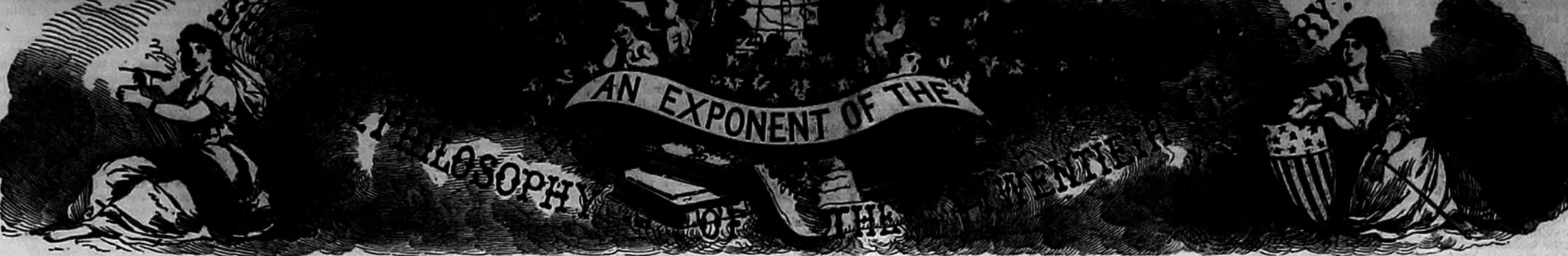


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. 93.

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

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1903.

\$2.00 Per Annum,
Postage Free.

NO. 20

THE DAWN OF DAY.

"There is many a dawn which has not shed its light."—Rigveda.

Many a dawn of many a day,
To come my way, to come my way;
Many a light on darkened skies,
With rosy tint, to soon arise!
I have forgotten simple things,
When I forgot my hope has wings,
And can from present take its flight—
To other dawns which shed their light!
I have forgotten wheel of fate,
That bids us in our place await,
And change of good shall surely fall,
Responsive to the spirits call!
Then when in gloom I sometimes fear,
I'll picture dawn arising clear,
And have rejoicing in my grief
That nature sends such sweet relief!
And all the clouds that round me creep
Shall pass the gates of wondrous sleep,
And be no more the shades of night,
Because of dawns with golden light!

William Branton.

The Results of the Experiments and Discoveries of Professors Loeb and Matthews Examined.

Jos. Clements, M. D., Kansas City, Mo.

The experiments and discoveries of Professors Loeb and Matthews, of the Chicago University, have awakened a deep and widespread interest. The problems of the nature of life and its prolongation find a deep response in the human mind, and any light upon these grave questions is hailed with avidity. Prof. A. P. Matthews published in the March issue of *The Century* an article which seems to be a scientific and admirable setting forth of the work done and its probable results from the doctor's standpoint. McClure's in February, had published a paper by Mr. Carl Snyder, the editor, in a note, introduces as a "complete and authoritative account," further endorsing the position and conclusions as follows: "Their conclusions have touched only the lower forms of life, but the results—artificial reproduction, growth and the establishment of the identity of life and electricity—seem to revolutionize fundamental conceptions of being, sensation and thought." The "revolution of fundamental conceptions" is a foregone conclusion without peradventure, if such stupendous conclusions may be accepted as "established."

The American Monthly Review of Reviews, for March, also says: "The marvelous results of Prof. Loeb's work seem to show that electricity and life are one and the same thing."

The title of Mr. Snyder's paper is "Bordering the Mysteries of Life and Mind." As head-lines of the various paragraphs we read: "A Faust Whose Dreams Came True," "The Myth of the Instincts," "Manufacturing Living Beings," "The Promise of Long Life," etc. More specifically Mr. Snyder says: "An incubator may replace a hen, a fact whose wide significance seems a little to have escaped the airy-headed folk who prattle of prenatal influences," among whom, however are such men as Sir Wm. Turner, President of the British Medical Association. An incubator simply furnishes heat in "hatching." If the "wooden hen" could be induced to "lay the eggs" as well as hatch them, the significance of the incubator fact would be more apparent. We have incubators for babies, but the problem of prenatal influences is not affected by such "facts." These isolated excerpts from the article do not misrepresent the author, whose account is recognized as authentic both by the editors and the professors, and we mention them to justify our warily asking: "What are the bases of the claims of artificial reproduction and establishment of the identity of electricity and life?" Hundreds of men have been working along these lines and with these results in view for ages past. Again and again has the announcement been made that the goal was in sight. Witness the "Bathybiocres" excitement and Dr. Bastian's supposed production of "spontaneous generation" in a decoction of hay which a crack in a glass container discovered at the last moment ruthlessly disproved. We challenge the conclusions and results claimed to be established by these experiments. They will be found equally invalid. In examining these results and conclusions drawn from them we must submit the evidence upon which they are based to the "severe scientific method" of tests. No hop, stride and jump performance will pass muster here, as, for instance, when Mr. Snyder solves the problem of the physiological function of the heart with a "pinch of this or other kind of salt."

The following considerations must be duly appreciated in determining conclusions and results from these experiments. In these problems we are dealing with what are largely occult phenomena, occult to human vision. Life processes in their primordialism are microscopical in their proportions and lightning-like in their operations. The most powerful lenses known to science are needed in their

investigation. They demand, therefore, the utmost nicety of scientific skill, not only in the manipulation of the processes, but, and especially, in the mental process of their interpretation. Again, the experiments were made with the lower forms of life—sea urchins of various kinds. Life processes here are of the simplest and quite elementary kind, and conclusions fairly reached in regard to these simple organisms may not be carried over in their full significance and interpretation to the vastly more complex and intricate phenomena of human life. No prolongation of life in the starfish themselves has been evinced as probable by these experiments, and to jump to the conclusion that human life may be prolonged indefinitely, as Mr. Snyder and Prof. Matthews do, is a leap-frog performance excluded by the scientific method.

Once more, the experiments were made with life itself in active operation as their basis. Mr. Snyder is greatly in error when he says that "unfertilized eggs cannot, strictly speaking, be said to be alive." They cannot be said to be dead by any kind of speaking. The matter can be readily determined; try the experiments on "hard boiled" eggs. Boil the little eggs, and then by electricity bring them on to development, and we will yield the point to Mr. Snyder. It is true some forms of life resist extreme degrees of temperature, but we will assume the risk in maintaining our contention that eggs without life cannot by electricity be made to develop into an organism. Our still-remembered nursery rhymes come to our aid, for, having boiled the eggs, "All the king's horses, and all the king's men," etc., etc.

Nothing concerning life itself can be established by experiments of this kind. Conclusions regarding some parts or phases of life phenomena, life itself being predicated, may be legitimately claimed, and their bearing upon the great underlying problem be estimated, but to claim these as establishing the identity of electricity and life is a travesty on science and logic too.

Some very interesting and important discoveries have quite recently been made in chemistry which bear upon this part of our discussion—experiments made with the cell of the yeast plant and its role in fermentation and the manufacture of alcohol. The cell of the yeast contains the protoplasm or living matter, and it is important to keep clearly in mind the distinction between the cell and its contents. The "cell" is made—constructed; it is a tissue formation. It is the cell contents, the living matter of its nucleus, which is the physical basis of life. (Huxley.) If life force, or the active agent in life phenomena, be ultimately demonstrated to be electricity, well and good; we shall accept it. Anyway, whatever it is, here it resides, or at least here it operates, in and from the protoplasm of the cell, and without this is no organized life phenomena whatever. In the process of fermentation the molecules of the sugar or glucose are acted upon by the protoplasm of the cell of the yeast, which Pasteur describes as the assimilation of the sugar by the yeast cell. Here, and at this point, is initiated the ferment process caused or set up by a property, which the refinements of modern chemistry show to belong to a content of the cell, termed zymose, and which expressed from the cell is active in function outside and disconnected with the cell, just as it had been when a part of it and in situ.

This would seem, then, to be something more than a mere chemical process, since it requires the peculiar action of the zymose, a product, and it would seem an embodiment of the life force. If it were established that life and electricity were one and the same thing, would not an electric current turned into the sugar initiate the process which would convert the sugar into alcohol? We shall wait to see.

If the experimenter could take the simple elements and combine the corpuscles into atoms—if the new hypothesis be accepted—and the atoms into suitable molecular arrangement, doing this by manipulation of the usual forces which produce inorganic substances, and then by electrical force utilizing chemical and other processes out of these substances form a cell, cause fission, cell proliferation and differentiation, carrying on the processes to complete organization, this would establish the identity of electricity and life, so far as these organisms were concerned, and by inference other life phenomena too. At present, however, no known methods of electric and chemie manipulation have been able to construct the enzyme of yeast, or the albumen of the egg, and even with the already organically formed egg, once "dead," all efforts to restart the vital processes and carry on the evolution fail. Nor have the experiments, under discussion approached the solution of this problem by one iota. But the living matter intact, it will exert and demonstrate its vital force wherever suitable environments exist. Witness the seeds transferred from the Egyptian mummy hand into a pot of English soil, and the rare plant which resulted.

We are now prepared to determine what we may accept as having been evidenced by the experiments and discoveries under consid-

eration, which we very willingly confess are marvelous in kind and of the highest scientific value, especially to medical science. As the accounts published have shown, Prof. Loeb took unfertilized eggs of starfish and others, eggs which, if left to themselves without fertilization of male eggs, would have, in process of time, died. These he immersed in a solution of chloride of sodium, which killed them. Adding a small amount of calcium, or magnesium, to the solution, and procuring a fresh supply of eggs, these lived and went on to complete organization. No instance is given of adding the new salt and thereby restoring life to the killed eggs and carrying on the developmental process. The modus operandi in securing these results is shown to be the liberation of the negative charges of electricity in the atoms or ions of the calcium salt. In the sodium chloride the positive and negative charges of electricity balance each other, in the calcium or magnesium the negative predominate, and the experiments have evidenced that in this negative discharge are found the conditions under which these peculiar life processes proceed.

In confirmation of our position that the unfertilized are living eggs, Dr. H. F. Osburn, professor of zoology in Columbia University, says that "Fertilization carries into the egg a catalytic substance which accelerates a process which would otherwise proceed too slowly." Fertilization, then, in the "natural" way—i. e., the union of the male egg with the female, or Prof. Loeb's artificial method, made known in his experiments, etc., does not create or initiate a new process of life—it accelerates a process already going on slowly. The artificial means used by Prof. Loeb seem to take the place of and secure the conditions which the union of the male and female eggs provides normally. This has nothing to do with the phenomena of life in the abstract, which are already in active operation. It merely has to do with a part or phase of it, which is going on too slowly and which needs accelerating, or, at the most, conditions as yet not fully met for reproduction. Is this, therefore, "artificial reproduction"? Well, in a sense, yes. The organic substances of the egg are very different from those which may be classed with sugar, starch, etc. Experiments with the latter would require the introduction of the life force itself first, to be followed by the accelerating or catalytic substance or property. Prof. Loeb has discovered the latter, it seems, for these low forms of life. No life phenomena have been produced by any of these experiments, not even these very low forms of life. Existing life processes in active operation have been influenced, accelerated, modified. Conditions and stimulus supplied by "Nature" have been furnished artificially, a real triumph of scientific acumen and skill. Yet, in a lesser manner, life processes are influenced by environments continually. Every scientific physician is doing this in his use of drugs. Disease is cellular and protoplasmic phenomena, which the physician influences, suppressing and controlling some processes; stimulating and guiding others. The same in kind as Prof. Loeb's less marvelous, to be sure, but perhaps, only less so because less spectacular. These experiments influence life phenomena. They in no sense produce it or establish the identity of electricity and life. Moreover, only the comparatively grosser processes of life have been at all manipulated. As we said at the outset, the life phenomena are very largely occult and in much are likely to remain so.

The microscopical proportions of the specks of living matter—1/100,000 of an inch in diameter—which are the physical basis of life, and where the life processes originate, and the wonderfully complex and intricate nature of the primordial operations themselves preclude any but comparatively gross manipulation, and only quite general interpretations of them. The protoplasm or living matter, the secret of the property of the zymose, which initiates the process of fermentation in the manufacture of alcohol, and the germ alike of plant and animal, in all their variety, is beyond all power of analysis. This is the physical basis of life, because life processes are never found where this is not, and they have their origin and initiation here. Where life phenomena are found there is always a residue, so to speak, in the substance, the basis of the processes, which eludes the utmost efforts at analysis, and of its specific nature and character we cannot speak, for we do not know. It is not organic or an organic product; it is a product of itself alone; that is to say, protoplasm produces protoplasm, and in no other way can it be. It acts of itself and by a power inherent. The source and active agent in all vital or living motion, a study of the ultimate and initiatory life processes evidences its freedom in regard to and superiority over the forces which affect other matter. It is unique in this—that its initiatory action is thus independent of and even contrary to the forces controlling other substances. The peculiar properties of this life force produce their unique results through no other substance than that found within the cell of the plant and animal, the phenomena being vastly higher and more complex in the

latter than in the former, yet such as to suggest its identity in kind, though differing in degree. In an article brief and untechnical as this is, it would be impracticable to exhaustively discuss the facts we have here stated. They are facts, nevertheless, which have been controverted scarcely at all, never successfully. The "Riddle of the Universe," by Haeckel, still leaves them intact. And that the newer class of scientific thinkers, especially in Germany, are coming back to the vitalistic in contradistinction to the physical theory of life is at least suggestive, and may indicate the timeliness of our protest against jumping to conclusions, to which we are calling attention.

The statement of facts we have made as to the microscopical size, the unique character and potentiality of the living matter, are taught by Prof. L. S. Beale, F.R.C.P., etc., of London, and are ably demonstrated in his various writings. Now, no experiments or their results can establish the identity of electricity and life that do not take into account these facts and factors in life phenomena; and while these under discussion affect and influence some of the processes in life phenomena, they do not touch the physical basis of life, or the principle of primordial life action.

Electric and chemie forces have inorganic matter as their sphere of operation, though both playing their part in life processes and being of the same general character as those outside the vital domain—decomposition, etc., in a "still" being similar to that within a physiological organism. Their operations, however, in an organism cease when vital force ceases to preside. Electricity can be made to produce none of the phenomena synonymous with or related to vital processes with the eggs boiled "hard." There must be life force, potential or kinetic, stored or in active operation, as the basis of the experimental operations. And if Prof. Matthews, having dissected out a sciatic nerve with a muscle intact (a pretty good start, one would think), could by electric force, in any manner applied set up muscular contractions and thereby initiate the primordial life processes which would go on and reconstruct the frog maintaining the functional life of the animal, he would establish the identity of electricity and life, as now claimed, and pardoning the expression, we would at once "throw up the sponge." We must still maintain that vital force is magisterial in all life phenomena and that both chemie and electric forces are inoperable, save in association with and dependent upon vital or life force.

Our conception of electricity is based upon observation of its operations in connection with inorganic phenomena. We have supposed it played some part in the higher phenomena of life. The experiments made, as we have seen, do not touch the abstract question of life, because they do not touch the essential and primordial vital processes in the way of producing them, simply influencing or accelerating what is already in operation and to start and stop at will the mechanical muscular contractions of a heart for a few hours, wonderful as the spectacular performance is, leaves untouched the great question at issue, and to argue thus early anything regarding the indefinite prolongation of human life, or any theory as to the nature of life force itself, or the artificial production of vegetation, the scientific method disallows, and, at least, until something further is really done, we object to the gymnastics of the performance. We have already hinted at the psychic phase of life phenomena. This is even more occult than the vital processes we have discussed, yet just as real. Mr. H. Spencer recognizes (and Mr. Huxley indorses the view) what he termed a "psychic factor" in the life force. This is property in the life potentiality, and is in evidence in the evolution of all life, and especially in the higher and more complex organisms. The micro-organic animals have in their one cell, in some grades an organic structure composed of tissues and organs capable of functions, such as they are. And in the arrangement of the countless millions of cells which form the tissues and organs of the human organism, functions and minds are planned for and attained. There is a purposive quality in living things—an "apparent determination to overcome obstacles and to attain an end."

Another phase of this psychism is seen in the life career of the organisms which result from this "purposive quality." Ants will store away food for future use. A remarkable kind of intelligence seems to rule in a colony of bees. In human life how much superior these psychic phenomena are! Nor can any of this be dismissed cavalierly as "the myth of the instincts." The attraction of light is a real factor in vegetable and animal life too. The forces of attraction and repulsion, perhaps, are all that is required to account for the beautiful shapes of crystals. More than these, however, are required in the formation of a dog, the psychism of the dog's "bark" being yet to be provided for.

Admitting that "changes in colloidal substances coincide with the activities of an organized body," as Prof. Matthews shows; that thought and sensation, the former voli-

tional are associated with molecular changes in the brain substance; these are not conclusive that all life phenomena are due to these and that the psychic factor in life potentiality and all intellection in life's career are provided and accounted for by this. "You cannot write mind in the terms of matter." (Tyndall.) "The difference between psychical and material phenomena is a distinction of a different order from all other distinctions known to philosophy, and immeasurably transcends all others." Any philosophy of life, to be satisfactory, must account for this phase of it too.

As we know it, electricity is devoid of any psychic property; no hint or suggestion of such in its operations outside of life phenomena appear. On the supposition of the identity of electricity and life, properties different in kind from any manifested under any other conditions are exhibited. How and when were they acquired? On the theory of evolution of the lower into the higher, electricity, having acquired properties different from and superior to those manifested prior to its association with life, and still manifested outside the vital domain. Suppose we call this new force—i. e., electricity, with its acquired vital and psychic properties—life, with the cosmic disjunct of things thus:

Matter—inorganic and organic, inclusive. Force—including the correlated forces comprehensively.

Life—the vitalistic and psychic phases of life phenomena being all comprehended in and accounted for by this psycho-vitalistic potentiality, itself alone the active agent in all life phenomena.

In such a theory all of life is provided with an adequate and efficient cause and active agent. The conception of personality and identity, so difficult, if not impossible, as associated with the electric hypothesis, and yet so necessary to a rational and satisfactory view of life, is perfectly consistent here.

Summing up the results of our examination, it appears that the experiments are of a limited and fragmentary kind, comparatively. Only a few of very low forms of life are used, and only isolated or segmentary parts of life phenomena being manipulated. The idea of "playing with life" in such experiments as these is rather amusing. These are too few and too tentative and dubious in interpretation to justify any general results to be accepted as conclusive in regard to the great problem of life, and would seem to justify the strictures in the editorial of *The Independent* of March 13, 1902, under the caption, "The Vulgarization of Science."

Then, as we have shown, none of the experiments have to do with the specifically ultimate life processes in their causation and initiation. Vital operations already in force are influenced, and the results and conclusions of this, while interesting to science and of value to medical science especially, do not touch the problem of life itself, and it is futile to speak of the establishment of the identity of electricity and life by any such experiments and discoveries as these.

Pen Flashes.

The Pilgrim-Peoples.

NO. 6.

Recently I read in the journals of Prof. Anderson Weaver, of Asheville, N. C., who for opinion's sake, had been imprisoned—imprisoned because he would not be vaccinated. This is martyrdom in the 20th century. Prof. Weaver was "director of the department of languages" in Weatherville College. This learned man sensibly refused to be vaccine-poisoned, and so they thrust him into jail. Neither moral suasion nor money would induce him for a time to return to liberty. He considered the compulsory vaccination law as do multitudes, illegal, un-American and wickedly unjust. Doubtless, he made up his mind to fight for the right to the bitter end! Personally, I would lie in jail and there rot, if needs be, before I would be vaccinated. When I was vaccinated the second time in San Francisco I came near dying from the poison. This calf-pox virus is a wretched beastly poison, closely allied to syphilis. It kills numbers every year. It does not prevent smallpox; but poisons and depletes the system. See my illustrated volume of between three and four hundred pages entitled, "Vaccination a Curse and a Menace to Personal Liberty."

The race question in America is a very important one, whether it be the Indian or the African. Evidently the Southern States being the best acquainted, are the most competent to settle among themselves the negro question. And yet, the North may tender kind, fraternal help. Our nation is one—forty-five states, one Government! It is philanthropists, with hearts and brains, rather than sectional politicians that are needed to settle most interstate questions. It is one of the most extraordinary things on record just now that in the South, four

(Continued on page 4.)

THE OTHER SIDE.

In this world of toll and sorrow
There is always something wrong,
And always scores of busy tongues
To help the thing along:
But in time of special troubles
It would save respect and pride,
If we'd all suspend our judgment
Till we hear the other side.

(Chorus)
Don't condemn your brother,
Wait a while, I pray;
Do not judge your sister,
Nor turn from her away.
Have charity for others,
Let friendship be your guide,
And don't condemn your brother
Till you hear the other side.

In religion he may differ,
And may hold another view,
Yet in some respects he still may be
A better man than you;
So if e'er the tongue of scandal
To his name should be applied,
Don't help the world to kick him down
But hear the other side.

Has your neighbor's plan of action
Heretofore been rated high?
Be sure he will not change it
In the twinkling of an eye;
So when busy tongues assail him,
Just a word may turn the tide,
And all the world will hold its breath
To hear the other side.

O'er the hearts that words have broken,
All the world would stand appalled;
And once those words are spoken
They can never be recalled;
So with sister and with brother
In true friendship stand allied,
And God shall judge between you
When you reach the other side.

(Chorus)
Don't condemn your brother
Wait a while, I pray;
Do not judge your sister,
Nor turn from her away.
Have charity for others,
Let friendship be your guide,
And God himself shall judge us,
When we reach that other side.

—Adella F. Venzio.

Dionysius the Areopagite.

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

Leo.

(All rights reserved.)

It was early one morning, just as
"Out of its eastern fountains,
The river of day was born,
And the shadows of the mountains
Marched backward from the dawn,"

that they led the brave old Athenian out to die.
The life beyond was so real to those early
Christians that death seemed a very little
thing, and Dionysius smiled as he looked at
the block and headman's sword. Then turning
to Marcian, who sat impassive, an arm-
ored statue upon his horse, he said smilingly:

"So thou art going to try to kill me. Well
thou canst—if thou canst. It will not be
long before thou shalt know that it was im-
possible to 'join death with a fate meant for
me.'"

Then he looked round at the sunlight
landscape, and for an instant there was re-
gret in his eyes, for the world seemed too
fair to leave. Then raising his hands he
cried:

"O Gaul, Gaul, I would have lived for
thee, but as it is, may my blood be holy water
unto thee, baptizing thee in the faith of
the One God, who is Life, Love, and Light,
the Holy Trinity."

The executioner came near him, but gently
signing the man back he knelt down, and
gladly as he had lived, so gladly he died, lay-
ing down his life for his friends,—Dionysius
the Areopagite,—to be honored by Christendom
forever as St. Dennis of France.

Marcian picked up the severed head as it
rolled on the ground, and looked at the half-
shut eyes that still seemed to smile, then he
said:

"Give the body to his friends. The head I
will keep until after their holy day."

As the secret meetings of the Christians
were usually held before dawn on the first
day of the week, it was a little after mid-
night of the seventh, when Marcian went into
the large new-built chamber, which mindful
of Dionysius's directions he had chosen for
the test.

Martin was waiting for him there, wearing
the long white robes of his office, for true to
his ideas of honor, Marcian had been careful
to give the men he accused of being frauds
every chance in this trial for their lives.

However, Martin had asked for very little,
and his preparations were of the simplest,—
a low couch across the corner of the room,
with a black curtain,—now drawn back,—in
front of it. Also he had asked for six of his
friends, three men and three women, to be
sent for, and they now came into the cham-
ber. Last of all, Antipas, who had not been
allowed to see or communicate with any
Christian since his trial, was brought in.

Gravely the Christians saluted each other
with a kiss on the forehead. Then Antipas
laid down on the couch, and Marcian locked
fetters on his hands and feet, then fastening
them to the couch he, keeping the keys in his
hand, went to where a seat was placed for
him by the door.

The others all sat on the floor in a half circle
facing the couch, men and women alterna-
tely,—the women as was their custom at such
meetings, having their heads covered by their
mantles. The lights were then removed, ex-
cept one small lamp on the floor beside the
couch, and they all waited silently in the
shadowed room.

Marcian watched them curiously. He had
been a listener to the last conversation of
Dionysius with Martin, and he knew that the
deacon would rather have suffered anything
than consent to the Mysteries being profaned
by the eyes of an outsider. It was only the
old philosopher's positive command, and his
assurance that Marcian was really open to
enlightenment, that had made him give way.
The other Christians came at the deacon's
bidding, while Antipas, who though possess-
ing what the Church regarded as a great gift,
had not the smallest reverence for it on any-
thing else, and was quite willing to aid in
any sacrilege that might save the community
at the villa,—Dionysius's friends.

Then a soldier entered with a brazen pot
filled with common wine—weak vinegar fla-
vored with turpentine—and a thick, flat cake
of unleavened bread. These he handed at
Marcian's command to Martin, and withdrew.
The deacon then stood up, his robe showing
whitely against the dark folds of the drawn
curtain, and raising the bread in both hands
he broke it, repeating solemnly the words,
more than understood, and more fought over
than perhaps any others that have been
spoken:

"The Lord Jesus Christ, the same night in
which He was betrayed, took bread; and
when He had given thanks, He broke it, and
said:

"Take, eat. This is my Body,
Broken for you.
This do in remembrance of Me!"

In solemn silence the bread was passed
round the circle, each eating a small part.
Then Martin raised the wine cup, saying:
"In a like manner He took the cup and said:

"This cup is the new testament
In My blood.
This do ye, as oft as ye drink,
In remembrance of Me!"

As the wine passed round the circle, Mar-
cian, who was watching Antipas, saw that he
had either fallen asleep or into a trance, and
Martin drew the curtain noiselessly before
him, and resumed his seat on the floor, while
the circle began to chant softly to some
strange Eastern air:

"By the Bread of Thy life on earth,
Honest, and sweet, and true;
By the wine of Thy deathless love,
Which maketh all things new.

"We have taken the Bread for our sign,
We have worked for and trusted men;
We have thought of the Sacred Wine,
And given our love to them."

There was a pause, then swaying slowly
from side to side, and going through the mo-
tions of clapping their hands in unison, though
without making a sound, they chanted,

"To the love enthroned on high
Must the love in us reply
Ere we can death's power defy.

"Ere we know as we are known,
Ere we see and touch our own,
We must live for love alone.

"Love, for Thee we wait tonight,
Love, turn darkness into light,
Love, bring hidden things to sight."

There was a sudden hush, for the black
curtain was raised from within, and a white
draped figure stood before the circle.
Marcian leant forward eagerly; it was An-
tipas of course, he told himself, and the long
dark hair and the half tender, half mocking
eyes were unmistakably those of his young
prisoner. Yet by what impossible magic had
he made his face so emphatically feminine,
and so ethereally beautiful that against his
will the soul of the governor was awed with-
in him.

A low murmur of "Myria," went round the
circle, but the sweet vision did not seem to
heed. Silently she stepped out into the centre,
and Marcian saw that she wore across her
breast a spray of snowy lilies and a golden
palmetto emblem of maidenhood and martyr-
dom. And on her head was a crown of stars,
so bright that the whole chamber was illu-
minated by their light.

Gravely smiling she looked from one to
another round her, but she did not speak nor
go very near to anyone. Once her great dark
eyes met those of Marcian's for an instant,
and the man was afraid—he knew not why.

Then she raised her hands above her head,
interlacing the fingers, and from between
them flowers came—great white roses and
blue violets, the flowers that Antipas loved—
and floated slowly down to the hands of the
people. None came to Marcian, but he
reached out after a white rose that was float-
ing near and caught it. It was a great, sweet
damp-petaled thing, but he flung it down im-
patiently and sprang to his feet angrily deter-
mined to expose and stop this "jugglery," be-
fore it bewitched him against his will.

Martin half rose as the Roman seemed
about to enter the circle, but a swift sign
from Myria made him resume his seat and
Marcian stood still, held by those wonderful
spirit eyes.

Then she stepped back and obeying a se-
cond sign from her hands Martin rose and
drew the curtain, showing Antipas still en-
tranced and chained to his couch. Myria
knelt down beside him, stroking his hair with
hands from which flowers still came, though
now they were sprays of myrtle—the sweet-
scented blossoms that the lovely child-dancer
of Ephesus had chosen to wear, until the
people called her after them—Myrtlene. And
then she began to write with her long white
finger on his forehead—and Marcian stood still.

Then above Antipas's head he saw a star,
looking as though it might have drifted away
from Myria's crown, and it grew steadily
larger and brighter until he saw that it was
the head of a pillar of luminous white vapor,
which gradually thickened and took the
shape of a man's body, with the golden palm
of martyrdom held in the left hand. Then the
star above it suddenly broke in a blaze
of glory and Marcian looked into the face of
Dionysius.

The terrifying splendor passed as quickly
as it came, and composed and natural as on
the morning when he had walked to his
death, Dionysius stepped round the body of
his entranced friend, smiling down at the
angel girl still busy writing her messages on
his forehead, and crossed the circle to where
Marcian stood.

Look, gesture, and smile were the same as
in life, but the soldier shrank back from the
proffered hand and Dionysius laughed,—his
old, amused, indulgent laugh.

"Art thou satisfied yet, my friend?" he
asked, in his soft, yet ringing voice.

Marcian collected himself with an effort and
held out his hand which the other took in-
stantly and kept in strong, warm grasp,
while he looked into Marcian's face with
keen, kind eyes.

"Thou wilt keep thy word," he said at last,
"and I bid thee welcome, my friend—my
brother."

And even as Marcian looked at him and
held his hand, his form seemed to grow misty,
and before his eyes it slowly dissolved, a
hand remaining flesh until the body was only
a faint, light cloud, when it too suddenly was
not.

Marcian looked round him,—Myria had
vanished also, leaving nothing but a pale
glow which still played on her brother's fore-
head and the flowers that filled the room with
fragrance.

"Antipas," said Martin, as the two rode
homeward together, "are we not brothers,
and can I not help thee with this trouble,
whose shadow I see in thine eyes?"

Antipas glanced at him impatiently, then he
said coldly: "Thou hast of course no sor-
rows of thy own, my good 'brother,' to be so
ready to find out other people's."

"I thought it seemed a time to rejoice,"
answered Martin meekly, "seeing that Mar-
cian has become one of us in so far that he
will not again strive to enforce the edict,
and it is probable that our dear father, Di-
onysius, will be the first and last martyr in
the empire beyond the Alps, in this second
persecution, for Nerva who hath authority over
these provinces is a wise and just man, and
will not interfere with his officers who guard
their posts faithfully. And I ask thy pardon
for trying to intrude upon some sorrow thy
soul can only share with her Lover, God."

Ashamed of his irritation, Antipas answered
with impulsive frankness, "I am worried
more than troubled. Marcian, if any man
could advise me it is thou. Thou dost know
Myria, my sister?"

"I have seen her with thee."

"When I was a young child it was her
habit to come to my chamber and write on
my forehead, and I could always read what

she wrote as quickly as she could write it.
Now, though I never see her, I can feel her
presence, and yesterday morning she wrote a
message which I do not quite understand."

"He paused, while Martin waited, then went
on, speaking more to himself than his com-
panion:

"There was a letter waiting for me to
read, she said. And over and over again she
wrote, 'Myrtlene, sweet Myrtlene, my own
dear sister with the violet eyes.' And the
only flowers she left me were myrtle blos-
soms, which Myrtlene always wore until I
bade her crown herself with the violets of my
Athena, for my sake, and because they matched
her eyes. And since then I believe the poor
child hath worn no other flowers."

Martin was wisely silent, and they went on
to the villa where a letter was handed to An-
tipas addressed to Dionysius and sealed with
the seal of Milo, prefect of Ephesus.

With a sudden, sharp realization of his
friend's leaving them, Antipas opened the
letter and read the words written for the
eyes of the dead.

"Milo unto his beloved friend Dionysius,
sendeth greeting:

"Dear Beloved,—Pardon me that I do not
answer thy letter regarding the phenomenon
thou hast noticed regarding the moon. The
study of the heavens is generally most inter-
esting to me, but just now all my thoughts are
claimed by phenomena concerning this earth
we live on.

"My friend, I have sinned a sin—which is
bad, and made a mistake—which is worse,
and I desire thy pardon for the first and thy
help to undo the second.

"Thou hast not forgotten the girl Myrtlene?
Wilt thou pardon me for believing that she
stayed behind in Ephesus for love of the
'world'? And for sending her certain mes-
sages? (which she ignored.)

"Then when my royal madman sent to this
city, and many of thy people were taken,
together with John whom ye call the Beloved,
Myrtlene was arrested also. The prisoners
were sent to Rome, some to be given to the
beasts, and others with John to the mines of
Iatmos. But the girl I managed to keep,
intending her for myself.

"Well, I made love to her and she looked
at me in a way that showed me I would gain
as much satisfaction by embracing an icicle
as herself, so, not being a Roman with a
man for rape and murder, I let the mix go,
though I told her it was a choice between my
kisses and a lion's teeth.

"Dionysius, my feelings are hurt; think of
it! She deliberately chose the claws of some
mangy old lion in preference to my caresses,
I, Milo the elegant!

"Of course I had as much intention of really
giving her to the lions as I have of jumping
down into the arena myself, but thou know-
est the beauty of these laws of our dear
loved emperor, and the only way I could set
the girl free was by putting her into the arena
and so arranging things that the people—as
they can do—pardon her."

"So after much thought I decided to have a
partial performance of 'Prometheus' with
Myrtlene as Io; to be followed by the 'Mask
of Amphidrite,' with our lovely dancer in the
title role. I felt assured that if she acted
as I knew she could, the people would par-
don her on the spot. So the advertisements
of the games were out and then, imagine my
consternation, when while condescending to
take the part of the heroine in 'Eschylus's
masterpiece,' she absolutely refused to dance
as Amphidrite.

"Dionysius, thou knowest the people, and
what they will demand when a dancing girl
dares to refuse to minister to their pleas-
ure, and I implore thee to write and com-
mand her to submit. What if the thing is
'sin'? Her god were meaner than man if he
refused her pardon under the circumstances.
And if he must punish somebody for it, tell
him to send his thunder bolt along to me.
Seriously, I would rather do anything than
leave her to the 'mercy' (?) of those smiling
fiends I rule.

"I will hold the girl somehow until the time
for the return of a letter from thee.

—Thy careworn friend,

Milo."

(To be continued.)

Dr. Wilder's Paragraphs.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Very likely some readers of the Banner
have felt themselves neglected, because their
favorite journal has not been invaded by my
lucubrations. In such case, the publication
of this serial will disturb their repose. Never-
theless, I have several things to tell, and trust
that they will bear them now. As these re-
late to "a variety of topics," there is perhaps
no better way than to take them up one by
one, with as little incongruity as can well be.

First of all, I will congratulate the editor
upon his safe return to the tripod. It is
much to live, to be in health, to have one's
work before him, and in good condition to
perform. Let us trust that he does not
find his vicar or substitute so far recent as
to have made the Banner "preach any other
gospel." (Galatians i, 6, 9.) Then that in
his late retreat, that he has recuperated, till
like Antaeus he has regained strength from
the bosom of Mother Earth, till he is able as
well as brave enough to grapple with Her-
acles. Then let one chase a thousand. He
will soon enough find occasion for all the
energy, courage, aye, and even discretion that
he possesses.

Where to begin. I love to praise, but
oftener than I like find occasion to point out
faults. It is pleasant also to indicate ad-
vances in knowledge which may exalt and
benefit all mankind—at least extending the
growth of intelligence.

The explorations of radium are of this na-
ture. It seems to be everywhere, yet has
been obtained only in minute quantities. It
can emit light, heat, actinism, and power in-
definitely, and yet lose nothing in weight or
dimension. Are we approaching the begin-
nings of creation? Are we near the point
where what we call matter is no longer a
physical thing, but only force, dynamic and
negative, perhaps, but yet a spiritual some-
thing? Are we where it enters the circle of
creation from the mind of the Great Artificer,
and perhaps where it returns from the round
of universal activity to pass back into the
One?

It is deep—too deep it may be; yet I love
to contemplate such subjects. With it comes
one more assurance: that I came myself from
that infinite and that therefore I must return
thither. Nothing may be lost; were a human
soul to perish, God himself would thereby
lose somewhat of his own completeness.

Our Presbyterian friends have taken quite
a long step toward God. They have laid
down the more repulsive aspects of the West-
minster Confession. Henceforth he who
"hath freely ordained whatever cometh to
pass," compels no one to bear the penalty
for any sin but his own; and the infants
dying in infancy are henceforth all of them
included in the election of grace—whatever
that may be. It took much effort to achieve
all this, but it has been successfully accom-
plished.

The Reformed Church has also taken a
wise step. The General Synod has recently
voted to leave the word "obey" out of the
woman's response in the marriage service.
This may be a concession to the Women's

Rights movement; still I find the concept in
the sayings of Koheleth: "Better is it that
thou shouldst not vow, than that thou
shouldst vow and not pay." (Ecclesiastes vi,
5.) Next time the Synod will try its hand at
the Divorce Question, endeavoring to weld
together indissolubly by ecclesiastic ham-
mering those couples whom God has not joined
together.

Doctor-craft, the later form of American
priest-craft, is undergoing varied experiences.
Laws are made to give business to lawyers
as we all learn. Nevertheless courts and
prosecuting attorneys are becoming aware
that to practice the healing art successfully,
without a license from an examining board
is not a crime. Indeed few are ever prose-
cuted, or more correctly, persecuted, except
those so poor and unfriended that they can-
not defend and protect themselves. A prose-
cuting attorney here in "the Jerseys" declares
that practicing without a license is no crime,
adding that all doctors are law-breakers and
abortionists alike. This is going too far: if
he had stopped part way it would be true.
Why would medical students be prosecuted,
and members of Legislatures paid for report-
ing and enacting them, except that certain in-
dividuals wish to be protected? Upright men
need no such protection. The medical stat-
utes in the several states have been enacted
many times, because the enacting was bought
through.

The recent judicial decision in Boston on
Vaccination has a curious look to it. We can
all go unvaccinated by paying our \$5.00 and
costs. It is somewhat analogous to the Con-
scription act in the Civil War. The man who
drew the prize at the marshal's lottery could
get off by paying \$300.

I often heard a story told when living in
Western New York which has some resem-
blance to this, except in outcome and word.
There was in the earlier years of the Nine-
teenth Century, a very general purpose to en-
force the law forbidding work or traveling
on Sunday. The penalty was a fine of
seventy-five cents. A number of Yankees
were riding through a village in the Upper
Mohawk Valley. The region was inhabited
by descendants of the Dutch colonists, and
they had inherited intense antipathy to "Yan-
kees."

The justice of the peace was of the num-
ber. He promptly stopped the two law-
breakers and demanded the payment of the fine.
They proposed in turn that he should give a
receipt for payment which might serve them
as a pass to pursue their way without further
molestation. This appeared equitable to the
astute Dutchman. The document was made
out in English, which he was not able to read.
He signed it, took the money, and they four-
eaved on. Some time afterwards a mercantile
house at the principal town of the region de-
manded payment of a large bill. He disputed
it and they exhibited the paper. He soon
recognized it and cried out, "That damned
Yankee pass!"

Our stalwart friend, Dr. S. B. Munn of
Waterbury, Conn., has been rejoicing over a
little success of his in his own bailiwick. On
the second of June a session was held of the
criminal side of the District Court. The
prosecuting attorney called up the case of
John Sanford, who had been arrested for vio-
lation of the vaccination law in refusing to
be vaccinated. He asked Judge Crowell for
an opinion. "I think it would be an unnece-
sary expense to the State to try the case,"
said the judge, "as I am of the opinion that
our law will not compel a man to be vac-
cinated against his will." That ended the case.
What a pity that school children do not have
like immunity.

The State Anti-Compulsory Vaccination
Society did, however, make its mark on the
Legislature of Connecticut. A bill was of-
fered to exempt children, and had ten to four-
teen yeas in its favor in the House of
Representatives. But the Senators were domi-
nated by an old-school doctor, and so the
measure was not reported. But the headway
this already made has nerved the anti-vacci-
nationists to new effort. They now mean to
evangelize the State. If they could smash
the State Board of Health, the whole victory
would be gained. It is a costly body and a
useless one.

I do not occupy myself much with politics.
It seems to me that the party in power knows
that it ought to do right, and generally does
wrong, and that the other party, if party it
can be called, does not care a stiver whether
it is right or wrong, if only it can get into
power. So my attitude is that of the negro.
His minister was setting before the congrega-
tion the way of life. "There is the broad
way," said he, "it leads to destruction. Then
there is the straight gate and narrow path
which leads right on straight to perdition."
The sable auditor nestled restlessly in his
seat, the declaration fell on his ear. "This
nigger," he cried, "is going to take to the
woods."

The President with a rigor really manly
and his Postmaster-General are at work with
the Post Office Department. They have a
job to do, and must do it thoroughly or go
under. King Angelus has a stable where he
had kept his cattle thirty years without
cleaning. Hercules undertook the task, drain-
ing the man through it. Mr. Roosevelt's stam-
ble has been accumulating dirt much longer
than thirty years, and he can do no better
than to wash out everything as clean as an
old Hun would destroy a city.

Letter from W. J. Colville.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Now that my editorial contributions have
passed into history, I feel that I must still
occasionally address my numerous friends
who read and prize the Banner though in a
less official manner, and as I find interesting
scraps of information on various topics usu-
ally of greatest interest to the general reader,
I shall undertake in this letter to draw
largely on my newest scrap book.

SUGGERY SENSATION
Patient Hypnotized for Amputation.

For the first time, it seems, in the history
of surgery in England, hypnotic suggestion
has just taken the place of ordinary anaes-
thetics in the performance of a serious op-
eration. The experiment was made by Dr.
Frank Aldrich, of Mount Pleasant Lane,
Clapton, on Wednesday, June 3, the subject
being a lady of 38, who lay in a hypnotic
state while her leg was amputated. The
story is recounted by the "Express," the doc-
tor having been induced, with great difficulty,
to give a history of the remarkable opera-
tion. "Two weeks ago," he said, "I was sent
for by the patient. I found her suffering
from a disease in the region of the ankle,
which took the form of ulcers. A bone had
been removed in a previous operation, and
she had suffered great pain for several years
and had been in a very low state. She had
been told that only amputation would save
her life, but she dreaded chloroform, and it
was evident to me that chloroform in her
case was inadvisable. The patient had heard
of some of my cases, and was anxious
that I should hypnotize her and perform the
operation. Her father gave his consent."
The doctor having described some prelimi-
nary experiments, proceeds: "Last Saturday

night I put the patient to sleep about eleven
o'clock. She was rolled in blankets and car-
ried to the special room. Her bed was taken
to pieces and put together in the new quar-
ters, and, although a great deal of noise was
made, the patient heard nothing. When I
aroused her she was naturally greatly aston-
ished at finding herself in a strange room.
Again, on Wednesday morning I hypnotized
her, and suggested to her that when she
awoke she would feel no sensation whatever
in the knee. When I brought her to, I tested
the knee severely, and she experienced no
feeling. At four o'clock in the afternoon I
again hypnotized her without warning her
that the operation was to take place. She
was then lifted from the bed to the operating
table. Meanwhile, a surgeon from a hospi-
tal and my partner had arrived. They began
the operation at 4.50, and completed it at
5.15. I awakened the patient at
5.30. During the operation I told the patient
that her leg was being taken off below the
knee.

SHE LAUGHED AND SAID, "ALL RIGHT:
hold my hand." She gripped my hand hard
when the nerve was severed. To the average
person she might have appeared conscious the
whole time. When she awoke she said, "I feel
pins and needles." There were absolutely no
symptoms of shock. Her pulse and her tem-
perature were perfectly normal and are so to-
day. She ate a hearty meal after the opera-
tion, at six o'clock."

Dr. Aldrich was attached to Charing Cross
Hospital for some years, and only started
practice in Clapton three years ago. He has
studied hypnotism seriously for less than
three years, and a year ago he treated as
many as twelve patients in one room at the
same time. Hypnotism as a science has made
little progress in England, owing to the vast
prejudice against it, arising chiefly, it is said,
from fraudulent hypnotic "entertainments"
and the dangers which attend its practice in
the hands of the unscrupulous. Dr. Aldrich is
of opinion that legislation is needed to prevent
anyone but qualified medical practitioners from
experimenting with hypnotism. In France
there are established schools of hypnotism,
both in Paris and at Nancy, and many minor
surgical operations are performed under
hypnotic influence; but it is believed that no
authenticated case of amputation of the leg
is known.

The above remarkable citation has ap-
peared in more than one influential London
newspaper and is still exciting much com-
ment in medical as well as in other circles.
Such narrations of actual fact do certainly go
far to prove that the suggestive treatment,
no matter by what name it may be called, is
practically limitless. The medical profession
in Great Britain is, as a whole, a conserva-
tive body, but there are very many liberal
lights adorning it. As to the proposition
which is by no means a new one, to arbit-
rarily restrict the practice of hypnotism,
there are grave difficulties in the way of such
accomplishment, and one of the chief of these
is that hypnotic power is by no means con-
fined to qualified physicians and it is by no
means demonstrable that all doctors and sur-
geons are better qualified morally than other
people to use suggestion wisely.

The dangers of hypnotism are often greatly
exaggerated and what adds needless con-
fusion to a discussion of the merits of the
question in general is the difficulties of al-
ways determining exactly where hypnotism is
differentiable from simple suggestive practice
which may be classed as non-hypnotic. If
hypnotism simply means a state of sleep, no
rational objection can be taken to it, but if
it means the overriding of one will by another,
then it is but fair to protest and advocate a
nobler method. In the case just cited there
seems certainly to be no violation of the
sanctity of individual freedom as the woman
hypnotized was of mature age and her
father's wish coincided with her own, and
also with that of the doctor. Three wills
were then acting definitely in concert and the
three fold power was decidedly a strong one.
Investigation in the fascinating field of psycho-
therapeutics is aiming to break down many
an old time barrier between different schools
of thought and practice which though wrong
theoretically have always been practically in
very considerable agreement.

WORK IN BRIGHTON.

When I was a child living at that large and
fashionable watering place my attention was
called to Spiritualism in 1874, through the ef-
fective work accomplished through the agency
of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond. From time
to time speakers on various advanced lines have
visited Brighton and the seed once sown has
never been entirely neglected

Old Boston Churches.

The old Brattle Street Church was occupied for a time by the troops of Gen. Gage, and during that time it was struck by a cannon-ball that came flying over from Cambridge.

King's Chapel, at the corner of School and Tremont streets, was standing at the time of the revolution, but it was not completed until the year 1789, when Washington once attended a service here and gave five guineas toward paying for the completion of the work. To this ancient edifice belongs the distinction of having the first church organ ever heard in New England. This was in the year 1712.

Old Christ Church in Cambridge, completed in 1761, sheltered the continental troops for a time, and Washington also attended service in this church. Many noted men of the days of long ago lie in the cemetery of Christ Church. It was near this church that Washington took command of the American army on the third day of July in the year 1775. The old elm under which he stood at the time is the most honored landmark in Cambridge.

Campmeetings for 1903.

Lily Dale, N. Y., City of Light Assembly—July 8 to Sept. 2.

Freenville, N. Y.—Aug. 1 to 16.

Onset, Mass.—July 12 to Aug. 30.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.—Aug. 2 to 31.

Saugus Centre, Mass.—June 7 to Sept. 27.

Moverland Park, Mass.—June 7 to Sept. 27.

Ocean Grove, Mass.—July 12 to 28.

Verona Park, Me.—Aug. 1 to 31.

Temple Heights, Me.—Aug. 14 to 23.

Etta, Me.—Aug. 28 to Sept. 6.

Madison, Me.—Sept. 1 to 13.

Queen City Park, Vt.—July 26 to Sept. 6.

Snappee, N. H.—Aug. 2 to 30.

Niantic, Conn.—June 21 to Sept. 6.

Island Lake, Mich.—July 19 to Aug. 30.

Grand Lodge, Mich.—July 24 to Aug. 23.

Briggs Park, Mich.—July 4 to Aug. 30.

Forest Home, Mich.—Aug. 1 to 23.

Waukegan, Wis.—July 17 to Aug. 17.

Waukegan, Wis.—Aug. 13 to 30.

Ottawa, Kansas—July 30 to Aug. 9.

Winfield, Kansas—July 3 to 13.

Franklin, Neb.—July 17 to Aug. 2.

St. Pleasant Park, Iowa—Aug. 2 to 30.

Marshalltown, Iowa—Aug. 23 to Sept. 13.

Chesterfield, Ind.—July 16 to Aug. 30.

New Era, Oregon—July 4 to 20.

Belmont Park, Ill.—July 1 to Sept. 1.

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is Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine. It is not merely a relief. It permanently cures any kind of a case of constipation, no matter of how long standing. It is not a purgative nor an irritant cathartic. These simply lash and hurt the bowels, and bring but temporary relief. The condition left behind is worse than the first. Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine does just the opposite. It is a tonic laxative of the highest order. It tones, strengthens and gives new life and vigor to the bowels. Only one small dose a day removes all the causes of the trouble, and leaves the bowels well and able to move themselves without the aid of medicines. It cures dyspepsia, kidney and liver troubles, indigestion, headaches, catarrh of the stomach, and all other diseases and conditions growing out of a clogged condition of the system. Try it free. A sample bottle for the asking. Vernal Remedy Co., 120 Seneca Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

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Briefs.

The First Spiritualist Society of Lowell held its usual services Sunday, June 23, at Earnscliffe Grove, Chelmsford St., the speaker being Mrs. Katie M. Ham of Haverhill, Mass. She gave a very many spirit messages, all of which gave the best of satisfaction. We had with us many out of town friends. They were from Nashua, Chelsea, Haverhill and Wilmington.

The annual meeting of the Worcester Association of Spiritualists was held Wednesday evening, July 1, at the residence of President Woodbury C. Smith. These officers were elected for the ensuing year: Woodbury C. Smith, president; Miss Mary E. Adams, vice-president; Mrs. Hattie E. Sherwood, secretary; George H. Wood, treasurer; directors, Mrs. L. H. Harrington, Mrs. H. J. Newhall, Miss Florence Nichols, Miss Emma Atwood, Chas. Nichols, H. J. Newhall, James Ray.

The annual meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary to the W. A. of S. was held Wednesday, June 17, at the residence of the president, Mrs. Harriet W. Hildreth. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Mrs. Geo. H. White, president; Miss Florence Nichols, vice-president; Miss M. Lizzie Beals, secretary; Miss Mary E. Adams, treasurer. M. Lizzie Beals, cor. sec., 329 Park Ave., Worcester, Mass.

Elmira, N. Y.—It has been some time since there has been anything reported from the Church of the First Spiritualist Unity Society of Elmira, N. Y., although the work is going on steadily as heretofore; the semi-monthly suppers and socials still holding interest, as are the truths voiced from the rostrum through the inspiration of Mrs. von Kanzler.

During the months of July and August the church will be closed, allowing the pastor and members the privilege of visiting the spiritual camps and having a period of recuperation preparatory to the session beginning Sept. 6 for another year.

There are those among the readers of your paper, especially among the older workers, who will remember the old-time Spiritualist, Mrs. Wm. Hatch, whose home was, at one time, called "The Mediums' Home," because of the hospitality given mediums coming to this city, in that home.

Saturday, June 27, being the eighty-first anniversary of her advent into mortal form, a goodly number of friends met in kindly greeting at her home in the afternoon, bringing with them a goodly supply of the viands which supply the physical demands, also a purse for further needs.

Supper was served at six o'clock and after supplying the physical needs, there was a spiritual feast of messages and descriptions of the unseen loved ones who were present also partaking of the enjoyment of the occasion, by Sister von Kanzler and other mediums present, making it a memorable event which will linger through all time with those present.

After an evening of enjoyment the guests departed, thanking the hostess and wishing her continued happiness for the time to come. Louise E. Zimmerman, sec.

Report of the Malden Spiritual Association, Odd Fellows Hall, Malden Square, for the month of April, May and June. Many out of town mediums and lecturers have honored our platform, among whom are Mrs. F. Alyn of Stoneham, a noted lecturer, Mrs. B. W. Belcher of Marlboro, Mrs. S. E. Hall of Cambridge, Dr. Greenwood of Cambridge, Mrs. Williams of London, England, and many others who did grand work, pleasing the large, intelligent audiences.

Mrs. Munroe, several times by special request, has occupied the platform and thrown many wonderful ballad readings and predictions.

These successful meetings are now closed for the summer, to be opened again the first Sunday in September.

The president wishes to thank all those worthy mediums who honored the platform the past winter, also the Banner for the space so kindly given.

Waverley Home, July 28, 1903.—"I am eighty-three years old," said a sweet faced old lady to me today. "I live in Dorchester and it is quite a task for me to come out here. My physical infirmities are pressing hard upon me, but I love to come. You sing and you speak of the world that I must soon enter. You portray in such a hopeful, cheerful manner the beautiful world to come, that my heart is uplifted, and even by poor material body responds to the happy thoughts of my soul. My pains leave me. I am renewed in strength and in hope and grateful in my heart my heavenly father gives me strength to be among you."

This spontaneous utterance from a dear old lady of eighty-three years, whose sweet, sad face, lighted up in a halo of enthusiasm, while she was telling me these things, impressed me so much that the thought came instantly, "What a tremendous power is here in Spiritualism, for doing good if only wisely and intelligently used!"

The erratic manner in which Spiritualism has been presented in many places has caused no end of confusion and disappointment, but the power remains with us, as spirits in the body, of conferring great blessings upon our fellows. If we will; to will, and to act, solves all earthly problems.

We had a fine large attendance here today. Vice-President, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, presided and gave a very interesting address. Mrs. Harding gave a reading. Mrs. Burbeck messages, as did also Mrs. S. E. Hall, Mrs. Banks Scott and Mrs. Ott. The circles on the lawn were in charge of Mrs. Belcher, Mrs. S. E. Hall, Mrs. Scott, and Mrs. Jackson, of Waltham. J. H. Lewis.

This summer course of lectures was continued June 28, by Mr. George A. Porter, whose subject was "Spiritualism as a Religion." The guides affirm a broad and universal structure, including the truth and good found in all creeds or sects. Spiritualism is an ideal religion in that it awakens the realization of the Godhead within, and also proves immortality, not by any demonstration, but by strengthening the growth of soul-consciousness. The power of every mortal in any condition or sphere, to help spiritualize humanity, and bring Spiritualism to its proper recognition, was emphasized as lying within the use of the great force thought, which is the vitalizing and constructive power, giving mastery over disease and inharmonious, and directed by Love, is the builder both physically and spiritually. The lecture was rich in vital and universal thought. Following a sentence, in which a great many correct messages were given and recognized. Every Sunday evening at 7.45, through the summer.

Potatomo Plant.

An anomaly in grafting, being a plant which is growing first-class potatoes at the roots and bearing fully developed tomatoes at the stalk was brought about by Prof. Green of the Minnesota state school of agriculture, when he cut off the young shoots of a potato vine, making a V-shaped slit in the top, into which he inserted a freshly clipped young tomato plant, bound the joint with straw and supported it by long rods. Nature did the rest.

The tomato drew sustenance from the earth through the roots of the potato, and in return furnished what was required in the way of the action of light and air upon its own leaves to its adopted roots.

The plant is now three months old. On pushing aside the earth several fairly developed potatoes are shown, each a trifle larger than a large hen's egg. From the vines a half dozen tomatoes are hanging, in different stages of maturity. Several have ripened and the others promise to do so as well.

The tomato vine loses its identity at the place where the graft was made. There are no leaves at all suggestive of the potato. The vine is fully three feet high.—New York Herald.

Don't Lie Awake Nights.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate taken just before retiring quiets the nerves, nourishes the body and induces refreshing sleep. It supplies the needed brain and nerve food.

Spiritualism; A Secular Newspaper's View.

WHAT IS THERE IN SPIRITUALISM?

There are some very bright men, and good scientific thinkers, who believe in Spiritualism, in the possibility of intercourse with people who have died here and gone to a realm which seems to us most vague and shadowy. Men of the grade of Sir William Crookes, Sir Oliver Lodge and Alfred Russel Wallace are not to be sneered at. They are steeped in the scientific method, and believe what their senses and logic tell them is true. We are not among the believers in Spiritualism; the position of doubt and inquiry becomes him who has never seriously and scientifically investigated "spirit" phenomena. But we must give respectful hearing when Dr. Wallace, the connoisseur with Darwin of the doctrine of natural selection, avers that "there is something in it." He has published a revised and enlarged edition of his "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism" and relates how he began to be attracted to the study of such phenomena as table-tipping, rappings, ghosts, telepathy, etc. He was in early life, and till, indeed, forty years of age, a sceptic as to all forms of spiritual or superhuman existence. "I was," he says, "so thorough and confirmed a materialist that I could not at that time find a place in my mind for the conception of spiritual existence, or for any other agencies in the universe but matter and force." But he began to study hypnotism and became aware of "mysteries connected with the human mind which modern science ignored because it could not explain." It was in 1852, on returning to England after twelve years passed in the tropics gathering material which threw light on the evolutionary theory of the origin of the species that he resolved to give careful study to the facts alleged by the Spiritualists. His investigation was carefully made, and he came to the important conclusion that he could believe "firstly, in the existence of a number of preter-human intelligences of various grades; and secondly, that some of these intelligences, although usually invisible and intangible to us, can and do act on matter, and do influence our minds."

This belief experience has confirmed, and he asks thoughtful people to study and inquire for the sake of "the noble and satisfying theory of a future like it unfolds." Mr. W. E. Garrett Fisher, writing in the London Daily Mail, remarks:

"It is extremely unscientific to suppose that the few natural laws which we have mastered and forces which we have tamed to do our bidding tell the whole story of even our tiny corner of the infinite universe, and all the 'miracles' of the Spiritualists may be as purely dependent on natural laws as the steam-engine or the circulation of the blood. But, whichever way one puts it, it is clear

that there is an excellent case for the scientific study of 'Spiritualism.'"

The universe is now known to be the scene of the operation of forces marvelous beyond all imagination, and man is only beginning to be acquainted, superficially, with a few of them. As these forces and their effects begin to be understood, many things that now puzzle the Crookes, the Lodges and the Wallaces may be made clear. A higher Spiritualism may come to be accepted, something very different from the "rappings" and "knockings" and commonplace "table-tippings," which have caused so many sensible people to turn their faces away from Spiritualists and all their works.—Mexican Herald.

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

Change in Methodist Methods Suggested.

The radical propositions which a General Conference Committee of Methodists North set forth about reorganization of benevolence and educational work have, contrary to expectation, produced no stir among Methodist whatever. Interest in the matter, if it exists, fails to provoke discussion, save among Methodist leaders. Many of them believe there should be created, as is proposed, a board of Foreign Missions. At present there is confusion about appeals, and friends of home missions declare they get little show. Some favor throwing the tract publications into the hands of the Book Concern, and almost all of the leaders see the wisdom of combining the educational work. There is wide demand on the part of Methodist churches for fewer appeals. Benevolence is increasing in amount, but the method of obtaining it is objected to strenuously, and there are loud cries for reform.

Why It Pops.

Finally a scientific sharp comes to our rescue and in Science explains the phenomenon of the popping of popcorn in an extremely lucid and interesting manner. The learned gentleman says:

"The starch polygons are of such nature and construction as to facilitate expansion and render it explosive in character; there is a fracture of a particle along its two radii, the endosperm swelling very considerably, the peripheral portions cohering with the hull, but the fractured quarters turning back to meet below the embryo."

And there you are. Deliciously simple, isn't it?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

For Over Sixty Years

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

Love Versus Greed.

He was only a common little mongrel cur of no particular breed, but he was evidently dear to the heart of the colored boy who held him by a piece of rope on Tenth St., below Chestnut, says the Philadelphia Record. They were curled up together on a cellar door, where they could sniff the odors from the subterranean kitchen of a restaurant, when an inebriated individual came along, stopped and began to pat the dog. "What a fine mongrel hound," remarked the inebriate. "Is for sale?" "No, sah," replied the boy, hugging the dog closely to his breast. "I'll give you a quarter for him." "No, sah," very resolutely. "Fifty cents." "No, sah." The man went down into his pocket and pulled out a dollar bill, which he flashed before the boy's eyes. "I'll give you that for him," he said. The boy's eyes bulged out of his head. A dollar to him was the acme of wealth. He had probably never had a whole dollar in his life. A greedy lust shone in his eyes. Mechanically he took the money and handed over the dog. The man staggered down the street, pulling the unwilling cur behind him. The boy stood on the cellar door, looking from the bill in his hand to the retreating figure of the man who had purchased his pet. The light had died out of his eyes. The dog refused to go any further and the man kicked him. That settled it. The boy soon overtook them. "Say, mister," he said, "I guess dat dog ain't for sale. Here's yoh dollar." He picked up the dog, gave back the money and ran back to his cellar door with his pet in his arms.

The Gentleman from Everywhere.

"Mark Twain never touched the keynote of our risibilities, and no poet ever drew a reader up near the angels more fully than this new book, 'The Gentleman from Everywhere.' I am delighted, refreshed and inspired by it," writes Judge C. A. Parks, Omaha.

"It is certainly a unique book, fascinating from start to finish, and brimful of valuable information."—Rev. W. S. Davidson, D. D., Supt. of Instruction Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle and Secretary American University, Washington, D. C.

"The whole story is entertaining and instructive, and the varied humorous and panned scenes pass before you with panoramic attraction."—Rev. E. A. Horton, D. D., in Every Other Sunday, Boston.

"The Gentleman from Everywhere" is thoroughly original and spontaneous; it is full of thrilling incident and adventure. The author, Mr. Foss, is a capital story teller; he weaves in an abundance of funny travelers' tales with excellent original and quoted poetry. Every chapter in the book is good. The experiences among the Seminoles in the vast fastnesses of the Everglades; also among the famished of mortals, the Florida Crackers; among the waits of criminal life in the greatest of reformatories, and on the 'political stump' remain most vividly in the reader's memory."—Hon. Frank S. Dingley in the Lewiston Journal.

"The far south and distant west are most delightfully and charmingly pictured. Many humorous stories, descriptions of nature and human nature in out-of-the-way places, and poetical gems are masterfully interwoven in this pleasing narrative."—Editor in Zion's Herald, Boston.

"Vivid description, pathos, humor and poetry abound in this book, and many and varied types of life lend color to the story."—Editor in The Watchman, Boston.

"This story is told with a quaint humor, with an eye for picturesque detail that lends it more than ordinary interest. It is well written, and deserves a wide reading."—Lieut. Gov. Curtis Guild in Commercial Bulletin, Boston.

"This new book, 'The Gentleman from Everywhere,' by James A. Horton, D. D., Boston, has already been sold by the thousands of copies. It has received over 500 commendatory reviews from leading authors and editors, many of which are printed in the publisher's handsome brochure, which we will be pleased to give you. The book is for sale at our office, and will be mailed by us post paid, on receipt of price, \$1.50.

The Reviewer.

The American monthly, the Review of Reviews, opens a new volume with a number which leaves no doubt in the mind of the busy man the international scope of this magazine. The brief debate in Great Britain centering around Mr. Chamberlain's proposals, particularly in their bearings upon the trade relations of Canada, claim editorial attention, as does also the appalling end of the Obrenovitch dynasty in Serbia, presenting as it does to public view the tragical, political condition of Southeastern Europe.

Mr. W. T. Stead's wholesome disclosure of the atrocities perpetrated in the Congo Free state for the benefit of the King of the Belgians, authenticated by an American missionary on the ground, is scathing.

The remarkable immigration of Europeans to the new world during this year opens an interesting field of economic thought by a well based article from the pen of Samuel E. Moffett.

The recent Antarctic expeditions of the Swedish, German, English and Scotch are thoroughly summarized by Cyrus C. Adams. There are a number of distinctively American topics discussed, among them the forest fires of recent occurrence, the past and future of the Erie Canal by M. M. Willner.

As usual all the articles in the Review are timely and so handled as to enable people of limited reading opportunities to become familiar with the moving topics of the world.

THE ARKNA OF JULY

is rich in thought.

The politico-psychological study so called of the city of Philadelphia is certainly scathing to say the least. Whether such personal scathing articles tend to a betterment of political conditions is, of course, an open question. The writer, Theophilus Barker, apparently writes without fear of denial.

Edwin Markham has presented a poem in prose entitled, "The North Star of Conduct," which embodies a principle of beauty so strong it cannot be doubted that it emanates from the anchored soul of the man. It is an article of few words but contains a volume.

The ghost stories by Amy Rich are always interesting to those pursuing these lines of investigation and who is he in the progress of the world who is not? Deep down in the solitude of the soul of every thinking man and woman lives the longing desire for truth, although hidden by many for fear of ridicule. We get truth in a measure in these authenticated records.

Anyone looking thoughtfully into the subject of the corruption of government by corporations will no doubt be deeply interested in the editor's able protest against such conditions as he believes exist.

Boyd Winchester opens his words upon the lust of money by quoting Bishop Potter. Whether we should or should not strive for the dollar I do not quite determine from his article, although there is scarce a sentence in which he does not weigh the importance of the mental, physical and moral need of it. The editor speaks from the heart as well as intellect upon the topics of the times, namely, the battle between democracy and reaction in the German Empire; back to the source of free government; France and the religious orders; the Boston Woman's Socialistic Club; aerial navigation. The Arkna never fails to interest the thinking man.

THE PILGRIM

comes from Michigan dressed in red, a good color not only for shooting, but for the gloomy weather early spring has given us. Its editorial proves that Battle Creek is at least mentally in touch with the world.

Among its articles, all interesting, we find one upon the color line in Chicago. It is fully illustrated and tells a clean story of life, habits, localities. It is from the pen of Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the colored poet and novelist.

The habit of the dressing sack is discussed by Myrtle Reid. Every woman who wears one should read it. All of the features of the Pilgrim are attractive and progressive.

Snake's Power to Fascinate.

Graham Peck, a well-known authority on snakes, was asked his opinion regarding a snake's hypnotic powers. His reply was as follows:

"There is a certain power to fascinate in a snake's eyes and movements. I saw only the other day a typical illustration of the power of a snake to fascinate."

"Over in the pine woods I saw a ground squirrel fascinated by a black gopher snake. The former tongue darted out of the snake's mouth almost as regularly and rapidly as the needle of a sewing machine rises and falls. The squirrel seemed to watch it spellbound. The snake crept slowly nearer. When the gopher snake was within two or three inches of the squirrel it gave a leap and threw three coils about the squirrel. Instantly the spell was gone. The fascination or charm there had been over the little animal was no doubt broken the very moment the serpent's coils were about the squirrel, for the animal gave three convulsive, terrified chirps and realized that its death moment had come."

"I believe implicitly that all snakes have a certain degree of power to fascinate their victims to death. Black snakes, gopher snakes and rattlesnakes have the power to a large degree. Rattlesnakes have the most fascinating power among all the poisonous serpents in the southwest. The indications of charming among poisonous snakes are deceiving sometimes. Poisonous snakes fang their prey once only. The poison does not kill at once. The victim flutters to a branch, it may be, or runs a short distance and stops. The snake watches it. The poison does its deadly work, and the bird falls. As one who comes up, and the bird falls, the attack might be readily deceived into imagining that it was the glance of the snake and not the poison that caused the victim to fall."—Detroit Free Press.

Sugar Cuts Out Bees.

The apary, while his bees buzzed about his head, talked about the decay of the honey trade.

"The invention of sugar," he said, "is what has taken all its importance from honey. The ancients had no sugar, and hence they attributed to honey almost divine qualities, and they prized it above every other sort of food. They even embalmed their dead in it. The bodies of Alexander the Great and King Agassipolis were preserved in honey, but in vain for the preservative effects of the substance are only temporary."

"Ambrosia, the food of the gods, was supposed to consist of a mingling of honey and milk. Aristotle said that honey fell from the air at the rising of the stars. Pliny said it came from the air at daybreak—'whence,' he goes on, 'we find the leaves bedewed with honey when the morning twilight appears, and persons in the open air may feel it in their clothes and hair.'"

"The dew was supposed to contain honey. Hence the term, 'Honey dew.' Bees were revered. Everywhere there were hives. I suppose that 1200 years ago, there were 1,000 bees for every one we have today. Sugar, now, comes to us from the cane and from beets. Hence, daily, the need of honey and the taste of it wane."—Philadelphia Record.

Piso's Cure will cure your cough, relieve soreness of the lungs, and help difficult breathing.

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Is Christ the Corner Stone of Spiritualism? What Do the Spirits Say About It? By Wm. Emmette Coleman and H. H. Tuttle on Mohammed and Jesus. To which is appended a controversy, Arthur J. Owen vs. J. M. Peebles, on the origin of the Lord's Prayer and Sermon on the Mount, and an exhaustive paper by Wm. Emmette Coleman on the Historical Origin of Christianity. Paper, 15 cts.

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And the employment of spirit good and evil in the spirit world. What a hundred spirits say about their dwelling places, their locomotion, their social relations, intus, idles, suicides, etc. Price reduced from \$1.50 to \$1. Postage 15 cts. Paper, 50 cts.

SEERS OF THE AGES.

This large volume of 400 pages (9th edition), treats exhaustively of the seers, sages, prophets and inspired men of the past, with records of their visions, trances and intercourse with the spirit world. This is considered a standard work, treating of God, heaven, hell, faith, repentance, prayer, baptism, judgment, demoniac spirits, etc. Price reduced from \$2 to \$1.25. Postage 15 cts.

SPIRITUAL HARP.

A book of 300 pages, containing songs, hymns and anthems for Spiritualist societies and circles. The words are all with progress. It contains the choicest songs and music by James G. Clark and other reformers. Reduced from \$2 to \$1.25.

DR. PEEBLES' THREE JUBILEE LECTURES.

A most elegantly bound pamphlet of 122 pages, giving Dr. Peebles' lectures delivered in Hydeville, Me., in 1898, in Rochester, and later in London at the International Congress of Spiritualism. These lectures, illustrated, are rare, meaty and scholarly. Price 25 cts.

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A symposium by Henson Tuttle, W. E. Coleman, Rabbi Wise, Col. Rogers, J. B. Loveland, B. B. Hill, J. R. Buchanan and Dr. Peebles. This is a handsome volume of nearly 400 pages, and treats of Jesus, Mahomet and the various religions. It is a standard work on Jesus, antiquity unveiled, Christ marriage in India. Col. Rogers' apostolicism. What the spirits through W. J. Colville, J. J. Morse, Mrs. Lehigh, Mrs. Egan, Mrs. Egan-Jackson and other mediums say about Jesus, etc. Price, \$1.25.

DEATH DEFEATED, OR THE PSYCHIC SECRET OF HOW TO KEEP YOUNG.

This book goes to the foundation of things—health, the laws of health, the foods to eat, the subject of marriage, who should marry and who should not marry, the causes of divorce, the proper time for conception, gestation, the determining of sex, animal, death-sleep, what Herodotus, Hesiod, Homer, Pythagoras, Shelley, Graham and others said, the facts that produce long life and how to live "immortal" on earth, etc. This book is written by Dr. Peebles' usually clear, crisp style, and attracts a reader from the very first through its facts, logic and convincing arguments. Very handsomely bound in cloth. Price \$1.

VACCINATION A CURSE AND A MENACE TO PERSONAL LIBERTY.

This finely illustrated volume of between three hundred and four hundred pages, by Dr. Peebles, treats exhaustively of inoculation, cow-pox and small-pox vaccination from Jenner's time to the present. It tells how the cow-pox virus poison is obtained—how the vaccine virus, while causing many deaths, sows the seed of eczema, pimples, cancer, tumors, ulcers and leprosy. It is a history of the several years' battle against vaccination in England, Parliament making it "optional" instead of compulsory. This book should be in every school library and family. Price \$1.25.

SPIRITUALISM VERSUS MATERIALISM.

A series of seven essays published in the "Free Thought Magazine," Chicago, Ill. This book, printed on cream-colored paper and elegantly bound, is pronounced one of the ablest and most scientific of the Doctor's works. These essays were written by Dr. Peebles at the request of H. L. Green, editor of the "Free Thought Magazine," and appeared in that able monthly during the year 1901. Price 75c.

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A magnificently bound large book of 500 pages, giving a complete account of the life of this great, grim and indefatigable worker in the cause of Spiritualism, Dr. J. M. Peebles. The Doctor has been actively engaged in the Spiritualist field for over fifty years, being a convert to this great religion while it was yet in its infancy. Consequently, this book also contains a very complete history of Modern Spiritualism. It is intensely interesting, and marvelously cheap in price for a book containing so many precious truths. Price \$1.25.

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This pamphlet deals especially with Spiritualism as opposed to orthodox churchianity, and especially the Seventh-day Adventists. The arguments are sharp, biblical, and to the point, and are such as to completely silence the absurd churchian objections to Spiritualism. Price 15 cts.

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This is one of Dr. Peebles' most scathing writings upon sectarian doctrines, creeds, and preaching. His quotations from orthodox sermons are reliable and authoritative. This large pamphlet is especially recommended to those seeking knowledge on this, the great blunder of orthodoxy. Price 10 cts.

THE FIRST EPISTLE OF DR. PEEBLES TO THE SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTISTS.

This is Dr. Peebles' latest pamphlet, just published, being a scorching reply to the many attacks of the Seventh-day Adventists upon the teaching and doctrines of Spiritualism. It is argumentative and to the point in sharp, clear-cut style, and liberally "spiked their guns." Price 5 cts.

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Good News from Mrs. Soule.

Mrs. Soule is improving very slowly. Most of the pain has left her and she is very much exhausted. With care and quiet and good thoughts of her friends, she will remain with us.

Inspirational Picture.



A reproduction in sepia or black and white of the above inspirational picture, 12 by 16 inches, together with the descriptive hieroglyphical verse, will be sent postpaid to any part of the world upon receipt of 20 cents in stamps, coin or postal note. Descriptive article appeared June 27, in the Banner. Below prize offer of Banner of Light Publishing Co.

It is proposed by the Banner of Light Publishing Co. to offer as a prize to the person who will accurately, letter for letter, translate inspirationally the hieroglyphical verse accompanying the above inspirational picture, an original water color picture produced expressly for this purpose. Should it be proven that more than one person may thus translate the hieroglyphical verse, if each is in no-wise connected with the other, a picture the same dimensions, but another subject, will be forwarded to such individual or individuals. The contest will close on the 30th day of September, 1908. The translation of this inspirational hieroglyphical verse has been sealed and deposited in the safe of the Banner of Light Publishing Co., together with the original hieroglyphical production. No one has read this verse but the writer. Any questions will be promptly answered with reference to these inspiration mottoes if addressed to the Art Critic of the Banner of Light.

"It is beautiful to serve the Republic well," wrote a Roman philosopher and historian. The Spiritualist missionary says that it is beautiful to serve well the Cause of Truth, and he is never so happy as when he is working for nothing and meeting his expenses out of his own pocket. The honor of working thus is considered compensation enough for him.

Pen Flashes.

(Continued from page 1.)

governors have just been elected who went before the public on a platform of free education for the whites and blacks together.

Our Government has over 900,000,000 acres of tillable, or pasture lands awaiting entries and settlement, and yet the majority of our young men prefer city life, city work, and city excitement to farming industries; and the poor will tenaciously cling to filthy alleys, listening to babel noises, breathing sickening stenches, and hearing foreign organ-grinders' music; all—all this in preference to going west and tilling the virgin soil. Why is this?

Without exception, the most marvelous medium, or sensitive that I have ever met during my fifty and four years connection with Spiritualism, I saw and sat with scores of times both in private and in select seances, in Melbourne, Australia.

This medium, Mr. Bailey, is a quiet, unassuming and only ordinarily educated workman, who has never been out of Australia. He has several controlling intelligences occupying different planes of unfoldment in spirit. Sitting with him alone, holding both of his hands in mine, my knees pressing firmly against his, all in broad daylight, coins 2,000 years old have been dropped on my hand and into my lap. And so have old mummy-dried manuscripts with hieroglyphs and Assyrian inscriptions written thereon, come in a similar way. There have been brought into Mr. Bailey's seance room during the sittings, relics from ancient Egypt, Babylonia, Greece, and Rome in her palmy days. There have also been brought bunches of flowers, bunches of dripping sea-grass, live birds, living, wriggling fish, mineral specimens from foreign countries, etc. His intellectual controls are simply magnificent. When Dr. Robinson, formerly an American college professor, entrances him, those present are sure to get a feast of intellectual and historical wisdom couched in choicest language.

Now do I hear some "Sir Oracle," semi-skeptical spiritist say "Are you sure, Doctor, that there's no fraud in these seances?" "Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh." The most consummate frauds that I have ever met were self-appointed, fraud-hunters. These take their accompanying fraudulent spirits, virtually tricky demons, with them into the seance, and then they get the frauds of the hells for their pains. True, there are traveling frauds, traveling tramps, "hobo" strangers posing as mediums, and a certain class of spiritists are—I say it to their shame—their best customers! I say shame!

The first question is, or should be with investigators, Who is this medium? What his or her home reputation for honesty and moral integrity? Is there manifest personal candor and conscientiousness? Is there a desire to elicit truth in its purity? Having satisfied yourselves that the medium is worthy and well qualified, using a bit of our Masonic phraseology, let the spirits pursue their own methods, strictly their own, for the manifestations. All of this rope-tying business is an insult to the intelligence of both the sensitive and the sitters.

But is there no fraud in these Melbourne manifestations? Listen: the seances are held in the house, or office of Mr. T. W. Stanford, our U. S. ex-Vice-Consul, a reported millionaire, and brother of the late Leland Stanford, U. S. Senator, ex-Governor of California, and founder of the Stanford University. The medium is not allowed to invite anyone to the seances. He is examined every night before going into the seance room by Mr. Stanford. I have personally more than once aided Mr. Stanford in these examinations. Mr. Stanford, only, invites the attendants, many of whom are among the most distinguished persons of Australia. After the singing and the invocation, the manifestations commence, some of which are absolutely astounding in the line of the sudden translation of objects living, and ancient, from afar, and the passage of matter through matter. In the face of these wonderful manifestations, physical, mental and spiritual, the Psychic Research Society's thrashing and re-thrashing over "old straw," familiar to intelligent Spiritualists these forty years, and more, pale into an almost painful insignificance.

If not to American, the name of F. W. H. Meyers is familiar to all English Spiritualists. In his two immense volumes, he tells us among other things, that "in thirteen cases of arithmetical prodigies collected, two of them gave evidences of the power at three years of age, one at four, and four at six." The list includes such eminent names as Ampere and Gauss, who started known manifestations at the ages of four and three respectively. Bidder could determine mentally the logarithm of any number to seven or eight places. He could intuitively determine what factors would divide any large number, not a prime. He could not explain how he did this. Safford, a professor of astronomy, worked in his head in one minute, a multiplication sum which answer consisted of thirty-six figures, when but ten years of age. Most intimately did I know a musical prodigy in Melbourne, Australia, a German lad, Felix, who when seven and eight years of age composed and played upon the piano the most exquisite music. Any piece of Beethoven, Mozart, or other great composer, put before him, he would look at it for a moment, and then perform it with a wonderful expression in no wise his own. Zerah Colburn, of Cabot, Vt., was a prodigy in mathematics. When six years of age, he multiplied 97 by 97 "quick as a flash," to the surprise of his father. A little later, when on exhibition in Boston, he was asked what the product of 12,225 multiplied by 1,223, was, and he gave the correct answer in three seconds. He traveled with his father in England, and France, exhibiting his marvelous arithmetical and astronomical powers. Returning to this country and becoming a Methodist preacher, he lost his gift. This was to be expected. Methodist preaching will kill, or chill any psychic gift. Now

the inquiry arises, what is the explanation—what the underlying philosophy pertaining to the gifts of these prodigies?

"Intuitive genius," exclaims the materialist. "The devil," shouts the Seventh-day Adventist.

"Reincarnation," says the Hindu speculationist.

None of these in my opinion are correct. "Intuitive genius" are words—words that prove nothing. The "devil" is long dead, and out of court. Reincarnation in these cases is speculation—an hypothesis unproved, nothing more. Here is both the fact and the logic of the matter.

These persons thus gifted were sensitive—were psychics. Their knowledge came from the other world, invisible intelligences through impressions, inspirations and etheric vibrations. When the boy Fritz was rendering those difficult musical compositions of Bach, Handel and Mozart, these spirits were seen by clairvoyants by or above him, controlling him something as Mrs. Underwood, Mr. W. T. Stead, editor of the London "Review of Reviews," and others, are controlled to write automatically. Spiritualism rationally accounts for all of these wonderful phenomena without "lugging in" medieval magic, or old Hindu speculations.

It gives the great pleasure to state that at the new Jewish Temple, or synagogue, on Claremont Avenue, Chicago, in prospect a young Jewish lady, Miss Ray, laid the cornerstone, and why not? Many of the noblest women of history were Jewish women. New Jewish temples are springing up in several of our cities. These are good news. Our country extends open arms to all religionists, and no religionists. Herein lies one of her chief glories.

Life Here and "Over There."

Paul F. de Gournay.

All who believe in the survival of the soul are, naturally, curious to know what will be their status, their occupation in that other life they will enter "over there." This question will be better understood if we remember that it is continuity—not change—of life for which we must prepare.

There is no such thing as another life, as distinguished from the present. The mysterious event called death is but an incident in our lives. Spirits, now and forever, we continue to live beyond the grave; our personality unchanged, as the traveler, after a night's sleep, awakes amidst new scenes, new circumstances and conditions.

But, when Death supplies the means of transportation, the important question for man is what use he has made of that part of his life he has spent on earth: upon this will depend how he will adapt himself to the new conditions and feel at home amidst new environments; whether he realized which is the part of the spirit, which that of the physical man in the drama of earth-life.

While the dual nature of man—physical and spiritual—is generally admitted, we often fail to understand the faculties inherent to each of these two natures, their influence upon each other and the consequences, good or evil, of the conflict or the harmony existing between them.

To look upon the physical as a passive instrument in the hands of the spiritual, is an error; but non-passivity implies possible active resistance, therefore, will, choice, reasoning, all of which faculties are attributes of the soul or spirit.

What then? Everything, from the blade of grass to the majestic oak, from the worm to man himself, is endowed with a life-principle, drawn from the universal fluid. This life-principle carries with it the quota of intelligence, of memory and reasoning necessary for the recipient's life mission.

It is most often called instinct, but it is more than pure instinct; the faculties above named are more and more observable as we study the ascending scale of creation, reducing to nihil the theory of instinct. Hence the adoption of the theory of evolution, which admits of multiple transformations originating in the jelly-like protoplasm to culminate in man.

Whilst distinct species may have progressed and their form modified until in the course of ages it has attained greater perfection, or developed such parts of their organism as the conditions of their life required to be changed, there is no evidence of the change from one species to another. As for man, whatever changes may have occurred in his physique since the pre-historic time to which science has traced him, considered as an immortal soul his evolution has been worked through repeated earth-life experiences—through reincarnation.

To return to the intelligent life-principle, let us call it the animal soul or inferior ego in man and we shall be nearer to the truth. This will appear when studying the dual nature of man we realize that in each of us there are two distinct beings, with one mode of expression common to both. Our fleshly organism, or body, is a battlefield for the possession of which these two forces are ever contending.

Many of our actions or movements are purely instinctive; but, as a rule, thought precedes action, and thinking is a spiritual operation. The brain does not "excrete thought as the liver excretes bile;" the brain is a crucible in which the thought is dropped and receives the form required for its expression.

A musician sits at the piano, his mind full of original melodies; he needs the instrument to give expression, voice, to the music in his soul. The piano does not secrete the music, it merely transforms the silent musical thought into audible harmonious sound. And the artist's conception will charm the ear or rack the nerves of the listener, according to the condition of the instrument which may be sound and perfect or cracked and faulty. The idiot, the madman, the victim of paralysis are but imperfect or injured instruments.

But the composer may be inspired with glorious melodies, or he may waste his talent in rag-time music; the painter may strive to

imitate Raphael or he may devote his pencil to commonplace and even obscene pictures for the delectation of a corrupt taste. So with man in his use of the divine gift of thought, by which his life actions must be governed. His thought power, corresponding to his dual nature, assumes distinct functions. His inferior ego controls the brain in all that concerns the physical, social life; the spiritual or true ego has a double mission; whenever it gains control of the brain, it is to enrich it with pure and noble thought germs, when ousted by its inferior co-worker, it endeavors to rectify mistakes, to carry spirituality into every department of life.

This earth is not a penitentiary, but a school: We are here to learn. But while learning we are free to enjoy all the beautiful gifts of God. Nothing is bad or wrong unless we make it so by misuse or abuse. To live in harmony under the blissful law of love is the sole condition that insures progress and ultimate everlasting happiness. To understand the spirit of this law and how to contribute to this harmony, is the task we cannot shirk and yet too often neglect.

Another law, or rather a provision of the law of love, is the solidarity of the human race. We are all working for a common end; none is independent; the recluse who macerates his flesh and shuns and despises the world in the hope of saving his soul, is a selfish fool; doing nothing for his brother-man he loses the benefit of co-operative good work.

As the soul is the true ego, it is self-evident that the spirit life is the real life; we, children of the earth, are indeed children learning the duties of manhood; if we choose to remain old children we cannot expect to enjoy the privileges of the adult estate. We will cross the river, carrying with us the burden of our faults and mistakes; the weight of that burden can only be alleviated by the counterpoise of our good actions, of our unselfish use of life on earth. The tears we have caused others to shed will be blots upon our spiritual garment, which can be erased only by the breath of gratitude for service lovingly rendered.

Having crossed over we must pause and let our spiritual baggage be examined. If we carry hatred, jealousy, backbiting, treachery, and oppression of weaker fellow-beings, we cannot go beyond the stratum closest to the earth, where we will mingle with other dark spirits who loving wrong and finding their occupation gone, seek consolation in suggesting mortals to tread the path that led them to perdition.

But, if rising superior to the temptations of our lower self, spiritually victorious in the battle of life, we have killed hatred with love, substituted confidence to jealousy, kind words and kind thoughts to backbiting, fairness to treachery and altruistic help to oppression and injustice, then we may pass, we may advance greeted by the smiles of happy faces, welcomed by loving voices. As like attracts like, we are drawn to the sphere where our affections and inclinations will find sympathetic response. The unhappy spirit may seek solitude, the happy spirit knows not loneliness. Harmony and mutual affection bind together beings having the same tastes, the same lofty purposes.

The good, the true, the beautiful appeal in the spirit world to the noble ambition of those who have striven hard to give form to their ideal. The poet sings of things he dreamed but could not tell in words; the painter covers his spirit-canvas with scenery of which he had had but a dim vision; the musician discovers that the convalescent melodies that stirred his brain are real and surpass all that imagination conceived. They work happily and will inspire mortals with some of the perfection of their methods.

And the statesman, the philanthropist, the reformer, do they find no congenial occupation? With increased power, with clearer perception, they study their favorite subjects; the rulers of a beloved country must be inspired such policy as will add to the grandeur of the nation and the happiness of the people; more perfect plans must be suggested to the kind mortals who strive to relieve the sufferings of their fellow men; lovers of humanity must be taught the highest conception of social reform.

And shall the merchant, the working man be forcibly idle? No, for they could not be happy. Each will follow his inclination, but they will neither be actuated by greed of money, nor toil and toil for a meagre pittance. Their labor will be a pleasure, suggestive and helpful. No selfish act can be done in the happy regions of the spirit world. One for all and all for one might be a suitable spirit motto, and this solidarity is not confined to the members of a happy group; as long as there are misguided, suffering mortals and spirits there must be missionary help, and the higher the spirit has advanced the more willingly binding is the law of solidarity.

Between the brightest angel and the lowest outcast there are only intervening, connecting links; the chain is unbroken.

Mrs. Eddy a Phenomenon.

It is reported in the Boston papers that 10,000 to 12,000 followers visited the "Mother Church," and that many of this great multitude went to greet her worshipfully at her home. How is this? Evidently, Mrs. Eddy continues to be a strong medium—not only for Bible believers in the spirit world, but manifestly for the play and display of the sportive "Diakia." At a bicycle race in Boston I have seen over 15,000; and a ball game, nearly 40,000; proving only that mankind yield to the strongest motive.

Sigma Zodiac.

Special Notice.

Owing to the severe illness of our beloved Circle Member, Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, the Message Department in the Banner of Light columns is temporarily suspended. Let thoughts freighted with sympathy and healing be sent out to her in her suffering that she may be speedily healed and restored to the work she so dearly loves.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

H. D. Barrett.

One evening in October,
When leaves were crisp and sore,
When earth was brown and sober,
And all my days seemed drear,

When thoughts of sadness thrilled me,
And memory came with pain,
When friends of life turned from me,
And hope began to wane,

When doubt obscured the heaven,
With sombre clouds that day,
And the joy of love's pure leaves,
Took wings and fled away,

I wand'ring in the moonlight,
To th' arbut in the glade,
Where Autumn's mellow sunlit light,
Made golden all the shade.

There, in the silent gloaming,
There, in that beautiful spot,
My soul did cease its roaming
And sorrow chained it not.

For I knew that ministering angels,
A myriad in the throng,
Were there with harps of minstrel,
Singing a holy song.

My soul forgot its sadness,
In rapture of that lay,
And a sense of joy and gladness
Shone in as bright as day.

So sacred the revealing,
Like mantle round me cast,
I felt with grateful feeling
THAT ANGEL FRIENDS WILL LAST!

(Published by request.)

Mrs. May S. Pepper.

Two Notable Gatherings: Bristol, Conn., and Lynn, Mass.

June 18.—Is a belief in Spiritualism growing in Connecticut? is a question here. One thing is certain and that is that the crowd that gathered at Compoose yesterday to listen to the address by Mrs. May S. Pepper of Providence was the largest of any ever at the lake on any previous occasion of this kind. A large percentage of this crowd was made up of Hartford people, and some of them are well known in business and political circles in that city, and judging by the earnest attention given to the speaker they can be said to be interested in the matter, to say the least. When Mrs. Pepper took the platform to speak she looked out on an audience that filled every available inch of space in the large casino, and there were from 1,000 to 1,200 people within range of her voice and at least 200 on the verandas outside who could not get into the hall. Miss Gertrude Laidlaw of Hartford sang a number of selections before and after the address, and Mrs. Pepper read a poem entitled "Not Understood." The address followed, and for three-quarters of an hour she held her audience spellbound, and then came the tests that occupied fully an hour. Whether one believes in Spiritualism or not, all must admit that Mrs. Pepper is a fine platform speaker and a marvelously clever woman. She does not call herself a medium but a "psychic," and her methods differ somewhat from those of her cult who have been seen at Compoose before this. Some who wished to have communication with the spirit world put their questions into a sealed envelope, which was placed on her desk before the meeting opened, and when the time came for the tests she picked up these envelopes, apparently at random, and getting herself in communication with the other world, proceeded to tell what was in the envelope. Not once did she fail on this test, and it must be said for her that the information which she gave to those seeking it was not the wishy-washy stuff that most mediums deal out, which no decent spirit, if restored to the flesh, would ever acknowledge as being the product of his brain, but good common sense matter that all would do well to remember and follow. Not in a single case did she fail to tell correctly all the proper names that were in the letters, even when they were so uncommon as "Chattie," a pet name for Charley. Whether it is mind reading or something else, it can be said for the woman that she is very clever and head and shoulders above most of those who practice her calling. Mrs. Pepper while she is in Hartford the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George Cooley, and her time today was so taken up with private sittings that she had to refuse a number of people yesterday at Compoose who wished to see her, in the city of Hartford.—Hartford Times.

MRS. PEPPER AT UNITY CAMP.

The announcement that May S. Pepper, the wonderful medium and test giver was to appear at Unity Camp Sunday, under the auspices of the Lynn Spiritualists' Association, drew an audience of upwards of two thousand people to the camp, substantially showing that this gifted woman has not lost her hold upon her friends and the public.

A conference meeting was held at eleven o'clock, and an interesting meeting was held at two o'clock, in which several well-known mediums took part.

Between the three and four o'clock service the usual enjoyable song service was held. At the several meetings special music was rendered, which has proven such an excellent feature of these gatherings.

At four o'clock Mrs. Pepper found an immense audience waiting to greet her and after an invocation, President Caird introduced this distinguished woman, who was given a hearty welcome and greeting.

Previous to giving her tests Mrs. Pepper delivered an eloquent and logical address, dwelling at considerable length upon the lines of the old-time customs of people as applied to religion and immortality, and urged that people should apply themselves more earnestly to the new thought of today, and she predicted that the time would come when men and women would live more for Christianity and the immortality of their souls than for the almighty dollar, as is too often the case today. She paid a scathing rebuke to people who sneer and denounce the Hindus as heathens, and said that American missionaries had done more to make these people so than anything else, by their importing of liquor into that country, but she claimed that the Hindus were born with a knowledge of the immortality of the soul, thereby possessing this immortality without being taught it.

Mrs. Pepper followed her highly entertaining address by the giving of a number of the best and most wonderful tests she ever has given, and that is saying a great deal for her, and she always satisfies her questioners.—Lynn Item.

Give us, oh! give us the man who sings at his work. Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent solitudes. He will do more in the same time—he will do it better—he will persevere longer.—Carlyle.

A writer in a Paris review holds that three powerful factors are at work in America tending to destroy the family life. These are sport, among the wealthy classes; higher education among the middle classes, and the factory system among wage-earners.

MAMA'S PRECIOUS DARLING.

O darling of your parents' life,
Bright bud of promise given
To bloom in gardens far more bright
Within the bowers of Heaven.

I know thou art an angel now,
More beautiful and fair;
How wrong of me to wish you back
When you are so happy there!

Oh, could I see you now, my dear,
I would be satisfied;
I feel thy spirit is ever near,
Stands lingering by my side.

Why do you come in the silent night,
Place hands upon my brow?
With raps and taps so gently;
I think I hear them now.

How often I watch the twilight
As the day is fading away,
Longing to see thy angel form
That shines in perfect day.

How often I watch the stars at night,
In all their beauty shine,
Wondering which my darling is,
Or which one will be mine.

O where she is, there I shall be
In that glorious home above;
She will be the first to meet me there,
In a world of joy and love.

She came to me from the golden West,
And says, there is my home;
Mama dear, come go with me
Where flowers forever bloom.

It is lovely there my mama dear,
You will never stay;
You will not want to leave me there,
Or ever go away.

Where grief or sorrow is not known,
From suffering you'll be free;
No pain or death can enter there,
But one sweet melody.

She came to me in her school-girl form,
At the age of sixteen years;
She told me not to worry so,
Or shed so many tears.

She was as pretty as could be,
With Heavenly beauty shone;
She kissed me sweetly on my cheek,
With arms around me thrown.

O Heavenly Home, I fain would see
Upon thy bright and shining shore,
The cherished ones who wait for me,
Home of my loved forevermore.

—Mrs. A. W. Gorham.

Our Heritage.

Ida Ballou.

The gloom in the household, shadowed by the angel of Death is now dispelled. From our fathers we have inherited a love of life and a belief in its continuance. Throughout the whole gamut of intellectual development, undisturbed by material gains in science and art, this belief remains with us. Progress means the conserving of good and the elimination of evil, therefore it follows that we have only kept what was indestructible, and what we have lost is error.

We have no regrets for the past. It is good, that if religion could frighten us once, it can do so no more. We live for love and believe in it now, casting out all fear.

We build our temples in human love and ties that are founded upon a rock. The houses built upon the sand in superstition and fear and ignorance have been swept away.

The strongest thing throughout conscious existence is the soul and its needs. Religion, alone can satisfy it. Says Elbert Hubbard: "For some, the secrets of music, the wonder of love, and the misty, undefined prayers of the soul, constitute true religion." The limitation here, in that word some, is true, in that many people are not emotionally in tune with the divine in nature. Phrenologists would say they were deficient in sublimity and veneration. But the great, pulsing, heaving mass of humanity feels the need of the assurance and faith and hope the heart can find in true religion.

What is true religion? When we attempt to define a thing, we cannot accept some previous statement by any authority, be it ever so good. "Truth for authority, not authority for truth," is not merely an aphorism, but a fact. To quote Webster in defining religion, won't do at all. Like many another equally gifted, he gives us but a fractional part of the true idea; for while religion is a worship of the infinite, it is more than that. We voice but an inward recognition of the Power from which we came, and when we muse silently on the beauty about us, or trust earnestly and with pleasure, the wonders of nature, or listen enraptured to a strain of music, or thrill in response to a splendid poem, or bow before human merit, respond to love, obey the call of duty, act in any way, or accomplish anything that educates and uplifts, we acknowledge our obligation to this power, and religion is only a verbal or oral statement of it. And true religion is as much a part of the eternal verities as any other phase of thought.

Religion is removed from all danger of science. Science may attack and destroy particular forms of belief, but religion is unassailable. It is conceivable that the scythe of scientific criticism as it sweeps over the field of religious thought, may cut down all modern theological conceptions, but the roots of religion embedded in the soil of man's nature will not be touched, and soon new beliefs will spring up to take the place of the old. Science can no more destroy religion than it can destroy love. Nothing can affect religion but a demonstration that no mysterious Power in the world exists, and there need be no fear of that. Under this interpretation it is eminently true that only the fool saith in his heart, there is no God.

To some, science has very effectively demonstrated an absence of mysterious Power. Darwin, in his close study of nature, when it would seem that his discoveries would thrill him with an intuitive perception of still greater truths unknown, as it did Newton, and that it would impress him with a feeling of nearness to the Divine Origin, could find no trace of it. Herbert Spencer, whose work included more of psychology, recognized the existence and referred to it as "The Great Unknown." All this religion acknowledges and loves. To be religious is merely to be frankly true. It has nothing to do with forms and ceremonies of any kind.

"The good, the true, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth;
The impulse of a wordless prayer,
The dream of love and truth,
The longing after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The striving after better hopes,
These things can never die."

"There is under all religions a fundamental verity." The pagan idolaters in worshipping their gods of love and nature, were only recognizing with veneration facts which we now

regard impassively, and they anticipated the Platonic worshippers. Christianity was but the austere reaction from the license of the pagans. The recognition it gave to the heights and depths of love and obligation gave it superior worth and still gives it a marvelous tenacity in the minds and hearts of people. But the dread and fear the teachers of old implanted in the bosoms of their trembling auditors, condemn it, and it is slowly but surely stepping back to give room to a better belief, a more lasting and satisfactory religion. No form of belief can long survive that cannot keep step with progress. A religion including a code of morals with austere "thou shalt not's" is doomed "when new occasions teach new duties."

Yes, religion is our heritage. It would be a contradiction to speak of love without including hope. It is impossible that we should part from our loved ones forever; no beneficent Power could so mock us with love and longing that ends in fruitless oblivion. No force which brought death into the world could bring extinction to that which is deathless. There is no promise held forth to cheat and deceive. The laws of spiritual and physical existence are partly known and recognized. There is plenty of assurance for those who wish to know. Nothing can convince prejudice and prejudice is never just or honest.

The angel of death has lost his hobgoblin shape. He has been subdued by love and prayer.

"Forever and forever
Within that blessed home,"

There to remain in peace and happiness. Not shut apart in an imaginary, absurd heaven, but placed in a sphere of usefulness and helpful activity. A reaching forward, a look ahead, an influence to make better this life, room for individuality, and pleasant recognition. An ability to communicate in subtle ways with the hearts of those we love. A proof of the promise of old "that which is seen is but temporal, that which is unseen is eternal." Our existence is a continual existence and a conservation of the vital forces of our beings.

"Like the waves on a distant sea-beach
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in.
Come from that distant ocean
Whose shore no man has trod,
Some of us call it longing,
Others call it God."

Credulous Incredulity.

Clark Irwin.

Did you ever consider what a vast capacity for swallowing a determined incredulity often has? and withal what an utter lack of judgment—no discrimination? Between the poor, amazed, ignorant believer in every wonder he hears of, and the unreasonably incredulous, one can hardly give the preference.

The late proclaimed exposure of Spiritualism in the case of Camille Flammarion is one more instance of this credulous incredulity on the part of unbelievers. If it be true as alleged it only proves Flammarion, with all his brilliancy, is such a one as Macaulay describes Southey to have been—a "person utterly incapable of comprehending the meaning of an argument of distinguishing between an axiomatic fact and a poetical fancy." And there are innumerable people like him.

I once knew an able brilliant lawyer to seriously hold in his argument against a patent that the principle of its action was a failure, because, said he, in a burst of triumph, "out of twenty-one experiments to make it so seventeen were utter failures and four only succeeded," and he caused the jury to believe it.

I visited Slade in November, 1871, at New York, where not a soul knew me and did not give my name, and in broad day the instruments played and pencils wrote on the slate, signing names of deceased friends, and invisible hands took hold of mine, Slade sitting back against the wall not offering to touch a thing except the accordion which was jerked from him when I took it and it played a tune at my silent mental request. All this is told in "Proof Palpable" in two chapters.

I sent an account home for publication. When I reached home in Missouri an ardent old Spiritualist rushed up to me saying, "O I read your letter. I was so delighted; but what a pity Slade was exposed a few days later—it does away with it all."

I tried to make him see that all the exposures in the world made no difference if my statements were true. But I have since ascertained that many impostors have passed under Slade's name and also that there are quite as many fraudulent exposures as exposures. Some day it is to be hoped that in our common schools the children may be trained to the art of using reason, by such studies as "Locke, the understanding," and some of Macaulay's criticisms; especially those on Gladstone and Southern.

Some of our friends renege over the little general interest in Spiritualism compared with the universal excitement of 1849-50. True, then at every town, village, school-house and house people were aroused. It was the seed time and every great cause has the same experience. Then it became a nine day wonder, but the seed was sown.

Then opposition, exposures, hostilities. Then new phenomena, mighty wonders, then—grand exposures, recantations—rogues and fools playing their roles.

Meanwhile a few able, fearless, honest men in science or law, literature or art, honest at first, after serious study and crucial testings, came out and such works as Hare's, Edmonds', Howitt's, Sargeant's, et al appeared, followed by the late works of Zeller, Crookes, Wallace, Mrs. Hardinge's great history and a hundred more. The sciences, published in the Banner of Light, held during several hundred days of Mr. Livermore and Dr. Grey of New York with the little Fox girl, in which L's wife and Dr. Franklin came forth in solid forms over and over, are enough were all else false and visionary. It is true, to forever establish the main proportion of Spiritualism. And when one thinks of such works as Kerner's "Seers," Crow's "Night Side," Owen's "Footfalls," and ten thousand other collections of testimony, he is confounded at its magnitude.

"But mediums are now rare," so said. I beg to differ. There are more good mediums doing business now than ever. Look over the ads of great city dailies. There are more believers than ever and the number grows regularly. But the Cause needs advocacy before the public and this takes money. No cause ever prospered without the aid of cash. It is despicable to talk otherwise. And here is another fact: the great mediums were developed after long perseverance and trials. Think of Riley and his wife sitting night after night for six months and then at last got one rap, then more and more until he became a wonder.

Think how the "American Faraday" Hare persevered with his instruments to prove it was no force used by the mediums caused the phenomena—until he became mediumistic and sitting at his instrument on an island of the sea sent the spirit messenger across the waves to Philadelphia to ascertain from the cashier of the Bank of North America when his note should fall due and have him make a note of the inquiry—and getting the reply in a very little time through the instrument by the invisible messenger, all confirmed by his inquiries when he returned to the city.

It was by no preconcerted arrangement. The idea was suddenly conceived by him while sitting near the instrument which worked without his contact and pointed out the letters for communication. Yes, it requires much devotion and perseverance. If we don't care for the spirits they soon come to disregard us it would seem. Some kind of interest must be used to keep the subject alive.

The Genius of "The Ring and the Book."

William Fritch.

"The Ring and the Book" exceeds 20,000 lines, being longer than the "Iliad" and twice the length of the "Aeneid." It is largely made up of monologues, some of which cover fifty octavo pages. The author reserves no secrets of workmanship. At the outset he tells how he came by his material and how he will proceed. It seemed to some incredible that a poet should in his poem disclose the mechanism of his work. Browning assured his questioners that the book he said he found was no fiction. As a goldsmith alloys the gold that he may the better fashion it, then re-creation, brings the ring to "lilled loveliness" so will Browning mix the fact of the murder trial with fancy that after all is said, crude opinion may be dispelled and the truth may shine brighter.

The book is so minute in details that no study helps would be necessary were it not for references to obscure events and many difficult names. It is a mark of genius to sustain interest through such a mass of things. There are diamonds scattered all along and, if the sandy wastes are wide, they give perspective to mountains of glory.

The book is the climax of Browning's poetry. Heart and insight make the poem. Heart ruggedness is manifest in "The Ring and the Book," but poetic insight is, at times, displaced by cool psychological analysis. It would not be correct to say that the book is all poetry. There are long passages in which poetic charm is lost in subtlety. Still, it contains heights where the muses sing their sweetest.

In Browning's latest work philosophy usurps the place of poetry. The philosophy is not wholly satisfactory to himself; it never is to any man. The intellect, wearied with research, returns humbly to the fireside of the heart. The last writings are brave words, but they have not the poetic aroma.

The interest of the book is that it shows nature, human nature, in different phases and as it appears to different persons. A dozen times the story is told and each time by those who see from a different angle. In each successive telling new beauties are added that bring the characters more fully into the light. Human nature so viewed is infinite in variety.

"Man, like a glass ball with a spark atop,
Out of the magic fire that lurks inside,
Shows one tint at a time to the eye;
Which, let a finger touch the silent sleep,
Shifts a hair's breadth shows you dark for bright.
Suffuses bright with dark, and baffles so
Your sentence absolute for shine or shade."

The one who tells the story not only portrays the character of the others, but most of all he reveals himself, and not only by what he says, but by the manner of saying it. Browning's style has been much criticised. It is not Emerson's style, much less Shakespeare's style. It is rough, broken and sometimes obscure. That is the way Browning found life. By no other style could he have told us what he saw and felt.

In language as well as in thought he becomes, "Half Born," "Other Half Born," "Guido," "Caponsacchi," "Pompilia," "Hyacinthus," "Bottinus" and the "Pope." The words of Guido scorn. Even his last speech, wearisome prolonged to postponed death, has the "grin on the skull." Caponsacchi's words blaze out in indignation, those of Pompilia cling, those of Hyacinthus rollic, those of Bottinus burn, those of the Pope shine with eternal serenity.

The characters that stand out to our thought are Guido, Caponsacchi, Pompilia and the Pope. Who are they? We do not know. We no more know them than we know ourselves or our neighbors. We have seen persons like them. They stand forth in the book as in life to be known in part, but only in part. Personality is the knot of the riddle of the universe.

Guido is horrid in the hardness of his heart. At times it seems that his character is intended as that of absolute wickedness. Yet he loves his mother and the babe touches him. He sinned much but was also much sinned against. Indicted nobility was a mill stone around his neck; he was defrauded in marriage and tantalized by the supposed parents of his wife. The rigorous, virile, pure minded Caponsacchi, defying ecclesiastical and civil law, throwing his life to the winds, to save suffering innocence, rises to the stature of mighty manhood; but his terrible vengeance on Guido mars.

The gentle, sweet, innocent, forgiving Pompilia is the highest portrayal of womanhood. As one reads her dying words, he stops and says, "Here at last is a perfect character." But when you have laid the book aside, you are sorry to remember that she stole the effects of her husband.

The Pope stands for God. His unselfishness, calmness, devotion and thoughtfulness fit him to stand for God. We would rather have God speak through him than by any other voice. But the Pope himself is doubtful of his power to speak for God. He can only to the best he knows and trust that Guido's execution will turn out well for himself and the world.

These characters are as man is—none absolutely bad, none perfectly good. There is indifferent badness and commendable goodness. The cheer of Browning is that badness is goodness in the making.

What is true of man is likewise true of the institutions of society. Everything is a compromise. Nobility has its advantages and disadvantages, marriage its blessings and its curses, courts their help of justice and their hindrance of justice. Conventions spring up to help but in the nature of things they cannot express supreme excellence. There are always instances in which they hinder and they may come to hinder more than help. The great problem is the adjustment of form to the disclosing substance of things.

In the first trial Guido is nominally vindicated, Pompilia and Caponsacchi are nominally convicted, but the punishment is so slight as to repudiate the sentence. All parties felt that the result was a compromise. No one thought that justice was fully done.

In the final trial, the advocates are moved by their private interests; the one by the love of his family, the other by his fondness for eloquence. Finally God speaks through the Pope, yet we cannot be sure that it was God who spoke.

Violence lies in adopting Pompilia issues in the case of Guido in the marriage, the marriage brings Guido's cruelty upon Pompilia, the cruelty draws Caponsacchi into danger, and the result is the murder of Pompilia, Pietro and Pompilia and the execution of Guido with his four ignorant accomplices. "So terribly was the lie punished? But the lie was one of the whitest kind." Yes and yes. But the worst is that the punishment jumped the track of the lie. This is also as in the world, justice is never reached. The innocent fall with the guilty. We can not say whether justice or injustice is done. We do not see.

"Truth the divinity—descend
And clear things at the play's fifth act."

We are sure there has been life, love, anguish, triumph—that "heart's ticked two centuries ago." If you ask what is settled by this long poem, I answer nothing but that life is vast and intricate and thought is limited and expression is inadequate. The riddle has not been solved. But much is gained when we come to see that the universe is not stuff to carve and carry in the vest pocket. So Browning felt at the close of his poem. Words misrepresent truth.

"But art, wherein man nowise speaks to men,
Only to mankind,—Art may tell a truth
Obliquely, do the thing shall breed the thought—"

So, note by note, bring music from your mind,
Deeper than ever e'en Beethoven died,—
So write a book shall mean beyond the facts,
Suffice the eye and save the soul beside.
So, "God gives us enough light to rise by."

This genius is the light of Browning's love for his wife, which death purified, no wise diminished. She is his inspiration. He sees her in heavens. There in the "ring" he inscribed this "posy":

"O lyric Love, half angel and half bird,
And all a wonder and a wild desire,—
Boldest of hearts that ever braved the sun,
Took sanctuary within the holier blue,
And sang a kindred soul out to his face,—
Yet human at the red ripe of the heart—
When the first summons from the darkling earth
Reached thee amid thy chambers, blanched
their blue,
And bared them of their glory—to drop
down,
To toll for man, to suffer or to die,—
This is the same voice; can thy soul know
change?
Hail then, and hearken from thy realm of
help!
Never may I commence my song, my due
To God who best taught song by gift of
thee,
Except with bent head and beseeching
hand—
That still, despite the distance and the
dark,
What was, again may be; some interchange
Of grace, some splendor once thy very
thought,
Some benediction anciently thy smile;
Never conclude but raising hand and head
Thither where eyes, that cannot reach, yet
years

For all hope, all sustenance, all reward,
Their utmost up and on—so blessing back
In those thy realms of help, that heaven thy
home,
Some whiteness which, I judge, thy face
makes proud,
Some warmth where, I think, thy foot
may fall!"

Resolutions.

NEW YORK STATE ASSOCIATION.

We, the Spiritualists of New York State, in convention assembled, recognizing the fact, that Spiritualism as a religion is all inclusive, born of the needs and aspirations of the past, and dealing with all mental and physical conditions, comes as a solvent of life's problems, and that all reform, whether on the mental or physical plane of being, should find in its adherents not only earnest advocates, but also tireless workers.

Resolved, That we deplore the inroads that capitalism is making on the natural rights of man, and believe that all methods which tend to regulate the industries and utilities of the world for the greatest good to all, whether expressed in the form of equal suffrage, co-operative commonwealth or that form of government called Socialism, should receive our most hearty and unqualified support.

Resolved, That the light of Divine Law be more clearly presented as to its helpfulness in promoting the happiness of man, it being the beacon-light to true manhood and womanhood. The heart when touched by the Infinite Spirit of Love is liberated from the chains of forms and issues that hold captive the soul. The love of the Infinite embraces all life, uplifts and unifies, leading to more useful and harmonious levels where truth alone is sacred and glorified.

The report of our faithful missionary, Mrs. T. U. Reynolds, shows the urgent need of additional workers in that line; that the field is extended, and that people are hungry for spiritual food; that even those who are indifferent, or perchance scoffers, have but to be awakened and touched in their affection to respond to the claims of Spiritualism upon their attention. Therefore, be it resolved that the Y. S. Association of Spiritualists provide for the needs of the workers, so far as necessary and practicable, from a fund created for that purpose, in order that the various localities visited may not be unduly taxed to meet the expenses of the campaign; it being a well known fact that the visits of the missionaries, while desired from every other standpoint, are dreaded from the financial point of view.

The deplorable fact having been established that the children of Spiritualists are so largely found in the Sunday Schools of orthodox churches, or left without teaching of the principles of life as formulated in our philosophy, be it resolved that this convention most earnestly call the attention of Spiritualists all over our land to their duty in this direction. The establishment of Children's Lyceums is imperative, and every society should at once begin the good work of organization to that end. We would recommend correspondence and co-operation with Mr. John Ring of Galveston, Texas, who is at the head of the Lyceum movement, and will gladly advise and assist in all work pertaining to the proper spiritual education of our sons and daughters. It is the voice of this convention that the individual responsibility of parents should be brought home in no uncertain tones to the careless fatherhood and motherhood of our country.

Prof. Hyslop in his investigations and in the publication of his experiences and the results of his investigations along psychic lines, but brings to notice facts and deductions long familiar to the greatest army of Spiritualists, who calmly enjoy his enthusiasm over the wonders to him, seemingly newly discovered. In a recent publication he makes a suggestion that the people demand of the government a large appropriation to be used in applying the psychic laws to the uplifting of humanity by the various methods of overcoming physical ills, and the action of mind upon matter.

In acknowledgment of this step forward, be it resolved that this assembly endorse Prof. Hyslop's suggestion, by continuing to do all in our power to bring about increased public recognition to the forces, or laws, which, when even partly understood, raise humanity to a plane of happiness, restoration, and development, seldom dreamed of by the masses.

Resolved, That the growing evil of child labor throughout our land appeals to us as parents to make all possible effort in the direction of abolishing the iniquitous traffic that is sapping the life blood of the nation and retarding its physical, mental and moral growth.

It is the desire of this Convention to extend and emphasize their advocacy of Equal Rights for all, regardless of color or sex.

Therefore, be it resolved that we proclaim to the world our determination to work unceasingly for the enfranchisement of the women of our land who are unjustly deprived of the ballot. It is our conviction that reforms will gain neither full supremacy nor the genuine callibre required, until men join hands with women in making and enforcing laws; in making governments for the home, the hamlet, the town, the city, the state, the nation. One-half the people should not govern the other half without their consent.

And we pray for the speedy advent of the party embodying these sentiments to which we as Spiritualists give our undivided support.

Resolved, That we as American citizens read with sorrow and shame the slanderous comments of the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt in his work entitled "Governor Morris," on the life of Thomas Paine, that great and good man, who more, perhaps, than any other person, made it possible for Theodore Roosevelt to be the chief executive of this nation.

Resolved, That past experience of the presentation of bills to our state legislature for the enactment of laws tending to the abridgment of our religious and medical liberties leads our committee to consider it wise that precautionary measures should be taken to defeat any further legislation in that direction, heroic work having been done in the past by Pres. Richardson and his able co-worker, Rev. Moses Hull.

Resolved, That as a possible aid to needed work in that and other directions, each member of the association, without delay, assist in "securing a registry of all avowed Spiritualists in the state," a work our president finds it impossible to accomplish unaided.

Resolved, that the New York State Spiritualist Association and co-workers assembled in Convention tender to Mr. H. D. Barrett, president of the National Spiritualist Association, and his estimable wife, the loyal, tender sympathy which has filled our hearts ever since the news of their shocking bereavement was sent into the numberless homes where they are beloved.

May resignation, born of hope in reunion, bring the consolation which can come only through the knowledge of Spiritualism.

That our prayers have arisen for the bereaved, that we have wept with the stricken parents in the loss of their beautiful child, the bright, sweet, winsome Xilla. That we will by our loyal support help our brother and sister to bear bravely this great trial it is the privilege of this assembly to affirm.

Resolved, That our benediction shall rest upon them, and we hope that they may soon be able to see the silver lining to the great cloud of darkness around and about them.

Resolved, That on this beautiful day set apart to honor the memory of the heroes who fell in the defense of our nation, we commemorate also the lives of the heroic men and women who bore to the front the banner of Spiritualism, and upon whose shoulders rested the responsibility, upon whose sacred heads were thrust opprobrium, insult, and outrage, in whose hearts the love of truth nestled beside harassment, contumely and bitterness born of distrust.

Adown the lines of time our way has been broadened and softened until now we can with ease and contentment enjoy our new religion, the gospel of Spiritualism. All honor to our arisen leaders and co-workers.

Resolved, That we will work toward peace, toward forgetting martial array when brother's hand was raised against brother, and make Memorial Day sacredly sweet in precious memories from the garlands of victory won by heroes in our spiritual armies.

Resolved, That the untiring zeal and wise management of the president and all officers of this association during the past year calls for an expression of our appreciation in no uncertain terms, and your committee not only suggest that it be done personally before an epitaph is in order, but that, during the coming year each member of the association by word and deed render service that shall encourage and lighten the burdens of the incoming officers.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Convention be extended to the spiritual press for the generous space given the state work and the kindly notices of this Convention, and also to the secular press of Syracuse for the fairness with which they have reported this, the sixth annual Convention.

Resolved, That the gratitude of this Convention be conveyed to the Spiritualist societies of Syracuse for their hospitality, hearty co-operation, and financial support. We would recognize the untiring efforts of the resident member of our board of officers and directors, Mr. E. J. Reilly assisting largely in making the success of our assembly possible.

Also to the proprietors of the Empire House, this Convention extends hearty thanks for their courtesy and liberality.

Resolved, That grateful acknowledgment be extended to the graceful and talented elocutionist, Miss Victoria C. Moore, for the readings which have made our meetings both attractive and interesting.

Resolved, That the thanks of this association be due to the valiant workers who have come from near and far to add their testimony to the grandeur of the truths of Spiritualism. Our gratitude goes out to Dr. Victor Wyldes of Canada who is to us "the open door" between the two worlds, and to every one who has contributed to the spiritual or material support of this Convention.

For good weather, good music, loyalty and good will, we offer thanks.

Mrs. Little,
Mrs. Dull,
Mrs. Beising,
Mrs. Rathbun,
S. Comstock Ellis,
Chairman.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON PRESIDENT'S REPORT.

Your committee carefully reviewed the president's report of the success and progress of the New York State Association during the past year, and considered it clear, comprehensive and exhaustive. The report suggests the earnestness and fidelity of our presiding officer to advance the interests of Spiritualism, the grandest truth that has dawned on human consciousness. The report will be welcomed by the members of the New York State Association, and we commend its approval by this Convention. May it inspire us to renewed activity, and thus co-operate with the higher realms to eliminate the darkness that enshrouds human intellect, and convince the world there is no death, but eternal and everlasting life for every child of nature.

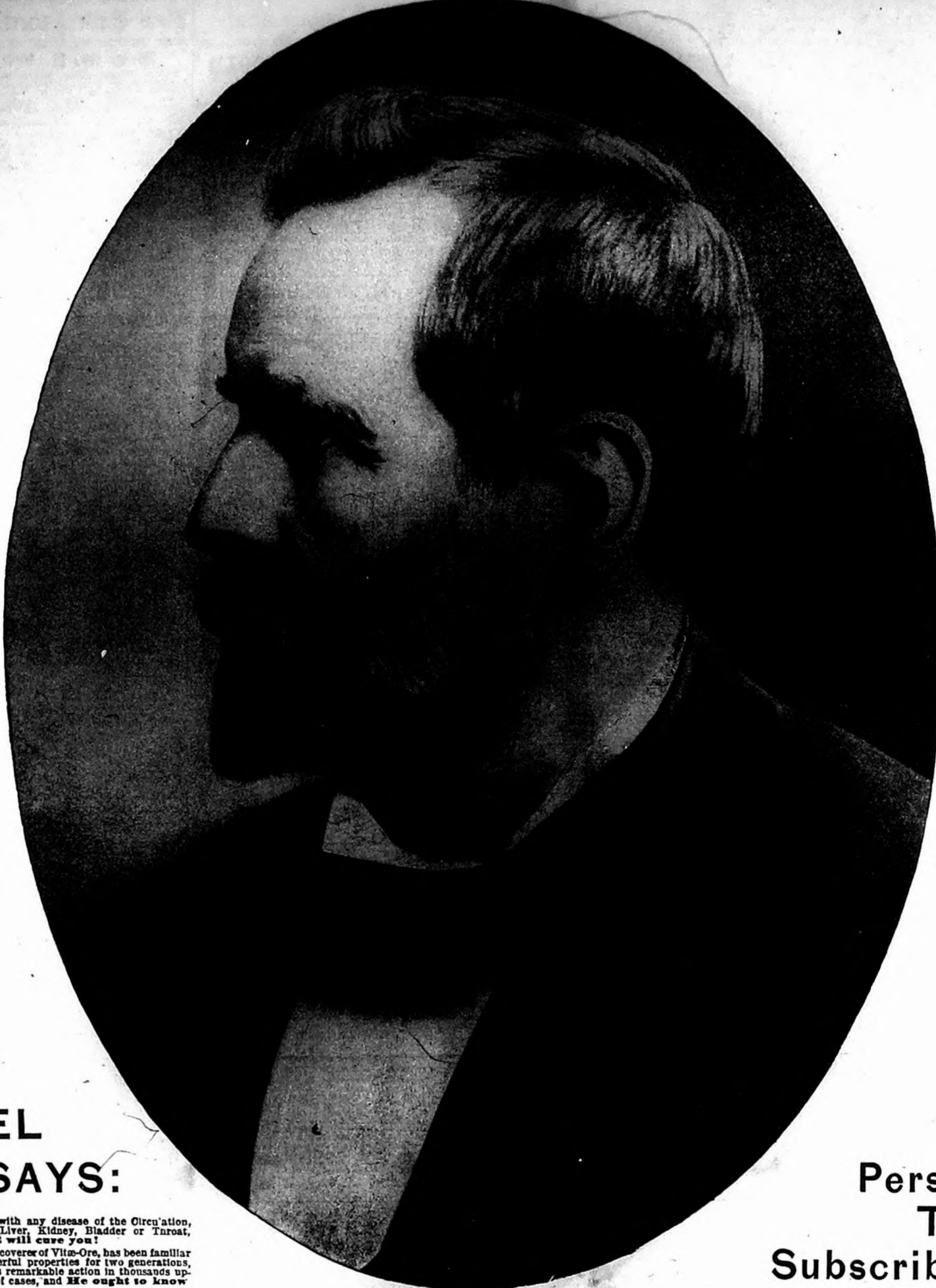
Resolved, That we accept the report of the president in its entirety, feeling wholly inadequate to take from or add to, but we most earnestly recommend that the association take up his ideas regarding missionary and Lyceum work and push them with all zeal and energy. Where one missionary is now in the field of state work, there should be many, and such missionaries be instructed to urge Lyceum work, or special Lyceum workers be appointed.

Signed by the committee.

Committee on secretary's report presented the following through its chairman:

We cordially endorse the report as rendered by our worthy secretary and move its adoption in its entirety and this committee would suggest that he be cordially congratulated for the efficient manner in which he has fulfilled the arduous duties as secretary of this association.—Committee.

Love, like genius, obeys no law but its own.
—Andrew Jackson Davis.



NOEL SAYS:

If you are sick with any disease of the Circulation, the Stomach, Liver, Kidney, Bladder or Throat, **VITE-ORE** will cure you!

NOEL is the discoverer of Vite-Ore, has been familiar with its wonderful properties for two generations, has watched its remarkable action in thousands upon thousands of cases, and he ought to know.

NOEL SAYS he doesn't want your money unless Vite-Ore benefits you, and **NOEL** is old enough to know what he wants. **NOEL SAYS** that the Theo. Noel Company has instructions to send a full-sized one-dollar package on thirty days' trial to every sick or ailing reader of THE BANNER OF LIGHT who requests it, the receiver to be the judge, and not to pay one cent unless satisfied, and **NOEL** is the President and principal stockholder of the Theo. Noel Company, and what **He** says goes. Here is his signature on it!

Theo. Noel

Children's Book.

Only a Story.

What's this you want? A story?
Well, well, I shall have to see what I can do to find one.

I like a good story myself, and when I tell one to you children of the Banner I always want it to be a No. 1.

Stories are like people, some are real good, some good, some bad, and some real bad, and I don't like to hear any one tell stories that are anything else than real good.

I never liked fairy stories and always felt badly when anyone told them to children. Fairy stories are not true, and they put things into the minds of boys and girls that should not be there. They make them wish to get things without working for them.

Boys and girls, you should only feel that you own a thing when you have honestly earned it. It is not right to try to get things for nothing. Work hurts no one, and whatever one earns by hard work becomes a part of one's self and is really and truly his.

But I did not mean to "preach" at you, for I don't believe the Banner children need to be "preached" at in this way. You earn everything you get I know, and are always ready to divide with somebody else. That's the right way, and a boy or girl who follows it is sure of pleasing the loved ones in spirit life as well as himself.

Now for the story, and it is going to be a true one.

All of the boys and girls of the Banner have

seen the green grass, the pretty flowers, the big trees, the little brooks, and big rivers near their homes. Of course they have, and it will seem strange to them when I tell them that there are ever so many boys and girls of their own age, living in the big cities who never saw any of these things I have named.

But so it is and some of these little folks of the cities would not know what green grass was were they to see it! Isn't that too bad? Wouldn't you like to take them to the greenest, prettiest piece of grass on your papa's farms and tell them all about it?

"Once upon a time," and not so very long ago either, I was riding on a street car in one of our big cities. It was dusty, noisy, smoky and everything else I did not like in the city, so I was going out to one of the parks to get some fresh air.

A park you know, is a place in or near a city or town, where there are no houses, no smoke, no rattling carts or other things that one gets tired of. It is a place like your papa's farm in the country. Big shade trees, little brooks, nice green grass, tiny ponds where big white swans swim about just as freely as you please, pretty fountains in whose basins the gold fish can be seen, and other nice things are found.

I knew I should have a nice time there and was wishing the car would go faster so that I could get there as soon as I possibly could. All of a sudden the car stopped and three little girls, with their papa and mama got on board. One of the little girls, about three years old, sat beside me near her papa, while her mama and her two sisters were on the seat just in front.

All the children as well as their parents had small bundles in their hands, that I could not make out. The little three year old talked to her papa all the way to the park, but I could not hear what she said until we were out of the city.

As soon as we reached the country, where there were trees and grass beside the road, all three of the children shouted "O papa! mama! just look!" They were pointing to the grass, and the little one was saying softly to herself "pitty! pitity!"

By and by we reached the park. The chil-

dren's papa lifted them to the ground, then helped their mama down, and then they all walked slowly into the park. Every few steps the children would stop and cry out with joy at some pretty flower or bush beside the path. They hopped, skipped, jumped, and danced, they were so happy.

The baby had much to say about the "pitty" things she saw. Her papa told her about the grass and the trees, and the flowers, and she said "I love oo! I love oo!" and laughed right out loud as she spoke to the pretty things that could not answer her in words.

But I'll just tell you what I think, I really and truly think the flowers and trees know when people love them, for they are ever so much prettier and grow much faster when they are well loved and cared for.

I watched the children and their parents for a little time, half wishing I could join them. Their papa found a big maple tree in the park, whose branches and leaves made the nicest kind of shade, and there they all sat down to enjoy themselves.

Baby and her sisters rolled over and over on the soft grass in the nicest kind of a frolic, and papa and mama looked as if they enjoyed the fun. It was Sunday and the entire family was having a little picnic in the park. All of the boxes and bundles of which I spoke were full of "goodies" for their noon luncheon, and I will warrant they were all as hungry as they could be when dinner time came.

Fresh air and frolics give people real good appetites you know, and they can eat heartily and enjoy their food. The father and mother were working people, and needed a day in the sunshine to rest them. I believe they felt better all the week after; don't you think so, too?

You ought to have heard those little girls laugh, shout and sing. You could not have helped laughing too. Baby's cooing voice sounded in my ears for a long time after I lost sight of the party. "I love oo!" "I love oo!" means a great deal, and I felt better for having heard baby say it, even though she spoke to the green grass.

I don't mean to say these children never

saw any grass before, but I don't believe they see it very often, or have seen it many times before. If they had their papa would not have had to tell them so much about it. At any rate, they had a good time, and when night came, I have no doubt but what they all went home, feeling very tired, but as happy as happy could be.

I think the children in heaven had a good time watching these little girls at their play, and I hope the angels joined them in their romping and singing—don't you? It was a bit of heaven on earth to baby and her sisters, and they made it so to me, although they never noticed me at all, nor did I speak to them even once.

From Uncle Dan.

Dollybugs' May Basket.

"What is this delegation of little girls coming to me for now?"

"If you please, Uncle John, we don't think you are quite fair to us girls."

"Well, well, well. That is a song your Uncle John has heard sung a great many times in his life. What are the wrongs of the sex this time? That is the proper thing for your Uncle John to say, isn't it?"

"Oh, now, you are making fun of us. Truly and really, we think you ought to tell something for the girls. You have had only Petieboy stories for oh, ever so long. We want to hear something about Dollybugs and you know, Uncle John, it is Dollybugs' turn surely by this time."

"Oh, ho! That's all, is it? I was afraid your Uncle John had offended in a much more serious matter. Well, you see, little Girlkins, Dollybugs is so very young, you know, that there isn't so much—"

"Oh, Uncle John, you're a humbug. Of course there is something you can think of about Dollybugs to tell us."

"Do you want me to put on my thinking cap for a little while?"

"Yes, we do, and if you don't think something pretty quick, we shall call it something worse, the kind of a cap the teacher puts on stupid boys."

"Not a dunc cap? You wouldn't say that to your poor, forgetful old Uncle, would you?"

"Yes, we will if you don't stop joking and tell us a Dollybugs story; right away, too."

"My, my, wouldn't you be a strong-minded woman when you grow up."

"Well, I hope I will have a better memory than I shall think you have got, unless you tell us a Dollybugs story."

"Please, I don't dare wait another minute, Miss Strenuous. So here goes."

"There, I knew you could if you wanted to. I know by the way you looked that you were just trying to plague us."

"Tut, tut, little Miss Wisdom. It's no use trying to fool you, is it? Well, how shall I begin? Did you girls ever hang May baskets? In the part of the country where Miss Dollybugs lives, hanging May baskets is great fun. To hang the basket on the door knob, give the door a tremendous thumping and then run and hide, trying not to be caught and yet hoping you may, that is hanging May baskets as Petieboy and Dollybugs do it."

"This last May, Dollybugs made several May baskets all herself. She is so little she was not allowed to hang them very late; just at dusk, however, satisfied her as well. She had hung all but one and her friends had all been favored. What should she do with that last one, was a grave question for the little mind. Finally, she thought she would send it in a nice box to her older brother by mail."

He lived many miles away, so she could not hang it on his door; but she thought he would be 'prised enough' to get it if she addressed it in her own hand-writing and mailed it to him in a box. So she filled it with candy and peanuts and put it in a nice box; but before she got ready to address it, which was quite a task for her, May slipped out of the almanac and June came in. This was bad. Of course she couldn't hang a May basket in June! What should she do? Mama told her that her big brother's birthday came on the twenty-first of June and she might keep the basket till a day or two before the twenty-first and then she thought her big brother would be very much pleased to receive it for a birthday present from his small sister. So Dollybugs adopted this plan. The basket was put carefully away with its burden of sweets to await the coming of the birthday.

"Alas for Dollybugs' love of candy and peanuts! She did what has led many a grown-up into mischief. She took just one piece. One piece wouldn't be missed, of course. But the next day she took one more. Candy was so good. Then it didn't seem to make so much difference if she did take one more piece; so she took just one more each day, until one day she found it was all gone but one piece. Of course, one piece would never do to send in a birthday box. She thought she would take that and then get some more and send it right off quick. Mama, you know, had not been told about this. If Dollybugs had told her mama, her mama would have shown her how dangerous it is to yield to the temptation of taking the first piece; she would have told Dollybugs that in all wrong doing, it is the first wrong step that leads to all the others; so little girls must never yield the first time."

But mama's first knowledge of the empty box was when she told Dollybugs that it was time to send her brother his birthday basket. Then she had to confess that a little girl's appetite for sweet things had been too strong and that the candy was all gone!

"Poor little Dollybugs was so sorry then; but 'then' was too late. So she said 'Mama, you buy some more candy, fill the basket and hide it where I can't ever find it and then when brother comes down here to see me, I will give it to him and tell him it is his birthday present that I was going to send him.'"

"This was all poor little Dollybugs could do. It wasn't the candy but it was the gift at the right moment for a gift, that would most please her brother and she knew it. She did all she could to repair the damage which her yielding to temptation had caused; but it was not quite the same thing."

"And yet the lesson which Dollybugs learned was worth something to her and, I guess, little Miss Wisdom and all the rest of you will learn something from this story too!"

"So you see sometimes Uncle John stories have what the story books he used to read called a 'moral.' This is a story with a 'moral.'"

"Do you like it?"

"This will do for this time, little women. And now, sweet dreams to you all and to all the little women everywhere in this broad land."

Uncle John.

A Birthday Party.

The Spiritualists, friends and co-workers of George W. Ripley of Worcester, Vt., formerly of Montpelier, Vt., celebrated his eighty-third birthday anniversary at his home June 17th. Historical sketch of his life was given by Dr. S. N. Gould of Randolph, Vt., showing that he has been one of the first in the advancement of Spiritualism and other great reforms of the day. Brother Kent and Rev. Mr. Halsey made able speeches in behalf of the Grange, the Good Templars and the neighbors.

Mrs. Edie L. Webster of Lynn, Mass., delivered a short address in the interest of humanity which was able and timely and well received by all. Miss Austin and Miss Ladd, members of the Good Templars lodge rendered fine selections of music. At the close Brother Ripley responded with much feeling to the many good things that were said, thanking his many friends for all their expressions of kindness. A large canvas was spread in front of his home under which a long table was spread with the bounties to supply the physical wants of life. In the center of the table, was a large fine birthday cake with the dates 1820-1903.

Nearly one hundred were present and all had an enjoyable time. Late in the afternoon all took their departure to their homes leaving their congratulations for Brother Ripley and wife whose home has always been a home for mediums and speakers and reformers, and many are the weary ones that have been made happy in his home. Brother Ripley's mind is big with knowledge of immortality, feeling assured in the present feebleness of health that when the transition time shall come his angel friends will meet him and give him a happy welcome to the Summer Land of Flowers.

The convention at Hardwick was a great success. Mrs. Webster and Rev. F. A. Wiggin were at their best, and surprised many with their tests. Mr. Wiggin's lecture Sunday afternoon was very able.

Mrs. Edie L. Webster is filling an engagement at Montpelier with good success. Is to speak two or more Sundays.

Dr. Gould.

A Chance to Make Money.

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

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