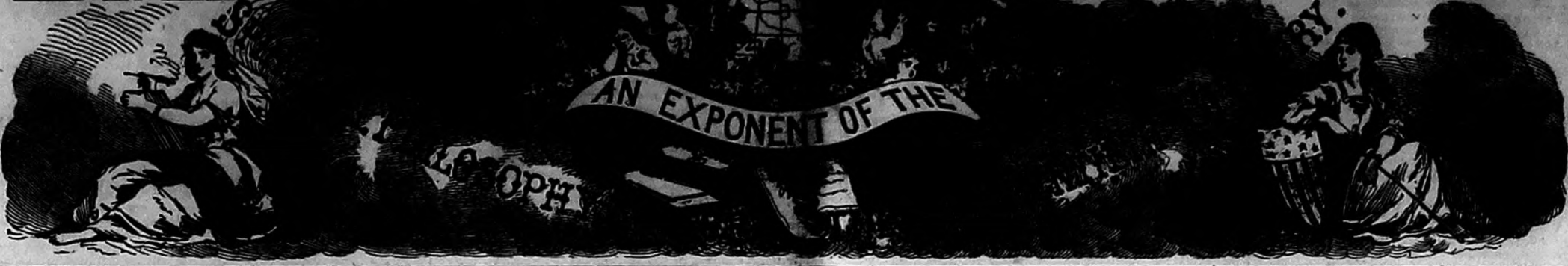


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. 93.

Banner of Light Publishing Co.,  
204 Dartmouth St., Boston, Mass.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1903.

\$2.00 Per Annum,  
Postage Free.

NO. 19

## THE WEE-BIT BAIKIN.

Mary Baird Finch.

"Child of the Infinite, where art thou going,  
Starting so early on life's lovely morn?"  
"I go where the bright streams are joyously flowing  
Thro' fields of sweet flowers with never a thorn."  
"Child of the laughing eyes, what hand is leading  
Beside the still waters thy journey along?"  
"One from the myriads whose white boats are speed-  
ing  
The harvests to garner with praises and song."  
"Child of the alken hair, what meadows shining  
Are luring thy footsteps away and away?"  
"The green blooming valleys where naught of reple-  
ting  
May sadden the spirit this glad summer-day."  
"Child of the happy heart loved ones would hold  
Thee  
To banish the clouds and the midnights of rain."  
"Oft shall your dear arms in blessing enfold me,  
While sweetly your lullabies soothe me again."  
"Child of the dancing feet, where is thy laughter?  
Where hast thou fled with thy welcome of morn?"  
"Swift to your bosoms that make Heaven's rafter  
I come to you daily your lives to adorn."  
"Child of the morning light, what are thy pleasures  
When thou art gone from the paths that were  
thine?"  
"I sing with the children to musical measures  
With masters who love me, and love is my wine."  
"Child of the Infinite, how can we speed thee  
Since these frail spirits are filled with regret?"  
"Partake of the manna with which I must feed thee  
Till no more my garments with sad tears be wet."

## Andrew Jackson Davis.

James Robertson.

The person who sets forth unattractive truths, or reveals something that was hidden, as a rule, has to walk through life's journey with his aims ridiculed, and his teachings rudely criticised. Even wise contemporaries, who have themselves had a battle to fight, stumble over the writings of original men and resent their message. To Jeffrey, the cultured critic, Crabbe was the great poet, not Wordsworth. He was without that interior vision which can recognize that a writer is in touch with the soul of Nature, and gives us glimpses of the Eternities. Wordsworth's "Excursion" to Jeffrey was the greatest rubbish ever printed in a quarto volume, while the "Lays of Ancient Rome," by Macaulay, was considered by him as belonging to the imperishable. Those celestial messages of Wordsworth from the heart of Nature to the troubled souls of men were but weak and trifling. There never has been in human history a season when the truly great gained rapid recognition. The ephemeral ever makes the loudest noise, while the enduring creeps in, if not buffeted, at least unseen and unnoticed till it slowly gathers an audience. Shakespeare had to wait, like others, before the world had eyes to see how great he was; and poets now forgotten went through many editions, such as Flatman, Waller, Cowley. In over forty years only two editions of his works were called for, these not numbering over one thousand copies. No one suspected that the poor player was the poet of the human race, whose star would never set, but gain in brilliance for all time.

In Germany the books written for the hour were sold in thousands, while the bookseller despaired of the unsold sheets of Immanuel Kant. No one saw the sun that was to bring forth the radiant day. Emerson, the profound seer, was not thought to be an epoch man. It took twelve years to sell the first five hundred copies of his essay on "Nature." We rarely recognize, and therefore cannot thank God for the great man when we get him. We spend ourselves in applauding the lesser lights that so soon fade, our eyes not being focused to see the promethean sparks from heaven.

Our own Carlyle, after penning "Sartor Resartus" had to keep it beside him for three years, no publishers' taster who was entrusted with its perusal, had the faculty to recognize its import; to all of them it was but "clotted nonsense." Even when it did see the light it was not as a book, but as a series of magazine articles, the majority of the readers of which condemned it as veritable rubbish. The old Bibles, the outcome of undeveloped thought, we hug to our bosoms and worship, calling them divine, while the new Bibles, which reveal the soul, we harshly condemn.

Though Goethe and Emerson had recognized a new moral force in the peasant prophet Annandale, the external lookers-on saw nothing. Those who worked from the outside inwards, and may have reached an inch or two below the surface, gained applause, while the man who disentangled the eternal truths underlying religion from the cobwebs of superstition, had to struggle for bare existence. In all countries and in all times it has ever been the same, the permanent in literature has had to battle for recognition. When Walt Whitman issued his "Leaves of Grass," which so many now recognize as fine gold, no copies were sold; the newspapers laughed at it, or condemned it in scurrilous terms. When a second edition was tried

eleven years afterwards a shriek of execration went up, so that the publisher refused to have anything more to do with it. Who can read those poems without feeling that they proceed from the soul; that their texture is of the heavenly pattern, and that their author was blessed and cheered with a spiritual vision possessed only by the few. A work manly, healthy, and pure, was judged and condemned as being impure, and the poor author discharged from his position as a government clerk, "because he was the author of an indecent book." He is one of the poets of the spiritual philosophy, the prophet of the glad some truth, that every being, however apparently debased or undeveloped, is on the way to perfection. And thus it is, that few of the great teachers sent to guide, gain the earthly crown. The fact that they are divine messengers makes them indifferent to the successes of earth.

Amongst the greatest of such men whom the world has not yet welcomed, stands Andrew Jackson Davis, the most profound and comprehensive teacher that the world has seen for many centuries. There is but one man who has sounded so many depths, and brought such treasures to view, viz., Shakespeare. Davis might well be named the Shakespeare of science, of philosophy, of spiritual dynamics; and like the great poet of the universe, he has never been conscious that he stood amongst the epoch men who mark a new era in the world's progress. He has not been vexed because the world left him unmolested and unnoticed, but contentedly has battled through life with limited means. Even as Robert Burns scattered his celestial melodies without troubling about the golden guineas, so has Davis sent out his Divine Revelations and Great Harmonies, preparing the soul of man for fairer flowers and fruits in another age. Emerson recognized the depth and grandeur of Swedenborg; saw that his genius went beyond the bounds of space and time, and penetrated into the dim spirit realm; but he missed meeting a greater seer, who stood almost at his door, in Davis. At some periods of the world's history such a man would have been treated as a miraculous product of Nature, and crowned with worship, or condemned to the stake for giving expression to such far-reaching and pregnant solutions of the meaning of life. The incidents in his life's history, which can be thoroughly authenticated, are more wonderful than even the myths which time has woven round the names of past great men. Without the advantages of schools, through the working of one of Nature's methods, which the world had scarcely looked at before, he was permitted almost at a bound to enter the realm of higher knowledge, and hand down to us glimpses of truth not hitherto conceived of. But for the evidences of this wonderful life we are without a key to the genius and inspiration of Shakespeare, and so many others. The abnormal opening of the faculties of Davis throws light on that normal mediumship, called genius, which is the common inheritance.

Before Davis there had been fragmentary gleamings from this hidden source, so fragmentary that we thought them illusions; but with him there was given the philosophy of the process. The truths he caught are so clear and rational that we have the prophecy of an enlargement of our spiritual faculties, through which we may grasp the realities of hidden things. "Nature's Divine Revelation" has been published some fifty-six years, and it still remains the most marvelous and valuable work ever written. There is within its pages a whole encyclopedia of knowledge which, if read and understood, would make the reader wiser than the most eclectic man we have in our midst.

Carlyle in his chapter on Natural Supernaturalism exclaims, would that he had the Fortunatus wishing hat, so that he might be anywhere or anywhere—"Shooting at will from the Fire-Creation of the world to its Fire-Consummation. Here, historically present, in the First Century, conversing face to face with Paul and Seneca; there, prophetically, in the Thirty-First, conversing also face to face with other Pauls and Senecas, who as yet stand hidden in the depths of that late Time." Had Carlyle been but familiar with the man Davis he might have recognized that the thoughts expressed were not altogether imagination, but truth. He would have learned that there is such a thing as the liberation of man's faculties, not controverting or subverting in any way the laws of Nature, but rather a further development of the laws which govern organic beings; that in this liberated condition, when there is a desire for truth, that particular kind of truth flows into the mind.

Clairvoyance can reach out to many a sphere and catch secrets, which, when given forth by the normal man are called genius. There is a link between the abnormal clairvoyance of Davis and the impressions which some receive in their hours of slumber, and which penetrating to the external consciousness are utilized in extensive generalizations. The world is proud of its great souls who have searched diligently, laying bare the workings of the great Adaptor and Master of life.

Darwin has catalogued obscure and nebulous truths which few before him had thought of, and from these has been able to build up a feasible hypothesis which we call evolution. We are grateful that so much courage and patient labor was expended by him, for, though his writings caught the ear of thinkers, we feel that in his striving he did not look for immediate fame.

But twelve years before the publication of the "Origin of Species," Davis had issued "Nature's Divine Revelations," wherein he had traced the story of progressive development without any missing link. With the external sense Darwin had looked at appearances and effects. With the internal senses Davis had penetrated to the inward causes and reality of things. He carried the doctrine of progressive development into all spheres, and brought to view a distinct principle which the external observer did not see—the principle of Spirit. The physical organization of man is to him an ultimate of matter and an effect produced by an internal invisible yet eternal cause.

Darwin sees not the great Adaptor, but Davis from his extended platform of vision, sees that there is all the time the One Power which is governing and controlling all things, and has established a law equal to his own comprehension. With what rational clearness is shown how by a gradual progress and refinement particles of the mineral and vegetable kingdom are rendered capable of becoming the substance of animal organization. First, there was matter and motion which progressed till they found substances capable of developing a new principle of motion. From this was gradually evolved a new principle, which was sensation. The conceptions of Darwin are not opposed to those of Davis, but as far as they go run side by side. What help might he not have obtained had he been privileged to have known of the obscure and unlettered Davis? But Davis's first great book comprehends many things which the physical scientist has not reached out to as yet. His generalizations are the most elaborate and varied placed together. From all sources he draws examples—Geology, botany, biology, ethnology, and teleology he deals with, speaking with the authority of knowledge. The vision which saw so clearly the material side of Nature ever looked upon the spiritual side, and carried humanity on-wards to the ultimate of physical life.

There is a philosophy of death, and the spiritual seer looks at and explains the process of transformation from the outer to the inner side of life. Death, however much we may have looked upon it as something to be dreaded and shunned, is one of Nature's processes to be admired, and its prospect to be cherished and appreciated. The spirits' home is painted as real and natural as the one we leave. Before the world has become familiar with evidences of spirit return, Davis had portrayed life in the spheres, the marching outwards to ever higher grades of spiritual and intellectual elevation. The spiritual spheres were but the unfolding of the natural spheres, combined and perfected. Spirits are engaged in exploring the fields of thought and searching deeply in the causes of things, learning of love and accumulating wisdom. What Swedenborg saw faintly and colored somewhat with his own prepossessions, Davis, free from all theologic bias, described with a lucid simplicity that all may comprehend. Before the external knockings at Rochester, 1843, he set forth that spirits commune with one another, while one is in the body and the other in the higher spheres, and he adds, "This truth will ere long present itself in the form of a living demonstration."

He was thus the prophet of the new era of demonstrated immortality. His own life had been guided, and instructions conveyed to him, by Galen the Greek, and Swedenborg, who reached out to him a hand and gave him a magic staff on which he leaned all the dissonances of life—the magic staff of keeping under all circumstances the even mind. What stores of wealth are embedded in this one volume! It is safe to say that no other book conveys so much. Plato's wisdom, Shakespeare's art, Swedenborg's vision, Jesus' morality, and the observations of modern science are all here. The gropings of centuries brought into clear light. Much is in it which cannot be fully comprehended or even admitted, but all seems held together, and there is given the most marvelous conception ever breathed of the working of the Great Over-Soul, the Positive Mind, a plan of life and being which is loftier, purer, and more uplifting than the Bibles of the ages.

But rich as is "Nature's Divine Revelation," it is not all that this master has been privileged to give to mortals. "The Great Harmonia," with its chapters on "Immortality" and "Concerning the Diet," are the most scientific arguments ever penned. "God is a being of absolute necessity. It is possible for God to exist, to will, to act, to enjoy; but it is not possible for him to cease to exist, or to change in his nature, disposition, or his mode of existence. Hence we have a perfect assurance in the eternal existence and sameness of God, since from scientific principles it is proved that He is a principle of necessity so far as constitution

and existence are concerned." With what wise concurrence would John Ruskin or Thomas Carlyle have followed Davis had they known the transcendent truthness to be found in "The True Reformer." "The Spirit's Destiny" seems a splendid dream by some daring explorer, which can be realized only as the ages roll. What subtle analysis of all the great souls who shine in the Pantheon of Progress, from Brahma to Emerson and Theodore Parker. Emerson he calls the Plato of intuitional intelligence, while Parker is the Emerson of intellectual intuition. There are few topics on which this brilliant seer has not cast a flood of light. The "Arabula," with its rich melodies, is truly a "Divine Guest," but I might consume pages in merely naming the many subjects with which he has dealt. Away from all books of authority and reference, there are scattered through his writings quotations numerous and copious from literary and scientific authorities, showing that what he calls "the superior condition" placed him in touch with all existing knowledge. Profound as are the intuitions, self-evident as are so many of his propositions, all that he has penned is not of equal value. Gems of rare value, which are unmistakable, are followed at times by that which is seemingly confusing. It may be God's law cannot always be written out on paper or spoken by the tongue. It can scarcely be granted, however, that the products called normal are of equal value to those given while in the abnormal condition. His vision called "the superior condition" is not always of the same clear standard, but in every volume there is knowledge to be gained, suggestions that help, inspirations that uplift. Davis makes no claim to be authoritative, was determined to be no man's leader, though there were some of his early followers that would make of him a New Messiah. He has resolutely during a long life asked the world to lose sight of his personality and take his statements to the bar of reason, conscious that error was mortal and could not live, that truth was immortal and could not die. His motto has been that "any theory, philosophy, sect, creed, or institution that fears investigation openly manifests its own error."

Some years since, in a letter from him (which I prize highly) he said of himself: "Since the noble Galen's first visit, 1843, to this hour, my life's motive may be stated thus: 'To make it a paramount duty to develop to the utmost all natural faculties, whether of mind or body, not as instruments of self-gratification, or even of self-advancement, but in order to render them more efficient tools in the service of humanity.'" The day is undoubtedly dawning nigh when man will go to his storehouse and be fed with new life; no great truth but ultimately gained recognition, and the world eventually recognizes her helpers and teachers as choice gifts from the All-Good. To comprehend and enjoy all that he has written would almost imply the development of a new faculty. "How shall he give kindling in whose inward man there is no live coal?" But the rational mind will catch some new strength and reveal a new beauty of character from imbibing his thought. Each new generation will discover fresh lights which their predecessors had missed. "Not is he great who can alter matter, but he who can alter my state of mind," says Emerson. Davis has helped to correct many of the false ideas which have prevailed regarding that other life. He is the flower of all the religious teachers, opening wider than before the door of communication between the two worlds. He links us on to that other kingdom in quite a natural way, free from magic or mysticism. To him Spiritualism is the true basis of a perfectly free religion, and the sure forerunner of a new republic of righteousness. What men call the "Spirit God" is present everywhere, and is the cause of every event. The universe is a system, part connected with part, like links in an endless chain of cause and effect, all circumstances responsive to all centres; systems beyond systems, and universe within universe, yet all working harmoniously as "one stupendous whole."

With Davis there is no caprice or variability on the part of God; all is the outcome of the most perfect laws. "When the trumpet calls us we will go knowingly or ignorantly into the spiritual universe, and into the appropriate drawing room in the Father's house with the mathematical precision which each sun and planet obeys in its pilgrimage through the fathomless abysses of immensity." Angels come to us, and we go after death to dwell with them, in accordance with the laws of design. What a leap forward all this is from the doctrine of a fall and a God who repented that he had made man, who made the waters part that his friends might pass through unscathed, and who caused the sun to stand still that this race might butcher their enemies. The great prophet of the nineteenth century is still living in our midst, each day doing the duty that lies nearest to his hand. He is in his 77th year of progress towards the Summerland which has long been familiar to his spiritual vision. There must go out towards him from the few in many lands grateful thoughts for all that he has

done for the race, not only for his lofty inspirations, but for his simple, manly life. If this poor tribute from one who has been oftentimes fed out of his abundance should be the means of directing others to this rich source of light, he will feel deeply repaid.

## Pen Flashes.

The Pilgrim-Peoples.

NO. 5.

We are told that when Plato defined man to be a "two-legged animal without feathers," Diogenes, the eccentric philosopher, plucked a crowing cock, and bringing him into the school, said, "Here is Plato's man." Be this as it may, Plato, whose fame has reached down through all the corridors of time, taught that it was right to persecute, right to imprison and condemn to death for "impiety." No careful reader of Plato will deny this. Surely, philosophers have progressed as well as the people.

Live well, live rightly, and so live long. Recently I saw Elder Levi Shaw, a Shaker, eighty-five years old. He never had a sick day in his life. He is as nimble-footed as a boy, and is now in Canterbury, N. H. Capt. G. E. Diamond of San Francisco, Cal., is now one hundred and six years old, and engages in physical culture and cycling exercises. He has totally abstained from animal-flesh foods for over eighty years. He is as straight as an arrow and richly enjoys life. It is both an illusion and a delusion to think that one must eat animal flesh to "keep up the strength." There is more nitrogen, more muscle, more strength in one pound of browned peanuts than in a pound and a half of beef steak.

Some Methodists still enjoy a perspiring as well as an inspiring "experience" meeting; and yet, few of them would like to hear this old hymn of theirs sung:

"Freely justified I,  
I roled on the sky,  
Nor envied Elijah his seat;  
My soul mounted higher  
In a chariot of fire,  
And the moon, it was under my feet."

When a man through effort and struggle has forged his life into normal and beautiful shape, he should not hesitate to look into a mirror.

The Minnesota "Liberator," ably edited by Lora C. Little, sensibly says:

"When fire ceases to burn the tissues of the human body and cold to freeze it, when that body can be sustained not only by air alone, but without even air, then, and not until then, our Christian Science and Mental Science friends will have 'demonstrated' that health may be had regardless of what we eat, drink, wear and breathe, and independent of physical right living."

One of the most distinguished bodies of men and women that I have had the honor of being a member of, was the "International Arbitration Conference," which convened yearly at the Mohonk Lake House, N. Y., capacious enough to accommodate a thousand guests.

This great gathering in the interests of arbitration as opposed to war, meets under the auspices of Mr. Albert K. Smiley, a Quaker and a whole-souled reformer, long connected with the peace question, the Indian question, and other great burning reforms of the age. He is one of God's elect, a royal-souled man upon whose many foreheads the angels long ago wrote, "True and faithful."

There were present at this conference between two and three hundred delegates, as guests of Mr. Smiley, among whom were the Hon. John W. Foster, ex-Secretary of State, whom I met in Mexico when he was our Minister to that country; the Chief Justice of the U. S. Court of Claims, Washington, D. C.; Hon. Alden Chester, Judge of Supreme Court, New York; the Japanese Consul to this country; Chancellor McCracken of the New York University; Prof. Clark of the Columbia University; Rev. Edward Everett Hale; Rev. Lyman Abbott; Rev. Dr. Cuyler; Helen M. Gould; Professors from the Cornell, Brown, Harvard, Pennsylvania, and other universities, constituting much of the judicial and scholastic cream of the country.

The proceedings consisted of addresses upon the Czar's Rescript, The Hague Court, international arbitration, universal peace, the Venezuela difficulty and other matters of governmental dispute and all for the purpose of creating a potent public opinion against war, and in favor of taking all these international difficulties to The Hague arbitration court for adjudication. Committees of influential men in governmental circles were formed which drew up a platform of resolutions, aims and purposes to further faith in arbitration throughout the world. The work (Continued on page 2.)



## RE-INCARNATION.

Far in the heart of the wilds have I rested  
In Summer's sun,  
In the ways of sun-brown men have I  
walked with the goddess of grain,  
The nymphs of the springs have enticed me  
as I roamed the upland farms  
And fair, faint zephyrs have blessed me as  
they died with a sigh on the plain.

Once I was loved by the Hours in the train  
of a beautiful Day;  
Many a time with June I tasted the earth  
god's wine;  
Once sweet Spring overcame me and carried  
my soul away  
And once the heaven-born Venus stood on  
earth with her hand in mine.

Thus have I been a lover with the maiden's  
of Nature's house,  
Wandered a profligate wooer with all the  
dear forms in her train,  
Ready, as fancy suggested, for any carousal  
And giving my heart unto beauty nor seek-  
ing to find it again.

But now as I wait I am lonely, no loves are  
by river or wood,  
The kiss of the slow coming Dawn is cold as  
the tears of the Mist.  
Forsaken wander the meadows where the  
fair blossoms nod and nod  
To greet me with perfume and sighing when  
I came in the dusk to the trust.

Fairer than ever the landscape and the river  
and fields are more dear  
But the faces I knew have departed; they  
greet me no more as I roam.  
Only in eyes that grow tender do the fair  
forms of springtime appear.  
Only in one maiden's loving do the loves of  
dead summers find home.

O. R. Washburn.

## Dionysius the Areopagite.

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

Leo.

(All rights reserved.)

All day long Dionysius and Antipas had  
been riding among the fields of Gallia Cel-  
tica, the north-western of the provinces into  
which the Romans had divided Gaul. Behind  
them the temples and palace of the little Ro-  
man city, Lutetia, rose in the clear sunshine,  
but they had left that fortress on its island  
in the Seine before noon, and had since then  
been going over Dionysius's estate.

It was all cultivated land, broad fields  
which were being tilled by gangs of fair  
haired slaves who worked in chains, under  
the taskmaster's lash. Dionysius's heart was  
saddened at the thought of the sorrow and  
hate that overshadowed the world.  
Then they reached the villa, a big combina-  
tion of extravagance and bad taste. It was  
built in the usual Roman style—a pillared  
vestibule—whence Dionysius shuddered at as  
he crossed. Next was the great gorgeous au-  
trium, a square hall, lighted by an opening in  
its painted ceiling beneath which was a  
marble tank. On one side were the guest  
chambers, on the other the library, offices, etc.  
Beyond was the reception room, then another  
great hall, "big enough," as Antipas re-  
marked, "to put the average house of an  
Athenian noble in, entire." On one side of  
this were the summer and winter dining  
rooms and on the other the sleeping rooms  
of the family. Across the entire back of the  
villa was the peristyle, a great place, all  
marble and gold, with silken hangings and  
conches and paintings and statuary every-  
where, there last as remarkable for poverty  
of execution as they were for obscenity of design.

The villa had no upper story, and the ser-  
vants' rooms were all underground, small  
dark cells where the household slaves as well  
as those who worked in the fields, were  
driven each night and chained to the floor till  
morning; for the fear of a "servile insurrec-  
tion" made the Romans, especially in the out-  
lying provinces, the slaves of their slaves.  
Beside the freedmen who acted as overseers,  
the only persons left at liberty were the score  
of girls, not at all remarkable for good looks,  
who, scantily clad, and with painted faces,  
followed the two Greeks from room to room.  
On reaching the peristyle Dionysius sat  
down on the floor and groaned as he hid his  
face in the fold of his mantle.

Antipas laughed as he sat on the edge of a  
table swinging his feet to and fro.  
"Dionysius," he said, "thou must really make  
up thy mind and live as a wealthy Roman  
should in future. In the morning thou wilt  
bathe, attended by yon graces, whose charms  
make me inclined to vow eternal celibacy, then  
thou wilt feast on lark's brains, peacock's  
tongues, etc., and when thou canst take no  
more, there is the bejeweled vomitory ready  
for thee and then thou canst eat again. Gam-  
bling with any friends who may visit thee,  
and love-making with thy girls will fill up  
thy odd moments until night when thou wilt nat-  
urally feel very bad, so a slave or two will  
have to be scourged in thy presence, until their  
sufferings can make thee forget thine own.  
My friend, art thou not tempted to renounce  
thy Christianity and enjoy the delights of  
such a life as I have described?"

And Dionysius without uncovering his face,  
groaned in answer, "If I let myself look  
round on this place I should probably be all  
thou hast said and more. No one could be  
anything but a madman or a fiend, if he  
were compelled to gaze on colors-blended as  
they are here and on paintings and statuary,  
every line of which is out of proportion."  
"There is something in that," observed An-  
tipas. "I know if I were told to worship yon  
object which is shaped as no woman ever was,  
or die, I should choose death, for no suffering  
could equal what I should endure if compelled  
to look long on such a monstrosity."

Then he went with Dionysius down below  
where they visited the cells with their furni-  
ture of stocks and fetters, and the punish-  
ment room, with its rack and branding irons  
beside the seldom lit coals.

Then it was time for the slaves to quit  
work, and Dionysius commanded that they  
should all be brought into the atrium, so  
soon the great hall was packed, and the old  
Athenian from the elevation of the reception  
room, looked down upon them.

Pettered and sullen they waited, their half  
naked, unwashed bodies seamed with scars,  
and bleeding from more recent wounds, and  
with eyes that were wild with despairing hate  
as they glared at their new master.

He shrank back appalled for a moment,  
then he said to Antipas who knew the speech  
of Gaul, "Tell them—" he stopped sud-  
denly, and stretching out his hands, cried in  
his own soft Greek:

"My brothers, my brothers, hear ye the words  
of the Christ, the incarnate Love of God—who  
saith, 'Let not your hearts be troubled, ye  
believe in God, believe also in me! for the  
Spirit of the Lord is upon me. He hath sent  
me to preach deliverance to the captives, and  
to set at liberty them that are bruised.'"

The prisoners bewildered at his manner, and  
not understanding his words, stared at him,  
while Antipas repeated them in their own  
tongue, adding:

"My brothers, as far as we are concerned,  
you are free, but if ye leave this place, ye  
will only 'escape' into slavery, and if ye will  
not work, there will be no food for you, so

it will be best that ye stay with us, but ye  
shall work as freemen, every man for himself.  
Laws ye need, and ye shall make them, and if  
any among you break these, your voices shall  
condemn him.

"We ask of you nothing except to believe  
that above all gods and creeds is Love,—  
Love the eternal and unconquerable,—Love,  
who is God, incarnate in the Christ, in whose  
most holy name we speak to you this day."

So a new era began in that Gaulish villa.  
The offending statues were pitched into the  
river,—the pictures were cleaned off the walls,  
and the hangings rearranged, and a far  
greater chance,—the dark, underground world  
was blocked up and forgotten, the Gaulish  
prisoners building themselves a little village,  
and tilling the ground allotted to them.

The Christians who had come with Dionysius  
lived altogether in the village making the  
atrium their chapel. And every one of them,  
from Dionysius himself to the little children,  
had some task to do each day, either in the  
house which was their common home, or on  
the land they had kept for themselves, and  
so loving one another, and laboring for the  
good of all, they lived in peace.

The day by the lily bulbs Dionysius  
had brought from the Virgin's grave, and  
planted in a great marble vase in the atrium,  
sent up tall green shoots, and then grew most  
beautiful in a white glory of blossoms.  
And beside these sacred lilies, Martin the  
deacon stood up each First day and preached  
to the Christians, and afterwards Antipas  
would repeat parts of his address to the  
Gauls, who were always there, and perfectly  
ready to believe anything that Dionysius said.  
Then before dawn one First day, as the  
Christians came together by themselves to  
hold one of their rather mysterious love-  
feasts,—the "Agape,"—the great doors of the  
villa were dashed violently open, and the  
torchlight gleamed on the helmets of a score  
of soldiers.

There was no panic; calmly the Christians  
stood still as the soldiers pushed past them,  
up to the steps where the Virgin's lilies  
bloomed.

Antipas, who stood there with Martin and  
Dionysius, thought with a moment's longing  
of the sword hanging in his room, then realiz-  
ing that resistance was useless in any case,  
he folded his hands and gazed at the ceiling  
with an angelic smile. Then he, with the  
other two, was taken and bound by the  
soldiers, who started to leave the hall with  
them, but the other Christians, women as  
well as men, pressed round them. "We too,  
are believers in the Christ," they cried, "why  
take them and leave us?"

"Your turn will come, never fear," sneered  
the men, as they took them aside, and  
drove their prisoners before them out into the  
darkness which is before the dawn.

It was a long journey that morning to the  
prisoners. As they grew fatter and weary,  
the jeers of their barbarian guards were em-  
phasized by blows, and so they went on,—  
Martin, plodding stolidly, trying to keep his  
thoughts fixed on the glory of the New  
Jerusalem,—Dionysius, forgetting everything  
in his passion of pitying love for the men who  
cursed and sometimes struck him,—and An-  
tipas only smiled a gentle forgiving smile at  
his captors. He did not enjoy his position, but  
he reflected that even during the year that he  
had been a reformed character, he had defied  
and insulted the emperor, broke prison, and  
murdered half a dozen "respectable citizens"  
in the streets of Ephesus. And as for the  
thirteen years that preceded that last, he  
hugged himself mentally as he recalled them,  
and felt that he had earned execution at least  
a dozen times over.

So they reached the governor's palace, and  
were thrown into the dungeon, a filthy ver-  
min haunted hole where the daylight never  
shone, and in a little while Antipas was  
sent for, and brought before Marcian the  
governor.

He was a big fair man, one of those bar-  
barians to whom Rome gave adoption, and  
set them to guard the empire her vices were  
ruining, and no watch dog was ever more  
faithful to their posts than they.

"A big brute," thought Antipas as he looked  
at his knees with keen eyes, "a fit tool for  
Roman cruelty, for the rack or pinchers are  
not more careless to the sufferings of those  
they torment than he."

"Thou art a Christian?" demanded Mar-  
cian roughly.  
"I am a Roman," retorted Antipas, "and if  
I have broken any law, thou canst prove it.  
It is not lawful that I be made to incriminate  
myself."

As Martin was only a freedman, Dionysius  
had not cared to claim privileges that he  
could not share, but now when Antipas  
spoken for his friend as he himself,  
Martin was left alone in the dungeon, and  
the other two were formally placed on trial.  
Counsel was offered them, which they de-  
clined, Antipas having perfect confidence in  
his ability to defend himself and Dionysius.  
And so he refused to admit or deny that they  
believed anything,—bullying the witnesses  
who tried to prove that his doctrines and  
practices were those the state considered  
dangerous, until their evidence became too  
confused for consideration.

Then he waited, and Marcian grimly read  
around the new law of Domitian's, which  
ordered that any one accused of the things  
condemned in his edict, and having a Roman's  
right to a fair trial, should not be released,—  
even if there was not enough evidence to con-  
demn them,—until they had made a declara-  
tion that they were not then members of any  
sect which refused to honor the gods of Rome.  
(The edict of Domitian struck the Jews as  
heavily as the Christians,—the belief in the  
divinity of Christ never being used as a test  
question in the second persecution.)

"So," said Antipas, "I may be a man whose  
beliefs make him worthy of death, yet thou  
wilt take my word that I am innocent? If  
Christians are criminals, why not treat them  
as such? Wouldst thou take the word of a  
thief or murderer as to his guilt or innocence?  
Truly, most excellent Marcian, this most  
rational law of thine will be remembered to  
the end of time."

"If thou dost object to the law," answered  
Marcian stolidly, "thou canst appeal against  
me, and I will send thee to Rome to be tried  
anew. What wilt thou and thy friend decide  
to do?"

They were allowed to go aside, and Antipas  
urged Dionysius to appeal. "It will take  
time to get to Rome," he said, "and thou hast  
friends who will delay matters all they can,—  
for no one knows what a day may not bring  
forth, and thy life is not thine to lose when  
thou canst save it with honor! As for me, I  
think it would be pleasanter to let this Mar-  
cian take my head, than put myself into the  
hands of the divine Domitian, I am afraid  
he might remember me."

"First I must ask the governor a question,"  
answered Dionysius.

And so when Marcian asked for his de-  
cision, the old Athenian said:

"And what will be the fate of my freed-  
man, Martin?"

"He will be examined," said Marcian.

"By torture?"

"It is the custom."

"Dionysius' long fingers trembled a little as  
he moved them restlessly, then he said gently:

"Doubtless thou hast orders to discover all  
thou canst concerning the mysteries of our  
faith, and as it is not lawful to examine by  
torture men who are Romans, thou hast no  
choice but to take my freedman. But first  
I wish to say that I am a Christian,—one of  
those whom the edict is against,—and I will  
not appeal from thy judgment; sentence me  
according to the law. Also I would like thee  
to ask the questions thou art required to  
ask, and I promise thee to answer them fully  
and truly."

"Thou art most undoubtedly mad," said  
Marcian contemptuously, "but it is no business  
of mine. Certainly I will ask thee the ques-  
tions I have, but I do not promise to be  
satisfied with thy answers."

"I have an assurance that I shall satisfy  
thee entirely," was the quiet reply of the  
Athenian. And Marcian proceeded to ask his  
questions.

"There are many nations subject to Rome,"  
he said, "each serving their own gods, and  
to keep peace and order between them there  
is a law that all men should honor the gods of  
all. Now this law ye have broken, when ye  
talk of your one God, and refuse to worship  
even the ancient gods of Rome."

"Roman, there is but One God, and in their  
hearts all men know it. What rational be-  
ing but does not know that the gods of  
Greece were only the personifications of the  
beauty and order of this One God? And in a  
like manner the gods of ancient Rome were  
His truth, courage and loyalty. Did I not  
worship these with all my heart, I could not  
be a Christian."

"As I am not a philosopher, I will not pre-  
tend to be able to follow thee. However, we  
will take that question as answered. Now,  
all men would not say this if ye were with  
some truth in it,—are there not vampires  
among you, who suck the blood of the living,  
and devour human flesh at your secret meet-  
ings?"

"That charge is a lie all through. Why,  
among us Christians of Asia it is a rule that  
we eat no meat even. I know that neither I,  
nor those who came with me from Ephesus  
have ever tasted flesh of any kind since the  
day of our baptism."

"Ye on the day thou wert taken, Dionysius,  
my officer then, heard this Martin say,—  
'Take eat of this body' and then, 'let us drink  
of the blood.' O! I know ye are a secret  
society, and so pledged to reveal nought of  
your mysteries, and I neither ask nor expect  
thee to do so."

"It was our 'Agape,' the love feast," said  
Dionysius after a pause, "a matter which we  
consider too holy to be spoken of to outsiders,  
but in this case I believe I am doing right if  
I try to explain to thee what we really do."  
Let thy explanation wait till I have told  
thee some questions. Do not you Chris-  
tians summon the dead from their graves by  
your unholy spells, and hold evil conversa-  
tion with them?"

"There is no death."

"That is no answer."

"Pardon me, it is. There is no death, our  
friends have only passed over to be with  
Christ, our Lover and Life. He who told us  
that whenever even two or three of us met  
in His name there He would be also in our  
midst. So it follows that they who are with  
Him must be there also, and sometimes at  
our love-feasts, as we remember His passion,  
we do have glimpses of some dear face of  
one whom we called dead, or hear voices that  
are not of earth."

"Such folly is not for any rational man to  
believe. Mind, I do not doubt thy belief in  
what thou hast said, but I know thou must  
be the dupe of others."

"I am a poor Martin must be a perfect  
monster of iniquity,—young Antipas is his  
tool or accomplice,—and I am a rich old fool  
who credulously golly they grow old. My  
friends if thou wert present at one of our  
secret meetings with these two men, and saw  
things as I have mentioned, wouldst thou be-  
lieve."

Marcian laughed. "I leave belief in any-  
thing but what my senses touch to philoso-  
phers and fools," he said. "But, Dionysius,  
if there is no weird enchantment needed for  
this thing,—if it is all as simple and natural  
as thou dost claim, let Antipas and Martin  
here in my own house show me some spirit—  
demon, ghost, or God,—I care not which, for  
I believe in none of them, and if I am satis-  
fied that the thing I see is really unreal, I will  
be one of you henceforth, no matter what the  
consequences may be. There, thou hast my  
word, which I do not break."

"So be it," said Dionysius instantly. "Now  
according to the law Antipas and I must be  
beheaded, for we intend neither to recant nor  
appeal. So, let my sentence be carried out,  
but spare him for a week, and on the Holy  
day, after my execution, will come to thee."

"In the place I shall fix?"

"Ay, only remember that I shall not be  
able to enter any room where blood has been  
shed, or that has been used for torture or  
violence."

And after the prisoners had been sentenced  
and removed, Marcian laughed. "Poor mad  
old fool," he said to himself. "Willing to go  
into the dark nothingness because he be-  
lieves his death may save his friends. Was  
there ever anything as crazy as this Chris-  
tianity? Yet how these Christians love one  
another!"

(To be continued.)

The Life, Death and Resurrection  
of a Soul.

Annie Knottson Hinman.

Tonight the life that I have lived lies be-  
fore me like an open book. Try as I will  
to hide the truth, the pages stand blotted and  
blurred. I was a woman, what I am you  
soon will know.

Once I was possessed of regal beauty. I  
longed for wealth and all the luxuries that it  
could buy, and so in early womanhood I left  
my mother beautiful and good.

A distant city stayed my course, and there  
an eye with deep intent drew me to the side of  
an Adonis. Then was showered upon me  
jewels, gorgeous robes, a palace with all its  
elegant appointments.

There came a day when my Adonis, sat-  
iated with my beauty, robbed me of jewels,  
robes, palace, even the glory of my woman-  
hood.

That was years ago. I am now a wreck,  
no trace of former beauty left. My palace an  
attic room, with a tiny window filled with  
broken panes and stuffed with rags to keep  
the wind away; the view, a dingy wall; a  
floor, uncarpeted and creaking at each step;  
a chair, with broken back and crippled legs;  
a table braced against the wall, holding an  
empty jug and moldy crust of bread; a  
rusty stove; a pile of rags upon the floor to  
rest my weary bones; my robe, a pauper's  
garb. My visitors are rats, the stanchest  
friends I ever knew, and often though I use  
them ill they come again.

I am glad my father died before he knew  
my fate. I wonder if my mother often wept  
for me!

How I did love the one who dazzled me with  
wealth! He promised me an honored place  
among my kind, yet by some subtle means he  
led me on until I did not care so much, and  
then one night his monstrous sin and mine  
loomed up before me. I pleaded for his full  
promise of a lawful place and then he cast  
me off. The world held him guiltless and  
gave him honored place, while I was cast  
into the ditch. How I longed for the touch  
of some good woman's hand to stay my course  
but such as they froze me with their scornful  
looks until I went from bad to worse.

How wretched and sad I am tonight; even that  
wretched bed lures me to sleep, perhaps to  
dream, perhaps to die. I know not. But I  
must bar the door that curious, vulgar eyes  
may never look upon my face.

If I should die tonight, what then? Why,  
nothing! No God, no Heaven, no Hell, no  
anything, but one long, unending, dreamless  
sleep! But if there is a God and Heaven,  
and Hell should be my portion then would I  
be forever lost for Hell could never redeem  
me, and yet some have said that Hell will  
purge us of our sins. How can it be when

Hell has brought me where I am? If at this  
lonely hour some pure, good woman would  
cross this threshold and place her gentle  
hand in mine, would not just a cup of  
water, any water, would melt, hard and bitter  
as it is, but such are not for me, although it  
was for such as I that Christ did come and  
these good women think they follow Him,  
yet at thought of such as I their hearts be-  
come like ice.

How cursed we make the power of thought!  
Let me forget in sleep or death that I have  
ever been. Lying here, I feel a presence.  
Dimly I see three forms enrobed in white.  
It cannot be that they have crossed my  
threshold for I have barred the door, and yet  
I hear voices.

How many years, we three, Faith, Hope,  
and Love Divine have walked beside this  
weary soul unrecognized. How great our  
happiness if we could now make her con-  
scious of our presence here, but even the  
lightest kiss might send her soul too quickly  
to the realm of spirits disembodied. Her life  
and so-called death are of God's choosing and  
we must abide His time. In tenderness toward  
her and prayerful attitude, God, we'll wait  
until the silver thread that binds her spirit to  
the flesh shall sever, meanwhile a silent  
watch we'll keep upon her spoken word and  
read her soul that we may minister to her  
in this most sacred hour.

"Listen!" saith Faith, "she voices troubled  
dreams."

"How dark and desolate the way," she said.  
"The clouds hang dense and heavy o'er my  
head. The thunder rolls, fierce and on-com-  
ing. Jagged lightning in its devious course  
lights up the gloom until on either hand I  
see the angel's peaks and awful cliffs. A  
tree stands dwarfed and stunted clinging to a  
meagre patch of earth for life; its limbs are  
crooked, ugly, thrown out like fiendish arms  
ready to fold me in a dire embrace. A thread  
of silver trickles down the rocky cliffs. I'll  
cool my parched lips. Oh, how bitter is the  
draught and now I know the truth, it was  
my baser self that led me here. O God, is  
there no other way? I feel an arm about me.  
Two starry eyes look into mine. A  
gentle voice says: 'I am Hope; Faith and  
Love Divine are near thee too. This way thy  
feet have trod was not of God, but of thyself.  
Self lured thee on with pretty baubles, empty  
and rapid, then he sacrificed thy honor, hap-  
piness and peace of mind. Come, dear soul,  
thou wast more sinned against than sinning.  
We, Faith, Hope and Love Divine, will lead  
thee to the straight and narrow way, even  
now we enter it. See how 'tis hedged on  
either side with velvet turf, gemmed with  
star-eyed blossoms, whose breath is sweeter  
than incense from some holy brier. The sun  
looks down with loving glance but if too au-  
dacious prove his kiss we'll cool thy fevered  
brow with breath of love. Note how the  
zephyrs touch thy pallid cheek. The riotous  
winds come on apace to bid thee welcome,  
even as mortals striving hard to do the right  
too oft express a seeming wrong, but  
Heaven judges motives only. Thou art  
weary; rest upon this velvet turf and close  
thine eyes. Let mother earth enfold thee in  
her strong embrace. Throw open wide the  
portals of thy soul and drink deep draughts  
from God and His divine expressions, while  
Faith and Hope and Love Divine in loving  
fellowship stand guard."

Said Hope: "At last, poor soul, her dream  
is ended, and while we wait 'till the summons  
comes to bear her to the higher life we will  
hold blessed interchange of thought. How  
seemeth life to thee, O Love Divine?"

Said Love Divine: "Nay, let gentle Faith  
first voice her thoughts that always fall a  
benediction sweet upon our listening ear."  
Said Faith: "There was no first and is no  
last to our endeavor. From cradle to the  
grave of mortals we have walked, and but for  
self there would be no let or hindrance to  
our grand work, and yet the Father hath or-  
dained that mortals shall work out their own  
salvation. We can only point the straight  
and narrow way. To me life seems a grand  
mosaic. Sombre colors here and there are  
blended and interblended with glorious tints  
until the whole shall stand in sweet accord  
with life divine. The mortal saint meets suf-  
fering with attitude sublime. The sinner  
takes his glorious course but in the end  
through mortal anguish shall stand sancti-  
fied."

"Now, Love Divine, tell us how human life  
doth seem to thee."

Said Love Divine: "My words are few  
for all my force is spent to help the sleeping  
pilgrim. To me life seems a gorgeous tape-  
stry; the warp and woof are Faith and Hope,  
tinted in colors by a love divine."

"Hope, fair sister, how seemeth life to  
thee?"

Said Hope: "Nay, my sisters, thou hast  
painted pictures fair. My palette holds no  
colors that can compare with thine. It is  
left for me to tell how we stand toward each  
other and toward God. Thou, O Love Divine,  
doth a sacred chalice seem from hand of God  
filled with life's elixir, Faith and Hope doth  
bear the cup to parched human lips."

"Behold! our pilgrim sleeps the sleep that  
knows no waking except in heavenly places.  
Upon her face rests the peace which passeth  
understanding. Thou, O Love Divine, hath  
made the dissolution of the soul from mortal  
incarnation most sweet and tender. Now let  
us lay tenderly aside this worn out garment  
of the soul for still it holds some holy use.  
See how radiant is the casement that holds the  
soul's fair gem!"

"Lo, there waits an angel band to bear us  
company, hands flower laden, and faces  
shining with a love divine. One majestic soul  
bears in his hands a shining robe, from out  
the ranks he moves and holds the garment  
brilliant toward us. Go, gentle faith, and bring  
the sacred chalice hither, then we will bite  
this precious form within its shining folds.  
Thus enraptured more beautiful she seems."

Then spake dear Love Divine: "This is the  
Redemption Robe sent from God. He, the  
heavenly alchemist, hath placed within my  
hands a healing balm for mortal woes, and  
though I know that this dear soul hath passed  
beyond the consciousness of body racked with  
pain, still I would use this balm upon her  
tender feet as symbol sweet of my undying  
love, and then I'll hold them in my bosom  
warm and bear them to the Gates of Para-  
dise."

Said gentle Faith: "I will place this sove-  
reign of sweet posies, fair types of loved ones  
she has known, within her folded hands. I  
choose to stand beside her heart that I have  
tried so oft to fill with faith in God."

Said star-eyed Hope: "To me is left this  
precious head to bear, first let me place this  
laurel crown upon her brow, for she is victor  
now of death and death. The low drooping  
hair that hid the eyes I oft have tried to lift  
to heights supernal I now will seal with holy  
kisses, not to be opened till the summons comes."

"Now let us lift this precious form, and  
thou, O Love Divine, shalt lead the way,  
while this fair angel band, heaven sent, will  
bear us company. The pearl Gates are  
opened wide. Standing without a bier twined  
by loving hands with flowers fraught with  
tender meaning,—the sacred lily and the dear  
rose,—me not and other beauteous gifts from  
Flora's charming realm. Two radiant  
seraphs stand ready to bear her through the  
glowing portals. The aisles of Heaven are  
thronged with angels fair, some with waving  
palms, others bearing garlands of sweet flow-  
ers, while others carry incense burning."

"This seems a wedding day, and well it may  
for this dear soul redeemed is now the bride  
of Heaven. We'll lay her gently down, and  
as our mission lies within, without the  
Gates of Paradise, we now will enter and  
learn God's will toward her, this ransomed  
soul."

Said Faith: "Two radiant beings float to-

ward the bier, while gently together swing  
the gates. One fair sister kneels and with  
her finger tips touches the laurel crown, when  
quick from out its depths flash jewels bright.  
The other soul then takes her place and with  
angelic touch bids the eyelids closed to open.  
Slowly they obey, when we behold the azure  
orbs, blue as Heaven's dome, and with such  
depths that we can read the tablets of her  
soul. Her eyelids rise and fall until the  
lashes sweep her cheek as if to veil the beau-  
ty of the eyes beneath. At last they open  
wide with glad expectancy, and as with gen-  
tle grace she rises from her bier, some lov-  
ing hands bear it quickly from her sight as  
if to shield the eyes from the reminder of her  
earthly pilgrimage. Then she stands with  
drooping head and fingers interlaced, in pen-  
sive thought, as if to gather up the broken  
threads of memory. When her head is raised  
we see her eyes are wet with tears, but  
through them gleams the light of conscious  
recollection. With modest mien she kneels  
in supplication at our feet, and we, Faith,  
Hope and Love Divine, attuned to one grand  
purpose, with hands upon her bended head,  
speak in thought language this, 'thou shalt  
never weary in well doing.'

"When she rises we know that she has  
understood, for glorified she seems until the  
Heavens are brighter for her presence. With  
vision sanctified she sees the jeweled portals,  
and love unspeakable upon the faces of the  
angel host. Then she waits, not knowing  
why. At last a shower of blossoms fall  
about her. In their midst a pure white dove  
descends from space and lights upon her arm,  
in quiet ecstasy she bends and sees an olive  
leaf writ in luminous type, and this the im-  
port that we read from her fair soul, 'through  
suffering thou art sanctified for place among  
the saints.'

"Again upon her knees she sinks. Over  
her fair head the dove, with outspread wings,  
floats while she is wrapped in silent prayer.  
Now she is risen indeed, fairer still she  
stands, purified by suffering and by prayer.  
With loving glance she looks at the sweet  
flowers and at the faces grown so dear,  
when one pure soul, who reads her faintest  
wish, hands her a basket her gentle hands  
have woven of tender vines and blossoms  
fair; then our precious charge embraces ten-  
derly the angel friend and heaps her pretty



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Harrison D. Barrett.....President.  
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## Editorial Notes.

Love much, for Love heals all wounds.  
Trust much, for Trust cures all bitterness.  
Be kind, for Kindness destroys hatred.

Be true, for truth is the fulfilling of the law.

Be just, for Justice is an attribute of God.

Think much, for thought is the motor power of the world.

Fear not, for fear is the mother of all human ills.

Strive not, for strife in anger kills the Soul.

Hate not, for hatred is your Soul's worst enemy.

Better be a humble servant of your fellow-men than a purse pound tyrant on a King's throne.

The wise man is he who controls his own spirit, and uses his talents for the good of others.

He is the foolish man and blind who mistakes the glitter of gold for the riches of the spirit.

That man only is truly rich whose life is a daily round of good and noble deeds.

He is poorest among men who dwells in a palace yet knows not the voice of Love.

That man is in Heaven who is in harmony with his own Soul and is therefore at peace with all the world.

It is better to dwell alone in the midst of a desert than to be in the company of thousands with a heart full of bitterness toward one's fellowmen.

Life is full of strange anomalies, but the strangest of all is man, for when he thinks himself something, he always is nothing.

Goodness and Mercy will follow men throughout Eternity who are within themselves, truly kind, loving, tender and sincere in all their thoughts.

"Hitch your wagon to a star," says Emerson, and angels add, "that you may be drawn upward in thought and aspiration toward God."

The Unknown of today becomes the Known of tomorrow, while yesterday's greatest marvel is labeled "common" in the knowledge of the now.

"Life will be softened and sweetened for him or her who is constantly under the influence of the great love of an innocent child, and by that child will be led into nobler and diviner paths."—Geo. A. Fuller.

"The night is waning, its shadows disappearing, the first faint flush of the dawn is visible to him who is earnestly striving to possess himself again of his Soul."—Geo. A. Fuller.

Man's life on earth is a journey from the mist-lands of wishing, across the plains of the seeming, to the table-lands of wisdom where he again finds and knows his Soul.

"Not all who bear the human shape are immortal. There are many empty shells moving about in our midst, tenantless of immortal souls." They are devoid of soul-essence, having divorced themselves from their real selves and by so doing become "too mean to live."

"Error fades away before Truth's all-revealing light, and Love is the healing balm for a sin-sick world."—B. B. Hill. Light and Love, therefore, are the makers of every home; and are God's angels on earth to lead men toward the Kingdom of Peace.

"For your every good deed, this world will be the better always."—Geo. P. Colby. Remember this admonition, and so live that its truth may be reflected in your every thought, word and action. Then will you live to a high and holy purpose.

"I am so unhappy!" "I wish I were dead!" are exclamations frequently heard on all sides. Unhappy? Dead? Do you not know that you are the maker of your own happiness or unhappiness—the arbiter of your own destiny? That you must exist forever even as you have existed forever—that death is impossible?

Only the egotist wishes to be deprived of mortal life, and fiercely rails against his misfortunes. He is at war with himself that he has not become first among men, hence longs for physical death and vexes others with the stories of his seeming ills.

The shores of life's ocean are strewn with the wrecks of the barques of thousands of earth's children, who sailed forth in quest of glory and aggrandizement of self rather than for the golden argosies of the Soul world, to relieve the needs of others. Selfishness stood at the wheel, while Destruction sat upon the bow and laughed in glee over the harvest that was soon to be his. He loses his life indeed who lives only for himself and has no interest in his fellowmen.

"I grieve for life's bright promise, just shown and then withdrawn; but still the sun shines round me, the happy birds sing on." Remember these words of the immortal Bryant, and hold to the thought that behind every cloud the sun is still shining—that your night is someone's day—your grief, some one's joy—your loss, some one's gain. When we live in, and with and for others, our own lives are a never ending round of happy days.

A nation's life is but the concentrated reflex of the thoughts of its citizens. Spiritual people will have a spiritual government, and their nation will rise to heights sublime. Sordid, filthy people rise no higher than the level of their own natures, hence exhibit only the lowest elements in their national or individual lives. Rebirth may be necessary for all such persons, that they may be led upward, over the spiral stairway of Experience, until they are able to comprehend the meaning of the word "Spirituality."

Freedom of thought, freedom of speech, freedom of action are helps to the children of men in their search for wisdom. That nation is in danger of dissolution when it endeavors to suppress either one of these aids. Spirituality only comes through the exercise of the best of all man's faculties. With one hand fettered, he is but half a man, and he is doomed to premature decay and physical death. Guard, then, the jewel of freedom as the most precious stone in your manhood's crown.

Lovers of liberty in America have need to be on guard lest despotism usurps the leadership, and assumes the role of ruler. One of the greatest American dangers is now urging the suppression of Socialism by drastic legislation, and the punishment by fine and imprisonment of those who presume to propagate its doctrines. Should this step be taken, it will mark the overthrow of all free institutions, and the death of popular government. Whatever the errors of Socialism may be, they cannot be destroyed by force, nor by persecution. Education is our nation's need today.

"In my Father's house are many mansions." "I go to prepare a place for you." These words, of one of the Master Teachers of the race, are full of meaning to him who is an initiate into the inner courts of the Soul. He finds there the dwelling places of all of the children of the Soul, stored with all of the experiences gained by each expression during its transit across the plains of matter. Each of these dwelling places is a mansion (or hotel) erected by the finite self while encased in flesh. "I go to prepare a place for you," was meant by the Master to show all awakened beings the way to the Eternal

mansion of the Soul-Self—to call them to the higher vantage ground of knowledge.

What is Life? What is a dead person? Is there any such thing as death? Can any one produce a dead atom? If he can, then life is in and of itself non-existence—it becomes a product of matter that must be obliterated when matter dies. Atoms change their form, but are never destroyed. Every atom is filled with Life, and the aggregation of atoms presents a living Universe. Everything man eats, drinks, wears, or uses is closely linked with what he calls death. But if these things were really dead, man would cease to exist. He eats flesh and other foods for the Life there is in them. The material part of man is only a machine used by the intelligence that controls him. A dead person is unthinkable and impossible. Life is everywhere, and in Life is involved Force, Will, Intelligence.—Soul! Soul, is, therefore, Life, and Life is Soul!

What becomes of the atoms and molecules of material bodies in process of decay? They go to make up new bodies, every one of them charged with the dynamic energy that we know as Life, and help to form a new manifestation of living substance. As these changing bodies evolve from the lower to a higher and more perfect expression, under the law of evolution, itself a rule of action of intelligence, so may it be with the finite life forces in control of these bodies. Material atoms are re-embodied to express higher forms of life. Finite life may, therefore, be and undoubtedly is re-embodied under the same law, to give expression to higher forms of intelligence. Today we know in part, but tomorrow we shall know in full.

"What is matter?" questions the student of nature, and the biologist. "It is the all of existence," answers the Atheist and Materialist. "Nay, it is only motion—vibration—in different forms of expression," declares the Spiritualist. Says Flammarion, the great astronomer, "If motion could be arrested, if force could be destroyed, if the temperature of bodies could be reduced to absolute zero, Matter would cease to exist as we know it. What we call Matter vanishes when scientific analysis thinks that it is about to grasp it, but we find Force, the dynamic element, acting as the support that sustains the Universe, and as the vital principle in every form." Therefore we can see that Vital Force or Life is the All of Being and that Matter, so called, is Vital Force manifesting at a lower pitch of vibration. Life, Soul is the Eternal All.

What is a finite Soul? Where is its home? A finite Soul is the child of the Soul-Self, and the Soul-Self is a manifestation of Infinite Soul—co-eternal with Infinite Soul—a bridge between Infinitude and mortal life. The Soul-Self always dwells in the Soul-world—is never embodied in mortal form, but only impels into mortal expression manifestations of itself. It controls its child from its Soul-Home, and directs its actions over the invisible wires of affection that stretch between the outer or seeming world, and the interior, or world of realities. The Soul belongs to the psychic world, and there it ever abides. Many mortals who have refused to keep in touch with their Soul-Selves, are today in a state of grossness, unable to rise above material conditions, and incapable of grasping intellectual realities. Such beings may be said to have "lost their Souls," or to have denied themselves conscious immortality. Re-embodiments many may have to be theirs ere they find their Souls.

Says Flammarion again: "What is the secret nature of the Soul? What are its modes of manifestation? Under what variations of form and substance can it exist? What extent of space can it surmount? What is the order of intellectual kinship that exists between the different planets of a single system? What is the germinating force that fructifies worlds? When shall we be able to place ourselves in communication with adjacent realms? When shall we penetrate the profound secret of our destiny? All today is mystery and ignorance. But the unknown of yesterday is the truth of tomorrow!" But Mystery flees from the face of Fact, and Ignorance fades away when Truth's radiant light illumines the minds of men. Truth's sun is shining today, and Fact has already revealed the Temple of the Soul that he has erected as Wisdom's holy shrine.

Man advances only in proportion to his intellectual unfoldment. Intellectual unfoldment means the normal development of all of his faculties towards perfection along every possible line of action. No man is truly moral, intellectual, or spiritual, who neglects his physical well-being, and carries about with him a weak and sickly body. Health is man's natural condition, and he is so unmindful of his physical self that he only thinks of it when it is out of order. He then wants it repaired in the quickest possible time, that he may again go on his way, treating his machine with the same indifference as before. No man is a complete man unless he takes proper care of the instrument that serves him. Plenty of exercise in the open air does men and women far more good than food. Deep breathing means more in the direction of soul-culture than all lessons in occult science the world has ever received. Be studious, spiritual minded, morally inclined, but be also healthful, if you would grow your souls into the stature and likenesses of Gods.

Equipose is needed by every living being. It is never gained by tamely yielding to the emotions, nor by refusing to make an effort to overcome them. In seeking to gain the desired state or condition, every mortal must do his own work, but this work he cannot, will not do until the need of it comes home to his own mind. Friends, out of sympathy for a sufferer, often seek to soothe the pain, and aid him to surmount his trouble by means of tender words, and hard untiring labor. This is generally mistaken kindness.

The sufferer hugs his trouble the closer to his heart, sees his woes through the magnifying glass of Self, and grows worse! Each individual must do his own work. Says Annie Peyton Call: "He must have a personal realization and appreciation of his own mistakes, and take active steps to free himself from them. No amount of talking, persuading, or teaching will be of the slightest service until that personal recognition comes."

"Those who want friends must show themselves friendly." This old, wise saying applies with truth to all classes of people. True friendship is born of mutual recognition of worth each in the other. Superficiality may blind some people for a time, but its disguise is soon penetrated, and its hypocrisy proved. Children are especially apt in unmasking fraud of this kind, hence are generally the best readers of character. By taking a lively interest in the affairs of children, aid is given and received in equal proportions. But this interest must be real—not assumed, and it must not seem as if the adult were trying to make the child's mind suddenly mature, or reducing his own mentality to years of childhood, if it would be effective. Mutual recognition of the merits each of the other does the work, and establishes that which will (as it always has been) be the salvation of life, of home, of country—true friendship. As with children and adults, so it is with adults and adults. Trust is the outgrowth of sincerity, and Sincerity is the child of Truth.

"To be willing that every one should be himself, and work out his salvation in his own way seems to be the first principle of the working plan drawn from the law of loving your neighbor as yourself. If we drop all selfish resistance to the ways of others however wrong or ignorant they may be, we are more free to help them to better ways when they turn to us for help. It is in pushing and being pushed that we feel most strain in all human relations."—Annie P. Call.

"We wait willingly for the growth of plants, and do not complain, or try in abnormal ways to force them to do what is entirely contrary to the laws of nature; and if we paid more attention to the laws of human nature, we should not stunt the growth of children, relatives, and friends by resisting their efforts—or their lack of effort—or by trying to force them into ways that we think must be right for them because we are sure they are right for us."—Annie P. Call.

"There is a selfish, restless way of pushing others 'for their own good,' and straining to 'help' them, and there is a selfish, entirely thoughtless way of letting them alone; it is difficult to tell which is the worst, or which does the most harm. The first is the attitude of unconscious hypocrisy; the second is that of selfish indifference. It is in letting alone, with a loving readiness to help, that we find strength and peace for ourselves in our relations with others."—Annie P. Call.

The gifted writer, from whose excellent work "Power Through Repose," the three preceding paragraphs have been quoted, has expressed some important truths in her trenchant sentences. There is a tendency on the part of many people to push these most admirable sentiments to the very extreme in their application in daily life. Neither the doctrine of "Laissez faire," nor that of over interest is wise, just or right, yet there are times when forceful interest and action are absolutely necessary to save a youth or maiden, or even mature individuals from degradation and moral death. Firmness and kindness should be blended in every effort of this character and the noble suggestion of example placed before the one in danger that he may see and find for himself the better way. In every relation in life, the only help that counts is self-help. The best we can do for our friends and associates is to aid them to help themselves. This would do away with charity, and bring in the nobler precept of justice.

Heed well these words of Flammarion; they are pregnant with meaning for all mankind: "Man shapes his own destiny. According to his works, he rises or he falls. Beings that are attached to material interests, the ambitious, misers, liars, sons of Tartarus, have their dwelling place in the lower zones in company with the very wicked." What is thy choice, O Man? Wilt thou rise by noble deeds in the zone of the angels, or wilt thou by base ones, sink thyself lower than the brute? If thou wouldst grow in body, spirit, soul, think purely, do good, speak truly and be kind in everything thou mayest undertake. Remember again that "Progression is eternal, and that Eternity itself would not suffice for a soul to visit the Infinite and know all things."

Why do you weep when a loved one goes to the home whence he came? Only your own selfishness, baseness, and cruelty can shut the door between his spiritual self and you. You can aid him in his advancement by refraining from shrouding him with the dark pall of your grief, or you can retard his progress by holding him selfishly in your atmosphere of sorrow. If you are conscious of the reality of the Soul, if you know that the invisible world is the truly real, then no tears should fall from your eyes, but your face should reflect only the light of angel's smile. Weeping only obtains with the life of earth; beyond it is the rainbow of hope, transformed into an archway of enduring love. Be at peace with yourself, and the arisen one will surely dwell at your side. Dwell in warfare, and he will fly afar from you, and great will be the darkness around you because thereof.

"What is life that we should mourn? Why make we such ado?" sings Tennyson. Death is only Life's twin, and her touch is gentler, kinder, tenderer by far than is that of any mortal. Life is only found through this sister's aid. The descent into material form was the will of Life, but the ascent into the purer realms of the Soul was made possible only by

the touch of the angel of Death. If we should mourn at all, it should be at the time life first takes possession of its material medium—not when it is laid aside for the true life of the spiritual world. The Arab who weeps when a child is born, and laughs when a dear one takes leave of earth, is a truer philosopher, a wiser being than are you who make Self the centre and circumference of your own thought, regardless of the welfare and happiness of one who arises to live the life of the Soul.

"To err is to fall," yet every fall has been a lesson to man that has taught him to take a step upward and onward in his quest for truth. Everything in life is on the ascending scale, and a fall, through an error of judgment today, becomes an inspiration to the sufferer to overcome the wrong, that he may continue to ascend the mountains of life. Be not filled with thought that all growth is the outcome of suffering. True is it that "To grow means often to suffer," yet when man keeps in constant touch with his Soul-Self, when he heeds its voice, he truly "walks with God in the garden of Love," and is not afraid neither is cast down, nor tortured by agony of any kind. The Soul dwells in Love, and when its child vibrates to its own love-life, error, falls, woe, suffering, and all other ills will be known no more.

Health, mental balance, spiritual equipoise, soul-perceptivity, all, all are attainable by him or her who is awake to the voice of the Real-Self. "A quiet, intelligent use of the will is at the root of all character." Therefore, King Will, firmly seated upon the throne of Being, gives all power, all dominion, all possibilities unto his subject. Master first of all your physical form that it may throw off a perfectly harmonious spiritual atmosphere, and be a true medium for the expression of the intelligence of your Soul. Grasp the words of Andrew Jackson Davis firmly with the roots of your understanding, and "above all things, keep an even mind." Look within to see the needs of your own finite mind, then meet those needs by your gleanings in the grain fields of wisdom. Then will your pathway through the centuries be smooth, and your growth in all ages sure and steadfast.

Let go of all things of little worth. Hold to nothing that would fetter you in your search for truth. Do not hold on so vigorously to those things that pertain only to physical pleasures. Look within—not without—and you will find the real gold for which your Soul is in quest. It is the vision of Life that really endures. The seeming Substance is ever waning, and at the last becomes only a shadow that eludes your grasp and mocks at your despair. So it is with the forms in the material of those you love. From every one of them, from which the sweet-voiced, sweet-lipped angel of Death sets the yearning spirit free, a hundred joys are scattered among all who dwell upon the earth. Then let your mantle of mourning be radiantly illumined by the light of your loved one's smile; make merry and rejoice, for an angel has re-entered Paradise!

## A Sketch.

"Dear God," she whispered under breath, "life is so empty, and my heart aches so since the children went away. I wonder why I am left. Canst thou not take me to be with them?"

"My child," God softly said, "it is well with thy dear ones. They are now in my Kingdom of Love and Light. They walk beside the still waters of truth and purity. Their white garments are not stained by the things of earth. Art thou not satisfied?"

"Nay, oh Father," she said, in tones cadenced with sorrow. "I see them not, and the pain in my heart goeth not away. Show me the way that I may see and know them as they are."

And God said, "Behold! dear child, the faces of thy loved ones!"

And she looked, and saw, in the golden glow of a disappearing sunbeam, the smiling, radiant faces of her heart's treasures looking down from the archway of perfect Love into her grieved and tortured mother heart.

"Come to me, my darlings," she cried aloud, "come to me; I am so lonely without you. Come and be the sunshine of my life as you were in days ago."

But they shook their heads, and, with smiles of ineffable love upon their little faces, they softly whispered.

"Nay, dear mother, we complete the sunshine of the home in God's Kingdom of Love. The greater need for us is here. Thy work is to live and do for others for our sakes as well as theirs."

And they vanished.

And God said, "Dear child, dost thou not see thy way?"

And the woman bowed her head and said, "Yea, dear Lord. My way is toward the children of earth who are left in need, bereft of parents as I am bereft of children."

And the dear Lord smiled and said to her, "It is well; go forth."

And then the woman found herself alone. Then she went forth through the highways and byways of the crowded cities upon errands of mercy, and the eyes of thousands of little ones brightened at her coming and many of them smiled in tender love, and said unto her:

"God bless you" as she bent over their beds of sickness as their little spirits went to join her loved ones in God's Kingdom of Love.

Aye, it was well. Evangel.

## July Fourth.

Saturday is the fourth day of July, and, under the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, is a legal holiday. In consequence of this fact the office of the Banner of Light Publishing Company will be closed throughout the day.



The well known author, E. A. Brackett, who some years ago issued an attractive work entitled "Mystical Apparitions," has recently brought out through Banner Light Publishing Co. another volume with the above title. This is a book of 128 pages, and it is interesting to know something of the writer, and as a good photograph reveals much to all who know something of parapsychology, we are told that the book was written as a result of a personal introduction to the volume which it professes. We are told that the book was written as a result of a personal introduction to the volume which it professes. We are told that the book was written as a result of a personal introduction to the volume which it professes.



## OUR INDEPENDENCE DAY.

William Brunton.

A nation free has pride in freedom blest,  
It must rejoice on day such glory eke,  
And like a beacon in the dark, outflame  
Its gladness from the east unto the west;  
It gives its noble watchword to the rest  
Of nations who in pleasure speak its name,  
It spreads afar its own resounding fame,  
And is a help to those by power oppressed;  
We are to bear the banner of the free  
To all the world, and teach the life we live,  
Our independence is a trust for all;  
What we proclaim that must we seek to be,  
And inspiration by our presence give,  
Till all the world shall waken to our call!

## The Good Citizen.

William Brunton.

"A citizen of no mean city." Acts 21-39.  
Paul was a good citizen by birth, and he holds up the nobility as a shield of defence in this emergency. Like the way he gloried in this gift of the ancient days. It was a mighty power for the upbuilding of the state. It gives force and concentration to the powers of the people. It is like wide waters being confined in narrow channels. And this is the reason I like the countenance of the same spirit in modern times. I like our joy in the glorious Fourth—in the memory of Bunker Hill, in the gift of flowers to our heroic dead, I wish us to enter into the spirit of rejoicing, which senses that we have a country worth being glad about, whose free and progressive institutions and principles are the joy of the whole earth. We stand as the freest and foremost country; every village is as mighty as one of the ancient cities and our American citizenship is grander than that of Greece and Rome. Never was there a country that made such complete provision for the safety, comfort and prosperity of its citizens. We owe something in return, and this is one of the happiest times to enforce it. And we therefore are called upon to study the character of the good citizen, to be helpers in the building of the ideal of a true democracy, a perfect republic. The old countries have their old laws and customs to which they are held subservient; we are our own masters making laws and customs according to our need, and our liberty must be protected by education in its ablest and highest sense.

I believe in our holidays and in making the most of them. They deserve to be used wisely and well. We have none too many of them; more will come in the course of our history, because we shall so consecrate them by grand and daring events. What our fathers have done we shall also do, and in like manner be loved and revered by our children. The holidays are good as rests by the way—as breathing spaces, like the squares in our large cities. They are what we want to break the toil and drudgery of life, and put some music and gladness into the lives of the people. They are an education in the civic virtues, and touch us with the fire and ardor of patriotism. You know how sympathetically Webster studied the Constitution. That was done as a lawyer and a statesman. But we are to study with similar interest, according to our ability, the spirit and duties of American citizenship.

Now we are impelled to this by the thought of the ages of toil and sacrifice that man has given to win this citizenship. Of olden times they could only be for the City of God, descending as a bride adorned for the bridegroom out of heaven. Now we see it is slowly built by the industry and nobleness of men. The first stage of man's growth was to protect himself from the weather and from the wild beasts and from those of his own kind. In India at the present day as many as 20,000 die annually from serpents and the beasts of the forest. You see how small tribes are the prey of the larger, and it was not till one had become dominant that a general change of improvement was given to the remainder. The great empires have founded tyrannies, but they did good for the time being and prepared the way for better things. The first page of history is dark and disgusting, but it brightens on its course like the night changing to the morning. The great military chiefs began to think of building up what they had won—they kept nations at peace while they pursued their course of trade and commerce. And men have learned the value of being at peace one with another. We are passing the time of danger from war. We are removed from the Old World by the barrier of the ocean that kept this continent so long on the right side of the earth, and we are using our forces for the good of all. You think of the drain to the resources of Europe her standing armies must be. It is something terrible to contemplate. Now this gives us an immense advantage in our competition with them. We can produce more and cheaper than they, and consequently they will have to look to the breaking up of the ice that is broken up by the spring. We ought to be proud that we are free from these yokes, and while we may need a fair navy, we ought not to aspire after military power. It costs too much for the mere show, and when we come to the want, every man of us would be ready to respond.

One of the great dangers of the past has been the intolerance of the dominant religion. The state and the church were one, to touch one was to touch the other. Men would allow no thinking on sacred matters—our thing was to be taught always. "As it was in the beginning so it is now, and ever shall be, world without end," they said. Now this has been the great curse of all times—and it is only since our country came to the front that religious freedom has prevailed. Each man would like his ism to be at the head, but you can see the wickedness of such a thought when you remember the fate of prophets and reformers in all the ages. It is against all and against ourselves we are to maintain what our fathers came to found—freedom to worship God.

Now we have the grand heritage of a vast country, capable of maintaining the present population of the globe, destined by the twenty-first century to contain seven or eight hundred millions of English speaking people. We are free from war and the fear of war; we are too strong to be lightly meddled with. We have infinite resources of wealth. We have the freest institutions in the world. The religions are all on the same level. We believe in the education of all. To all this we are the heirs by birth. We are not mean citizens and consequently we should know what our citizenship means.

It is patent to all of us that some change has got to be speedily made in our idea of civic duty. Our country is made a catalyst for our selfish desires. There is no idea of the honor and allegiance we owe to her that there should be amongst us. The freedom with which the lowest can rise to offices of trust; the disposal of these offices being the gift of the people, and the dislike good men have to be troubled with these grave responsibilities, has put politics in disrepute and worked harm to the nation. We cannot allow this to proceed. There is a law by which we have come to our great estate, and that dominating law of liberty, industry and education, if broken, would lead us to ruin as it did the empires of old. Retribution comes to the many as to the one, if the many sin as the one man may. We sinned as a nation on the matter of slavery. Many think we so sin on the matter of intemperance. Many fear we shall sin in giving to some great sect the control of the religious life of the country. Dangers threaten us all the

way, and we must cultivate the spirit of true citizenship that we may guard against them. Eternal vigilance is the price of every good and gracious gift.

We are constantly being reminded that education is the foundation of our success. Religion should enter into a true education, but that must be done by private means. The state acquires itself nobly when it gives the necessary training for good citizenship. Our common schools are of inestimable value as bringing all to an understanding of their duties. They are prepared to listen to the press and the pulpit, and to do serious thinking for themselves when the schoolmaster has done his duty. We have vast hordes from Europe of the untrained and uneducated, and perhaps it is high time to call halt! But yet there is room and they can be well assimilated if they will only study our institutions and conform to them. They are to forget as speedily as they can that they were German, Irish, English, Dan or whatever you like, and make themselves citizens of our Republic. No greater honor can be conferred upon them than this. And while it is a little too much to expect the Irish will forget Ireland, yet we can demand that they shall act as if this were the land of their adoption and faith. They must pay the debt of duty they owe it, finding it so warm and welcome in its greeting. Our strength lies in union.

"Which do you love most, your papa or your mama?"  
Little Charley—I love papa most.  
Charley's mother—Why, Charley, I'm surprised at you; I thought you loved me most.  
Charley—Can't help it, mama; we men have to stick together.

As a people we must stick together. And there is one duty that we do not sufficiently prize in the ballot. It is our great American right, it is the sign, the insignia of our freedom. Some wonder why the women are pleading for it, but they know that to be deprived of it is the injustice done to the sex. But the men have not used it for the nobler purposes they might. By it the will of the majority is expressed, but how we lament the absence of the best and wisest of our population from this declaration of their will. Citizens must be aroused to do their part in this building up of the nation. The intelligent and the virtuous must make known their mind, or the country is done for. Our representative system of government is the best yet devised, but it must be supported by the best to fill the bill. It demands working ability from every citizen. And this was the grand feature of the ancient republics as far as they prevailed. They made the free men discuss state affairs and keep posted on all that was for the general good. It must be so with us, and town meetings and caucuses must be part of our school life for the good of all. We have a duty that we cannot neglect in this direction. And we are not to wash our hands of responsibility because of the dereliction of others. Each man is to be a true citizen, as the only way to insure the rest.

So in the last place I give it you strictly in charge to you do all the good you may for your country. I admire the soldiers that fought our battles; they are worthy of all honor and praise; but I also admire the men who in trade and business are building up what the others protected. There are so many things that a live man can help in accomplishing. He can stir others to enthusiasm. He can help in the appearance of his town or village; he can help its educational institutions, its religious organizations, and do untold things by putting himself side by side with those who are ready to work. It takes all to do all the good that is asked for. We see the dangers of the times—self-absorption, a desire for wealth, the using of public trusts for private gains. By cultivating better thoughts we help the community to a change of sentiment.

I was born in England, and I must rejoice in that birthright; but ever since my soul could make election of its own, my thoughts turned like the sun to the west seeking this happy land of freedom. I share the triumph of the land when the breaking of the chains, the climbing his native hills and the storm overtaken him on some narrow pass:  
"I've laid me flat along;  
And as gust followed gust more furiously,  
Threat'ning to sweep me o'er the horrid brink,  
I've thought of other lands,  
Whose storms are summer-flaws compared to mine;  
And, for a moment, I have wished me there:  
The thought that mine was free, has checked that wish;  
And I have raised my head,  
And cried in thralldom to that furious wind,  
'Blow on, blow on;—this is a land of Liberty!'"

It is grand in achievement, rich in promise, and the inspiration of the hearts that love it. Well may we keep its great festivals of joy and endeavor to make them more and more to our children by teaching them what a good citizen he, then they may show forth his praise in their lives.

## The Late Albert Smith.

Abram H. Datley Reviews Some Things which He Wrote and Did.

In these times of haste, when everybody seems to be in a hurry, the historian must be diligent, else matters which should be recorded will pass into the utter oblivion of the forgotten. The modern newspaper will save to future ages, as nothing else has or can, a record of all important events, and many that are not, as they transpire, which will make up our national history.

These thoughts have been suggested by the rapid demise of a veteran man, who for the last fifty years, have been prominent in public affairs. Position commands attention; fortune is often accidental and merit seldom finds due reward in this life. It is said:

The evil that men do lives after them,  
The good is oft interred with their bones.

This may be true of evil, but memory alone can bury good in the tomb of forgetfulness. The good that men do lives on; like mercy, "it blesses him that gives and him that takes."

An obituary upon the death of Albert Smith appeared in the Brooklyn Eagle a few days since, and, having known Mr. Smith for nearly forty years, at times quite intimately, I take the liberty of stating a few incidents in his life and reviewing in memory some things which he wrote and did, worthy of a present place in the columns of the Eagle.

George N. Briggs, while Governor of Massachusetts, was asked by a lady from what institution he had graduated? He replied: "From a hat factory." "I thank God that we have such institutions in our country," was her ready reply. Albert Smith, when a boy in Boothbay, Me., learned the carpenter trade, and while working at the bench read the "Commentaries" of Blackstone, thus early in life rooting in memory those principles of law which must ever be the foundation of success to members of the legal profession.

Applaud of the Town of Boothbay, Me., and he was directly related to the original "Major Jack Downing," the author of "Way Down East" and other popular works of half a century ago.

Like many another New England boy who has migrated to the West and to the great business centres of our country, young Smith came, before he had been admitted to the bar as a lawyer, to New York City to complete his preparatory course, but necessity drove him to Baltimore, where for two years he taught school, while still pursuing his legal studies. Returning to New York, he was admitted to practice law, and, familiarizing himself with municipal affairs, he took an active part in political and educational matters. He does not seem to have aspired to office, his ambition was to do his best for his country and humanity by qualifying himself to an eminent degree for the discharge of his duty as an American citizen. If any one man more than another deserved the attainment of office for its emoluments as his main object, that man was Albert Smith. He was greatly interested in our public schools and desired the absolute divorce of sectarianism from them. His sense of freedom was so broad, his mind so liberal, that upon all religious, political and social questions, he held the minds of the young into beliefs founded upon assumed bases, discerning in the rapid advance of science the probable disturbance and overthrow as untrue much that has been taught as resting upon incontrovertible facts.

Before William M. Tweed became the political "boss" of Tammany he was Mr. Smith's friend and associate in the Board of Education of the City of New York. Mr. Tweed, in his confidence, confided in Mr. Smith, and when his confidence was revealed, it was when he was taken into Mr. Tweed's confidence and invited to become a party to a combination which indicated as its purpose the plunder and robbery of the treasury of the city. It was resented by Mr. Smith with that vehemence which comes from insulted manhood, and ever afterward he held Tweed in scorn and abhorrence. Tweed opened to him a way to wealth and position, but at what sacrifice! He held his honor above both, and in all the walks of life he has commanded the respect of every one and has gone out from a field of usefulness without a blemish or stain upon his character.

In political sympathy he was a Democrat, but he was only a Democrat when that name could be interpreted to mean democracy in its broadest sense. In the war for the Union he was a war Democrat, and his voice and pen were active from start to finish. There was a zeal in his devotion to his country that found expression in his addresses to the people and through able articles coming from his pen, eagerly published in the newspapers of those days. A glance at his face and study of his head bespoke his intellectual and, particularly, poetic ability. The following lyric from his pen, published in the midst of that great conflict, called forth most favorable comment from the press at the time:

## RALLY.

Hoi citizen-soldier, awake to your danger,  
Lo! a serpent entwines fair Columbia's form  
To arms! for the rescue! To arms! to avenge her—  
Break treason's foul coils, quell disunion's fell storm.

Shall this Union, the blood of our fathers cemented—  
The envy of nations—a light to mankind—  
Dissolve at their touch, who by slavery de-  
mented?

Crash truth from the heart and chain dark-  
ness to mind?

No, no! forbid heaven! It must not—it will not!

But, ah! let that Union by us be deserved;  
If God shall command, strike the chains from the Helot—  
Then strike! but "the Union, it must be preserved!"

Ay, must be! Our Union in Janus' temple—  
One door opens North and another swings South;

The world trembles now, and well may it tremble,  
If that Janus remains with wide-open month!

Then up, sons of heroes! Arouse for the contest!  
March forward to battle in liberty's name;  
Whate'er shall oppose overbear by your on-  
set—

Ay, sweep from our land away slavery's foul shame!

Meet danger with danger—our dear country shielding,  
From horrors that traitors against it have hurled.

Meet danger with danger—the right if un-  
yielding.

O'er wrong shall prevail and give peace to the world.

Where a hand shall be raised our Union to sever  
Where a truth-hating heart shall to treason incline—  
Withered may that hand be! Ay, palsied forever—  
And that heart—ah! but God has said "Vengeance is mine."

Though by war's dreadful strokes that heart shall be broken,  
Yet we hear the great voice of the Ruler above  
Say, "Roundmen, be free!" and we know by that token,  
That He who said "Vengeance is mine" will approve.

In line with the foregoing thought the following epigram is from his pen:

Who in life's battle fights for fame,  
Gets empty honors to his name;  
Who draws his sword in freedom's cause  
Will stand approved by virtue's laws;  
Judged by this rule he stands the test,  
Whose blows were dealt on slavery's crest:  
And he, whose deeds made tyrants frown—  
Hails Garibaldi and John Brown!

When the war was over Mr. Smith was assiduous in his efforts that the peace to be established should be made lasting, by a complete reconciliation between the people of the two sections of our country. He supported Mr. Greeley for the Presidency with that view, and was one of the organizers of the force in Brooklyn in the Greeley campaign.

He was one of the leading spirits of the Independent Democracy, which united with the Independent Union, and was elected to Congress in 1868, and Judge George G. Reynolds to the bench of the City Court of Brooklyn in 1872. He was president of the Independent Democratic organization when Henry S. Bellows, A. M. Bliss, General Slocum and Daniel Bradley and other prominent men were among its leaders. Old politicians will recall the heated campaign at the time that Ed. Webster, who was a candidate for Congress, was defeated by the united forces of the Democrats and Independent Republicans, and the great meeting held at the Academy of Music when Judge Reynolds presided and made an address which effectually disposed of Mr. Webster's chances of success.

Mr. Smith was a careful reader and a deep thinker. His tastes were refined and cultured and he possessed a deep religious nature. He had great reverence for the Supreme Being,

but his feeling was not founded so much upon the Scriptures as upon revelations which came to him through his studies and contemplation. His hope of immortality was so firmly founded that all doubt of life after death had disappeared from his mind. He was a careful investigator and student of psychology, and the relation of man to the spiritual universe, and as the outcome looked upon this stage of existence as a primary department of endless being. He was firmly convinced that evil brought its own punishment and virtue its own reward. He was at one time a member of a small association of persons interested in examining and determining the real sources and value of writings claimed to emanate from inspired persons, testing their worth by the unchanging laws of nature and the revelation of the sources of life according to the doctrines of evolution. The Bedford Social Literary Union, of which he was at one time president, had for its main object the study and discussion of literary subjects and religious questions. It embraced among its attendants the Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher, Rev. Dr. Behrends, the late Henry S. Bellows, a well-known lawyer, and many other literary people. The giving of dramatic entertainments was merely incidental to the organization, and was an attraction to the young people.

His home and family relations were of the sweetest character. He had been twice married, both of his wives and two children preceding him in death, leaving him surviving one son and two daughters, all of mature years. The tender side of Mr. Smith's nature is revealed in the following poem which I have culled from numerous others, and with it will close. It refers to the grave of a much-loved sister and is entitled:

## AUTUMN LEAVES.

Autumn leaves are in the air;  
Autumn leaves are on the ground;  
Sere and yellow, everywhere;  
Withered leaves are scattered 'round.

Scattered 'neath the gray old trees;  
Scattered o'er the windy plain;  
Tossed about by every breeze,  
The leaves that fell when autumn came.

Autumn leaves are on the grave,  
Where she hath lain these many years,  
And o'er it leafless branches wave,  
And on it leaves have dropped, like tears.

A. H. Datley in Brooklyn Eagle,  
Brooklyn, April 2, 1903.

## Sturgis June Meeting of 1903.

An Important Convention at the First Spiritual Church of the World.

The forty-sixth anniversary of the dedication of the First Church was celebrated Saturday and Sunday, June 13 and 14. The speakers were Dr. M. Peebles and Mrs. Carpenter. They formed a delightful contrast as it is said "Variety is the spice of life." Dr. Peebles delivers his speech thoughtfully, cautiously; Mrs. Carpenter speaks under excitement. Dr. Peebles suits the educated and cultured, Mrs. Carpenter suits the masses; Dr. Peebles does not claim to be "inspired," Mrs. Carpenter does; Dr. Peebles is a boy of eighty-three, Mrs. Carpenter is a girl of twenty-five. (2) Thomas Collar, the president of the Harmonious Society, presided, except at the conferences at which Thomas Harding was chairman. The choir consisted of Mrs. Homer Lesh, Miss Agnes Cressler and Mrs. Myrtle French.

It would be impossible to do justice to the regular lectures in a comparatively short newspaper article; suffice it they were most satisfactory. Both were well received. At the conclusion of her addresses Mrs. Carpenter gave what are called "platform messages," which seemed interesting to the faithful, and attractive to outsiders. As usual at those annual conventions the house was filled to repletion on the last day, and even on the first the audience was fair in size. Many attended from a distance and other states and cities had a representation. The meeting was a success and sustained the reputation which the June meeting had acquired during the past forty-six years. The following is an imperfect sketch of the proceedings in detail:  
Saturday evening, June 13, the first meeting of the series the audience was not large, but Dr. Peebles, Mrs. Carpenter, and persons in the body of the hall addressed it and started the ball to rolling. Saturday evening Mrs. Carpenter lectured on the general subject of Spiritualism and gave messages at the conclusion.

Sunday a. m. Conference from 9 to 10:30; audience good. The leader in opening referred to the fact that that house was a standing protest against exclusiveness, and that everyone present was invited to take part, for or against Spiritualism. He said he did not know whether he, himself, was a Spiritualist or not. "If belief in the existence of a Spirit World and of the ability of spirits to return is what constitutes a person a Spiritualist, then I am a Spiritualist; but if you expect me to swallow wholesale every theory uttered on that platform I beg to be excused. I accord liberty to everyone, and I claim it for myself."

Dr. J. Kamacker of Chicago followed. He is a German; he and his father were Jews. He is a traveling man and once he saw a copy of the Banner of Light in the hotel at which he was stopping. He became interested in an article and took the paper to his room where he read every word of it. Then he resolved to find out whether there was or was not any truth in Spiritualism. Dr. Kamacker told of many wonderful things in his experience, and finally became, to his surprise, a medium himself, and many, seeing the cures he effected, flocked to him. He operated upon them by laying on of hands but he never made a charge for such services; he received freely and gave freely. The Doctor is not a medical doctor but a graduate optician.

At the conclusion of this interesting relation of events Mrs. H. C. Sharer Elkhart of Indiana spoke of her experiences and their results. Then came forward in this order Mrs. Potter of Burr Oak, Mich.; Mr. Whitlock of Orland, Ind.; Mr. Wyland of Lagrange, Ind.; all of whom assisted in making the conference interesting and successful.

Sunday, 10:30 a. m. Mrs. Carpenter lectured (preceded by a very beautiful and expressive prayer to the Deity by Dr. Peebles). Mrs. Carpenter is a conservative and outspoken Spiritualist of the absolutely uncompromising school and is vigorous in her announcements; that there is no vicarious atonement; that thoughts are things, and we ought to watch them; that spirits are Christ; that we are responsible only to ourselves; that mediumship is a blessing to the world and that God's angels and spirits are continually coming and going.

Sunday, 2 p. m. The last conference was opened by the chairman, Thomas Harding, who again invited all present to feel at home. He spoke of God immanent in man, invited Spiritualists to continue their journey to the spirit of all spirits. Spiritualism was but a half-way house on the way to God. There, and there alone, abiding peace and heavenly ecstasy were to be found. Dr. Peebles followed. He liked the straightforward way the chairman spoke of God. He believed in God. Dr. Peebles liked to hear that little, great word "God" spoken boldly. The German gentleman from Chicago spoke again and told of many strange things of a spiritual kind, some of which were new in

character, which he experienced since he became convinced of spiritualistic truths. Mr. Whitlock (who, by the way, wears a Knight Templar's badge) told how he vanquished an "exposer" and silenced some bigoted preachers who attacked him in public. "My friends," said Mr. Whitlock, "I am a 'Spiritualist' from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet!"

The last half-hour of a conference meeting is the most interesting and it is a pity that those who attend do not take part and warm up sooner than they do. When the hour for closing arrives we are sorry, and we long for some of the time which had been lost at the beginning. It is hoped that future conferences, here and elsewhere, will take the hint and "turn over a new leaf." When about to close Dr. Peebles asked for a delay of a few minutes. He (Dr. Peebles) spoke of the Jews and in reference to the German gentleman who had been a Jew. He said that on two occasions, when in strange cities, he was refused the use of a house by all the Christians and that the Jewish Rabbis came forward and generously offered him the use of their meeting houses. Dr. Peebles spoke of "poor old Russia" and her assassinations of Israelites, and said that the Jews did not exact more usury than Christians.

In closing the conference the Chairman about as follows: "Much as we love our spirit friends, I feel it my duty to say at parting that there is One who is entitled to still greater love. This is our last conference, we shall never all meet again, and as I am growing old (eighty years now) this may be my last June meeting. Let me exhort you to love God above all; you need not love the spirits less, but God more. You will thus secure that peace which the world can neither give nor take away. The Unitarians tell us to love God and man, but we may blot out the last two words of that sentence, for if we love God we shall certainly love our fellow-men. Do not allow yourselves to be persuaded that the Infinite does not forgive sin—he has blotted out my transgressions and can blot out yours. Our material bodies may be 'earth bound,' but the sense of sins forgiven surmounts our pains, and in God's love our souls arise triumphantly to Heaven." He then dismissed the conference.

## CONCLUSION

Dr. Peebles delivered his last lecture in the afternoon of Sunday. Mrs. Carpenter gave the final address, followed by the poets. On each day while still under the control of the tests, she sang some improvised verses, both music and verses have been described to me by the president as having been "beautiful" (I was not at that time present). Mrs. Carpenter, at the request of the president, dismissed the convention with a solemn benediction.

Thus concluded the forty-sixth June meeting, at which all the addresses and other exercises were paid the most reverent attention by everyone in the house. The president, Thomas Collar; the secretary, G. Cressler, and the committees did all in their power to render those from a distance happy, and the two days' meeting of June, 1903, is said to have been as satisfactory as any which preceded it. How many of us will be here at the next June meeting? How many of us will have gone up higher when next June arrives? How many circumstances will intervene to render us more fit for the great change? Shall we then love God and our fellows more than we do now, if we still remain below? If we pass on shall we be better fitted for the companionship of angels than we are now? Let Infinite Wisdom determine.

Thomas Harding.

Note Explanatory. As the above report may be repeated entirely or in part in other journals in this and other countries, it is right to explain that those anniversary meetings have been kept up regularly without a missing link (every year since the dedication of the house, to Freedom of Speech) during the past forty-six years. In justice to many Spiritualists I further remark that a considerable number are opposed to what are called "platform tests," and think that a prepared discourse, carefully adapted to an audience is far preferable as a rule to extemporaneous (or "inspirational") address, and many are of opinion that public prayers and benedictions might be dispensed with. It is admitted however that there are persons who are inspired by superior intelligence to preach and pray, but the number of those so inspired is large (Mrs. Richmond, of Chicago, Lyman Howe and a few others). Many think that the old Greek saying ought to be remembered and utilized that "The mills of the gods grind slow." A large number of advanced Spiritualists confess that mediumship is not as general as claimed, and that a majority of those who make money by practicing it, as a profession, are cheats.—T. H. [I give this note here as it is my intention to report those meetings in an accurate and true and in every detail, as an act of justice. I shall append the above note.]

## God's Children.

## A MODERN ALLEGORY.

James Altman.

The author has chosen an attractive title which may at first sight seem ill suited to the satirical tone which he uses. He passes in review the different gods of the nations and the human conceptions of them and gives his view of what God should be (and is, as I have learned him at my mother's knees). He says:

"God is kind, benign and beautiful, almighty in will but merciful in heart. Eternal, never born and never dying, he existed from eternity alone in majestic solitude. He created some semi-divine beings as attendants and companions."

Here the banner begins again. God is represented as a lonesome, tired of the company of the angels and thinking that it would be amusing to make some kind of a toy, he created the universe; then, becoming tired again of all these revolving planets, he conceived the idea of putting some of his divine soul and essence into some of the animals of the planets, thus endowing them with reason and then see what use they would make of it, so he chose men as being the weakest of all in the means of attack and defense, and adopted them as God's children.

Having visited all the other planets, at last God saw that he had not visited the earth, and being weary with all the journeying and sight seeing, he called his messenger Mercury and told him to go and investigate what his children on this earth were doing and bring back the report of his investigations. Mercury starts and as London is the greatest and most populous city of this world, thus affording greater opportunities for investigation, the divine messenger lands at Charing Cross.

Now we enter into the serious part of the work, and while God and Mercury are still represented with our human limitation of knowledge, we will follow the author in his vivid description of London. Mercury sees first a dandy and by his will assumes a similar costume; he walks along admiring the buildings when he hears the beating of drums and the tread of many feet, the cheers of the people, and he sees men with red coats looking like a river of blood. In answer to his query, he is told that they are brave British troops going to fight the Boers.

Musing on this sad fact that brothers



should kill each other, he walks along and meets a gaily dressed woman. He speaks to her and learns that she is going to the House of God, so he went to Westminster Abbey, and was surprised at the idea of God as expressed by the minister and angered as prayer was offered for the victory of the British over the Boers and he is put out by a vergor.

He then wanders in another direction until he comes to the foul part of the city, where the workmen, the poor, the wretched and the criminals are herded in tumble down houses, foul smells, loathsomeness and misery met him on every side until he reached the end of Whitechapel Road where a waste place was used for meetings. He stopped at a Salvation Army meeting and was surprised at the wrong conception which they had of God. Further on he heard one say that temperance was the only remedy for all the evils caused by intemperance. A little further on he came to a meeting of Socialists. He heard the speaker explain the cause of the misery, how the workmen who produce the wealth have hardly enough to live, while that wealth goes to fill the coffers of the millionaires. He said that God had made the earth for all his children; it was theirs just as free as the air they breathed and no one had the right to monopolize it, and much more in the same sober strain.

Mercury was so much pleased that he complimented the speaker and told him that Socialism was according to God's plan for his children. The Socialist mistrusting him told him that before declaring himself a Socialist, he should hear the other side and told to go and see the celebrated professor of political economy and hear what he had to say. Mercury did and was so angered at his doctrine, that he threw him out of the window, and sad and disgusted by what he had seen and heard, Mercury returned to God and told him all. God could not believe it, but after seeing for himself, He promised that in the near future the rich will cease to live on the blood of the toiler, for He will uphold Socialism, and then when men shall work each for all and all for each, then we shall truly be God's children.

The book will interest some Socialists, though it may seem too tame to that branch which leans toward anarchy, and I am persuaded that any man who believes in the Universal Brotherhood of man will endorse the author's views against war and for a more just distribution of the wealth produced by labor.

Order of Banner of Light Publishing Co. Price 50 cents.

### The Century.

The July Century is distinctively a fiction number; and the list of stories is long and varied enough to please the most omnivorous appetite for fiction. Easily first in interest is Homer R. Hulbert's "The sign of the Juma," telling the thrilling details of a British subaltern's search among the Himalayas for literary treasure-trove. How he found a remarkable book, now in the British Museum, but at the cost of twenty-three years' imprisonment in a mountain monastery, making an unusual and engrossing tale. John Luther Long's "The Siren" is far from being a conventional romance, and it has the favor of the sea: the coast is just the place to read the story of savage Braxid and the laughing Sea-Lady. "Mahmoud Pasha of the D. P. W." is the title of an Egyptian and English story by Frederic Courtland Penfield, former United States Diplomatic Agent to Egypt, which tells of a clever Indian device which located a disastrous break in the great dam. Other fiction of the issue includes: "A Lost Story," a posthumous work by the lamented Frank Norris, author of "The Octopus"; Margaret Sutton Briscoe's "Red Tassels"; David Gray's "The Graybrook Baby's Godmother" (another "Gallop" story); W. N. Harben's "A Question of Valor," Philip Berrill Mighels' "A Forty-Horse-Power Strategem," and more chapters of Richard Whiteing's "The Yellow Van." Edwin L. Sabin continues his charming series on the life of the American village boy, this month sketching "A Boy's Love."

For readers of the July Century who want something beside fiction there is no lack of more solid reading. Nothing could be more timely in view of the bi-centennial of Wesley, than the life of the founder of Methodism, by C. T. Winchester, professor of English literature at Wesleyan University, and well known on other platforms as a lecturer. The July issue brings, too, the long expected "The Epistles of St. Paul," edited by Mrs. Mary Anne Watts Hughes, to whom the letters were written, and an introductory sketch of Mrs. Hughes by her grandson, Mr. W. H. Hughes, the American brother of the famous "Tom Hughes." Dr. William Hayes Ward answers the question asked by so many since a recent letter of the Emperor William, "Who Was Hamunabi?" The article tells of the recent discoveries at Susa of the earliest records of law. Hermann Klein's "Modern Musical Celebrities" gives and Edouard de Reszke, Tagliozzo, Lassalle, Augustus Harris and Mme. Nordica.

In the line of verse the July Century has Edwin Markham and John Burroughs among the contributors. Edwin Markham's "At Friends with Life" is a reverie for every day of the summer, while John Burroughs sings of "The Indigo-Bird." Other "Songs of the Deserted" by William Warner Wildman, "Not His the Silence"; Ruth McEnery Stuart, "Plantation Hoe Song"; Augusta Kortrecht, Walter Larned, Amos R. Wells, and Edwin L. Sabin.

A notable illustration of the month is the full-page Timothy Cole frontispiece engraving of Menippus, by Velasquez, the seventh in the series of Old Spanish Masters.

### Etna, Maine.

The annual July meeting of F. M. S. C. A. was held at what was formerly Buswell's Grove, but is now the property of the Association, having been purchased two years ago. As is well known, this is one of the oldest camps in the United States. Only a few are left of those who first formed the camp. Mrs. Dr. Emory of Glenburn, who, by the way, looks as if time had dealt gently with her, and Dr. Cyrus Chase of Monroe, who will be remembered as a big, white-souled, true-hearted Spiritualist, ways having a good word for every one who chanced to come his way. These, with Sister Belle Smith of Newburg, are all that are left of the founders of the Association.

As early as Wednesday many cottages were opened, and when Saturday morning came there were more than two hundred present. The morning was all used up in greeting the many friends who had not met for nearly a year and a Directors' meeting (where arrangements were made for the coming camp) was held in the afternoon. In the evening a social meeting was held in the hall. Interesting and profitable remarks were made by many present.

Many came more than fifty miles to listen to Brother Barrett and went away feeling they were well paid for their long journey. Sunday morning, although cloudy and with every indication of rain, the teams began pouring in from all directions. It was estimated there were between four and five hundred people on the ground.

Mr. Barrett delivered two eloquent lectures, music being furnished by W. D. Wetherbee and wife, Mrs. Lizzie K. Dearborn and Harry B. Clark. The lecture was followed

by tests by Mrs. Ella Hewes, who is well known, having been on the platform for years. Although the greater part of the people left after the afternoon meeting, yet many remained and in the evening about thirty gathered at the hotel with Mrs. Jenne from Monson as medium, when we were refreshed with little showers, as it were, from the other world. At a late hour the circle broke up, all looking forward to the coming meeting with the greatest of pleasure. It seems to be the general feeling that a three days' meeting shall be held next June.

Excellent speakers have been engaged for the camp meeting, as is well known. The grounds are near the railroad station and there are always plenty of conveyances to the grounds, with various places where board can be obtained at reasonable rates, the hotel being adjacent to the camp ground, where as many as wish can obtain good board. Everything in the way of produce which campers may need can be readily obtained on the grounds.

### THE MUSIC OF LIFE.

Madison Carver.

All things are wrought of melody,  
Unheard, yet full of speaking spells;  
Within the rock within the tree,  
A soul of music dwells.

A mute symphonic sense that thrills  
The silent frame of mortal things;  
Its heart beats in the ancient hills,  
And in each flower sings.

To harmony all growth is set;  
Each seed is but a music note,  
From which each plant, each violet,  
Evolves its purple note.

Compact of melody, the rose  
Woos, the soft wind with strain on strain  
Of crimson; and the lily blows  
Its white bars to the rain.

One long, green fuge, beneath the sun;  
Song is their life, and all shall pass,  
Till cease, when song is done.  
The trees are paens; and the grass

### Sayings of Elbert Hubbard.

O God, how wonderful are Thy works!  
Thou makest the rotting logs to nourish banks  
of violets, and from the stagnant pool, at Thy  
word, springs forth the lotus that covers all  
with fragrance and beauty!

When fate has done her worst, she has  
brought us face to face with the Supreme  
Calamity, and thereafter there is nothing that  
can inspire terror.

When you walk with some folks you slouch  
along, but others there be who make you feel  
an upward lift and an upward gravitation—it  
is very curious!

The wise man is ready to relinquish any-  
thing and everything, confident that some-  
thing better is in store.

More lives are blasted by secrecy than  
frankness—ay, a thousand times.

It is love that writes all true poems, paints  
all pictures, sings all songs.

There is a wild, splendid, intoxicating joy  
that follows work well done.

No person utterly miserable ever did a  
great work.

To try many things means Power; to finish  
a few is Immortality.

The human face is the masterpiece of God.  
In a great love you get the secret of power.

Experience is the germ of power.  
It is a fine thing to be yourself.

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and on Sundays, 10 A. M. to 12 P. M. For full particulars  
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Mary T. Longley,  
N. S. A. Secretary.

Elva G. Zander.

Goodby, little folks,  
Uncle John.

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nearly 60 years.  
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**The Tarrant Co.,** 21 Jay Street,  
New York.  
Business established 1884.

"In Adam's fall  
We sinned all."

The State Associations chartered with the N. S. A. have received the following information, but it is deemed best at headquarters for it to appear in the spiritual papers. Notification, that hereafter, each local society that is chartered by, and in good standing with, a State association, can have a representative at the N. S. A. annual convention by the payment of the small sum of two dollars to the N. S. A. prior to convention.

All leading druggists have it for sale.

*J. M. Peebles.*

restored to the past many a  
point at which the Spiritualism  
all-inclusive, and all-inclusive. All these good  
spiritual results belong to and rightfully  
prosper under the sheltering, sun-kissed  
heaven-lighted canopy of Spiritualism. God  
is Spirit. Now Batchelor, one of the most  
brilliant writers in the "New Thought" field,  
has written a book, "The New Thought  
ness, thus, "I have always contended that  
the truths of the New Thought are included  
in Spiritualism." Then why not call it Spiritu-  
alism in its practical uses, and done without  
it? Too much straining to be "new" and  
original is nerve-weakening, and spirituall  
depleting.

This unknown writer tells the noble tho

"I would rather appreciate the things I do not have than to have things I do not appreciate."

ders in the realm of combinations of food materials and the transformations brought about by varying degrees of heat—Cosmopolitan.

The kitchen itself will disappear from the basement and from the home forever. In its place, adjoining the dining room so that the transit from the fire to the table may occupy but a second's time, will be the "household laboratory," the "kitchen school," where the daughters will find no more interesting period of the day than that which is spent in the well-lighted, well-ventilated, cleanly and comfortably arranged room given up to the constant surprises which science offers to those who will study with interest her wonders in the realm of combinations of food and the degrees and transformations brought about by varying degrees of heat—*Compo-*  
*nation.*