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EDITORIAL.

"Tired!" Did you say you were tired? Are you brain-weary, 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 poignant 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 rejoicings, 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 unrecorded deeds of kindness you wrought in love for the good of others. Mirrored there are all these coming 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 joy-peaces of those whom you blessed for love's sweet sake,—with all these around you in the Silence, can you, could you do aught else than rest? Would you not sink into the 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 be 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 agonies have taught thee nothing, then thou must grope 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 earnestly pray 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 glister of gold, the noise of the shop, the whirl 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 existence. It will take time and earnest labor to accomplish this great feat. Some can only be reached through their physical senses, hence require hard blows that give

them the severest possible pain. Some are called to duty 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 afflictions, 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 of Day.

Whatever their pursuits, their mirth, their seeming enjoyments 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 cruel sorrow, every seeming disaster, every bitter grief 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 treasures 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 aid.

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 Gullabad 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 truth

"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 life. 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 school of existence by cruel, bitter, selfish mourning. With Maarten 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, gray-haired 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 exotics 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 memory, every sacred thought, as connecting links between us and those gone before, but let us avoid every-

thing that would chain those loved ones in a slavery of grief, in a night of gloom, in years of useless mourning! Look aloft and behold the smiles of those arisen ones 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 own.

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 singing 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 shall find 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.

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 pure and good; that its every form is sacred, and that no man has a right to take away that which he cannot 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 your 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 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.

Children of earth, what is your purpose while you dwell in 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 retrace your being's pathway yet many times until 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 have a right to criticize and complain of that of your neighbor, but only then. He who does otherwise must

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 likeliest 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 sneers at the sacred office of motherhood. That man must again and again tread 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 what'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 anxious questionings of the human mind, the intense longings of the heart, and the earnest yearnings of the Soul are somewhere, somehow, sometime, met and satisfied. 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 revelations of knowledge, while all heart hunger will be appeased by the bread of the spirit, and the yearning for higher things on the part of the child 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 of his nature.

"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 Knowlton Homan

A threefold nature we own, it is true,
Yet seldom we keep the spirit in view.
We enter 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 at sickness and so-called sin,
We wonder how some conditions begin,
And fail 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, while Justice is 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 selfish stole
That waives all questions of civic power,
Nor thinks of latent spiritual dower.
Antomaton 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
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 tree.

The worms at our feet suggest divine thought
Purely revealed in other forms taught.
The birds of the air, beasts, fish of the sea
Are tinged with sparks from Divinity.
Knowing these truths and establishing right
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. She wore 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 eyes."

Myrtlene was at present a member of the old Athenian household, Antipas having left for Rome on his wedding day to look for employment and escape from his wife. Though he did not forget to provide for her amply, he never wrote to her, nor even 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 embassy 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 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 burlesque description of the Emperor Domitian's court, 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 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 should 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 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 ink sky."

Dionysius laid the letter down. "The con-cel'd young fool," he muttered, "as if a woman should keep herself for a man who had never kept himself for her."

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

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

"I was not to blame. It was not my fault. I was but three years old when my parents were killed in 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 soul, forever, and by the maidenhood of her whose grave we stand beside, I have been

as true 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 pollution to touch?"

"Antipas was not a man when he wrote what he did," answered Dionysius grimly. "He was a demented monkey, and when he goes smirking round those Roman churches, some one should boot 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 sins 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 Myrtlene 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 heart."

"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 fether to his higher life instead of the helpmeet I believe God made me to be."

Dionysius had nothing to say, and the girl 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, stroled towards them.

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

She bowed 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 at 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 wife?"

Dionysius turned away impatiently, and Antipas said, "O, my friend, why this coldness? Have I not heard far more of thee than anything 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?"

"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 hysterics. 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 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.

"Though," he 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."

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 a husband who so plainly showed his dislike for her, and go back to her old life of pleasure and sin. For man-like, though he believed in the possibility of his own repentance 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 her husband.

The 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 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 amphitheatres, and the gentle, aged Nereidius (the same who came to Jesus by night) was beheaded in Rome on the first of that June of St. But for the most part the Christians who refused to renounce their faith, often under torture, were branded on the forehead with a cross, and sent to labor 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.

Then came the time of the games, and the mob 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 blither 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 themselves 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 there masses of steel, or that the long, gold-belted 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 himself, he stepped into the shelter of an arch where he was safe from attack except by the steep stairs in front. And there for the next hour he was very happy, for his would-be lynchmen, literally foaming with rage, rushed 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 venomous serpent.

Then as he began to realize that he was growing tired, and that the night's escapade had done 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, 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 beautiful Jewish eyes, Eunice, the mother of Timothy, came forward, and throwing her arms 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 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—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 thoughtfully. "I shall miss thee sorely. But with a madman on the throne, 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 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 womanhood, she is a creature made for love. I wonder if 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 conceal 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 reincarnation. 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.

I have come to the conclusion that controversy upon religious subjects is waste of time and energy, and is 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 never ends but I am not aware that any believers in re-embodiment will admit that the ego, the real man, ever had a beginning. "Before Abraham was I am" is but a mild and partial statement 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

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.

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 Goatsnuff. 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.

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 sects but firmly united on this one point. In our own and the numbers of its advocates are daily increasing among Spiritualists and liberal thinkers generally. Nearly if not quite all spiritualists 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 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.

Olneyville, R. I.

E. J. Bowtell.

The Man of Tomorrow.

A STUDY IN SPIRIT RETURN.

Charles Dabarn.

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 museums, 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 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 Sanskrit 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 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 last 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 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 threshold. They have lost mortal manhood, and yet have not gained 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 run 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 away from the threshold into a state of spiritual growth, the vibrations of earth life presently become impossible. Therefore intercourse with mortals soon becomes confused and uncertain. It is then we discover from Stainton Moses (M. A. Oxon) struggling for a brief hour to tell something of himself through the now celebrated Mrs. Piper. He can just manage to give proof of his identity, but the memory of his special studies in earth

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 his 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 shiver 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 hieroglyphics. That would not be progress. But that these 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, that 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 necessary 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 earth, can he do much more than to positively prove his identity. The thought embodied in his old hieroglyphics is necessarily as uninteresting as the school essay of one's boyhood 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 records cannot be reduced down to our mortal 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," or "billionaire's 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 cannot recognize. The matter 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 retain, but the material expression of them in the old form is no longer possible to him. So as a translator, any spirit on that plane must be 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 they are remembered by the mortal mind, indicating 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 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.

Our own grasp of truth new to our comprehension, our recent grand discoveries of natural law, previously unknown 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 flesh which we call humanity. But it will bring 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 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 gratefully 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. Occult Physician, Medical, Mrs. Matherson, \$1.00; Lullaby, Fiction, Mrs. C. E. S. Twing, 90c.; God's Smiles, Fiction, Maggie Olive Jordan, \$1.00; Wedding Chimes, for Wedding Ceremonies, D. P. Hughes, 50c.; Leaflets of Truth, Karl, 30c.; Whither the Wind Blows, Verner, 20c.; Violets, Poems, Straub, 30c.; Three Jubilee Lectures, Peabody, 25c.; Longley's Beautiful Songs, words and music, two volumes in one cover, 15c.; a fine picture-card of the N. S. A. Headquarters, 10c.

Any of the above is a rare bargain at price; will be sent postpaid.
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Never Neglect Constipation.

It means too much misery and piling up of disease for all parts of the body. Death often starts with constipation. The clogging of the bowels forces poisons through the intestines into the blood. All sorts of diseases commence that way. Most common complaints are dyspepsia, indigestion, catarrh of the stomach, liver complaint, kidney trouble, headaches, etc. The bowels must be relieved, but not with cathartics or purgatives. They weaken and aggravate the disease. Use Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine instead. It is a tonic laxative of the highest order. It builds up and adds new strength and vigor. It assists the bowels to move themselves naturally and healthfully without medicine. One small dose a day will cure any case, and remove the cause of the trouble. It is not a patent nostrum. The list of ingredients goes with every package with explanation of their action. It is not simply a temporary relief, it is a permanent cure. Try it. A free sample bottle for the asking. Vernal Remedy Co., 120 Seneca Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Campmeetings for 1903.

Lily Dale, N. Y., City of Light Assembly—July 5 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.
Mowland Park, Mass.—June 7 to Sept. 27.
Ocean Grove, Mass.—July 12 to 26.
Verona Park, Me.—Aug. 1 to 31.
Temple Heights, Me.—Aug. 14 to 23.
Etta, Me.—Aug. 28 to Sept. 6.
Madison, Me.—Sept. 4 to 13.
Queen City Park, Vt.—July 26 to Sept. 6.
Snape, N. H.—Aug. 2 to 20.
Niantic, Conn.—June 21 to Sept. 6.
Island Lake, Mich.—July 19 to Aug. 30.
Grand Lodge, Mich.—July 24 to Aug. 23.
Briggs Park, Mich.—July 4 to Aug. 30.
Forest Home, Mich.—Aug. 1 to 23.
Waukegan, Wis.—July 17 to Aug. 17.
Wenonah, Wis.—Aug. 12 to 30.
Ottawa, Kansas—July 30 to Aug. 9.
Winfield, Kansas—July 3 to 13.
Franklin, 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.

For Over Sixty Years

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

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 full 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,
W. H. Terry.
Austral Buildings, Collins Street, Melbourne, April, 1903.

Briefs.

The First Spiritualist Society of Lowell held services at Earncliffe 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 piano 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, "Sometime," 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. Ratcliffe, 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 McKinley 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 ballad readings. Mr. Chester was presented with a watch fob.

Piso's Cure for Consumption always gives relief in cases of Coughs and Colds. 25c.

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."

"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."

Brainy Men

Take Horford's Acid Phosphate.

It increases capacity for concentrated brain work. As a Tonic in run-down conditions it is remarkably beneficial.

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 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:

"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 orphan, that her spirit mother may be permitted to draw him up into the earth sphere to comfort her child.

President Irving F. Symonds presided over a large meeting today; his remarks were appropriate and interesting. Mrs. Sadie 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.

An excellent cabinet photo. of "The Poughkeepsie Reer" (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:

"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 conquering, it is an absolute statement. It is a fact."

That is it. High aim, concentration, fixedness of purpose, unflinching 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 hasn't. He once lost all the money he had ever saved, by investing 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 cares 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 kick 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.

Emma L. Bruce.
Salem, Mass.

The Ohio State Convention.

The seventh annual convention of the Spiritualists of Ohio was held in Memorial Hall, Toledo, 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 \$1500 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; S. Mahaffey Conneaut, first vice-president; Mrs. Hattie G. Webster, Columbus, second vice-president; John C. Hemmert, Cleveland, secretary; Rev. F. D. Dunakin, Cecil, treasurer; Mrs. W. S. Allen, Cincinnati; Mrs. Walter Baird, Elyria; Mrs. Elizabeth Schaub, 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 Reed of Toledo was chosen alternate. Each of the fifteen local societies in Ohio was requested to elect its own delegate, taking care to choose someone who would certainly attend the Convention.

Friday evening, May 29, was devoted to addresses, music and spirit messages. The address of welcome was delivered by Hon. S. M. Jones, Mayor of Toledo, known throughout the world as "Golden Rule Jones." His remarks were full of meat and came from the soul of the real man. He was most enthusiastically applauded at frequent intervals throughout his earnest, thoughtful and inspiring address. "There are no good people, no bad people, no rich people, no poor people but only people," he declared in one of his grand bursts of feeling, "and I love them all alike. It is our duty to see that all have a chance in this world. I am more deeply interested in Spiritualism than I was a year ago, and I feel that your purpose as a people and my own is one and the same." These and other words of similar import gave the Mayor a warm place in the heart of every person present, and no one who heard his address will ever forget what he said.

The responses to this earnest address were made by President Wadsworth of the State Association and by the presidents of the several local societies of Toledo. They were delivered in the noblest vein of the several speakers and indicated the harmony of spirit that was apparent in outward form. An excellent orchestra furnished inspiring music for the occasion, and spirit messages were given by Mrs. C. A. Sprague of Jamestown, N. Y., all of which were recognized. The closing address of the evening was given by Harrison D. Barrett.

The addresses of Saturday evening were delivered by Rev. F. D. Dunakin of Cecil, Ohio, and E. W. Sprague of Jamestown, N. Y. They were both full of thought and were earnestly and eloquently delivered, and made a lasting impression upon the minds of all who heard them. Messages were given by Mrs. C. A. Sprague on the evening before.

Spiritualists, and our friends in Toledo are by no means lacking in this respect. They can well be proud of their Lyceum 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 Memorial Hall was filled almost to its full capacity by eager listeners who were in search of spiritual light and instruction. The address was delivered by H. D. Barrett, who pleaded for a higher and nobler expression 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 product of her mind among the children of men. She was ably assisted by Mrs. Anderson to whom the thanks of all attendees 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 officers 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 Buck-eye State" and all isolated Spiritualists who love their religion should 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.

Accl Lundberg.

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 problem in mathematics (as for instance quadrature circuli, trisection anguli &c.) might be insoluble at the present. Looking back at times past we will find that a race problem never has been solved yet. For thousands of years the Semitic race has been lying 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 equals, 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.

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. Inter-marriage 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 more nor less than that we should let our large colored population organize itself as a separate body within our society. This body should elect its own officers and judges among themselves and be accorded complete self-government under federal control. Thus for instance the state of Alabama would have besides its present official representation also a colored legislature and a colored governor and courts composed of colored judiciary. The only connecting link between them and the white population should be the federal authorities and judges. This arrangement would put a sudden stop to all the exasperating and disgraceful troubles which now result from the negro's participation in elections and his aspiration for offices. If there was no contest between white and black candidates one of the most effective causes of Southern animosity against the negro would be eliminated.

But this is not all that would follow from negro home-rule. This measure would gradually concentrate the black population around a few centres, as it would be of a vital interest to the blacks to withdraw from places where they were not wanted or not numerous enough to organize, and flock to certain centres for protection and organization. Thus our black population would be confined to a certain sharply defined and outlined area, outside of which it would not expand.

But it might be objected that this measure would create a state within the state and thus, besides being unconstitutional, abolish one evil by substituting for it a still greater and graver one. But this would by no means be the case. The constitutional objection, if there be any, could be removed by an amendment. And further, are not practically all of our churches organized along the same principles? Do they not exist peacefully side by side of each other and of the civil government, and has not this same measure proved the most successful means of abolishing the old implacable "odium theologicum" which in olden times was looked upon as an incurable evil? It certainly has! Why then should it not have the same wholesome effect on the old irradicable race hatred, which now inflames our minds and stirs up enmity and discord between citizens of the same republic, who ought and could live

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 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 multiplied may be noted from one end of the country to the other.—Everywhere.

Even without that comfort and prosperity the soul can find its blessedness. Behind prison bars it can know the joy of an angel, for the soul is fluid 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 passing words of sympathy, little nameless acts of kindness, little silent victories over favorite temptations—these are the silent threads of gold which, when woven together, gleam only 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 these exponents of practical metaphysics would refute the Doctor's position that its principles and ideals are all to be found in the widely-inclusive philosophy of Spiritualism. But what use, new or old, may we ask, are Spiritualists making of those same immutable principles? How do they apply them in daily living, for practical needs? Is 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 unwrapped 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 fiery 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 staunch 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, unforing the shackles of theological bondage, 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 exist.

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 disastrous reflection.

For example, some exponents of the correspondence of thought hold (perhaps incorrectly) that a strong, vicious impulse of jealousy 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, unfeeling 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 to 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, "church-lane 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 heartily, God-speed to every noble endeavor towards the freedom and upliftment of humanity under any label, beneath any banner. There are so many types of mind to be reached that the Author of Truth rightly apportions its ministrations to diverse need, unmindful of any puny mortal desires for individual ownership of spiritual verities.

To Spiritualists have been granted the finest gifts of healing vouchsafed to earth, which have been skillfully 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 Temple 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 all-embracing spiritual philosophy. Strengthen the weak knees, uplift and energize the slumped hands, inspire the sluggish, sordid hearts with incentive toward grandest progression, and noblest achievement. Help them to live their Spiritualism gloriously. Let all Spiritualists move out of their glass houses, before they engage in throwing stones.

A Disciple of All Truth.

Pen Flashes.

The Pilgrim-Peoples.

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, inspiring words to the sick; 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 summing 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.

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 crash 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 evil-speaking. It was a beautiful and blessed tribute to Prince Albert that he

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

"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 needs no motives. It exaggerates or invents. It is malicious, reckless, 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 readable, 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 brainy, clear-headed, psychic-research spiritist. Possibly I am wrong; but wrong or right, he will accept my hearty thanks for the volume.

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."

Tea 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 Malchus 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 of considerable importance, because there were thirty replies made to his attacks by Christian writers.

Inspirational Work.

There are two kinds of inspirational work. The one produced by the action of the conscious mind aided always and under all conditions by the educated intelligence of the producer.

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 columns 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 in exceedingly 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, some eight or ten hours at most.

There was no thought in the mind of the

creator, of the production of such a picture until inspired by a reading received through a wonderful mathematician who claims that his parents were ducks. He was once a fisherman and lived upon the seas. He now lives within a sphere controlled wholly and intelligently by the law of Nature.

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 translation 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 reader of the Banner and every advocate 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 emphatic proclamation of Lord Kelvin that in his mature and ripened judgment the latest and highest revelations of science positively affirm 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 fullness 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 moves 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 stiff-necked ignorance we should suffer a 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."

W. J. Colville.

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 computations with the planets. Any veniemen born between the dates mentioned are promptly objected to by his counsel, acting under his direction.

"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 to let any such serve on the jury that is to try me."

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 ordinarily 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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This is our Offer Extraordinary and Banner Subscribers, it is now YOUR time to speak! Will you accept it? Send in your subscriptions AT ONCE!

New Era, Oregon.

Preparations have been made this year, at New Era, Clackamas 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 Rev. 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 séances) 10 cents a day or 25 cents for the season.

E. de Young,
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 radiance. 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. Cane,
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 makes 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 296 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.

Prospects 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.

Banner Hall Lectures.

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 spiritual life during the winter's necessities and how it was embraced, regardless of the spiritual 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 hurry 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.

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. Webster is very ill at her home, 453 Massachusetts 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 28, 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 Barnstable Grove June 28.

Waverley Home.—Mrs. Whitlock, Mrs.

Annie L. Jones of Lowell, Mrs. Annie Banks Scott and others will assist in the services Sunday, June 28. 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 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 hand 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,

Charles L. Soule,
79 Prospect St., Somerville, Mass., June 16, 1908.

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 is capable of; whose intellect is 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 gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind 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 villainy, 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. Huxley.

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.

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, human life, and cover all its branches with the rarer blossoms of true spiritual perception.

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, 66 HIGHLAND AVENUE, NEWTONVILLE, MASS.

V. S. U. Picnic and Entertainment.

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 in the beautiful grounds at the Waverley Home and give the movement a lift?

SUCCESS.

Tho' fate may baricade my path
With horns 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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JIM

Or the Touch of an
Angel Mother.

BY CARRIE E. S. TWING.

In her preface, Mrs. Twing says:
"I trust that the readers of 'Jim' will deal with him as tenderly as they have with 'Isabel.'"
He is by no means a perfect boy, nor would I desire any boy to be perfect; but he is a type of what may come to the lowest child in the world if he will recognize the union of the Earthly and Heavenly; and while battling with earth's conditions understand that true living will bring to them the echo of "Angels' Song."

CONTENTS.
Jim, The Poor-House Wail, Jim's History and the Touch of the Angel Mother, Jim Finds a Friend and Benefactor, Jim says Good-bye to the Poor House, Jim Reaches His New Home, Jim Gets Acquainted with New Surroundings, Jim Champions the Oppressed, Larry—'Come Found,' Jim's First School, Jim's Love for a Worthy, Charitable Act, Jim Selects His School, The Spirit Reeds Safety Guide, Jim Opens a School, Jim Disciplines His School, Jim Visits Goldie in Trouble, Jim's Sister Goldie, Jim Interests Dr. Briggs, Jim and Goldie are Engaged, Death of Mrs. Goldie, Goldie's Last Home, The Broken Goldie Reaches Her New Home, New Home Life—Jim's First Letter, Aunt Julia Tells Her Romance, Jim Meets His Grandfather, Jim Reveals His Identity to His Grandfather, Jim's Grandfather, James Owen, Mrs. Barnett Visits the Barrows Household, Jim and Goldie Reunited, 154 pages with portrait of author. Price \$1.00.

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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 it consists of the lower and higher, and looks both ways, and bids 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 Sunday morning, June 7, 1903, at the age of 66. 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 Human Hand Association of Spiritualists of which she was a member, and at the time of her transition our valuable clerk. We are left here 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.
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 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 Gengant by the Welsh Bards, Pleroma by the Gnostics, or otherwise by the Hindoos and others; whether the circle be that of transmigration or of reincarnation; 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 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 title Rev. before his name.

In this little book he assumes that Money is the root of all evil, 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 unscrupulous; 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 bronchitis will cost you so many bushels of wheat, or potatoes, etc.? How many sermons will the minister have 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 railroads, 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.

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 sibyls 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.

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 savours. Do the rose, the heliotrope, the 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 magicians 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 Lycée. After bathing, she was anointed with perfume 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 magnetism 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 unrequited; 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 slide 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, changeable 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 kinship, and claims his divine parentage. The man of masterly mind is perforce an Epigoni. When he speaks he says, "Thus saith the Lord." If he did not believe in himself, 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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Children's Book.

LOVE'S PATRIOT.

I saw a lad, a beautiful lad,
With a far-off look in his eye,
Who smiled not at the battle-day
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 flag
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 I."

"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 Love,
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 Hedgehog.

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 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.

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 carried 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, seemed to be a friend to the whole hedgehog 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 big 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 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 hens' 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 being 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 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.

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 afraid 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 at the fox hole on the hill went off at a trot to find 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, Smuttynose, Greedynose, Sleepydoze, Turnipnose and Laxy 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

Mr. Hedgehog had placed himself to stay all night and bother him. As he curled up in the nest beneath the ground he said to himself, "I declare, I forgot to tell the Hedgehog family that the salt 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:

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. Headquarters 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 work, and its interest in the effort being made to establish a spiritualistic college, the N. S. A., through its trustees, gave 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 tutoring, 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,

Mary T. Longley,

N. S. A. Secretary.

A Chance to Make Money.

I have berries, grapes and peaches a year old, fresh as when picked. I used the California Cold Process. Do not heat or seal the fruit, just put it up cold, keeps perfectly fresh, and costs almost nothing; can put up a bushel in 10 minutes. Last year I sold directions to over 120 families in one week; anyone will pay a dollar for directions when they see the beautiful samples of fruit. As there are many people poor like myself, I consider it my duty to give my experience to such and feel confident anyone can make one or two hundred dollars round home in a few days. I will mail sample of fruit and full directions to any of your readers for nineteen (19) 2-cent stamps, which is only the actual cost of the samples, postage, etc. Francis Casey, St. Louis, Mo.

Why Does the Roman Catholic Church Oppose Spiritualism?

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 doctrine: "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, Kardec, 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 unquenchable, 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 greatest immorality, as the Mountain Cave, the Klanton, 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 safeguard morality. Surely such a teaching is not calculated to curb the evil passions of 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 to become mediums, but even to attend the spiritistic seances."

We have given fullest 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 robes 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 Unitarians believe that Christ was a man and not literally the son of God, and Spiritualists are no more heterodox.

As for immorality 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 35,581, 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 scanty 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; 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 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness 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 Galileo? 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 hallucinations 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 a gross misstatement that it "substitutes in His stead a great crowd of spirits."

As for rewards and punishments, being a "safeguard of morality," 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 fine magnetic 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.

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 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.

Last Sunday the Bridgewater Band gave a concert at Onset. The attendance was quite large, estimated at 1,500. The music was, as usual, fine, and enjoyed by all.

In spite of the cold, rainy weather of the week, Onset has taken on a decided summer appearance. The gardens are all looking fine. The cottages are being rapidly opened, and the people are crowding in here as fast as in any of the years past.

If you desire a program of the meetings, write Geo. A. Fuller, M. D., Onset, Mass. The fishing is excellent and on pleasant days the bay is fairly alive with boats. Dur-

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. Brigham of Fitchburg has been at her cottage for a short stay.

Mr. Geo. W. Nickerson, who returned from the South 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.

H.

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 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 housewife. It is she who can bless or wither our spiritual 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 Colonel 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—slavery, social slavery, slavery to fashion and custom, all of which compel 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 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 inflexible 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 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 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 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 unfolding 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 of every human soul. Each one must see it with his own eyes, and not with the eyes 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 apostles 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 liver of heaven to serve the devil with," where do they find a warrant for the usurpation of the free gift 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.

Haverhill, Mass.

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

Light is vivifying; expose a withered plant from a dark room to the sun, and it colors up.

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

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

Light is comforting; a dark day is always a gloomy day, but a burst of sunshine brings a cheer.

Light is strengthening; a puny child may grow strong if he can play in the sunshine.

So you should get into the light that streams from the Sun of Righteousness. His presence purifies the heart, energizes the mind, brightens the life, cheers the spirits and strengthens the whole man.—Ex.

DR. J. M. PEEBLES'

Most Important Books

REDUCED PRICES.

WHAT IS SPIRITUALISM.

Who are these Spiritualists? And What Has Spiritualism Done for the World? By J. M. Peebles, M.D., M.A. An excellent book to put in the hands of inquirers. Cloth, 75 cts.

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