Communication from Adoniram Judson.

I desire to add a few words to my daughter Abby's letter. It is a great pleasure and privilege for the progressive spirits to return to the earth plane and voice their thoughts to humanity, whenever they can find a sensitive with whom they can come in close rapport, as is the present case with me. My daughter Abby is overjoyed with her success in controlling this fine sensitive so easily, thus enabling her to send a letter to the paper she has so long been identified with, She has endeavored to write her message in as patural and characteristic a manner as she could.

My joy and happiness over this blessed re-

as patural and characteristic a manner as she could.

My joy and happiness over this blessed reunion with her I am powerless to describe. Her sainted mother and I have been unspeakably joyous, ever since Abby's birth to this Higher Lift. Our family reunion is comforting and beautiful. Hearts united after long years of separation, the sweet confidences of our spiritual companionship, the joyous surprise of her awakened spirit over the glories of this heavenly life, cannot be told to mortals, for the supernal bliss of this sacred reunion with loved ones here is too transcendently glorious for the limited comprehension of most minds on the earth plane. Your most vivid imagination could not picture even a shadow of our present happiness. Abby's entrance to the spirit world was a

sudden transformation from a white-haired lady to a youthful maiden, radiant with a spiritual beauty and fragrance, and her aura was of an unusual purity, her well-earned reward for her long, busy, useful life on earth, full of unselfish deeds and unlimited patience, bravely shown all through her many years of trials and sufferings, hidden from the eyes of the world. Froud and thankful and it to call her my beloved daughter!

How off in spirit I came to her and tried to shield her, and to clear her pathway of all obstacles, detrimental to her happiness and comfort. I succeeded in a measure, and she dimly sensed my near presence ofttimes, as well as the loving guidance of spirit friends. For some years in the spirit world I have embraced the truths of this grand spiritual philosophy. As soon as I could, I returned to Abby in spirit, and gave her sure and tangible proof of my continued existence as a spirit, and the fact of spirit return. It is just as natural to return, and to wish to manifest one's presence to earth friends, as it is for the freed spirit to leave the body, and gravitate to its rightful place in the spirit land.

From time to time both daughter Abby and I will gladdy avail ourselves of this chance to

From time to time both daughter Abby and From time to time both daughter Abby and I will gladly avail ourselves of this chance to return to the earth plane, and control this sensitive, with whom we are both in good rapport. Her sensitive organism is like a harp, so finely strung that there is exquisite pleasure in touching the sweet strings, which respond quickly to our faintest whisper; and the response we receive to our earnest wish to control is very gratifying and comforting to our longing hearts, for the wish to do some good for humanity is the uppermost thought in the heart of this sensitive. So, as we are assured of a welcome whenever we desire to control, this pleasure we hope to repeat many times.

This, my first effort, is but a feeble shadow This, my first effort, is but a feeble shadow of what I will yet be able to accomplish through this medium. And now I will close this explanatory spirit message, hoping that Abby's many friends of earth will see and read both of our spirit letters. I sign myself as one devoted to the Cause of Truth, and the grand philosophy of Spiritualism, on this earth, and all the higher realms above.

Adoniram Judson.

Questions and Answers.

W. J Colville.

Questions by M. J. Budge, Upsom Plains. In every large family it seems as if part of the children always have more than their share, and part of the children do more work and have less than the others. In every church some are found whose word is, law and who really do less and pay less than others who are bossed around at a great rate. If the family and the church are unjust, of course the rest of the world is; but is it so in the next world? Do people get what they earn by their good deeds?

Tolsto's idea seems to be that the good or unselfish are balked at every turn and that those who look out for their own success all the time, regardless of others, are the successful ones in this world. One demands successful ones in this world. One demands success and gets it. Is it just that the supply equals the demand? And does success follow such demands in the next world?

In the Universalist Church we were taught to work for others; help others in trouble; but the Universalist Church seems to be crowd-

In the Universalist Church we were thught to work for others; help others in trouble; but the Universalist Church seems to be crowding the Universalist Church to the wall; and its manner of working seems to be for each one to make the most of himself and look out for number one first, last and all the time. What does count in the next world? The laws of God are always the same, and do the same laws hold good in each world? When and how does justice come?

Answer.—The several questions thus grouped together by our questioner involve a searching inquiry into the relation which actually subsists and exists between spiritual and material fulfilments of desire and ex-

actually subsists and exists between spiritual and material fulfilments of desire and expectation. "Verily I say unto you they have received their reward" is a saying full of immense food for thoughtful meditation. Each one receives the reward to which he is entitled, regardless of what that reward may be, and because the nature of rewards or results differs very widely in various instances it easily follows that confusion arises in the minds of many honest people who find it hard to reconcile the seeming injustice prevalent on earth with the idea of supreme equity regnant in the universe.

To the materialist who believes only in the most external side of things, an insuperable difficulty is presented; but to the Spiritualist who certainly claims to think more of the spiritual than of the exterior side of life, ho real difficulty can be existent, because our inward, not our outward, life is of highest importance, and our inner life is built up of our thoughts and affections, and is not truly affected by any seeming mischances of external fortune. Many are the apparent miscarriages of justice in outward life, but there are none such in reality seeing that every seeming loss or defeat is in reality a spiritual gain and will be proved such to our consciousness when we are free from the obscuring veils of sense.

What is rightly called the "next world" by our questioner, is no more the final world than this is a final world, and as we carry

our questioner, is no more the final world than this is a final world, and as we carry with us beyond death our mental states as well as our affections, the state we enter immediately after we have left the physical body is in a very large degree simply a continuation of the life we are living at present, not the outside, however, but the inside of our present life is thus continuous.

There is also quite another aspect of the question we are now discussing which should not be overlooked, and that is the quality of thought maintained by the people who are always "bossed around" by others. There are

not be overlooked, and that is the quality of thought maintained by the people who are always "bossed around" by others. There are many well meaning but foolish women who exert themselves to the utmost to support churches where the salaried ministers who draw their salaries very largely from the proceeds of women's work, always impress upon their hearers the inferiority of the female sex. Now if all the women belonging to such a congregation were to offer legitimate passive resistance by absenting themselves from all active work which brought revenue to that church, they would teach the minister that clurch, they would teach the minister a needed lesson; but in too many instances they go on meekly working and encourage the "bossing" habit on the part of those who claim a superiority to which they have no just title.

just title.

In families it is precisely the same, for the same false ideas of submission and subserviency of one to another are encouraged to prevail to an extent which causes us occasionally to feel disposed to dilate on the virtue of proper pride, and the vice of false humility. Our social ethics need entirely reconstruction and it emperes that we have chainfully to feel disposed to dilate on the virtue of proper pride, and the vice of false humility. Our social ethics need entirely reconstructing, and it appears that we have often very hazy notions of the seven cardinal virtues and seven deadly sins when we place, all pride in the latter and all humility in the former, category. To speak quite frankly, many very humble people who are erroneously supposed to be especially saintly, are only timid and sadly lacking in rightful self-appreciation. There is also a fault which can well be labeled mental laziness, which not infrequently accompanies physical activity, and there are always people ready for take full advantage of the disposition of others to work slavishly for them whenever such slaves can be found.

A great moral question now arises, viz: How for justified are we in allowing and promoting the culture of ungracious and unneighborly traits in those among whom and for whom we are working. To do all for

others is absurd; but to do all with others is to obey the law of reciprocity. We should work together for the general good, thereby encouraging the best elements in ourselves and

work together for the general good, thereby encouraging the best elements in ourselves and in our companions.

As to success. What is success? Mere acquisition of money and position is not success, because it can of itself bring and secure neither health nor happiness. Success means joy in life, happiness in work and all else that makes existence beautiful. Though it is a hard saying it is a true one, that lack of success eren in worldly matters, is far more often due to a wrong mental attitude than to any other cause and by mental we do not mean moral. The people referred to by our questioner who seem never to succeed, but are always under the despotic control of others, are not strong, self-reliant characters; kind hearted they may be, but well developed mentally they certainly are not. Before any such can compel the tide of fortune to flow their way instead of against them, they must look well to their inward estimate of themselves and to their expectations. What are such people looking forward to, what do they chronically expect? Let them answer truly in the silence of their own souls and they will be compelled to admit that they are getting exactly what they anticipate, though it be the exact reverse of what they would choose did they believe that choice was open to them. In this world without waiting another instant, let such people hegin revising their own self-estimate and let them commence without a moment's delay an alteration in their expectations, then though growth from infancy to maturity is always gradual they will find that they are sowing decidedly new seed, and they will of necessity reap new harvests.

The world would be relieved of a tremender breaker if it did bytt accent?

reap new harvests.

The world would be relieved of a tremendous burden if it did but accept the one great truth of mental science which is comprised in the declaration that there is no prised in the declaration that there is no luck, fate or fortune attaching to any individual as such, but all that we mean by those three much misconceived terms relates to the mental attitudes of individuals, and these attitudes we must deal with heroically. Success in every world and on every plane follows in the train of those who attract it, and as we cannot alter universal order, it is useless to complain against the inevitable, but extremely useful to increase our knowledge thereof.

Iteverse your mental attitude, say no longer

thereof.

Reverse your mental attitude; say no longer that you want work, but claim that work wants you and stand ready to do it when it presents itself with all your might and earnestness. Hold yourself in thought as being a magnet to draw what you desire, not as an idler or a sponge, but as a faithful worker. Demand and expect that all that is rightly yours will come to you, and never allow yourself to take an "under dog in the fight" attitude in your own esteem. Indeed it is far better to banish all idea that there is any "fight." Make yourself feel that you are a person of some importance, that there is work wanting you to do it and remuneration waiting to bestow itself upon you in return for the service you have rendered.

A beggarly attitude of thought makes you a pauper or a dependent in the esteem of others as you are already one in your own esteem, and what we think of ourselves leaks out and travels psychically in directions of which we are expensally. Reverse your mental attitude; say no longer

esteem, and what we think of ourselves leaks out and travels psychically in directions of which we are generally ignorant. But as nothing can possibly flow out if it is not in, the only counsel necessary to follow is to guard well the gate of self-esteem and the gate of expectation, for through these two gates as well as through the gate of desire, the inmost citadel of human consciousness is approached alike by friends and enemies.

Dr. George Dutton.

Passed to spirit life from Chicago, Ill., May 27, George Dutton, A. B., M. D., aged 73 yrs., 2 mos. and 2 days. Dr. Dutton was born in Royalton, Vt.,

yrs., 2 mos. and 2 days.

Dr. Dutton was born in Royalton, Vt.,
March 25, 1830. In his childhood days he was
fond of books and even then evinced a most
wonderful memory. At the age of eight years
he recital in two resitations the he recited in two recitations the whole of Peter Parley's Geography. When at his prime his memory was simply marvelous, for without consulting chart or book he could without consulting chart or book he could give the name of every muscle, bone, vein and artery in the human body, describing the same in full. The writer has heard him, at one sitting, give the name of every bone in the body, describing each in full, giving articulations, development and also the muscles connected with each. He was equally thorough in Hygiene, Physiology, Ontology, Materia Medica, Therapeutics, etc. In fact, might have been called a walking Encyclopaedia of Medical Science.

In his youth his great aspirations were to become a teacher, and it is our opinion that

hecome a teacher, and it is our opinion that aspirations never were better fulfilled, for he was a teacher par excellence. For many years he taught in various towns in Vermont rears he taught in various towns in Vermont and Massachusetts. He commenced work in the common schools, but soon found his place in academical work. He was likewise Superintendent of Schools at West Randolph, Vt., one year and at Rutland, Vt., for two years. He fitted for college while at West Randolph, Vt., principally under the instruction of Austin E. Adams. During this time he paid all his expenses by teaching school during the winter months and working on farms. paid all his expenses by teaching school during the winter months and working on farms in the summer time. He graduated at Dartmouth College, receiving the degree of A. B. in 1855. He studied medicine three years under Dr. J. Woodworth of Bethel, Vt., and Prof. Joseph E. Perkins of Castleton, Vt., then attended three full courses of medical lectures at Burlington, Vt., Hanover, N. H., and Washington, D. C., when he took his degree in the spring of 1861. After graduation he practiced medicine in various cities and towns of New England; also traveled and gave illustrated lectures upon Physiology and Hygiene.

logy and Hygienc. In 1869 he established a school in connection with the academy at West Randolph, Vt., for giving instruction in the art of preserving the health. After two years he removed to the health. After two years he removed to Hoston (1872), spened an office on Essex St. and also gave public lectures. From that date on Dr. Dutton was identified with the progressive thought of the century. He espoused every reform that presented itself. He for many years opposed compulsory vac-cination and frequently wrote and spoke upon the subject. He was also an ardent and enthusiastic student of economical and social enthusiastic student of economical and social problems and frequently spoke upon these topics before large audiences. For many years he held classes in Rational Mind Cure at Onset Camp, in Boston and likewise Chicago. At one time he established a medical college at Rutland, Vt., and later the American Health University and Dutton Medical College in Chicago.

He visited England twice, the first time lecturing in many of the principal towns and

He visited England twice, the first time lecturing in many of the principal towns and cities. The last visit was particularly for his health. He was a voluminous writer upon reformatory subjects. Many magazines and nearly all the leading papers of the East gladly published his contributed articles. The following Bibliography will give some idea of his published works: Dutton's School Charts, Dutton's Illustrated Anatomy (several editions), Two editions of Medical Notes, Key to Medicine, Consumption and Rheumatism, The Cynosure, 2 vols., Journal of the American Health Society, 2 vols., Etlopathy, or Way of Life and The Cosmos being published at the time of his decease. There were several earlier works, but we have been unable to obtain their titles. These works are all ably written and ought to find their way

into the library of every liberal minded person in the land.

Dr. Dutton was deeply interested in the study of psychical phenomena, and at one time was secretary of Vermont State Association of Spiritualists. In later years he was not identified with any religious organization, but was deeply interested in the truth and progressive thought that he found in each. He was always glad to listen to anyone capable of inparting knowledge. His whole life was that of a student. Even to the very last he was planning intellectual work for the future, and we have no doubt he will find better opportunities for that labor on the spiritual side of life.

Dr. Dutton was a most lovable man, clean in all his habits, and full of that enthusiasm which is always manifested in the utterances of an inspired person. He was a philosopher in the truest sense of that term, and his life and labor will be far more appreciated a century hence than it is today. His memory will live enshrined in the hearts of those who knew him the best, those who were most intimately associated with him in labors for

tury hence than it is today. His memory will live enshrined in the hearts of those who knew him the best, those who were most intimately associated with him in labors for humanity. He was one of the most unselfish of men. In fact, he did not look out in the least for his own financial welfare. He had the truth, and his soul ever longed for opportunities to express it. Well did he understand the use of language, always seeking for the word that would most clearly express his meaning. He robbed the science of medicine of much of its useless phraseology and made clear to the uneducated the meaning of all its technical phrases.

His religious ideas may be summed up in a very lew words. A never wavering belief in "One Supreme and beneficent mind of the universe." He declared that "The perfect knowledge of the Universal Will, as manifested in nature and in mind, is a knowledge of Universal Science." He also declared that science was "the modus operandi of the Deity; the method by which all things in Nature are done; an understanding of the relations of cause and effect." Still further he said a scientific religion means "Reunion." This does not imply that there has been any real separation between the finite and the Infinite, only that which is caused by ignor-This does not imply that there has been any real separation between the finite and the Infinite, only that which is caused by ignorance. By the acquiring of knowledge, "he is led to the conception of a power infinitely stronger than the arm of man; of wisdom vastly superior to that of any human mind, and lastly, either through the study of Nature's works in connection with the natural powers or faculties of the human mind, or by a more or less direct revelation, inspiration or intuition, he comes sooner or later to recognize the hand that is Divine. He is then reunited to God, the Creator, whose image he ognize the hand that is Divine. He is then reunited to God, the Creator, whose image hebears. This reunion is religion. He was never absolutely separated from God and cannot be, but only to human conceptions was he ever separated. He is reunited when he consciously recognizes the fact, that he is made in the image of God."

Of evil he says that it is "perverted or lower good. It is traveling in the wrong direction; from and not toward success and happiness."

happiness."

Upon the subject of health and disease he declared that "We must at once assume the attitude of health, and ignore, so far as possible, all ordinary conceptions of disease; at least we must not aggravate the case by

least we must not aggravate the case by fear."

With regard to death he said, it "is the antithesis of life, a human expression merely, and when once we come to understand that life itself is eternal, then death, as now understood, will cease to be; for where life is, there can be no death."

He called "Spirit the positive pole of Being. Matter is the instrument or organ; Spirit the musician or actor." Again, "Matter is represented by the shadow, and spirit, which sustains matter, is the substance." For further elucidation of the Dutton philosophy we would refer the reader to page 176 of Etiopathy, under the head of Ontology or the Logic of Being.

Dr. Dutton firmly believed in the great principle of universal brotherhood and held that the Golden Itule overshadowed all other commandments. He also accepted the idea of immortality, "not as erring finite beings," but as "sons and daughters of God and as beirs of immortality." Such an immortality that comes through a consciousness of the relationship existing between the finite and the infinite—has he gained—an immortality born out of a life of research and effort. With him ever was it to find the truth and then having found it, its exemplification in daily life. Teaching and practice went hand in hand. The precept that fell from his lips always found the example in his daily life. Once he said to the writer, "I know I have failed many times to fully realize my, ideal in life, but I can truly say I have conscientionsly tried to make the outward conform to its requirements."

Of him it may be truly said no man ever fought more persistently for what seemed to

tiously tried to make the outward conform to its requirements."

Of him it may be truly said no man ever fought more persistently for what seemed to him the truest and the best. With him life never was to be trifled with—it was too carnest and appalling for that. He knew no such word as fail—fear was never present with him. When the world thought he was conquered, on a still loftier height he gave to the breezes the pure white banner of Victory. He knew that truth was eternal,—and also that in time it would prevail.

the breezes the pure white banner of victory. He knew that truth was eternal,—and also that in time it would prevail.

His life was a struggle with the adverse conditions that surrounded him. Yet upon his banner was stamped the legend, "I never compromise with evil." The last words he uttered for the world fell from his lips just as his soul was pluming itself for a still loftier flight,—"Let God's ways pregail"—were worthy of the life he had lived and the sacrifices he had made.

Comrade, brother, royal soul, we met, clasped hands and knew each other amid the fogs and mist of earth life. Side by side we labored together and love was ever the tie that bound us. You have gone a little way in advance, but surely we shall follow you, and the light of truth emanating from your soul will show us what mountain height your feet are passing.

soul will show us what mountain height your feet are passing.

1)r. Dutton leaves a wife and a son by a former marriage behind. The wife during his last illness ministered to his overy need, and now deeply feels the loss that is hers, but is comforted by the thought that he is still near to her. May all the friends of the Doctor cheer and comfort her along her earthly journey, for she is worthy of the respect and love of all.

The Doctor's body was buried at Evergreen Cemetery, Rutland, Vt., the brief services there being conducted by the Universalist clergyman.

clergyman.

Geo. A. Fuller, M. D. Onset, Mass., June 15, 1903.

Onset, Mass., June 15, 1903.

Some have beheld the divine order as a means for the realization of goodness and have become so absorbed in contemplation of the end that they have lost sight of the means. "All is good," they declare, and this is no doubt a true insight as far as it goes. But they then add, "there is no evil," and this amounts to a denial of the conditions whereby man gradually evolves from disorder to order. To deny the lower order is to misunderstand the higher. To classify evil as illusion is to overlook the significance of man's moral struggles. The larger faith in the divine order acknowledges the actuality of evil, that is, the contests of the lower and higher, but looks beneath and beyond the evil that men do to see how the universe turns even the evil to account. For the larger faith is inspired by love of facts as well as by goodness.—Horatio W. Dresser.

Mrs. Mary A. Blake.

Mrs. Mary A. Blake of Haverhill, Mass., passed to the higher life Bunday morning, June 7, 1903, at the age of 56. She was a woman of noble principles and always stood for what she thought was just and right, and one who held the respect of all who knew her. In her religious views, she was an ardent Spiritualist in the broadest and most comprehensive sense of the word. She was a Spiritualist by intuition as well as by intellectual reasoning upon phenomenal effects. Her nature was broad and generous. To the poor and needy she was a true and tried friend. She labored earnestly and willingly to relieve suffering. Her home was always open to those who were seeking the light of Spiritualism. In all ways she was unassuming and quiet, but ever ready to act and push all good things for the best interest of the Helping Hand Association of Spiritualists of which she was a member, and at the time of her transition our valuable clerk. We that are left have the knowledge that she is with her husband, Edwin Blake, who entered the realm of spirit four years ago.

The funeral took place at the home of her brother, Henry Noyes, where she was tenderly cared for in her last illness. The ceremonies at the house were simple and beautiful. The interment was in the family lot in Merrimack Cemetery.

Katie M. Ham.

Katie M. Ham. 242 Mill St., Haverhill, Mass.

Mystics Before Science.

ESSAY ON UNIVERSAL MYSTICISM.

L. Revel.

The above named book is just published in Paris; it well deserves the attention of all who take an interest in religion and the destiny of man. It is a condensed analysis of the question of mysticism, from an impartial tiny of man. It is a condensed analysis of the question of mysticism, from an impartial point of view, completely from religious confession. The author brings to the work the opinions of the greatest thinkers, ancient and modern, and he shows the essential differences which separate the religious tradition from the esoteric. He claims and proves that there is a secret and mysterious tie between all the mystic schools and that they all rest on a common basis of essential dogmas forming a permanent foundation of speculative mysticism. Having searched the origin of the Catholic and Alexandrian mysticism, he finds a strange likeness between them and the mystic doctrines of the Gnostics, the Welsh Bards and the Hindoos.

The author has only touched lightly on these connections, leaving it to the reader to establish them himself, but these divers conceptions are strikingly identical in their foundations. What does it matter if the divine sphere is called Cengant by the Welsh Bards, Pleroma by the Gnostics, or otherwise by the Hindoos and others; whether the circle be that of transmigration or of relucarnation; whether the circle of felicity be the Nirvana of the Buddhist or the heaven of the Christian; what does the form of ideas matter if all and each reflect under different aspects the bright rays of the truth one and indestructible?

The book is very instructive and it is much

The book is very instructive and it is much to be desired that it should be translated into English.

Fred de Bos.

The Root of All Kinds of Evil.

Rev Stewart Sheldon.

The author is the gentleman who a few years ago tried for a week to run a newspaper as Christ would run it, yet apparently ignoring the fact that Christ never used the

paper as Christ would run it, yet apparently ignoring the fact that Christ never used the title Iter, before his name.

In this little book he assumes that Money is the root of all eril, and he clamors for its removal as a medium of exchange; he shows how the love of money and the power which it gives, makes men more greedy, more unscruppilous; how it leads them to form societies, trusts, and control the products of some industry so as to increase their riches, regardless of the poverty of the producers. Instead of money he would make Work the standard, God's standard touching all civic relations between man and man. He fails to explain how the professors in our colleges, the ministers, the doctors and others are to be paid so as to make a living. Will the doctor tell his former patient: Your brouchitis will cost you so many bushels of wheat, or potatoes, etc.? How many sermons will the minister lave to preach to buy a suit of clothes or a ton of coal?

The author is right when he shows the sad condition of the poor working men, but barter instead of money will not ameliorate his condition. Even public or state ownership of transways, railroads, mines, etc., while it may give more pay and employment to more men will need some other standard than work to carry on the business. Brother Sheldon has to go from Topeka to Chicago. How will he pay his fare? He might give a bushel of sermons (his work) to the state, which might give one to the engineer for his share and he might trade it for a pair of overalls. Try again, Brother Sheldon.

share and he might trade it for a pair of overalls. Try again, Brother Sheldon. Price ten cents. Fred de Bos.

Magical Perfumes.

E. N. Santini de Riols.

This is a French book which cannot fail to interest the readers (if they know French) who are curious to know some of the things which pertain to antiquity and to the middle ages. The book treats of Magical Perfumes, those perfumes used by priestesses and sybils on the tripod when giving their oracles, perfumes inspiring love in the loveless ones, and which, if there was need, would quickly send an obnoxious person into a better world. The book is instructive, and while written in a familiar style, it touches upon some important questions. What was formerly a miracle is by the author ascribed to physics and chemistry.

faviliar style, it touches upon some important questions. What was formerly a miracle is by the author ascribed to physics and chemistry.

He devotes a chapter to matter in its four states: Solid, liquid, gaseous and ultra-gaseous, and speaks of the perfumes of antiquity, their immoderate use; of the sacred perfumes of the Hebrews as ordered by the Lord (Exo. xxx. 22-38); one was to anoint the vessels of the temple and the priests; the other, more precious, was to be the Lord's alone. He tells how they were made and that they can be made to accord with the notes of music so as to form an organ of sayours, Do the rose, Re heliotrope, Mi Iris, etc. Perfumes exert an influence on fishes and animals, some are used to tame animals. He cites the case of Mr. Wildman who, having some perfume, could handle bees, have them to rest on his face without stinging. Perfumes have a physiological effect on man, they also exert a moral influence on him as witness the death of Jeanne D'Albret through a pair of perfumed gloves, of Pope Clement VII. by the smoke of a perfumed torch which was carried before him.

The book will interest those who are fond of perfumes, the magiclans who traffic in such things, for we have yet persons who believe in magic, although most, if not all, of the wonderful effects, cures, etc., ascribed to magical perfumes can be produced by magnetism, hypnotism and telepathy. Aspasia nar-

rates that suffering from a cruel disease she went to the temple of Lycere. After bathing, she was anointed with perfumes and laid on a goat skin at the foot of the statue of the goddess. She soon was overcome by the sacred sleep, and when she woke up she was cured. There is no doubt that the sacred sleep was the hypnotic sleep induced partly by soporific perfumes.

He touches gently on the perfume of the human body, and thinks that there was to be found the philters which they said that women used to win love. It is the aura feminea which attracts, although we are not conscious of it. Ninon de L'Enclos at eighty years of age attracted still young men, her atmosphere was so intoxicating. To my mind all this attraction is due to the megnetism of the person, although no one can deny that the human body emits odor which good health and cleanliness can render sweet without perfumes.

Fred de Bos.

Sayings of Elbert Hubbard.

Music is supposed to be a compound of the stuff that dreams are made of—hazy, misty, dim, intangible feelings set to sound—we close our eyes and they take us captive and carry us away on the wings of melody. And so it may be true that music is born of moonshine, and fragrant memories, and hopes too great for earth, and loves unrealized; yet its expression is the most exacting of sciences.

Music vibrates through a man's being and arouses him into a higher life. Not only does his blood circulate better, but he knows better; under the vitalizing touch of the Beautiful we are redeemed and our consciousness is filled with the thought that life is good.

For some, the secrets of music, the wonder of love, and the misty, undefined prayers of the soul, constitute true religion. When you place a creed in a crucible and afterward study the particles on a silde encased in balsam, you are apt to get a residuum or something—a something that does not satisfy the heart.

The eyes reveal the soul, the mouth the flesh, the chin stands for purpose, the nose means will. But over and behind all is that fleeting Something which we call "expression." This Something is not set or fixed, it is fluid as the ether, changeful as the clouds that move in mysterious majesty across the surface of the summer sky, subtle as the sob of rustling leaves—too faint at times for human ears—elusive as the ripples that play hide and seek over the bosom of a placid lake.

This idea of "divinity of birth" is strong in the mind of every great man. He recognizes his sonship, and claims his divine parentage. The man of masterly mind is perforce an Egotist. When he speaks he says, "Thus saith the Lord." If he did not believe in him-self, how could he make others believe in him?

Small men are apologetic and give excuses for being on earth, and reasons for staying here so long, and run and peek about to find themselves dishonorable graves. Not so the Great Souls—the fact that they are here is proof to them that God sent them. Their actions are regal, their language oracular, their manner affirmative.

Supreme poise is only possible to one who knows. The experience and emotion of manifold existence have etched and molded that form and face until the body has become the perfect instrument of the soul.

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LOVE'S PATRIOT.

I saw a lad, a beautiful lad,
With a far-off look in his eye,
Who smiled not at the battle-flag
When the cavalry troop marched by.

And, sorely vexed, I asked the lad Where might his country be Who cared not for our country's fing And the brave from over-sea?

"Oh, my country is the Land of Love,"
Thus did the lad reply;
"My country is the Land of Love,
And a patriot there am L."

"And who is your king, my patriot boy, Whom loyally you obey?"
"My king is Freedom," quoth the lad, "And he never says me nay."

"Then you do as you like in your Land of

Where every man is free?"
"Nay, we do as we love," replied the lad,
And his smile fell full on me.

-Ernest Crosby, "Swords and Plowshares."

How the Fox Outwitted the Hedge-

O R. Washburn.

Mr. Hedgehog, with every quill fixed just right, for he was very nice and always kept his fore paws clean and clothes brushed, went for a walk one moonlight night in October. He had slept a little late that afternoon in a nice quiet corner under a hedge and felt dull and stupid. Perhaps that is what made him cross. At any rate he went grumbling along toward the big hill, caring for no one and ready for a quarrel on the shortest possible notice. possible notice.

ling along toward the big hill, caring for no one and ready for a quarrel on the shortest possible notice.

It was not a very long way to the meadow where the field mice lived and he liked field mice very much indeed. So he went down that way and hoped as he went that he would not find any other hedgehog people around; he wanted all the mice for his own supper. But when he came to the potato field, all dug up by the men who had carrfed away the potatoes, he just had to stop and find a few nice fat grubs. He liked them so well and all he had to do was to dig a little and there they were ready served.

While he was busy at this a little dog came barking across the field and frightened Mr. Hedgehog terribly. Not that the dog was likely to hurt him, but where dogs were, men were apt to be and though he could put out his sharp quills and punish any dog that was so foolish as to try to bite him, yet a man might have a gun and shoot him just for sport. But this dog's owner, when he appeared, chanced to be a friend to the whole hedgelog family. He said that Mr. Hedgehog's people never did any great harm to him and they destroyed the field mice and grubs and he rather liked to have not only Mr. Hedgehog but Mrs. Hedgehog and all the little Hedgehogs around. So he whistled to the dog and went on his way.

But Mr. Hedgehog was nervous and more out of patience than ever after this and so he walked back toward the hig hill near his home. Half way up the hill he blundered into a newly made hole in the ground, catching his quills in the fresh dirt and getting covered with sand.

"Oh," said he, "that is what the red fox has been up to! Digging holes for honest folks to fall into. If he wanted a new entrance to his home to escape dogs and traps why could he not set up a bush to warn peover.

has been up to! Digging holes for honest folks to fall into. If he wanted a new entrance to his home to escape dogs and traps why could he not set up a bush to warn people away from it."

Just then he heard a little rustle in the grass and looking around there was Mr. Fox himself just home from a call at the farm yard the other side of the hill, where he had found everything locked up and had been obliged to make his supper of a couple of hems' eggs he had discovered in a nest in the corner of a fence. Immediately Mr. Hedgehog set all his quills out and went into the entrance of the fox hole just far enough to prevent the fox either from entering or from heing able to reach him. There he stopped and settled down for a long rest.

Mr. Fox was much exasperated at this very unkind action and called to Mr. Hedgehog to come out at once, but the keeper of the entrance would not reply and pretended to be fast asleep. Now Mr. Fox always had two ways to reach his underground chamber, but this time he could not use the other route to his nice warm nest because a farmer had set a steel trap there just before dark, and

to his nice warm nest because a farmer had set a steel trap there just before dark, and though he knew all about traps, he did not like to try to drag one out or cover it up with dirt in the night.

like to try to drag one out or cover it up with dirt in the night.

After waiting a few minutes, however, he thought out a plan and bidding the surly Mr. Hedgehog a polite good evening he trotted off down the hill toward where he knew the Hedgehog family lived. Before he had gone far he heard something moving about and getting into the shadow of a bush he waited to see what it was before allowing himself to be seen, for foxes, like bad Indians, have no real friends and they are always atraid of anything they hear coming until they know just what it is. Soon, however, Mr. Fox was delighted to see that it was Mrs. Hedgehog herself, out looking after her husband and for such grubs and mice as might come in her way. Instead of passing her by with only a word, as he usually did, he stopped for a few moments' chat and to ask her how she and the little ones at home were doing. Also he remarked that Mrs. Hedgehog had the longest quills of any of her people he had ever seen. At that she was very much flattered and pranced about in the moonlight like a load of hay on a rough road. Then Mr. Fox remarked that he must be going as he had found a nice lot of salt pork left outside the farmer's barn and must hurry over to his Cousin Reynard's home and tell him about it so he could get his share at once. Whereupon Mrs. Hedgehog inquired anxiously if he had seen her husband anywhere and on being told that he was resting somewhere up by the fox hole on the hill went off at a trot to find him.

Now Mr. Fox knew very well that there is

him.

Now Mr. Fox knew very well that there is nothing in this world that the quill-bearing people like quite as well as salt and that none of the Hedgehogs would be slow in getting down to the barn where the salt pork was. And he was quite right about it, for as soon as Mrs. Hedgehog had told the news to her husband they left the hill together and rushing back to their home they called all the little Hedgehogs, there were five of them, Smuttytoes, Greedynose, Sleepydoze, Turniprows and Lazy Mose, the littlest of them all, and went off to the barn for the salt pork.

Meanwhile Mr. Fox went sleepily to bed through the entrance where the quarrelsome

Soothes the Stomach

50c. 4 81, at iroggists

Mr. Hedgehog had placed himself to stay all night and bother him. As he curied up in the nest beneath the ground he said to himself, "I declare, I forgot to tell the Hedgehog family that the sait pork was in a barrel and covered up with a big plank so no one of them can get any of it, but I guess when Mr. Hedgehog gets cross again he won't come and stop in the door of my house and make trouble just because he happens to be feeling ill natured."

In Re Morris Pratt College.

N. S. A. STATEMENT TO THE PUBLIC.

Dear Mr. Editor:

Dear Mr. Editor:

As there are many inquiries at this time concerning the status of the Morris Pratt College with the N. S. A., as to how much the National Association is involved in the work, studies, expense and general affairs of the Whitewater School, it seems to us that a general, official statement from N. S. A. Hendquarters will not be out of place.

The N. S. A. has nothing whatever to do with the Morris Pratt College as an official institution. The college property was offered to the N. S. A. at the convention of the latter, in Washington, D. C., in 1901, with the provision that ten thousand dollars be raised for the needs of the school. The convention left the matter with the incoming board, and the latter, after due deliberation, declined to accept the gift and the obligation. Therefore, no part of the Morris Pratt College is owned or controlled or in any way directed by the N. S. A.

In 1902, to show its sympathy with college was the interest in the form the incomes.

no part of the Morris Pratt College is owned or controlled or in any way directed by the N. S. A.

In 1902, to show its sympathy with college work, and its interest in the effort being made to establish a spiritualistic college, the N. S. A., through its trustees, gare the sum of three hundred dollars to the Whitewater Institution, to aid in opening its school, which appropriation entailed no obligation on the N. S. A. or the college and was precisely what the private donation of any individual might have been. Let it be distinctly understood then, that the N. S. A. has nothing to do with the tutorship, studies, expense, or any part of the college, as they are two separate bodies in every sense.

At time of N. S. A. Convention of 1902 in Boston, the N. S. A. board granted a charter to "The Morris Pratt Institute Association" for purposes of promoting education; this charter was granted after the board was assured, that it in no way laid the N. S. A. under any obligation to the college, the association chartered being distinct from the college itself and this charter gives the National no more authority over the doings and affairs of the college than the charter of a State association gives the N. S. A. right to dictate the policy and affairs to such State Association. Each is independent of the other.

Fraternally yours,

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Why Does the Roman Catholic Church Oppose Spiritualism?

The Roman Catholic Church has been op-

The Roman Catholic Church has been opposed to Spiritualism from first to last, but has never before squarely expressed the reason for its antagonism. Father Conway, in his new publication, The Question Box, gives authoritative answer of the Paulists.

Because of its doctrines:

"Spiritism or the systematic communication with spirits who claim to be departed souls, is merely a new form of pagan necromancy, anathematized by the laws of Moses. The fact of the rapid progress showed the evident weakening of the faith of the various denominations of Protestants who fed it. Its doctrines, learned from spirit-manifestations, are given us in detail by leading spiritists like Wallace, Kardee, Crookes, Home, Tuttle and others.

Wallace, Kardee, Crookes, Home, Tuttle and others.

"Spiritism claims to be a religion, although it gives no worship to God, and substitutes in His stead a great crowd of spirits of every grade of intellect and morality. Its external worship is the feverish excitement of the uncanny seance, and its priests chiefly women—mediums.' It is almost all the work of the devil, for although there are fraudulent manifestations, over and above this there are facts which seem to have overwhelming testimony in their favor and point to diabolic agency. Spiritism pretends to be the final perfection of Christianity although it denies its every dogma and declares that Jesus Christ is not the son of God but merely one of the higher spirits.

"Its history has been marked with the

of the higher spirits.

"Its history has been marked with the greatest immorality, as the Mountain Cave, the Kiantone, the Sacred Order of Unionists, and the Order of Patriarchs amply prove. Some have argued that this was only an abuse, but we say that spiritism is essentially immoral. It has no worship of God and no eternal sanction of reward and punishment to safe-guard morality. Surely such a teaching is not calculated to curb the evil passions of men's hearts. men's hearts.

men's hearts.

"Rightly then does the church warn her children against this irreligious, and immoral superstition, which often seems to evidence the power of Satan, and forbid them not only become mediums, but even to attend the spiritualistic seances.

we have given follest expression to the Holy Father's presentation of the subject, that a thorough understanding of the position of the Catholic Church might be gained. That any one capable of answering the question at all, should give the spiritual side so reckless of the truth, is amazing.

If religion consists of forms and ceremonies, in the robed priest, holy water and incantations, then Spiritualism is not a religion. If religion is consecration to ideal righteousness, the unselfish doing for others and spiritual excellence, then Spiritualism is the religion of religions.

the unselfish doing for others and spiritual excellence, then Spiritualism is the religion of religions.

The Unitarians believe that Christ was a man and not literally the son of God, and Spiritualists are no more heterodox.

As for immorally the tree is known by its fruit. There is not today a professed Spiritualist in the prisons of this country. The Paulist Father says that there are nine millions of Spiritualists in the United States. The census does not show the religion of criminals I am informed by an assistant census official that this was omitted because the criminals were so untruthful that nothing reliable was obtained. Perhaps, and perhaps because the showing was on the wrong side!

There can be little difference between the criminal conditions here and in England. In a careful report to Parliament, the number of Roman Catholics in prison in that country was 33,581, of Protestants 107,012. The Church

TO WORKING GIRLS



FREE MEDICAL ADVICE

Every working girl who is not well is cordially invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice; it is freely given, and has restored thousands to health.

Miss Paine's Experience.

"I want to thank you for what you have done for me, and recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all girls whose work keeps them standing on their feet in the store. The doctor said I must stop work; he did not seem to realize that a girl cannot afford to stop working. My back ached, my appetite was poor, I could not sleep, and menstruation was seanty and very painful. One day when suffering I commenced to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and found that it helped me. I continued its use, and soon found that my menstrual periods were free from pain and natural; soon found that my menstrual periods were free from pain and natural; everyone is surprised at the change in me, and I am well, and cannot be too grateful for what you have done for me."—MISS JANET PAINE, 530 West 125th St., New York City.—\$5000 forfelt if original of above letter proxing ganulneness cannot be produced.

Take no substitute, for it is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that cures.

of England with other sects has a membership of perhaps twenty millions, and the Catholics two millions. In proportion to the population, Catholics have almost four times as many criminals as the Protestants and the Spiritualists have not one.

Has the history of 'Spiritualism been marked by immorality? Has it ever subjected, not millions, but a single person to the horrors of the inquisition? Has it burned a Bruno? Imprisoned a Gallileo? Instituted houses of infamy under the name of convents and nunneries? Established an order of priests commanded to live in an abnormal and immoral state of celibacy? Taught a doctrine of the dead enabling the priest to wring wealth from the bereaved to gain pardon for the sins of the departed?

Not a single truthful instance of immorality of the advocates of Spiritualism is given by the Holy Father who mendaciously makes the assertion. Of the cases given, they were individual efforts made a generation ago and of so little consequence they have been forgotten. They were not outgrowths of Spiritualism but hallicinations of cranks who exploited their doctrines by claiming its protection. To bring up these incidents, shows a dire want of material and a vicious inclination to deceive the reader. No one knows better their irrelevance and worthlessness than the Holy Father.

"It has no worship of God and no eternal sanction of reward and punishment to safeguard morality."

Spiritualism leaves the question of God for each and every one to settle for himself. It is

sanction of reward and punishment to safeguard morality."

Spiritualism leaves the question of Gou for
each and every one to settle for himself. It is
a gross misstatement that it "substitutes in
His stead a great crowd of spirits."

As for rewards and punishments, being a
"safeguard of norality," Spiritualism holds
to the unchangeable obligation of doing our
duty, and that there is no escaping the consequences by vicarious atonement.

Talk about the moral influence of a religion which teaches that you may do the most
heinous crime, robbery, rape or murder, and
by confession to a priest as God's representative, obtain full and free pardon! And this
Paulist Father when he stands up in defence
of such a religion with slanderous defamation
of Spiritualism, should blush in shameful
consciousness of the deceit and falsehood in
his heart.

Editor-at-Large, N. S. A.

Onset Notes.

Dr. Geo. W. Carey and wife, recently from the west, are located at Mr. Geo. W. Rowlock's on Longwood Ave, for the summer. The doctor is a noted lecturer and teacher.

Last Sunday evening Mr. Thomas Thompson of New Bedford lectured before the Worcester Social Club in its new building. An excellent audience greeted the speaker.

Dr. and Mrs. Amos Kimball are located at their summer home, Cedar Cottage, on Union Ave. for the season. The doctor is a finemagnetic physician and Mrs. Kimball is a good test medium. They are even at this early date quite busy.

Miss Susie Tripp of Boston, test and business medium, is located at her home on Union Ave. She is a very reliable medium.

Miss Marie FitzMaurice and her friend, Miss Pearl, are at the Bliss cottage on West Central Ave.

Miss Pearl, are at the Biss cottage on West Central Ave.

Mrs. Dr. Pratt is here for a brief period of time. Her cottage has been let to Mr. and Mrs. Mears of Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. Kate R. Stiles has returned to her summer home from a trip South and West that lasted through the winter. Her many friends will be glad to know that she is back at Onset.

There was an entertainment at the Temple on Monday evening and another the evening of the 23d. The first dance of the Associa-tion will be held at the Temple Saturday

ing the warm days in the early part of the month, the water was quite warm and many bathers took advantage of this, enjoying themselves as bathers are wont to do.

Mr. and Mrs. Simeon Butterfield were at their cottage for a few days recently putting their flower garden in order for the season. They have returned to their Chelsea home, but will come back to Onset for the season early in July.

Mrs. Dr. Brightam of Fitchburg has been at her cottage for a short stay.

Mrs. Dr. Brigitam of Fitchburg has been at her cottage for a short stay.

Mr. Geo. W. Nickerson, who returned from the Routh very sick early in the season, is convalescent at the present time, and is able to walk out in his garden.

The headquarters of the Banner of Light will be at Cedar Cottage, where the representative will locate this season.

Endow Duty with Love.

Colonel Andrade, of the City of Mexico once told me that he took two growing flowers and experimented with them thus (both flowers were healthy and of natural growth when he began his experiments). One flower Colonel Andrade endowed with growth when he began his experiments):
One flower Colonel Andrade endowed with
courage, love, force and growth. He gave it
sweet, blissful thoughts, and praised its
beauty and fragrance. Mentally he blessed
and encouraged its perfection and growth.
This flower rapidly, very rapidly, developed
size, beauty and fragrance. It seemed to
jump into ecstatic perfection, and to revel in
his presence. It developed brighter hue and
brilliant color almost in a day. Colonel Andrade said that this flower seemed to know
him, and to greet his presence by projecting
itself toward him.

The other flower the Colonel frowned upon,
scolded and shamed it. Within three days
this flower was blighted; a decline set in, its
growth ceased, and death followed within a
month. Colonel Andrade added that he had
never touched either flower.

Here is a beautiful lesson, friend. We are
all working for others. Let us leave a smiling, benign thought with all we do. Let our
work pass into other hands, carrying mental
sunshine into those souls who take out products.

This is particularly applicable to the house.

This is particularly applicable to the house-wife. It is she who can bless or wither our spiritual being, according to the mental reflecspiritual being, according to the mental reflection she casts upon our food. A wife can bless her bread as she makes it. She can declare it filled with benign force and life for those who eat it. She can make it to digest, nourish and bless us who eat it, and it will obey her wish. It is the same with every walk of life. Bathe duty with love! Our friends and successors will thrive on what we have created. Otherwise they may wither, as did Colopel Andrade's flower.

Endow Duty with Love!—Dr. Paul Edwards.

"The Private Ownership of Truth."

From the worship of stones to that of Deity, from savagery to civilization until the present hour, men have sought in many ways to enslave the human mind and abridge the freedom of thought—chattel slavery, social slavery, slavery to fashion and custom, all of which coupel humanity to bow to their shrine to greater or less extent. However, taken as a whole, they are not so far reaching in organized effort and insidious in character as mental slavery. Wars of every kind in every stage of the world's existence are traceable to this cause.

Church and state have played a very important part upon the stage of mentality, and

Churefi and state have played a very important part upon the stage of mentality, and the private ownership of Truth has been invariably the weapon that they have selected to subdue and conquer their adversaries. This has been the primal cause and excuse, for some of the most infamous crimes recorded in history.

In the world of fashion and custom, the right to think and act has often been questioned, and men and women have many times been held up to public derision and made the scapegoats of society.

With an infallible religion based upon an infallible and divine revelation, the power at times has been well nigh absolute in some portions of the globe. They not only sought to enslave their minds while living, but held their souls as a hostage forever after passing from this life.

Thousands of persons have been compelled to yield to the dictum of self-appointed trustees of truth.

This insidious trust of today had its birth

of truth

tees of truth.

This insidious trust of today had its birth in the womb of the religious trust, religion, politics and business combined working under the mask of religion, like the ant that works while men are asleep. When the people awoke from their slumbers they found they were bound by the chains of mental slavery. By whom have these men been commissioned to act as trustees and dispensers of universal truth?

Truth over no allegiance to any church or

Truth owes no allegiance to any church or nation. It was before man, and he has only perceived what has been always. Man did not bring truth into the world when he came, neither has he created any since he came. Truth is as universal as air, and as necessary Truth is as universal as air, and as necessary to nourish the mind of man as rain and sunshine are to nourish a plant, being the universal gift of the Infinite to man from the unfoldment of his life in accordance with his highest conceptions of its principles. The men that would place any obstruction in his pathway to enslave or injure him in his progress here are guilty of a serious offence.

The right to truth is a sovereign prerogative overy human soul. Each one must see jet with his own eyes, and not with the eyes of another.

of another.

The supposed infallible doctrine, based upon a supposed infallible revelation from an infallible God, has been revised and the unheard of anomaly—the truth, has been revised in order to perpetuate a system of mental slavery. These self-appointed apostics of truths that are as free to humanity as the air we breathe, that have lived and fattened upon the credulity and ignorance of men, that have "stolen the livery of heaven to serve the devil with," where do they find a warrant for the usurpation of the free gifts of the Infinite to man? Nature's book of "Divine revelation" (not made by fallible man) contains upon its sacred pages all of her statutes for the safe guidance of man "without money and without price."

W. W. Sprague.

W. W. Sprague. Haverhill, Mass.

of the 23d. The first dance of the Association will be held at the Temple Saturday evening, June 27.

Dr. Carey is talking of arranging a course of lectures on Biochemistry at his rooms for an early date.

Mrs. Celia C. Prentiss of Worcester, Mass., has been visiting during the past week Dr. and Mrs. Fuller.

Light is purifying; let-sunshine into a dark collar, and it soon becomes pure.

Light is vivifying; expose a withered plant from a dark room to the sun, and it colors no. Light is power; all sources of fuel are directly from the sun, coming in rays of light. Light is joyons; nothing contributes so much it making a brilliant assembly as a flood of light upon it.

Light is power; all sources of fuel are directly from the sun, coming in rays of light. Light is joyons; nothing contributes so much to making a brilliant assembly as a flood of light upon it.

Light is power; all sources of fuel are directly from the sun, coming in rays of light.

Light is joyons; nothing contributes so much to making a brilliant assembly as a flood of light upon it.

Light is power; all sources of sunshine directly from the sun, coming in rays of light.

Light is power; all sources of fuel are directly from the sun, coming in rays of light.

Light is power; all sources of sunshine on the sun, and it colors in the su

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KEEP YOUNG.

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