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NO. 21

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

Matthew Arnold.

Weary of myself, and sick of asking
What I am, and what I ought to be—
At this vessel's prow I stand, which bears
me forward,
Forward o'er the star-lit sea.

And a look of passionate desire,
O'er the sea, and to the stars I send,
O ye, who from my childhood hast calmed
me,
Calm me, compose me to the end!

Ah! once more I cry, Ye stars! ye waters!
Upon my heart your mighty charm renew,
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming great like you.

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of
heaven,
O'er the lit sea's unquiet air,
Through the listening night air, came the
answer,
Wouldst thou be as they are? Live as
they.

Unaffected by the silence round them,
Undisturbed by the sights they see—
These demand not that the things without
them
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

And with joy the stars perform their shining
And the sea its long moons silvered roll,
For self-poised they stand, nor pine with
nothing
All the fever of some differing soul.

Bounded by themselves, and unregardful
In what other state God's other works may
be,
On their own tasks, all their powers pour-
ing—
These, attained the mighty life you see.

Oh, air-born voice! long since severely clear
A cry from my own heart I hear,
I resolve to be myself, and know that he
Who finds himself, loses his misery!

"Manliness."

Rev. Wilson Fritch.

"Quit you like men." I Corinthians, 16:13.
When Agamemnon was leading the assault
upon Troy, amid the dust of the march, clat-
ter of shields, and the clang of arms, he
shouted, "O friends, be men!" Many hundred
years later St. Paul, engaged in preaching the
gospel of Christ, having established a church
in Corinth, among a later generation of
Greeks, wrote a letter to them, exhorting
them to steadfastness; and this is the intense
expression he uses: "Quit you like men!"
—the sentiment of the ancient Greek uttered
again by a man engaged in moral and re-
ligious enterprise; the sentiment that reaches
the heart of humanity; the sentiment that
thrills us. The appeal is mighty to us in pro-
portion as we recognize the inherent nobles-
ness of mankind.

The exhortation is not to be angels or gods,
but "Quit you like men!" Be men in the full
significance of that term.
Those ancient Greeks would think of the
mighty heroes of their race. They would think
of Thermopylae, where Leonidas, with his
three hundred, withstood the thousands of
Persians that came to destroy the liberties of
Greece.

They would think of the mighty intellectual
leaders of their race, of Timoleon, of Phidias,
who expressed thought in sculpturing the
forms of beauty. They would think of
Homer, of Plato, of Socrates and Aristotle.
They would think of the great Demosthenes,
the men and women who seemed to push the
capabilities of mankind to their limits.

Having recently been instructed in Jewish
history, they would think with Paul of the
heroes of that race, of Abraham, the name
that stands as a symbol of faith; of Moses,
the law giver; of Joshua, and of David, also,
in his bravery; and of the Isaiah, and
Gideon, the Maccabees; and of Jesus, who
transcended in power, beauty and tenderness,
who has set afire more souls than any other
character in history.

They had all of these in their mind as ex-
amples, as the message came from St. Paul,
"Quit you like men!"

But our ideas of manliness are further ex-
emplified by such men as Epictetus, Aure-
lius, Caesar, Cicero, the strong characters of
mediaeval times, foremost among them
Dante, Savonarola, Luther; the characters
that have made Great Britain mighty
throughout the earth, the great philosophers
and poets; Alfred, Cromwell, Newton, Bacon,
Milton, Shakespeare; pure characters of our
own country, two of whom we have recently
been reminded of, clear sighted Emerson, and
the liberty loving, enthusiastic Channing.

We think of these great minds. Our souls
are enthused with the conception of man-
liness, what man intrinsically is, what
humanity means. No wonder the psalmist
writing in the early days of the Jewish
nations, cried,

"Thou hast made him a little lower than
God,
Thou hast crowned him with glory and
honor."

The great poet exclaims:

"What a piece of work is man,
How noble in reason,

How infinite in faculties.
In action, how like an angel;
In apprehension, how like a God!"

What men and women have been is an ex-
pression of the intrinsic nature of mankind
and the earnest of what may yet be realized
by the race.

The great thing is never to sacrifice our
self respect; at any cost to retain our self
respect. We can do this only as we live
up to the best we know. It makes some dif-
ference what civil government will say to
your conduct. It makes perhaps still more
difference what the public in general shall
say to your conduct, but the last judge is al-
ways yourself. You may justify your act,
perhaps, where civil government condemns;
sometimes when the society in which you
live condemns; but your failure is complete
when you cannot justify your act to your own
conscience, to your own self, when there is
something within you that says your life is
only mean compared with what it ought to
be. If you are not doing what you ought, if
you are not living up in any sense to your
ideal, you sacrifice your self respect and then
strength deserts you, and you are in a most
pitiable condition.

So, to stir men to come up to the best in
themselves, we do not emphasize the worst
in them. That is not the truest way to bring
man to his strength. We like to dwell upon
the divineness in every man, the noble capab-
ilities with which all are endowed.

To maintain our self respect, to see as
clearly as we can manliness and woman-
liness the ideal of life, and at the cost of
everything to press toward that ideal, that
it is to live. At last we must stand to our-
selves or fall to ourselves.

Let us pass to consider a few traits of man-
liness. Of course we grasp the importance
of the expression and the wide sense in which
we have been thinking of it—the purity, hon-
esty, beauty of life—this human life in its
seeming weakness brought to its power, the
weakness transformed into strength, glor-
ified with the divine approval in coming to
the high ideal that is placed in the midst of
all.

When we speak of manliness most of us
think first of all of strength, and that is cor-
rect when you take strength in its full sense.
I believe physical strength should be con-
sidered as well as spiritual strength. More
and more are we coming to sense that the
elements are not set against each other.
The sainthood that means a weak body is
pretty well set aside. We are conceiving that
holiness means wholeness, completeness,
fullness of life. The body of man is sacred.
It is a part of our religion to bring the body
to its utmost strength. The intellect, too,
should be brought to its utmost intensity,
to its clearest vision. The morality of life
which we may designate as the highest phase
of our existence, should be brought to its ut-
most nobility. Our lives must be pure, our
thoughts must be honest, hypocrisy must be
eliminated from us. We must live in our
own right, to be a part of this mighty uni-
verse in which we are placed just as effect-
ually as the planets are set in the system
—not setting ourselves against anything beau-
tiful and good but setting ourselves in accord
with the laws that pervade the intellectual,
the moral and spiritual universe. We can
realize strength by such consecration of self
to the laws underlying powers of the world.
The laws of God refresh the heart.

This is one element.

I am sure that every man rejoices in
strength. The whole race is appreciating this
more and more. There is an evolution of
womanhood along this line. It is no longer
thought that strength is not compatible with
the grace of womanliness, but that woman-
liness is coming to its realization in the utmost
strength of body, intellect and spirit.

The other element is heroism. By heroism
we mean the devotion of self to some great
cause. We do not think a man is heroic
if he fritters away his strength in an un-
worthy cause. We call him foolish. He may
be, perhaps, brave in a shallow sense of
bravery. We do not say he is courageous
in its deep sense. It is only when the self is
enlisted in some worthy cause, when the self
is sacrificed to help mankind that one is truly
heroic.

In ancient times men thought of heroes
chiefly in relation to war and battle, where
the end was to cut down an enemy. I have
sufficient faith in the universe and in the
course of things to believe that even the con-
flict, violence and antagonism of those days
had their place in the development of the
world. Through those fearful conflicts so-
ciety moved on to higher things. But we
have ceased to think of heroism chiefly in
relation to war, the attempt to put down
somebody else and to prosper at the expense
of somebody else.

The devotion of self that is calculated not
to tear down a part of humanity, but the
devotion of self that is calculated to protect
and uplift humanity, the new and more glori-
ous chivalry.

There is the chivalry of war, but there is
also the chivalry of peace. There is the her-
oism of war, but also the heroism of peace;

and the heroism of peace is of infi-
nitely greater nobleness than the heroism of
war, except that war that is forced upon a
suffering people in the interest of liberty,
and essential to the development of mankind.
The normal condition of society is the con-
dition of peace. More and more is this real-
ized. I doubt not that the time will come
when the international difficulties will be sub-
mitted to an international tribunal, and that
we will come to a state of universal peace.
There will always be need of heroism, the
same devotion to helpful service.

Our fight is the fight with the evils of
mankind. I am sure under these circum-
stances our minds all revert to one illus-
tration. I refer to the heroism manifested by
many of the men in connection with the vari-
ous fire departments of our towns—a ser-
vice that involves danger, we know not how
much danger. The man that enlists in such
a service must be at the command of duty at
any moment, day or night. He must go
where duty calls. He is not to freely con-
sult his own welfare. The fireman must be
possessed of strength and ingenuity. He
must do his work in the face of flames, in
the face of falling buildings, and sometimes
in the face of explosives unwisely stored.
He takes into his hands his life quite as much
as the soldier on the field of battle.

I shall never forget the thrill that was
produced in my soul when reading an ac-
count of a fire in Malden a few years ago.
An Italian mother rushing out of a burning
building cried frantically for the rescue of
her three children from the second story.
Without a moment's hesitation a fireman ran
through the dense smoke and in an instant
returned with one of the children in his arms.
Up he went the second time and returned
with another. In spite of the roaring flames
up he went the third time and returned with
the last child, but fell exhausted in the hall.
That was just as much heroism as was
ever displayed in war. It does the heart of
man good to recognize such heroism. We
are all better men because of such actions.

He did not stop to ask whether those in
danger were natives or foreigners. There
was life in peril, and he succeeded in the re-
scue, but only by yielding the utmost strength
he possessed, so that he had to be dragged
from the threshold by his companions. I
think it is only fitting that in this Common-
wealth today and in places of worship, those
who are enlisted in this department of ser-
vice should pay tribute to those who were
faithful. We should remember in gratitude
those who are slumbering in the peaceful
cemetery of our land. It does us all good
to render a tribute of gratitude to these. We
revere their memories. The greatest service
man can perform is to give himself. The
sacrifice in every instance is complete, and
when the sacrifice of the individual is com-
plete it is the same sort as the sacrifice which
Jesus made of Himself on Calvary two thou-
sand years ago. It would be a kind of pro-
faneness to ask which is the more divine sac-
rifice. We do not compare. When the indi-
vidual gives himself, there is the manifesta-
tion of full divineness, of God-like action,
of God-like thought, of God-like devotion.
When a man does this, no matter what his
line of service may be, he quits himself like
a man.

While we pay our tribute today to those
who have served and have passed into the si-
lence, I think that as townsmen, as citizens,
we ought to be more thoughtful of those who
are now enlisted in like service and who are
in our midst. Is it not a comfort to you to
think when you hear the fire bell, that we
have a company of brave men who will
quench the flames that put property and life
into jeopardy? Ought we not feel that we
must do the best we can to equip these and
make their work as safe and easy as possi-
ble?

It is said that Americans are less thought-
ful in this than the people of other coun-
tries. They in constructing buildings have
in mind not only the beauty and usefulness,
but also the safety of the structure, so that
a fire may be controlled as easily as possi-
ble. There is more care in the storing of ex-
plosives. We ought to put our thoughts in
a practical shape by making our buildings
as safe as possible, by averting danger as
much as may be. Otherwise our service is
only a lip service, a mere prayer that does
not rise to heaven, simply the froth and foam.

In concluding let us dwell a little further
upon this view of new chivalry. It is often-
times supposed that we are in the hands of
fate—a cruel fate. I do not say there is
nothing in this idea. When we do our best,
after we have boasted of our individual free-
dom to do as we please, we find ourselves in
the grasp of a power that transcends our-
selves. Yet I say that human freedom is a
part of the course of the world. It is for man
to conquer fate. We have come to a state
where we do not say much about the hell of
the theologians or the hell of an indefinite
future world. While we pay less attention to
the hell of the future, we pay more atten-
tion to the hell of pain and suffering in this
world. While we are ready to trust our-
selves to the power of the Almighty over us

and the wisdom and kindness of that power
in the hereafter, we have come to see it is a
part of that power that we as individuals,
do all we can to alleviate suffering in this
world. While we believe less in a theological
hell, we address ourselves with all the more
energy to the destruction of the hell that in-
fects society here in this world. And that is
an enterprise worthy of our best energies.
It is a greater enterprise than the taking of
Troy was. It is a work worthy of man and
worthy of the Almighty to join hands to put
down everything that brings needless anguish
to the heart of humanity, and to make life as
safe and full and sweet, complete and beau-
tiful as is possible here and now.

Pen Flashes.

The Pilgrim-Peebles.

NO. 7.

Just thirty years ago this week the Canan-
daigua (N. Y.) district attorney refused to
prosecute fourteen women who had been in-
dicted with Susan B. Anthony for voting at a
presidential election. The world moves. Now
in several of the Western States women have
the right of suffrage, and they exercise it
without fear of indictment. And in far away
New Zealand the most prosperous country
in the world—women vote, and the reflex
action is less gambling and less beer shops.

The great Russian explorer, Zybikoff, just
returning from Lhasa, the capital of Tibet,
where he spent a year, reports the Tibetans
to be ignorant, superstitious and bigoted in
the extreme. They are Buddhists. Tibet
proper numbers more than a million, and the
population is decreasing from small-pox, and
the large number of celibate priests. He
further says. The morality of the Tibetans
is low and polyandry and polygamy flourish.
The people spend lavishly for fine clothes and
the wealthy resemble walking jewelry shops.
Labor is paid little more than a penny a day.
A priest will say his best prayers for a whole
day in your behalf for sixpence. For a while
Tibet was reported in Theosophical litera-
ture to be the home of the Mahatmas. Are
not these also decreasing?

I am in receipt of a very lengthy letter,
important and excellent, from Rev. M. Bever-
sluis, Parandrecht, Holland (near Rotter-
dam). Among other things he says, "In 1887
I was convinced of the reality of the spiritual
theology. In 1890 in a published book, I
openly expressed my heterodox opinions.
This book provoked a storm of indignation.
I lost my orthodox reputation and came in
violent conflict with theologians. I lectured
to the students at Utrecht in 1898; them in
different places. The next year I
founded a journal called Geest en Leven
(Spirit and Life), and the following year I
organized a society and became its president.
The orthodox Calvinistic principles in our
reformed churches dominate, owing to the
influence and interference of our first Min-
ister, Dr. A. Kuyper. . . . Opposed to Cal-
vinism and Roman Catholicism, are material-
ism and atheism; and just for this reason our
country may be considered as a fallow-lying
field of the propaganda of Spiritualism."

Though fifty and more years old in
America, Spiritualism is but little preached
in Holland. What has been done by Mrs.
Van Calcar, by Mr. Van Straaben and others,
has been chilled if not killed by Kardec rein-
carnation and Theosophy. Many do not know
the difference between Kardec Spiritism and
Spiritualism as taught in America. This
brother has done and is doing a noble mis-
sionary work in the interests of Spiritualism,
but he has not the finances to continue it.
He asks for financial aid from "the rich
Spiritualists of America." He expresses "the
earnest hope and prayer that the wealthy
Spiritualists of both England and America
will feel inspired to help him to further en-
gage in propagating Spiritualism." I present
this matter before the Spiritualists for their
consideration. The address is Rev. M.
Beverluis, Barandrecht (near Rotterdam),
Holland.

Among the distinguished journalists, writers
and authors of the world is William T.
Stead, of London, and withal, he is an
avowed Spiritualist, with the gift of auto-
matic writing. He cabled the following relat-
ing to the assassination of the King and
Queen of Serbia.—(See Light of Truth).

I leave the discussion of the political situa-
tion to put on record the remarkable fact that
the assassination of King Alexander was
foreseen by a clairvoyant, who was my guest,
as far back as March 20 of this year.

On Friday, March 20, I had invited a num-
ber of distinguished guests, including Earl
Grey, the Serbian minister, and others to
witness some experiments in psychometry.

The clairvoyant was Mrs. Burchell, a sim-
ple, unread Yorkshire woman from Halifax,
of whose psychometric powers I had heard
good repute.

Various articles were placed in her hands,
concerning which she made statements more
or less surprising, but of no historic interest.

At last a Servian gentleman present, whose
nationality was unknown to the clairvoyant,
handed her a sheet of note paper, on which
was written the autograph of Alexander.

Nothing was said as to the person from
whom the writing came, no questions asked,
and no information was given to her. Mrs.
Burchell did not open the paper, but held it
folded in her hand.

She had hardly grasped it when she ex-
claimed, "This belongs to royalty," then be-
coming very excited, she fell from her seat.

Then she collected herself and said:

"It is a bloody scene, there is murder being
done. I see the interior of a palace; there are
a king and a queen; they are together and
alone; then men, soldiers, burst into the room
and attack them; they kill the king; he is
dead, and the queen—oh, how she cries for
mercy—and begs for her life, but I fear for
her: I can not see whether she escapes or
not. The king—he is killed—oh, it is
terrible!"

Only the gentleman and myself knew that
the sheet of paper bore the king of Serbia's
signature.

After the party broke up, my Servian guest
reported to Mijatovich, the Servian minister,
what the clairvoyant had said, who in turn
wrote an urgent private dispatch to King
Alexander, warning him.

It must be some twenty-five years ago that
while lecturing upon Spiritualism in Nash-
ville, Tenn., and wandering with a friend on
a weekday in the cemetery, that we saw a
man with a sort of a scroll in his hand, look-
ing intently among the half-marked stones
and head-boards by the graves. He had a
flowering shrub by his side, which he was
evidently designing to plant over a soldier's
grave.

When asked by us, "Was your brother
buried here?" "No," was the answer. "A
son, perhaps?" "No." "A son-in-law?" "No."
"A near relative, then?" "No." After a
moment's pause the stranger laid down a
small board which he held in his hand and
said:

"Well, I will tell you. When the war
broke out I was a farmer in Illinois. I
wanted to enlist, but I was poor. I had a
wife and seven children. I was drafted. I
had no money to hire a substitute, so I made
up my mind that I must leave my poor,
sickly wife and little children, and go and
fight the enemy. After I had got all ready
to go, a young man whom I knew came to
me and said, 'You have a big family which
your wife cannot take care of. I will go for
you.' He did go in my place, and in the bat-
tle of Chickamauga he was wounded and
taken to the Nashville hospital. But after a
long sickness he died, and was buried here,
and ever since I have wanted to come to
Nashville and see his grave; so I saved up all
the spare money I could, and yesterday I
came on, and today I found my dear friend's
grave."

With tears of gratitude running down his
cheeks, he took up the small board and
pressed it down into the ground in the place
of a tombstone. Under the soldier's name
were written only these words: "He died
for me."

In this soul-felt phrase, "He died for me,"
lies the very core of the doctrine of the
atonement, stripped of its ecclesiastical
ornamentation. Socrates draining the poison
draught, died for me, because he died for a
principle. Jesus of Nazareth died for me,
because he died for the truth. The old
martyrs whose living, burning words of wis-
dom have streamed down through all the
ages, died for me. Our revolutionary fathers
bleeding, dying on crimson battle-fields, died
for me. This volunteer soldier died for me,
because dying for the Union—dying for his
country's flag, a symbol of the inalienable
right of "life, liberty and the pursuit of hap-
piness." But there is something braver,
nobler, grander than dying for a country, or
a friend. It is living for a country, living
for a suffering neighbor, living to bless and
morally benefit an enemy! Gentle reader,
have you attained this sublime attitude, the
exalted spiritual attitude, living to love and
help those who hate, persecute and "despite-
fully use you?" Retire now into the silence
for self-examination and contemplation! Re-
port later.

Attending the Sturgis anniversary meeting
and stopping, the guest of the kind-hearted,
saintly Mrs. Hannah Buck, I came across the
published life of that famous negro woman,
"Sojourner Truth." Reading bits of it, I was
reminded of a home incident that put me in a
tight place. Mrs. Peebles enjoyed talking
with this eccentric, yet brilliant colored
woman, "Old Sojourner," as everybody called
her. There were nearly a dozen at our tea-
table one evening, and among them the witty
Sojourner, skin black as night. The conver-
sation soon became cheery, turning upon
anti-slavery, and I launched out into earnest
enthusiastic strains about the abominations
of slavery as contrasted with the brotherhood
(Continued on page 4.)

SONG.

F. W. Smith.

Tune, When the Mists Have Rolled Away.

We are sailing on the ocean of our Father's boundless love, And our barque is ever guided by the precious ones above.

When the billows rise in fury and the surges o'er us roll, It is sure to make us wiser and to purify the soul.

We are drifting, ever drifting in our onward, upward way.

We are sailing, ever sailing to the realms of perfect day.

We shall land among the ransomed on the green and sunny shore, And receive a cordial welcome from the dear ones gone before.

They will guide us into bowers overhung with fragrant flowers.

Where our souls with rapture glowing feel the charm of golden hours.

We are going, ever going in our onward, upward way.

We are sailing, ever sailing to the realms of perfect day.

When in heaven we have drifted each and all to our true home,

We shall find it all embellished with the fruits that we have sown;

And pure souls on earth who never were the owners of a home

There will find one all resplendent hung with gems from hill to dome.

Then the ringing of the singing will make glad each loving one,

Angels voicing their rejoicing that reward is sure to come.

Dionysius the Areopagite.

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

Leo.

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Antipas stood still with the letter in his hand. Outside there was sunshine and he felt impatient with it. The thing seemed too horrible, too impossible. Myrtlene a martyr! Martyrs should be maidens, who go to their martyrdom in the white robes they have never defiled, not this woman who had trailed her scarlet skirts through the streets, giving herself to whomsoever would buy.

Yet, as he went for his sword, he remembered that this girl he so despised, had taken the chance of outrage or torture, sooner than acknowledge her marriage with him. To make her marriage legal, Dionysius had adopted her, so giving her a Roman's rights, for only marriages between citizens were recognized by the law of the empire. Myrtlene, it seemed, had refused to take the privileges her wifehood gave her, because she would owe nothing to the man who thought her touch pollution. Also, he remembered that she was a woman very good to kiss, and as there had been many times in those two years since his marriage when he had felt lonely, he knew that if it had been only his caresses she desired, she could easily have watched for her chance, and won them. And because he realized at last that his wife respected herself, a sudden respect for her grew up in his heart, and a desire for her again.

Then with his girdle heavy with the gold from the coffers of which Martin kept the keys, Antipas rode to the Southern coast as if the furies were after him, for day and night now, the vision of Myrtlene dying before his eyes, and he galloped on with his teeth set, bating the coward who had plotted the ruin of the woman he had sworn to love and protect, and then deserted her.

So, urged by his fears and his remorse, he reached the port, and took ship for Asia. In the long hours when he paced the deck restlessly, there came to him that slow awakening of the soul, which is what the early church meant by conversion. For out of his new found respect for Myrtlene, and his self-hate, was born a love for this woman who was his wife, a love so real that it made him pure enough to forget her sin as entirely as he had forgotten his own, and becoming pure his soul was able to draw nearer unto God. For as he learned to love another even as he loved himself, he was being raised very near to the All-Love of God which we name Christ. And so Antipas, without knowing it, came back to the faith in which he had been baptized as a child, and reached Ephesus, really at last a Christian.

There was no time to think of protest or appeal, for it was the day of the games, and the people were already thronging to the arena, laughing as they spoke of the Christian girl, who, unless she pleased them they would give to death that day. Antipas went with them, his gala dress of white and gold covered with a long dark cloak, which he drew over his head as he sat in the first row of seats, almost hidden from sight in the arena below by a pillar. So he waited, having no plan, and almost no hope of saving his wife, only his fingers gripped the hilt of his sword, and he vowed that if there was no other way, Myrtlene should at least die undefiled by the torturer's hands.

Below the arena was prepared for Aeschylus's great drama, as revised by Milo. One half of the space was bright blue water, flashing in the sunshine, as yoked by some hidden mechanism dated long years, it dashed against the ridge of black rocks which crossed the arena, and broke into masses of rainbow colored spray. The other half of the arena was sand, strewn with great boulders, and divided from the water by the ridge of black jagged rocks.

Among the boulders four persons were moving—the actor who represented the god Hephaestus, in gem studded golden armor, with what looked like a halo of light around his head; his servants, two giant negroes, naked except for their girdles and necklaces of skulls, who carried knotty clubs, and Prometheus, whom they brought to the rocks and chained to a jutting crag overhanging the sea.

Then Hephaestus in a dialogue with his servants, tells how there is no god higher than the Might and Hate, who now have dominion over all the world; and how by some Prometheus had dared to defy their mandates, and love his fellow men, so now the angry gods have sentenced him to be chained to this rock, and left to the vultures, unless something mightier than might and deeper than hate, should undo his chain.

The god and his servants then leave the arena, and Prometheus cries out to the great All-Life which must exist above and behind the forces of Nature, a God infinitely higher than these little ever-changing gods, and craves men make and destroy. And in the name of suffering humanity, Prometheus demands that this Over-Soul reveal Himself to man, and show that He instead of Hate is Love.

The audience gasped and whispered, not interested in the least in sufferings that were only acted—they liked their tragedy real in that old Roman way.

Then as if in answer to the prisoner's appeal to the Soul of Nature, a cloud of sea nymphs appeared to rise from among the breakers, and danced lightly on to the rocks. Their robes were the color of the waves, bright sparkling blue, pearls and sea shells decked their hair, and they carried long

wreaths of what looked like foam twisted into white glittering ropes.

At first they danced very slowly, singing their songs of sympathy for the captive, and touching his chains with pitying hands, that mourned their lack of strength. Then, as if intoxicated by their own joy, and the sunshine, they whirled away among the rocks, dipping and swiftly and lightly as darting birds, their white feet gleaming against the black crags. The audience aroused at last, applauded them.

Then there was a murmur of "Io," and Myrtlene entered at the rear of the arena. She wore a short skirted scarlet robe, with her hair coiled up and covered entirely by a strange golden cap, from which rose two gilded cow's horns, and as all eyes were turned toward her, she sprang forward and began her dance.

Round and round the sand, across and across it, went that whirling, bounding figure, looking more like a scarlet bird with golden crest moving on swift wings, than a creature of earth. Yet there was no one who saw that dance but felt that it was the dance of a thing in pain—dashing from side to side of its prison in a frenzy of agony and fear.

Then the sea maidens, dancing all together, went forward, and circled round her, throwing their long white chains over her head as she tried to pass them, but she tore the wreaths off her, and trampled the glittering fragments under her feet as she dashed away, while the nymphs pursued in vain. It was the very poetry of color and motion—that chase by the blue water fairies of that golden-bored creature. Now separating, now rushing together, they strove in vain to surround her again. Without an apparent effort she eluded them, and leapt up the crags, pausing at last upon a pinnacle of rock, where she stood, poised with the easy confidence of a thing with wings.

Her great eyes were ablaze with the excitement of the part she played, and with her horned head thrown back, she looked the very incarnation of that spirit of rebellion, which fate may break, but can never bend. Then lifting her hands in a gesture of passion and despair, she cried:

"Woe, woe, woe! In what have I sinned that I should go Thus linked to grief by God's hand for ever? Ah! I madden and shiver, Singing through dread—Flash, O Fire, down to burn me, Heave, O Earth, up to cover me, (Me and my shame for ever) Let me be plunged in the deep With thy salt waves over me, Where the sea beasts are fed."

Then Prometheus says—

"Thou frenzied maiden, Inachus's child,—Who love-warmed Zeus's heart, And now art lashed by Here's hate and scorn Along unending ways of pain."

And Io answers instantly,—

"Who taught thee the name of my father's child, Now by her grief and shame defiled?"

And with passionate gestures, and in quick, fierce words, she told how the god Zeus had forced his love upon her, then left her to the anger of her father, who had driven her from his house, and the hate of Here, the "white armed queen of heaven,"—and wife of Zeus.

And the man behind the pillar felt that the passion and pain in her voice was not all acting, and he hated himself as she cried,—

"Oh, the shame and the pain, And this fire in my brain. Oh, the sting of this curse, All aflame as it flew, Strikes, burning me through. Is there any help to be had by? If such knowledge is thine,—cry aloud, cry!"

Prometheus answered by vaguely prophesying the coming of a Deliverer for them both, who should be born of a woman.

And instead of questioning him further, Io, or rather Myrtlene,—for she now forsook her part,—chanted joyfully,—

"Unto us a child is born, Unto us a Son is born. The government shall be upon His shoulder. His name shall be called Wonderful. The Counsellor. The Mighty God. The Everlasting Father. The Prince of Peace. In judgment and justice He shall establish His kingdom for ever. His kingdom, our Lord Christ's."

She stopped, then, for at the sound of that hated name a storm of yells and hisses broke from the audience, and she stood, white-faced, but brave-eyed, facing them. Such a little red and gold thing she looked in that great arena,—to fling her faith so defiantly in the teeth of that howling, hooting mob. And the actor,—who like Milo had hoped to see her saved that day,—almost forgot to be angry in his pity and admiration for her.

"I am sorry I have spoiled thy play," she said softly, with a radiant smile, and baring of her companion, then her eyes flashed angrily as she exclaimed, "But no one had a right to make me dance when I did not want to. At least I shall say just what I want to."

"Thou little barbarian!" laughed the man, "What 'right' can there be in a world where Domitian is god and king? Now if thou wert among us Greeks there would be no bloody arena cast thee in, and if thou hadst been with thine own barbarian people, and defied them as thou hast done Ephesus this day, they would have pardoned thee, and bade thee choose the bravest man among them for thy husband, to bear sons who would be great and strong; but neither beauty nor courage will touch these people who have not an atom of either."

"These people" were now yelling—"The Christians to the lions, and fearing for himself as well as the girl, the actor sent her out of the arena, and then throwing off his chains, stood up, waving his arms slowly, first over the water, and then over the rocks and sand.

Curiosity and then admiration kept the people quiet, for at his signs the sea grew still, and out from a cavern flew a flock of white doves towing by silver ribbons, a golden boat shaped like a great shell. It was empty, but all round it swam mermaids, with yellow hair, and silvery tails, while tiny boys, rosy and naked, with butterfly wings springing from their shoulders, sat astride of big silver fish, and sported among the little waves. "It is the Masque of Amphrodite," the people whispered, "and we shall see our light footed Christian again, for she is to dance in it,—or die."

Then Prometheus turned with slowly waving arms to the rocks and sand,—from every jutting point, from every boulder sprang fountains flinging their waters high in the sunshine, while flowers and even small shrubs rose mysteriously out of the ground, and bands of frolicsome cupids fluttered their butterfly wings, and pelted each other with roses as they played "bo-peep" among the rocks.

Prometheus then vanished as suddenly as if the ground had swallowed him, and a hundred young girls, naked except for their girdles and crowns of roses, entered the arena, moving among the fountains in some sensual Syrian dance.

They were followed by a mock priest of Amphrodite, with his servants who carried

a small altar, which they set up upon the rocks before a flat topped crag, and then Myrtlene came slowly out of some opening among the rocks, and mounted the peak above the altar.

She wore now a long splendid robe, which trailed in waves of color on the rock behind her, for it seemed to be woven of jewels, flashing now green, and now blue as the light touched it, and now a wonderful wine color like the sea at sunset. Her hair was loose and unadorned, falling in soft golden masses to her knees. And she stood there, with her hands clasped tightly on her breast, and her eyes cast down, very pale and still she was, shivering a little as she felt the awful hate in those thousands of eyes glaring savagely down at her.

The incense was now smoking on the altar, and the girl-priestesses came dancing slowly round her, and as they danced they sang,—

"Up from the waves she arose, Beautiful, merciless, mighty, Stronger than strength art thou, Divine Amphrodite."

"Drop thou that envious robe Which thy thy beauty, Show thyself naked, Love, 'tis thy duty."

Once, twice, the dancers circled round her, singing their song, and she stood there silent and still. Then an angry murmur, quickly rising to a roar came from the audience, and Myrtlene suddenly looking up, raised her hand as if she wished to speak, and curiously as to what she wanted to say made the people quiet, as she cried,—

"People of Ephesus, the laws and might of Rome made me an orphan and a slave, and a sinner, for with the scourge and rack before my eyes, I, a child, feared to deny my lovers what they asked. Then Antipas, whom ye all know, bought me, and set me free, for the sake of Myrtlene, his Christian sister, whom he loved too well to ever be able to wrong a woman against her will. And can you wonder that before I knew one of its doctrines, I loved Christianity. Heathenism made me a slave, and forced my womanhood into the mire for men to trample upon. Christianity made me free, and bade me stand, a free woman by the side of my brother man,—his comrade and equal in the sight of our One God."

"O women of Ephesus, be merciful to me. Do not ask me to do this sin against myself, my sex, and my God. And if I must die, by your womanhood, spare me shame; even give me to the beasts, if ye must, but do not let me be defiled."

Myrtlene's voice broke in almost a sob, and a great shout of laughter burst from her hearers, the women screaming in their unholy mirth, as they fairly rocked in their seats. And Antipas ground his teeth as he muttered, "If another Joshua should arise with a warrant for the slaughter of this people, men and women, I might be willing to follow him,—the earth would smell sweeter with them dead."

"Then a man among the audience shouted, 'It is a great pity indeed, pretty Myrtlene, that this God objects to us seeing thee as He made thee, for that is what we are going to do and that thou canst stop thy whining for mercy, we have none. So now choose, thou either give up this crazy faith of thine, and unrobed dance as Amphrodite before us, then go out free and with thy hands filled with gold, to worship anything thou wilt, or else, if thou dar'st to refuse us, the executioners shall strip thee before our eyes and do unto thee whatever we say; then thou shalt die, but not before thou hast prayed for death as anyone ever prayed for life.'

"With shouts and clapping of hands the people assented to his words, and Myrtlene, with head erect and blazing eyes,—though her face was as pale as the dead,—answered,

"I cannot, and I will not do what ye require. Send your servants to outrage and torture me, I can do nothing,—a girl defenseless and alone. But by the God above us I will never consent to sin."

She threw her arms above her head and cried,—

"O earth, earth, cover not my blood! O Lord, how long? how long? Wilt Thou not judge and avenge my blood on these people who defile Thy earth?"

This time no one laughed, cruel and atheistical as they were; for a moment the people were quiet, a chill seemed to sweep over their hearts, and they felt the foreshadow of that awful day when those scourges of God, Mahomed and Attila, closed on the Roman Empire, and crushed her vampire life out of her, slaying even the mother with the children in that terrible day of wrath. But by their act and blood they had already damned themselves so far that not even fear could touch them. So now they shouted for the executioner, while from the topmost gallery where the slaves sat, a sheaf of white lilies bound together with a scroll, was flung by a strong arm and fell at Myrtlene's feet. She picked them up, guessing they had bloomed by the Virgin's grave, and read the message with them.

"Fear none of the things which they shall do unto thee," his friends had written. "Be true to thyself and God will be true to thee. They can only harm thy body. Be true, and thou shalt pass to those who are beyond, as undefiled in their sight as she by the highest heavens adorned, Mary, mother of our Lord."

The fire had gone out on the altar, the fountains had stopped their play, the priest with the temple girls and the cupids stood in a crowd at the end of the arena, staring at that fair, doomed woman who waited there, with the Virgin's lilies pressed against her breast.

(To be concluded.)

Where Patrick Henry Spoke.

In Richmond, Va., stands a church in which one of the noblest speeches ever made in the cause of liberty was made, and the man who spoke those fiery and impassioned words was Patrick Henry. It was on the occasion of the meeting of the Virginia convention of delegates, in March, 1775, that Patrick Henry said: "It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace,—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that the gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God. I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!"

Patrick Henry had laid some of the foundation stones of American Independence long before this. Indeed, the first plea he ever made in court contained a sentence that was a "straw" showing how the wind was blowing in some parts of Virginia. It was as early as the year 1760, while making his first speech in court that Patrick Henry maintained the right of Virginia to make laws for herself, and declared that in annulling a salutary ordinance at the request of a favored class in the community "a king from being the father of his people, degenerates into a tyrant, and forfeits all right to obedience."

This brought forth a cry of "treason," but some of those who uttered this cry were among those who in later years paid homage to Patrick Henry as one of the noblest men of his day.

Abby A. Judson.

Some thoughts suggested from the reading of these marvelous messages of June 20 and 27 from herself and father, Adoniram Judson.

"The joy of reunion with my dearest loved ones, in this fair sunny land of peace and love, was so unspeakably beautiful and soul-shrilling that my whole nature relaxed and rested in the full, sweet enjoyment of that family reunion." Abby A. Judson.

Ellis F. Porter, 206 Lenox Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.

There was printed in the Providence Journal Sept. 26, 1881, an article under this title: "Do Departed Spirits Return and Revisit the Scenes of Earth," over the name of Thomas R. Hazard, wherein he relates in detail the frequent return of his deceased wife and daughters when in presence of a certain medium, on frequent occasions appeared as in life in materialized form.

At the time the announcement was startling, copied into many papers and went round the world. It should be mentioned that those returning visits from his family were always at his home, Vauchre, Providence. Some believed, more disbelievers, but none doubted his integrity, but thought him a victim of an hallucination.

In a letter from him at the time in answer to some inquiries I had made I find these words: "No language can describe those scenes, to know needs an actual presence." Then and now I believe in the reality and truth of his statements.

Those familiar with Miss Judson's books will easily recognize the truthfulness of the communication; her brilliant and glowing power of description is apparent from beginning to end.

Her last "A Happy Year" in a measure may be called autobiographical, as an exposition of spiritual philosophy and phenomena, in all its different phases is one of the best. As an author her name and fame is world wide. In the sad and tragic ending of her life humanity lost one of its noblest promoters and advocates. Her sympathy and kindness were not limited but manifest to other than mortals.

"Walking lightly on the green lawn of my father's spirit home, and at my side are my two little pets. Their spirits came to me, and joyfully recognized my changed form, and as I loved them and all noble animals on earth, so still love and pet them in spirit land." Beautiful—transcendently so—but doubtless some will think it all a phantom, but I do not. Life and death are little short of a mystery, why the good are so often fated, I have failed in finding a solution—will some one specially gifted solve the problem?

In the Free Thought Magazine for April Mr. Walter C. Knowlton, has written some very interesting incidents in the life and death of Miss Abby A. Judson. "He says with all the light of modern thought, cold-blooded bigotry still exists, as attested by the actions of Miss Judson's two brothers, Revs. Dr. Dana Boardman and Paul Judson, refusing to honor the last request of their sister, that a speaker of her own faith might officiate, but insulted her memory by getting a Baptist minister."

John Van Denburgh, Milwaukee, Wis.

The Strange Feats of Modern Magic.

Scribner for May has an article on this subject in which the author, Brander Matthews, with self-sufficiency and assertion which can be described as "gall," shows to his own satisfaction that Dr. Oliver Lodge in his address as president of the Psychical Research Society, is unscientific in his methods and unsound in his conclusions in his investigations of psychic phenomena.

To prove this, he cites from the autobiography of Robert Houdin, a story of his appearance before the court of Louis Philippe in 1846, and of an astonishing trick he there performed. By this he intends to show that the manifestations through the celebrated medium, D. D. Home, were also tricks but not as wonderful.

Houdin describes the trick but like a true magician, covers it with mystery. He was given six days to prepare and make arrangements. After the usual program, Houdin asked for six handkerchiefs from the ladies present. These he rolled into a package and placed on the table. He then passed around blank cards requesting each one to write a name, which he desired the handkerchiefs to be taken to her and handed to her. He then went to Louis Philippe and asked him to select three and then from these the one which should designate the place where the handkerchiefs should be.

The first said under the candelabra, the second in the dome of the Invalides, the third in a box in which an orange tree was growing, the last one to the right, in the garden. The king selected the last. Houdin went to his table and placed a glass bowl over the candelabra. After awhile he tapped on the bowl with his wand and commanded the package to depart and raising the bowl, a turtle dove had taken its place. Sentinels were at once sent to guard the tree and the gardener called and ordered to search at the roots. He returned with an iron casket, eaten by rust. The king tried to open it but found it was locked. Houdin told him to take the key tied by a ribbon to the neck of the dove. The key opened the box, the handkerchiefs were there, with a parchment signed by Cagliostro, saying that he had placed the package there in 1786 that this trick might be performed.

This is the trick that a writer who rates himself so superior to Dr. Oliver Lodge, that he feels qualified to crush him with an off-hand criticism, compares with the manifestations of Home as more wonderful, and better "authenticated" and "more abnormal." That is Houdin was a confessed deceiver and Home was nothing more.

To the magician, to one unacquainted with the art of legerdemain, is apparently inexplicable, and yet is so simple that it is childish. Houdin's son was his assistant, as he always was in the bizarre tricks. Before the performance the magician wrote the names of the three places designated on three cards. He knew the king would not select the candelabra as it was too easy, nor the dome of the Invalides as it was so distant. The orange tree was near, yet difficult. What he gathered the cards, he introduced the three among them and by a method well known to conjurers, forced them on the king. Having thus designated the place, he went to his table and exchanged it for one exactly like it in the "servant" or drawer. The real package he gave to his son who hastened to the garden, with which he had already made himself familiar, and concealed the box in which he had placed it. Houdin kept his audience amused by side talk and stories, until his son had ample time. Then he placed the package under the glass bowl, rapped on it and commanded it to go to the place designated. Then the king hurries sentinels to the orange tree, the gardener is sent for and soon makes the wonderful find.

Compare this with the least manifestations in the presence of Home. He was invited into the homes of people like Sergeant Cox, William and Mary Howitt, J. C. Hall, and before the courts of Louis Napoleon and the Czar of Russia and never a shadow of deception rested over him. He had no paraphernalia or confederates. The manifestations did not always come, failing when he most

desired them. The story of these wonderful phenomena is given in "Incidents of My Life," which is as authentic as the words of Houdin. How different were the manifestations of Home, will be seen in the following instances, taken at random. They are on the authority of a correspondent of the Spiritualist Magazine, vouched for by the editor, and nine members of the circle. The seance was held in a room into which the full moon poured its light. "The window-blind then commenced to move up and down—no one near it—evidently to tone the light; and while we were remarking the singularity of the phenomena, and how high it went, all looking at it, suddenly it went up to the top and then came slowly down to its original position. Mr. Home felt something on his head and found that it was a leaf. Suddenly a leaf of a geranium was taken and dropped into the lap of a lady sitting at the table. After a pause, Mr. Home said that he felt that he was being lifted up; he moved from the table and shortly said 'I am rising'—but we could not see him—they have put me on my back." I asked, "Will you bring him to the window, if possible, so we can see him?" and at once he was floated with his feet horizontally toward the window, so we all saw his feet and part of his legs floating on the air like a feather, about six feet from and above the table."

This feat of levitation occurred many times and was never imitated by any magician. It was carefully observed and all saw it as absolute and unaccountable on any other grounds than what was claimed for it. The elongation of Mr. Home's body was never imitated by any magician. As described by Mr. Jenckens: "Suffice it to say that the phenomena were all carefully observed and tested. It was after dinner, Mr. Home said 'I am growing taller,' and then the remarkable phenomenon of elongation was witnessed. It was repeated several times. The first time Mr. Home lengthened to about six feet nine inches and shortened below his normal height to about five feet. We carefully measured the extent of the elongation against the wall, it showed eight inches."

It must be borne in mind that during these remarkable manifestations he was in an unconscious trance. Two volumes by himself and one by his wife are filled with equally remarkable manifestations, and these instances are given, not as unique, but for the purpose of showing how entirely different they were from the devices of the common juggler.

Almost every phase of the manifestations came in the presence of Mr. Home. He sat with his hands without the least preparation. He had no apparatus. He disliked dark circles, holding that a light sufficient to make everything distinct was not opposed to spirit-power. He scorned to receive pay and his seances were always free.

He went to the court of Russia unknown except for his remarkable faculty and by his sterling worth of character won the esteem of the highest officials. He married a cousin of the Chancellor Alex. Axakof, and the Czar stood god-father to his son. No magician ever attempted to perform these manifestations under like conditions. Their bungling imitations were not even passable counterfeits.

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

What Is It Worth?

An Old Spiritualist.

This question is often asked with regard to Spiritualism by people outside of our ranks, who fail to see the concrete results of the efforts put forth by Spiritualists during the past half century. They assume (and justly) that if Spiritualism is of any real value to its followers, they will make it known in some way by which the world can be made better by the teachings they claim to follow. When our opponents see the children of Spiritualists sent to Orthodox, Unitarian or Universalist Sunday schools, and know that the parents are either members of said churches themselves, or liberal contributors to their support, they have a perfect right to ask "what is it worth?"

In hundreds of homes where Spiritualism is accepted by the parents, the children are never permitted to hear one word with regard to it, and are forced to go to church and Sunday school for the sake of their "social standing." These children grow up in Orthodoxy, and then the parents complain in their old age that their offspring have no respect for their religion! This lack of respect is due not so much to the children as to the parents themselves. If Spiritualism is worth too little to adults to be taught to their children in their tender years, then indeed is the world's people question its value to any one, old or young.

One of the leading reform workers in the United States writes us that he thinks it a great mistake to try to establish a Spiritualist school of any kind, "fearing that it will have a tendency to unduly bias the minds of the young students in the direction of Spiritualism."

What a devoted Spiritualist that reformer must be! Spiritualism will do incidentally for him but it must not be given to the young lest they may become convinced that it is true! It is to this attitude of mind on the part of many of the pioneers in Spiritualism, and especially on the part of the majority of those who are on the stage of action today, that our local societies are so unstable and our young people so conspicuous by their absence. They are in the churches where their parents have sent them to avoid being contaminated by Spiritualism.

Something is sadly wrong in the home of the Spiritualist whose children become church members. It may be safely assumed that the parents only half believe it themselves, or have set such a poor example of its value as to cause their children to turn from them in disgust. In any event, they have shamefully neglected their young people, and it is hardly less than a disgrace to be repudiated by one's own. This disgrace, however, was deliberately invited by those cowardly parents who made church members of their children either by neglect, by acquiescing in and advising them to go to church. These remarks apply also to those who enter the church as preachers of a religion diametrically opposed to the one held by their parents.

Another striking example of the lack of devotion to Spiritualism is found in its abandonment by many of its platform speakers. Charles A. Hayden, Laura DeForce Gordon, Susan M. Brown, E. C. Dunn, Cephas B. Lynn, H. H. Brown, R. P. Ambler are cases in point. Can we complain when the world asks "What is Spiritualism worth?" in view of these almost wholesale desertions? Why did they go from us? Perhaps they followed the children of Spiritualists into the churches to find the audiences the Spiritualists refused to give them in their own halls. It is more likely, however, that they went where they could have system, settled work, and an atmosphere that was religious in character. Forty years ago in many sections of the country the Spiritualists built and paid for temples in which to hold their meetings. Today the majority of those buildings have been sold, the money frittered away, and for many years no meetings of a spiritual nature have been held. If the citizens are asked about Spiritualism, the reply often is made that in former years there was a good society there, but the first Spiritualists had passed away, and their children, those who had been left town, were church members. We have frequently heard middle aged men remark that their parents were Spiritualists, but that they

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NOT HIS THE SILENCE.

O you whose doubt I know, whose pain I share,
Who cry into the night if God be there,
And wait, and listen, till the darkness seems
As empty and as meaningless as dreams!
Across my soul-dark shines one ray of light,
A silver star upon the void of night.
If there be comfort in it, take the thought:

Through countless years an Unknown Worker wrought,
Till lo! we see the sunrise, hear the wind,
Awake, rejoice, and guess a God behind!
Long ages more the Laborer will need
To give us soul-eyes that we see indeed;
Long ages more before our dullard ears
Shall catch the music of the quivering spheres.

Be still! O crying souls! I think he hears
The blither falling of our midnight tears;
Years pitiful above the infant, man;
Awaits the patient progress of his plan
Within the soul that now in anguish cowers.
Not his the silence, but the deafness covers.
—Marian Warner Wildman, in the Century Magazine for July, 1903.

THE WAY HOME.

"The way is dark, my Father, cloud on cloud
Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud
The thunder roars above me. See, I stand
Like one bewildered. Father, take my hand,
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
Thy child.

"The day goes fast, my Father, and the night
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight
Sees ghastly visions; fear—a spectral band—
Encompass me. O Father, take my hand,
And from the night
Lead up to light
Thy child.

"The way is long, my Father, and my Soul
Lings for the rest and quiet of the goal.
While yet I journey through this weary land
Keep me from wandering. Father, take my hand
Quickly and straight
Lead to heaven's gate
Thy child."

Anon.

Going Home.

"I am going home tonight,
Out of blindness into light,
Out of weakness, tears and pain,
Into power, peace and gain."

Going home! This is what each mortal
can say every moment of his life when he
pauses, to think upon the fact of existence.
Going home to his own Soul! Going away
from the things that seem to possess him to
the things that are! Going out of the darkness
of earth's ephemeral fancies into the
glorious light of God's eternal truth! Why,

then, should anyone grieve? Why should the
tears fall, the breast heave with sobs, the
heart break in agony over the unreal things
of existence? Above the shadows are the
smiling faces of those who have been set free
from the slavery of the senses into the lib-
erty of the soul. There are all the life-trees,
blighted in the green spring of youth, with
their foliage ripened in full in the gardens
celestial. There are all the blossoms of life,
that failed to open their tender petals on
earth, bright on the branches of the vernal
fruit trees in the orchards of the soul, whose
incense, afloat in the celestial atmosphere, is
as was the aroma of the lotus lily to the nos-
trils of the gods.

Going home to gaze upon the things that
are perfect! Going home to know, not in
part, but in full, the truths of existence!
Going home to find all that we have seem-
ingly lost in the years of earth's dull shadows
are abloom with love and life and light in the
realms of the soul! No more pain, no more
sorrow, no more heartache in that kingdom of
light, but only the memories caused by the
sins of ill doing of our finite selves while in
earthly form. Why then should we cling
with a struggling sigh to this clay? Why not
look aloft and beyond to the eternal glory of
the kingdom of God? Why wail and weep
in bitterness and despair while above us
hangs the gracious crown of Immortality
held by the hand of the archangel who is
God's messenger to the world? Let us pre-
pare, then, to go home laden with sheaves
that are worthy of the harvesting; let us cast
aside all the dross of earth; let us rise above
our mortal selfishness, our sensual physical
desires, our longing for physical pleasures,
our attachment to the things that perish.
Let us build our soul mansions in the here
and now by doing those things for others
that we are so sorely in need of having others
do for us.

When this thought dominates us, we shall
live the life that will enable us to see with
the eyes of the soul the home into which we
are going when the messenger touches its
child with the magic wand of love and bids
it sleep the so-called sleep of death to
awaken in the glorious morning of life eternal
in the land beyond the cloud rift.

Editorial Sayings.

Live for a purpose. Make that purpose the
attainment of the Best there is in the gran-
aries of the Soul, and success is surely thine.

Of that Best, be a generous almoner, for
"he who gives of his Best, of that Best is the
certainest user, while he who withholds finds
himself of his gaining the pitiful loser."

Counsel freely with the angel, Activity, and
by her hand be led to the fields of Duty
where each true and valiant soul finds peace
of mind through unselfish labor the good of
others.

Be faithful in thine endeavors to serve thy
brother, even though his ways please thee
not, for it is better to restore him to the path
of rectitude than it is to gratify thy dislike
even of the error into which he hath fallen.

Forgive much and many times, lest thou
renderest thyself open to unjust condemna-
tion for thy choleric, on the part of thy neighbor,
who doth not know thee or thine inner
life, hence would judge thee externally and
ignominiously.

Fix thine eyes upon the goal of Absolute
Good, and let no external thing divert thee
from the object of thy quest lest thou fall
into the pits of destruction by the roadway
of thy life, and lose thyself forever.

Be frank in thy speech lest thou deceive
even thyself with a multitude of words that
appeal not to the Soul, nor emanate there-
from, but are inspired by thy lower self to
destroy thee and to injure thy unsuspecting
brother.

Be at peace with all men, more especially
with thyself, lest the warfare of thy spirit
divorce thee from thy Soul, for he who is
adrift from his Soul is like a ship at sea
without compass or rudder, useless in itself,
and a menace to all honest commerce of
whatever character.

Affirm thy oneness with All-Truth at all
times, and lose not sight of the Castle Beau-
tiful in which thy Soul forever abides, for he
who is dazzled by the ephemeral rays of the
Seeming, misses the effulgent light from the
sun of the Real.

Let Honor be thy watchword, Endeavor
thy guiding star, and Love the inspirer of
thy life, for he fails in his quest who know-
eth not Love, and hath not the star of pure
Endeavor to light him to the fields of the
Soul's true Honor.

"As the hart panteth for the water-brooks,"
so let thy finite self thirst for the pure
waters from the springs of Truth in the
realms of the Soul, for only thus canst thou
be filled and satisfied, and inspired to live
and do the right.

Remember these words: "God is not
mocked; whatsoever a man soweth that shall
he also reap." He who sows the grain of
Love in the fertile soil of being shall reap a
bounteous harvest when he is reunited to his
Soul, while he who sows the seed of Hatred,
finds only blight and ruin in the autumn of
his years, and is sent forth yet again to find
his Soul.

Revere Truth, and remember that the
Beautiful is Truth's choicest flower, given in
love to uplift, cheer and bless earth's sorrow-
ing children. Cherish the Beautiful in all
things, and remember that the garbled oak
hath within it a spark of the Beautiful Di-
vine—Life—a manifestation of God. The
rough stone bath within it the beauty of
which the universe is a type.

Seek to do good to all with whom thou

dost come into contact, and thy reward shall
be a beautiful life on earth through a noble
example to thy fellowmen, and thine inheri-
tance a conscious recognition of thy kinship
with thy Soul. He who unselfishly strives to
aid his brother binds himself in consciousness
unto his Soul.

Rise to the divine level of thine own Soul-
hood by seeking to overcome that within thy-
self which doth cause thee to hate thy
brother. The Soul knows only Love, and he
is at war with himself and with his Soul who
lives not in love with all of his fellowmen.
Seek then to be reconciled to thy Soul by
ceasing to retain within thee that which
makes thee a counterpart of thy brother. He
only hates his brother who has within himself
the faults his brother doth exemplify.

Proclaim the gospel of thyself, and so live
each passing day that all the world may re-
cognize in thee the divinity of thy Soul. Ex-
ample ever leads to recognition, recognition
to emulation, emulation to realization, and
realization to victory. Victory thus attained
is true manhood's eternal dower, through
which the neophyte in Wisdom becomes a
god in power.

Remember, O Man, thou neophyte in wis-
dom, thou who art a God in embryo, that thou
art the arbiter of thine own fate—thine own
savior or destroyer. Realization of thy soul-
hood giveth thee the victory over things
of little worth, enableth thee to rise above
thy lower self, and endoweth thee with all of
the sublime possibilities of godhood, but thou
alone must bring in thy sheaves from the
harvest fields of destiny. Choose thou that
they shall be many and of the best; then
wilt thou attain unto the Nirvana of Peace,
an example to all mankind.

Make an effort to aid some suffering
brother and thou hast taken a long, long step
on thy journey toward thy Soul. Good deeds
are rungs in the ladder of life on which men
may climb to their Souls. Cherish this
thought and resolve that every rung thou
dost place in the ladder of thy life is firmly
fixed by the cement of love, thereby rendering
it safe for another's use, so that thou and he
may climb together to the Kingdom of the
Soul. It is only by the help man gives to
those in need that he is able to find his Soul.

"Feed the hungry, clothe the naked, shelter
the shelterless, and rescue the perishing" are
divine commands, but their application is not
alone to physical man. There are hungry
minds to be fed from the tables of God's truth,
shivering spirits to be clothed with the silvery
raiment of affection, outcasts from the Soul-
Kingdom to be sheltered in the house of
Love, and children adrift from their Parents
to be brought back to their heritage. Engage
in all of these good works, O Man, and thy
name shall be blessed in all the ages.

Be ever ready to live, and to make the
most of that living, O Man! The Present is
thy seed time, and thy duty is to prepare
well the soil of thy finite self that only seeds
of divine goodness and beauty may take root
therein. He prepareth well for the life be-
yond the tomb who liveth well the life that
now is. He is a false teacher who doth urge
his pupils to strive to reap in fields of thought
where they have not sown. He is readiest
and worthiest to lay aside the mortal form
who has striven hardest to be of service
while in control of that form. He only is
fit to enter the company of angels who hath
made himself angelic on earth.

The poet tells man how he can gain pos-
session of all things that will aid him in his
quest for his Soul. Listen:—

"I believe in human kindness,
Large and the dome of men,
Nobler far in willing blindness
Than in censure's keenest ken.
I believe in self-denial,
And its secret throbs of joy;
In the love that lives through trial
Dying not, though death destroy.

"I believe in dreams of duty,
Warning us to self-control—
Foregleams of the glorious beauty
That shall yet transform the soul;
In the God-like wreck of nature
Sin doth in the sinner leave,
That he may regain the stature
He hath lost, I do believe.

"I believe in love renewing
All that sin hath swept away,
Leaven-like its work pursuing
Night by night and day by day;
In the power of its remodeling,
In the grace of its reprieve,
In the glory of its being
Its perfection, I believe.

"I believe in love eternal,
Fixed in God's unchanging will,
That, beneath the deep infernal,
Hath a depth that's deeper still;
In its patience, its endurance
To forbear and to retrieve,
In the large and full assurance
Of its triumph, I believe."

Be ever ready to confess thyself in fault,
when thou dost know that thou hast erred,
then hasten to make reparation for the in-
jury thou hast wrought. Always implicate
thyself first in referring to thy wrong doing,
and never seek to hide or shield thyself be-
hind the fault of another. Justice and gram-
mar both require that thou shouldst deal first
and last only with thyself.

Be swift to forgive an erring friend when
he has openly confessed his fault, and show
him by thy treatment of him that thou didst
love him all of the time, but hated his sin.
The erring one is always our brother, there-
fore we should seek to save him even from
himself, but not by apologizing for the evil
there is in him. "Hate the sin, but love the
sinner" is or should be the maxim of Spiritu-
alism.

"Forgiveness? The condonation of a wrong!
What then?
E'en the wrong-doers are but our brother
men!"

—Arabic Proverb.

When we remember the truth there is in-

involved in that proverb, this will be a better
and a happier world. The Master of old
spoke not idly when he bade his followers to
resist not evil. He had in mind the all per-
vasive love of the Infinite, and realized that
no one could call God "Father," who, in his
heart, hated his brother. Substitute Love for
Hatred—Kindness for Revenge and this world
will soon be redeemed from every form of
evil.

Take an active interest in everything that
will add to the happiness of thy neighbor.
By reversing the old saying, "Love thy
neighbor as thyself," making it to read, "Love
thyself as thy neighbor," thou wilt have
found the mainspring to action. If thou wert
in that neighbor's place in misfortune, thou
wouldest want help; therefore seek his hap-
piness, his advancement through the enabling
of thine own nature by means of unselfish
deeds.

Emancipate thyself from every form of
slavery, more especially from the slavery of
Fear. Be free from the fetters of the effete
customs of the Past. He who does things as
his fathers did them is a slave to his fears
of their memories, a victim to narrowness of
mind, a bondman to custom. Let the Past
alone. It is gone beyond recall. Live in the
Present, as freemen! Do not grovel in awe-
some fear at the feet of the dead issues and
practices of bygone years.

Keep thy mind open to the reception of
Truth from whatever source it may come to
thee. The ignorant goat-herder, the unlet-
tered hod-carrier, and all thy fellowmen are
thy instructors. It is better to know the
Truth, even though it comes to thee from
humble sources, than it is to dwell in the
ignorance of proud self-conceit. That man is
in Heaven and liketh unto God who recog-
nizes and seeks to develop the divine spark
in all of his fellowmen.

Be at peace with thyself. "The strength
that is wasted in useless fretting would fell
a forest or build a tower!" By remembering
these words, all strife will fly from thee, and
the fierce battling with one's self, of which
so much is heard, will be known no more.
He who is at peace with his own Soul hath
overcome all earthly difficulties. Remember
this: "He that ruleth his own spirit is
greater than he who taketh a city."

Give love ungrudgingly. Freely hast thou
received of this divine emanation from the
Soul of the Infinite, therefore thou shouldst
give freely to those who are in need, out of
thine abundance. When one does a deed in
kindness and in love, it is recorded in his
credit in the temple of the Soul, even though
the object of the gift was turned to a base
or ignoble purpose. The miscarriage of thine
intent in one instance or a dozen, should only
give thee a greater incentive to do more to
make thy fellowmen acquainted with their
own royal heritage, by striving the harder to
help them to find their Souls.

Pray much. Prayer is the Soul in action
and when thou art consciously acting, thou
art engaged in doing good. The most elo-
quent prayer ever made is a good deed done
without the hope of a reward. Reach out
in love for the best in the Universe, and of
that divine gift thou wilt become the almoner
of the world. Prayer brings the finite into
the calm and peacefulness of Infinite Love.
Therefore pray that thou mayst become at
peace with thyself and God—calm in thy spirit
and at one with thy brother in an endeavor to
be good and do good.

"I believe in praying to God and the angels.
I go to God in prayer when I am in trouble,
and my soul is calmed by the deep and abid-
ing love that permeates the universe. God's
love differs from that of man. Man's love is
so apt to be tinged either with selfishness, or
other passions. God's love is calm, deep, all
pervading—love that knows no personality,
recognizing only the needs of the Soul. It
separates all our little personal life, filled
with cares, trials, sorrows and struggles from
the real life of the Soul that knows only the
results of all these. God's love is the cease-
less Urge that leads toward perfection. It
is not the love of a personal creator for his
handiwork, but, instead, it is the All-Pro-
pelling Must that leads to the recognition of
the Ideal that must ever remain before us!"
Geo. A. Fuller.

Be not afraid, therefore, of such a God as
this, neither hesitate to engage in prayer that
shall lead thee into the Kingdom of Everlast-
ing Love!

The Teachers.

The Christian Scientists have made their
annual pilgrimage to the "Mother Church" in
Boston, visited Mrs. Eddy at Concord, seen
the historical landmarks in different parts of
the city, and gone to their homes in various
quarters of the globe. As the last of these
excellent people were leaving the city, the
advance guard of another body of leaders of
the world's thought came into Boston. They
were the teachers in the public schools of our
land. Nearly twenty-five thousand of these
"molders of minds and makers of destiny"
have been Boston's guests during the past
week. All of the States and Territories in
the United States were represented in this
mammoth Convention of the National Educa-
tional Association. Pres. Eliot of Harvard
University is President of the Association,
and has for his coadjutors the leading educa-
tional workers in all of the great schools of
our land.

Business of importance has come before the
various branches of this organization, and the
representative teachers have shown a devo-
tion to their work that is most commendable.
All who attend these business sessions will
go to their homes greatly benefited by what
they receive there. This Convention has
brought a cultured, progressive body of peo-
ple into Boston's limits. Many of them are
sightseers only, yet even these are receiving
the best of all instruction in our national his-

tory by coming into personal contact with the
places connected with the stirring events in
other years in our national life. The view of
the ocean is also no small feature of their
visit to those who never saw the sea before.
It will be a profitable trip in all ways—in
instruction, in improved methods of teaching,
in the new ideas received, in the friendships
formed, in knowledge gained by seeing first-
hand the ancient landmarks of New England,
and in the vigor gained by the outing as a
whole.

These teachers of our future citizens were
heartily welcome to this city. The Governor
of the Commonwealth, the Mayor of the city,
and the leading educators of the State, all
spoke words of welcome to the hospitality of
the old "Bay State." Their visit has done us
good, and we believe they will, one and
all, say they have received good in return
from us, when they are once more at home.
Such conventions are equal in intellectual
value to months in the universities to many
of the teachers, and we are pleased to know
that the National Educational Association
calls so many of them to its annual gather-
ings. All conventions whether secular or reli-
gious are equally helpful to the people who
attend them, and the money spent in going to
them generally gives a return of cent for
cent in spiritual and intellectual products. If
the Spiritualists of the nation would but re-
cognize this fact and attend their annual con-
ventions as they should they would soon see
Spiritualism where it should be—in the fore-
most rank of the reform movements of the
age.

Pen Flashes.

(Continued from page 1.)

of man. Sojourner took a part. Soon I said:
"Though there are many tribes and races,
the human species is one, whether red-
skinned, white or black, and I can truly say
that I love all humanity regardless of coun-
try, creed or color."

With these words of mine, Sojourner, ugly
looking, and homely as a hedge-fence, sprang
to her feet, and pointing her black, bony
finger at me, shouted, "Do you love me?"
"Emphatically I do."

"Well, if you love me, kiss me."

It was a thunder-clap—it was philosophy
becoming too practical.

"What did you do, doctor, in this emer-
gency?" What did I do?—To be continued.

It was more than noble in Andrew Car-
negie to donate \$1,500,000 for a Peace Temple
for the permanent Court of Arbitration at
The Hague. It is understood that the struc-
ture is to be built primarily for a library on
international law, to be consulted at the ar-
bitration tribunals, where nations may have
their international questions settled without
going to war. All honor be to Carnegie for
his princely gift. Sculpture and bronze and
marble will crumble to dust ages before his
name will fade from history!

Professor Bailey of Yale, an expert in
social science, has kept the statistics of
suicides from 1897 to 1901, four years. During
this period there were 29,344. Is it not ap-
alling that so many persons, the majority men,
should be guilty of self-murder? Not one of
these suicides was a Spiritualist. No sensi-
ble Spiritualist can commit suicide, knowing
that getting out of the body does not get one
out of trouble. On the contrary, it intensifies
trouble, by adding to earthly trials bitter,
biting, stinging pangs of remorse.

Correction.

In the excellent article in our last number
by Paul F. de Gournay, "Life Here and
Hereafter," seventh paragraph, a typographi-
cal error made the word "evanescent" read
"convalescent," thereby destroying the sense
of the sentence. We apologize to the writer,
and to our readers, and take pleasure in
making this correction.

Special Notice.

Miss Margaret Gaulle, the well-known
platform message medium, will be at Onset
Camp Sunday, July 19, and all of the follow-
ing week. She has been announced for Sun-
day, July 26, and subsequent days. This is
an error, as her first appearance will be on
Sunday, July 19. All Onset visitors will
please take due notice of this correction of
dates.

Miss Minnie M. Soule.

It is with unspeakable pleasure that we are
able to report continued improvement in the
condition of our beloved coworker, Mrs.
Minnie M. Soule. She is holding her own,
despite the extremely hot weather of the past
few days, and the assurance is now ours that
she will undoubtedly be able to resume her
public labors late in September or early in
October. Her recovery is a matter of rejoic-
ing to her thousands of friends in all quar-
ters of the globe, and we appeal to them all
to continue sending her their healing-
freighted thoughts of love and sympathy.

Hon. Alonzo Thompson.

This unselfish friend and earnest worker
for the "Good Cause" has started on a tour
of the world, accompanied by his only son,
Alonzo Thompson, Jr., who has recently
graduated from one of the leading colleges in
the West. Mr. Thompson is everywhere
known as an earnest, enthusiastic worker
for Spiritualism, and for some years has
been a most efficient member of the Board of
Trustees of the N. E. A. Mr. Thompson
carries with him the good will of all of his
brethren in America, who unite in wishing
him and his son a pleasant voyage and a safe
return to their native land.

"Who Are These Spiritualists?"

We take pleasure in calling the attention of
our readers to the extended reference to this
latest work of Dr. J. M. Peebles, published
on the seventh page of this issue. It is one
of the most important, if not the most im-
portant work that has issued from the pen
of the author's prolific pen, and should be in
every Spiritualist's home. It is a most com-
plete refutation of the charge that Spiritual-
ists are men and women with no moral or
intellectual standing, hence is an ever-pres-
ent weapon of defense in the hands of any
one who truly loves his religion. It is a mine
of valuable information along all lines of
spiritualistic thought, and a true Spiritual-
ist can afford to be without it. It is for sale
at this office in cloth and paper covers.
Price, cloth, 75 cts.; paper, 35 cts. Send in
your orders.

PRICE \$1.00.
FOR SALE BY
BANNER OF LIGHT PUB. CO.,

THE HEART AN ALTAR.

Strong one—I give my trust to thee,
I pray thee keep it well;
Cradle it as does the sea
The shell—
Deep—unseen and secretly.

Strong one—I give my trust to thee,
I pray thee keep, tho' all assail,
As holds the temple prayerfully
The grill,
An altar then thy heart shall be.

Strong one—I give my trust to thee,
I pray thee not betray,
Hold it as the Sun's orb must
The ray—
Till earth's foundation stones are dust.

Where am I? In Heaven or in Hell?

By the Spirit of Robert G. Ingersoll. Through the
lips of Cora L. F. Richmond, at Cissadaga
Camp, Aug. 5, 1900.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:—I have no human form of my own; I have no lips of earthly life with which to address you. I did not know when I last stood in your midst that I would be a living spirit today.

When the change came that set my soul free from the thrall of earth, I had no knowledge of that which was to come. I say, I had no knowledge. Within every human mind there is born the impulse of hope; in every human mind the aspirations to futurity. I had received no evidence, even in your sylvan retreat here, of that which would convince me beyond all doubt of a future individual existence.

You will bear me testimony, Mr. Chairman and friends, that I never doubted your honesty. I believed that you thought that you had evidence. But a mind used to much careful analysis; a mind conscious of the fallibility of the human senses and human judgment, could but think that much of that which was supposed to be evidence of a future life was in reality but more conscious of mistakes as a spirit who is now aware of living, who is not willing to be considered dead, who does not wish to be mentioned in the past tense, and who, with your permission, will describe to you where he is.

I am a conscious, living intelligence, a thinking, active being, no longer bound by the narrow limitations of time and sense, and only fettered by my own lack of knowledge.

None of my theological friends have ventured to send to the theological heaven, and I am not in the theological heaven. No angels, as far as I know, of the theological kind, received me when I passed from earth; no one ushered me into a kingdom of transcendent beauty and greatness which was separated from all the rest of the realms of space; no walls rose up, no gates opened to receive me guarded by the angelic benefactors of those who are saved; Saint Peter has not welcomed me, that I am aware of. If he did, he stood among those multitudes of spirits that I have seen, and he wears no label, and he has not refused to admit me into the place over which he has (it is said) guardianship. No harp has been presented and no crown. I saw no walls that shut out the majority of the human race; no altar on a throne, on which a fearful, judging God is enthroned, have I seen. I have passed through no vast spaces. I have not entered into the theological heaven that shuts you out and the majority of my friends. I have not smiled down from parapets and towers made of precious stones, nor from those streets of gold, nor from the midst of those fountains flowing with milk and honey, upon souls in torment, and I have not been glad that I was one of the saints to be saved and that most of my friends were to be lost. No such heaven has received me.

Notwithstanding a few of the utterances of my theological friends, that have been waffled to my consciousness in spirit life, I have seen no hell. No yawning abyss opens to receive my spirit; flame or torture dart up from an abyss still more terrible to engulf and enfold me. No personal Satan, whether described in Milton's "Paradise Lost" or in the figurative language of the Bible, has come to mock and torment me, nor one among the general throng of spirits to remind me of my sorrow, my condition, and ready to torment me further on. I entered no shadowy, cloudy region of flame and torture. I did not see demons lurking everywhere, who would be disenthralled for earth, to swallow them up in the shadows of eternal torment.

Al, my friends! I have passed the boundary of death, and I have tested all that death can do. I was not afraid, because the mind becomes prepared by inward retrospection for the change that must inevitably come. I did not have much hope, but I was most anxiously anxious until the last moment of my mortal life to study the change that was coming to me. I felt that it was coming, though I did not tell my family and friends. So when it finally came I wished to watch every emotion, every pulsation, every throbbing thought before the mind sank away into that forgetfulness, which I thought might be the Lethian stream from which I would never awaken.

To my great surprise, with the shock that carried me off I felt the gateways of my being unloosed, and I felt as I have sometimes felt when watching the dawn, when Aurora, with her attendant beams, glides up the heavens and one by one unbars the gateways of the dawn for Phoebus, the god of day. You have seen with what splendor these gateways swing open and the rays of light, first instantaneously, then more consciously and more aware, rush in through all the avenues of existence. You have seen the leaves tremble, you have seen the lake grow silvery gray, and golden, and crimson beneath the flush of dawn, and you have almost heard the sliding of the bars of light that swing the gates open to receive the day-god. I felt innumerable beings, throngs of messengers, sliding back the bolts and bars of my material consciousness, and opening up avenues of which I was unaware. Almost instantly it seemed to me millions of fairy fingers touched my recollections and my consciousness in ways that had been well nigh forgotten; great and wonderful depths and promontories of thoughts and feelings came throbbing through my brain and heart like the tides of the ocean, well up when the ocean yields up its mighty treasures. I felt myself growing more and more conscious, more and more aware; more and more there were all the recollections and memories that had long perished; the imaginations of early youth and later manhood. Those wonderful imaginations with which our lives are crowded, and that make up in reality the immortal things that we are.

Oh, you remember I believed in imagination! I thought it lent wings and power to every human faculty. I believed that it should be cultivated in the minds of children until poetry and philosophy should go hand in hand. But I never dreamed that that wonderful gift of imagination lies close to intuition; that it really opens the gateways of immortality to your poets, seers and philosophers.

I can understand now how the immortal Shakespeare learned the wisdom of life and his hints of that which is to come. I can understand now how the poets of antiquity revealed in this knowledge of the higher life, through that heaven-born gift of imagination. Then and there, in that supreme moment of the mighty change, I was glad that my imagination had not been sealed. Glad, Mr. Chairman, that in the midst of the treadmill of time, of the dull realities of human existence, of human law and law-making that

there was a realm in my nature that had drawn close to the immortal realm and through which I had passed with fairies and blessed beings, creatures of those thoughts that are not free from the trammels of time and of the senses.

Now when the great hand of this added life, with all its messengers, had set free the thoughts that were teeming and pulsing in my brain, when every attribute seemed to kindle a resplendent glow, when near and far trooping messengers came born of the higher life, I found that I had fashioned them, and instead of being creatures of the imagination, poetic images that I had conjured up in my flights of fancy, they were living realities; they were born of the affections of the past, they were those affections that had been folded away in the chambers of the spirit, whose memories, laden with lavender and with sweetest gifts, had been placed among the things that were. All these came, as if summoned by the mighty presence of this wonderful change, and I was welcome to myself; welcome to every avenue of my being; that until then had been closed and fettered; welcome to the great store-house of thought and aspiration, that had sometimes been neglected; welcome to the hopes and prophecies that—some of them—had been abortive on the earth, or fallen, like the blossoms, or like seeds, on unfruitful soil.

Oh! I could stand at this hour for many days of mortal time and tell you of the infinite rapture of death; of that which you and I and all human beings have dreaded and feared the most of all things. I could stand here for hours, and days, and weeks, and declare to you that, not human birth, when the babe gazes for the first time into the mother's eyes when she bends with all absorbing and grateful love above that little form, when the babe realizes for the first time the infinity of the love that is in the mother's eyes, not that compares with the great rapture of death; not human love when the heart hath found its chosen mate and life opens with all its beauty like a new-born bower of paradise; not human love when two lives are linked together in perfect happiness and labor and suffer together, can compare with the great rapture of being caught into the arms of this eternal mother Death.

Oh! I have stood (as you all have stood) when in human life over the remains of the departed and the best of them, their faces and forms chiseled and white, as if by some enchanted sculptor, and I have yearned; as you have yearned, and I have asked; as you have asked, and I have thought; as you have thought, and I have sobbed; as you have sobbed over the great relentlessness of this seeming foe of human life; but I have lately stood in spirit where my own loved ones were, weeping, where the silence and the doom, and the stillness shut out all possible communion, where they could not follow, where they did not understand, where the dear hearts were clutched in the awful agony of this separation, and yet in the midst of that I have never experienced so great a rapture as that which came to me because of death, the surpassing freedom of the consciousness that thought is eternal; that not one of these fairy children of the brain would be lost; that not one of these hopes and imaginings for human life would be destroyed; that not one of all those whom I had loved was missing in this goodly company that gathered to receive me.

Was I dreaming? Was it a delirium that would soon pass? Was this a great ecstasy that preceded the final dissolution and end? Nay. For there was no dream, no delirium, no ecstasy, for such disposition as had been my wish and theirs who loved me. It was there. But oh! what was that compared to this? The eyes could not see; the lips could not speak; the hands could not move in response to all the endearing words that were uttered. But I was there; and after the great first flash of the awakening, after the great first consciousness of being free, of this which had come to me, of a new birth, and a new awareness of what that birth meant, there came a change. Then I, too, was immersed for a time in grief. A sudden change came over me, a sudden recollection that they did not know me, a sudden consciousness that those whom I had loved could not see me, nor hear me, nor speak to me, nor be aware of my existence. I moved among them a being unknown. The awful barrier of the great heaven grieved, the one inevitable barrier of human blindness to spiritual presences, had separated me from them and them from me. For the instant I would have gone back into that habitation of clay; for the instant I would have taken up the breath and burden of human life again. Oh, there have been those who have come back from the border land of the spirit realm and told the story of their experiences to their friends, and philosophers, and men of science, and men of learning, have heard them. Then I said: "Oh! it is but the imaginings of a poor, weak and sickly brain." I uttered that sentence, and bestowed it upon others, as others have bestowed it upon you.

At this hour I take upon myself all the blame that I deserve for laughing at such as had knowledge of the future life; for disputing the evidence that came to minds as capable of judging as myself; for helping to seal the doorways between human consciousness and that which is immortal after death. I take back the boasted sentence of my proud agnostic mind, "One world at a time is enough for me."

I ask you to forgive me, for there is nothing that can come into human life, there is no knowledge of love, of poetry or science, nothing that can uplift and strengthen the infirm, the weak, the downtrodden, and those who are prone to error, like the truth, that is contained in my life. I may repeat that sentence by and by: "one world at a time is enough for me," but it must mean all the world, not a part of it; the entirety of existence, not its mere primary department; it must be all of that which is within, around, beneath and above as well as that which is in the conscious human sentiment being and frame that you now possess. I would give the entire abilities of man, and years and ages of my spirit's existence if I could unpay any words that have influenced any in human life to disbelieve in the evidence of the future existence.

Take my message for what it is worth, for it comes from the great heart-throbs of that recollection that finds itself in possession of its life, of its weaknesses, of whatever strength it had, of all its faculties, of its great possibilities. So if at this hour I could wipe away the doubts and substitute the distinct inquiry that leads to knowledge, I would not substitute faith, blind faith, any more than when I stood here four years ago; I would not substitute credulity, blind credulity, any more than I would then. But I would substitute that attitude of mind that is willing to receive evidence.

I was offered evidence while here. I would not take it. I was met with a fraternal spirit that proposed to lead me to a line of investigation that would give me evidence. I did not accept it. Let me say that I studied my convictions; for I did not. But I was afraid to have convictions. If I had convictions, would I not be obliged to speak them? If they came to me as they have come to you, and you, and you, where would be the citadel of that boasted reason and intelligence which I had set up to distinguish between dark, false superstition, and the reasoning faculties of the human mind? But, oh! without knowing it I did shut out the evidence. I did close my mind to the receiving of testimony. I wished to stand free and untrammelled before the gateways of human life that I might help to destroy error and superstition. I saw those master-minds who had aided in destroying superstition, and I did

wish to continue the onslaught against the theological errors which I believed held the world enthralled.

But oh! I saw not that which had opened to you, that vast plain of thought into which I did not enter. With all the possibilities of this grand truth, the light, the knowledge of life that has come to you (much that you accept or that is offered to you) is not true. But rather than that your knowledge should be destroyed, I would leave it that the healthful growth may take the place of that which is unhealthy. I will not tear away the sacred vine and the precious fruitage of immortal life, if I must do so in order to take away the tares. You are intelligent, you understand, you know that there is the shadow as well as the light in all human life. But preserve this truth as Christians would the Bible; hold high, as they would, the sacred truth of Olivet, for such is evermore; accept the allegorical language of that which comes to you as manifesting the knowledge of spirit existence.

Now where am I? In a realm so vast that I have seen, as yet, no boundary lines, a realm that stretches far and far away in all directions, peopled with lives, some of whom I have known on earth, some of whom I have known in dreams and visions, some of whom are the heroes of my imaginings, some of whom have been my familiar companions in the works of poets, authors and dreamers of mankind. Where am I? No limited space enchains me, no walls encompass me around me, no dim labyrinth of terror mock me, no limit appears before my vision. I feed upon the nectar and ambrosia of the gods. But they are not gods of the heathen, or of Christian theologies; they are the dear ones of my household, the loved companions of my thoughts; those who, like me, have passed from the trammels of time and sense; and, like me, are seeking to tell you and teach you of their existence.

Have I visited other worlds? I know not. For the present I am here; I bask in the sunshine of that light that comes from within and above. I see around me on earth and in spirit thousands of spiritual beings, who, like myself, are seeking to solve the problems of life. I offer you my congratulations that here is an open gateway, where there are no barriers, no barriers of superstition and prejudice to that there are no barriers erected; see to it that this investigation is pursued in a clear and honorable manner; see to it that the pathway which the investigator would travel is made clear and plain, and, above all things, friends, at this hour, in this moment of my great secondary joy, when the first sadness and sorrow for the separation because of those I loved has been passed, let me enjoin upon you not to build these walls of sorrow between you and your loved ones. Think of it! Out in the world they say, "he has gone from human speech." Often prompted by human errors of speech, you say, "he was with us four years ago." How many days, and hours, and moments, through how many messages and impressions he has been with you since, you take little note of. Alas! too often the dear ones who have passed away are carefully and secretly as a lock of hair, or a keepsake, a sacred treasure-trove at the altar of love, and say, "how good he was." There is no "was." It is life eternal, it is now, it is endless, it is indestructible, it is continuing to unfold, it will be the bearing of the message unto all eternity. I that spoke to you then, I that am speaking to you now, I will speak many more times through as many human lives as I can inspire and aid, and my friends, my friends, be amenable to my influence. I will speak and think thoughts as the product of this realm of intelligence forever.

What is the motive power I employ? I have no need for the tortuous steam engine, or for the swift lightning stroke to bear my message. Thought itself is my message-bearer. I have built my mansions or palaces of thought. I have made them of such of my deeds as were worthy to be preserved in the kingdom of life; I have made no boast of this. They are kindled, if they are shadowed I am permitted to wipe out the shadow. If I have unwittingly pained any one I can remedy that by aiding that one. If I have done injustice to my fellow-man through ignorance, I can gain knowledge and aid him.

In the great interests of human life I take part still; but it is the interest that leads thoughtward, and soulward, and upward, and not that which leads to the bondage of fear. I am a spirit, I live with all souls that are like unto me, I am fraternal with them. The boundaries or limits of human habitation, human races and human conditions affect me not, excepting as my loved ones are there. I believe in Humanity, in the great dominant, living, absorbing purpose of human life. I believe in the spirit of humanity. I have done with earth and earthly measures and devices, which know nothing of the future. I see nothing but shadow in the direction where the war clouds tend. I plead with you for the higher and nobler condition, I plead with you for the light that comes from poetry and philosophy and the living message of absolute life, teach the people how to live, teach them the great knowledge of life.

May I bear my torch as one of the humble instruments in this great truth; as one who would, not by any means, lead the way, but to bring out from any terrible region of bondage; but has seen the godlike human souls and those who have passed onward and upward into higher and more divine beatitudes. These I have seen and I must follow, and you must follow.

Oh, the great, surging, incoming tide of life! It bears you upon mighty billows; it lifts and beckons you by its crested arms and shining waves to the one eternal life, and truth that must sanctify human love, must uplift human aspiration, that must crown human hopes, that must set mankind free from the thrall of error, and from the thrall of the dust!

Knowledge and truth are offered to me. I stretch out my mental pinions for flights. If I falter it is from lack of knowledge. I stretch out my heart to include the world; if I falter it is from lack of loving kindness. Oh, ye friends! unto whom this knowledge is given at this hour, I pray you turn with me to these immortal heights of light and promise, and thought. No heaven of glory, no fair vision of pictured saints, no delightful paradise appealing to the senses can compare with this realm of spiritual and perfect thought and truth. We are born on its mighty pinions; we are not afraid of its great intuition; we are plumed for the flight into its eternal azure spaces of thought and truth. Every word that drops from the messengers of spirit life healing the broken-hearted, giving balm to the afflicted mind and breathing into the mother and father, the husband and child the knowledge of this life, is a word that is sanctified and sacred from the altar of heaven.

Talk about sacred altars; there are none, excepting the altars of love; human love which uplifts humanity from the dull bondage of the senses and makes human lives worthy to be lived. Divine love, which cometh from the human soul when crowned with immortality, and bathed in the living splendor of that morning which shall never be shadowed, which shall never go down to the evening tide of sorrow, but shall forever and forever bear you on and on until the gateways of eternity open more and more refugitantly, and then on and on and on forevermore! (Republished by special request from the Progressive Thinker.)

There is only one preparation for liberty and responsibility, and that is the experience of liberty and responsibility.—Geo. D. Herron.

The Davis Parallel Gospels Being the Three Synoptic Gospels.

A. D. Davis.

(Peter Eckler, Publisher, New York.)

This book shows that the author has spent much time in this work. His aim is to show that the books (that is the Gospels of Matthew, Mark and Luke) were not written, as we have them today, by men who had a personal knowledge of the Christ; that they are copies more or less faithful of older works of various dates and authors; that the accounts of the miracles and the passages which speak of the disciples are of a later date than most of the rest of the books, and so their authenticity may be doubted. He says that the Gospels are the most important books ever published; he fears that they are, considering their importance, too little known, especially the reader to turn through this book. Nevertheless he tries to show that the Gospels are copies of some common pre-existing source, and he claims to do this not so much by what he says about them, as by the arrangement he has given them. The Gospels are divided into sections, the capital letters in the margins, A to M, mark parallel passages or accounts. They are subdivided, and parallel phrases and sentences are marked with the small letters, a, b, c to z. The direct special attention to the passages marked with the capital letters F and C, as F is in all six of the columns except the last and C is only in the last three. He has arranged the columns to show the best comparisons one with another, without reference to their position in the Gospel. At the tops and bottoms of the columns are Roman numerals indicating the page on which the passage preceding or following is to be found. He asks the reader to turn through this book, confining his attention to the left hand pages, and take a general bird's-eye view of the relation which they bear to one another; notice how, sentence after sentence, verse after verse, chapter after chapter is in each of the three Gospels alike. He tries to show by pointing out certain passages in the Gospels, that they are only collections of incidents put forth as history of Jesus by men who knew nothing of him; they are even of such a character that the reader to turn through this book, he has stupidly put it in another story, like Mark. It has been shifted around from one story into another by those who copied the originals, by rearranging all the accounts, by taking some out, by putting some in, there is no telling how, till the whole has become a complete muddle.

The author seems to be very bold in his assumption: surely he must know that the Gospel manuscripts were written all in one piece without any division in chapters or verses, and such division, as we have it now, was made centuries later, and the best scholars acknowledge that in a very few instances in the whole Bible the division might have been improved, so the instance quoted by the author does not invalidate the authenticity of the Gospels. And again, the seeming differences between the evangelists confirm the truth of the statements ascribed to them, if we bring them before a court of law. A case is brought to trial before a jury, the witnesses are examined, their testimony differs in many points, each witness says what impressed him from his point of view, while another has been impressed from another point of view, thus enabling judge and jury to have a perfectly complete view of the case, while if all the witnesses told the same story word for word, the court would naturally believe that they had all learned the same story from the same book, and their testimony would be worthless.

With the parallel columns of the three Gospels, Mr. Davis has some extensive and interesting commentary, some parts of which I will briefly quote.

"There must be some connection between the devil in Matt. IX and the unclean spirit in Mark XIII, if the chapters are modified copies of some common original, the relationship is manifest. The word mistranslated devil, in the Greek is *daimonion*, demon, which would apply to unclean, evil spirit, rather than to a devil, if there is a personal devil."

Again he says: "If Matthew, Mark and Luke in this section represent three versions of some one manuscript which preceded them, can we trace their history?" And in his effort to do so, he brings in several suppositions instead of facts.

"The verbal agreement, the relation existing between the three synoptic Gospels would seem to indicate a common written origin, if this supposition is a fact, Matt. VIII, 19-22, must be an interpolation." He declares that Matthew's sermon on the mount is made up of passages selected from at least two sources and put into one story. On some disputed passages he gives for explanation the supposition that the Gospels were composed of manuscripts from various sources, collected and incorporated into one.

These will suffice to show the trend of his argument, and while acknowledging that the author has given much time and labor to this work, yet in view of the bold assertion that the Gospels of Matthew, Mark and Luke are not the authentic writings of those men, we have a right to demand that the assertion be proved, no ifs, no suppositions, no probabilities, set it seems, will ever prove it; we want facts, solid facts, as nothing else will do. Truth will always stand unshaken; it has stood the burnings, the persecutions of Rome, the sneers and the criticisms of the learned, and still the light of spirituality shed forth by the Gospel is undimmed today, not only so but it shines brighter as revealed by Spiritism.

Price \$1.00.

Fred de Bos.

Dreams and their Meanings.

Horace G. Hutchinson.

(Longmans, Green & Co., London, New York and Bombay.)

The author has succeeded in writing an interesting book. He has studied all the books that he could obtain and having expressed, through the press, a desire for information on dreams, he was soon overwhelmed by a flood of letters more or less instructive and amusing. He has a chapter on what science has to say about dreams. There are many different views. It is universally conceded that dreams are an operation of the mind during sleep. Some say that dreams occur just before waking, as our mind has not then any notion of time or space so that we may travel thousands of miles in a second. Some dreams are remembered, but most are forgotten. He does not think that a man's laughter or talk during sleep is necessarily a dream; the mind may be consciously active or it may not be conscious, perhaps during forgetfulness. During sleep some of the cells of the brain which correspond to the psychological side to certain mental faculties are in a comatose condition, while other cells corresponding to other faculties are in a state of

hyper-excitability, and it is generally the higher faculties, attention, will, judgment, reasoning which become comatose, while the imagination may be highly excited. We cannot by thinking, as we go to sleep, exercise any control over the course of our subsequent dreams.

He treats dreams in their association with the idea of immortality. When man first came to such power of mind as to be able to take an intelligent cognizance of his mental operation, his first dream must have been a funny experience. So this primitive man waking up one morning from his first dream, the first experience of the kind of which he had an intelligent consciousness, says to his wife: "I have seen my father whom we saw killed a year ago. He came and walked to me last night." That was a new departure in the ideas of the man. He had seen his father, who was killed a year ago. His father was not dead, yet he had seen his father's body or one of his bodies die and perish. His father then was composed of two beings, one of which was dead, and the other still alive and capable of reappearance. We do not know how soon or when the idea of the immortality of the soul came in, but we find Socrates, who cannot be regarded as a primal man, introducing the idea as a new one, and with an apology in the last book of the Republic.

This first suggestion of something after death was slowly developed, and we see that when a man died, they buried with him the implements of work which he used in life, his dog or his horse so that he could use their souls in the other country where he had gone. Herodotus' description of the funeral of a Scythian king is a description of a Scythian king's horse being buried with him and fifty of his guard with their horses were also killed and impaled all around his grave, like so many equestrian statues. This description would not fit for a dream, it would be a nightmare. The early Christians used to bury toys with their dead and even today in Germany, in our own country, many persons still keep the old customs.

The author then leads us to the divination from dreams, how it became the province of a class of men to interpret dreams, how it was a common belief that the gods would send dreams to lead men to perform some action. The Christian Fathers taught that God's will was often revealed in dreams, but as they believed in a devil, he also would inspire dreams, but, like himself, they were evil. Then after a time books were written giving the interpretation of dreams, and we have them today. Then we have the classification of the more common dreams. There is the falling dream; the flying dream; the dream of more or less inadequate clothing; the dream of not being able to get away from beasts or some injurious things; the dream of being irresistibly drawn to fire or dangerous place; the dream that some darling wish has been gratified; the dream of going on a journey and not being able to pack up your trunk; the dream of strange and beautiful scenery; the dream of death; the dream of certain houses or places; the dream of hearing a distinct voice; the story dream. He dwells at length on each class of dreams, then he speaks of the interpretation, giving extracts of the correspondence received by him and relating to the various classes of dreams. We have next a very interesting chapter on telepathic and dual personality. He cites a great many cases of dreams, some of which may be telepathic, but although a firm believer in telepathy he seems to be more inclined to regard such dreams as belonging to dual personality.

The last chapter is given entirely to premonitory dreams. He says that those dreams have been ignored, sneered at, disbelieved and finally investigated and proved. It is a class of dreams for which that convenient word, "coincidence," is brought into use; if coincidence explains all cases of premonition, the explanation is far more wonderful than that which it explains. It is a remarkable fact that many reliable persons have had premonitory dreams, have told them to others, have written them down days before their fulfillment. Then follow forty pages of instances of such dreams, duly corroborated and fulfilled.

In closing this review I like to relate two recent dreams. Most everybody has heard of the mysterious disappearance of three-year-old Ruth Hill near Manchester, N. H. It was supposed that she had been kidnapped, but her mother dreamed that she saw her, and on asking her where she had been, she said "in the river." Last Friday night the mother dreamed again and saw her in the river. She had on her little blue dress just as when lost, and yesterday morning, Sunday, June 28, ten days after her disappearance, Mr. Hill, her father, found her body near the bank of the river, about a mile from the house. Mr. Hutchinson may say, that dream; it was certainly a monitory dream.

Fred de Bos.

How to be Happy.

Mrs. Annie Edd.

The whole world appears to be searching, and longing for real happiness; not merely for transitory gleams of this coveted state, but for the clear, enduring sunshine which is never overshadowed by a cloud of gloom.

Happiness is defined as "The pleasurable experience that springs from possession of good," the "satisfaction of the desires, etc." Now the question is, How are we to secure this coveted possession of good? One way is to make good use of our opportunities. Whatsoever our hands findeth to do, do it with all our might when conscience, that faithful monitor, approves. The possession of wealth, or money is not always the possession of good. Ofttimes it proves a curse rather than a blessing. Of course money is a very convenient commodity for those who know how to use it right. When used merely for the selfish gratification of appetite, the possession of wealth, becomes the possession of evil, and Happiness is absent.

The gratification of the desires does not always lead to Happiness. It depends largely upon what those desires are. If we are selfish, we cannot be truly happy. If we desire wealth so that we may be able to help the "worthy" poor, educate the ignorant, endow libraries, send the gospel to those in spiritual darkness, and scatter joy and sunshine all around us, then the gratification of our desires will lead to Happiness, because our desires are right.

We long for supreme, enduring happiness. We want to be happy all the time, not only in fits and spasms. But O how many know the right and yet the wrong means! Discontent, worry, ambition and selfishness travel hand in hand, and Happiness keeps at a distance. She does not associate with such undesirable characters as those.

The drunkard after imbibing several glasses of fire water imagines himself happy for a short period. But when he awakens the next morning he is of all men the most miserable.

The family of desire is very large and important, no sooner is one supplied than the others demand immediate attention. I read a sentence the other day which is true as gospel. Here it is—"To be good is to be happy." Certainly there is no other way to attain true happiness. True Christians who lay claim to God as happy as mortals can expect to be in this world. To have a conscience void of offence toward God and man, should be the aim of all who are seeking for happiness.

"Wouldst thou be happy?
Then in earnestness,
And love, strive ever,
Other souls to bless."

Children's Book.

THREE THINGS.

Leave three things behind you,
And the world will be all right;
Leave prejudice and bigotry,
And also leave out spite.

Take three things on with you
Where'er you chance to go,
'Twill make your pathway smooth,
Now this I really know.

Take courage and affection
And love, a gift divine,
And lo, you have the blessing
That you really wish to find.

So leave three things behind you
And take three things along,
And all your sorbs and moanings
Will turn to joyous song.

Jennie Hagan Brown.

A Study of Flies.

Charles McEltraine.

The very next time any readers of the Sunday School Times have nothing to do, it will very much interest them to watch both the capers and the earnestness of the common house-fly.

It is a wise rule to make use of loafing minutes. Many years ago I taught myself that it was a good thing, whenever nothing else to do came along, to look about me and see what was going on. I always found something busy at its life work—a bug or a bird, some many-legged or some few-legged animal, even plants. Thus idle moments are made interesting and instructive, and the world holds more for us. We become more interested in it; our horizon widens. All information is of use some time or other.

The house-fly is usually at hand, or at nose, as you please. It has six legs and two wings. It requires much care on our part to move two legs with ease, grace, and safety. But the fly is never bothered with his six (unless it be on sticky paper). It is far ahead of us in motive power. It could even lose a pair of legs without needing crutches. It moves them with the greatest ease, and at high speed. It uses them for many purposes. It sleeps on them. How springy they must be! It is not particular whether it goes to sleep hanging by them on the wall, or swinging by them from the ceiling, or resting on them standing up. With its pair of hind legs it scratches its back, dusts the upper and lower sides of its wings, and combs out the hairs upon its body with their stiff bristles. And this done, it sticks its legs out behind while rubbing them together to clean out the combs. Lesting on its hind pair, you will often see it using two or four front legs to wipe off its thousands of eyes, clean the fore section of its trunk, rub down its long, limber sucker which we call proboscis, then shake hands with itself in a comical way as if to thank itself for the cleaning.

The sucker, which you see run in and out of its head and poked upon all sorts of eatables, as if it was a little stamper, is the fly's mouth. Instead of taking the food to its mouth, it sends its mouth for the food. It is spread out at the end to make a sucker. If the food is liquid it sucks it up; if it is hard, it secretes a fluid, wets it, dissolves it, then takes it in. We partially moisten our food in our mouths; the fly does it outside. In this way it eats granulated sugar.

What appear to be two great eyes, and nearly all of the fly's head, are really thousands of eyes set side by side. There are no lids to them; they never wink at you. When a fly wants to move its eyes it has to turn its head, just as the owl does. Neither can move their eyes. The fly's eyesight is sharp. Pretend to strike one with your hand. It will fly away, and probably come back at once. If you again raise your hand, even at some distance from the fly, it will leave. If you want to hit a fly, wait until it is busy eating, or combing itself; then open your fingers and strike. If you strike with closed fingers, the snail of air from under your hand will carry the fly out of danger. This is the reason why a whisk-broom or a wisp of wire now sold for the purpose of whacking flies seldom misses them—the air passes upward through them. A newspaper roughly folded is good as a fly-killer. The air is driven in different ways by the folds, and the edges of the folds strike the fly before the currents of air do.

House-flies proper, those in the far greater number in the house, do not bite; they have nothing to bite with. There is one, called the stable fly, which bites sharply. It visits the house and looks so much like the house-fly that, unless you know a great deal about flies you will mistake it. You will surely know it if it bites. It really does not bite, neither does the mosquito; it pierces the skin with its proboscis.

No fly grows after it leaves the grub stage and becomes a fly. There are big and little flies, but not in the same family of flies. There are no baby flies. A fly is as big when it is first born as it ever is, unless it gets at the molasses or preserves. You see large and small flies in the house, and, naturally, think they are all house-flies. They are not.

Flies do not lay their eggs in the house. The mother-fly goes to the stables, and lays about a hundred and twenty eggs. Then she goes visiting. She cares nothing more for them. In twenty-four hours they hatch into little grub-like affairs—larvae. In this state they eat ravenously for from five to seven days, and change their skins, getting too small for them, three times. Then they go into another state—the pupal. In this they change into flies. This takes from five to seven days more. Their funny-looking cover bursts, out they come, and very soon they become sociable.

Flies are cunning, fly, persevering, and full of fun. You will often see them teasing and playing with one another. That they tease us, no one will deny.—Ex.

The Interrogation Point Again.

The small boy was deep in thought, says the New York Press, and finally he went to his mother for help in solving his big problem.

"Mama," he said, "did God make all the world?"

"Yes, dear."

"Did he make the ground and the water, the trees and the flowers?"

"Yes, little boy."

"Did he make all the animals and the people?"

"Yes, dearest. He made everything."

"Well, mama, what business is God in now?"

There can be no liberty until the people own the things they live upon.—George D. Herron.

Montana State Convention.

FIRST DAY—FRIDAY JULY 3

The Spiritualists of Montana held one session and made a temporary organization by electing G. W. Kates, of the N. R. A., as temporary chairman, and J. H. Jackson, of Butte, as the temporary secretary. Committees on permanent organization and resolutions were appointed.

The ladies of the local society acted as the reception committee and they decorated the hall with flags and flowers.

A conference was held and several persons made interesting short addresses. A good representation was present, including persons from several localities of the state.

SECOND DAY—SATURDAY JULY 4.

Two meetings of the state convention of Spiritualists were held in the old Masonic Temple on West Park street. At the afternoon meeting a constitution and by-laws for the state association were adopted. The convention also adopted resolutions at the afternoon meeting. There was a good audience present at both the afternoon and evening meetings.

The meeting opened with a few remarks by G. W. Kates, and this was followed by an address by Mrs. M. A. Logue. Mrs. Kates sang a beautiful solo, after which Mrs. Kates delivered an address upon the subject, "America." The speaker said that our government was not a perfect democracy, because women were not permitted to exercise the right to vote. He also said that while the church and state were kept separate, yet as individuals we have some progress to make in the way of religious freedom. He said that it was hard to get away from the old doctrine and beliefs. The address was very appropriate to the occasion, and Mr. Kates was given close attention throughout the speech.

The audience arose and all joined in singing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," after which Mrs. Kates delivered an excellent address. She spoke principally upon the subject of woman suffrage. Mrs. Kates said some men had the idea that a woman's place was at home raising the babies and doing the housework. She said that while she had the highest regard for the foreigners who came to our shores, she thought a woman was as much qualified to vote as a foreigner who had only been here a short time and could not read English and sign his own name.

The addresses of the evening were all along the lines of Spiritualism and the brotherhood of man. Both Mr. and Mrs. Kates advocated an exercise of great care in bringing up children, and in the psychological and physiological principles of the reproduction of the human race.

Before the meeting closed Mrs. Kates gave some wonderful exhibitions of her clairvoyant powers. In her tests and messages she told several different persons in the audience of things and persons which were supposed to be known only to the parties themselves. She claims to act as a sort of medium for the spirits of the dead to communicate with the living. She even gives names and dates. She told a man in the audience that he had signed a paper to his regret on March 17, 1875, and after studying awhile the gentleman said it was correct.

In some instances the names referred to by Mrs. Kates could not be recalled by the parties, but she says that if they will inquire and think over the past the names will almost invariably be found to be correct. She says that sometimes the impression upon her is so weak that it is hard to tell exactly what is meant, and in this way mistakes are often made. Mrs. Kates says she has had this power ever since she was a child, and it has grown stronger as she has grown older. She stated that she does not understand it, and that at school the girls called her the "spookite."

Today is the last day of the state convention here and from here Mr. and Mrs. Kates will go to other cities in Montana. They are traveling in the interest of the National Association of Spiritualists, and from Montana they will visit Utah, Colorado and other western states. They say they are not traveling solely for money, and at the meeting no admission fee is charged. A collection is taken, however, as in other churches in order to defray the expenses of the association.

At the meeting this afternoon Mr. Kates will deliver an address upon the "Fruit of the Spirit," and the meeting will begin at three o'clock. In the evening Mrs. Kates will speak, giving a broad delineation of Spiritualism. At each of the meetings Mrs. Kates will give tests and read messages.

THIRD DAY—SUNDAY, JULY 5

Old Masonic hall on West Park street, was crowded to the limit last evening by a large audience to hear Mrs. Kates speak upon Spiritualism and give tests of her clairvoyant powers. The afternoon meeting was also well attended. Yesterday was the closing day of the first annual convention of the State Spiritualists' Association of Montana. In fact, the state association was organized at this convention. Hereafter the association will hold conventions at some point within the state each year.

It has been decided to hold the next convention in Butte and the session will begin on the first Thursday nearest the first day of June, and will continue over Friday and Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Kates, who are working in the interest of the National Association of Spiritualists, came here to organize a state association for Montana and have the same affiliated with the national organization. They expressed themselves last night as being well pleased with the results of their efforts and the kindly manner in which they had been received in Butte.

Permanent organization was effected yesterday afternoon. W. J. Hicks, of Anaconda, was elected president; James Kirkpatrick, of Dillon, was elected vice-president; Fred Spethmann, of Anaconda, was chosen as secretary, and Mrs. M. P. Hicks, of Anaconda, as treasurer. Mrs. M. A. Logue, of Butte; Della Wornell, of Anaconda; Mrs. McCormick, of Billings; A. Laurens, of Livingston, and J. I. Mettler, of Great Falls, were chosen as five trustees to manage the affairs of the organization. The organization will be incorporated under the name of "The State Spiritualists' Association of Montana."

At the meeting yesterday afternoon the association passed a resolution thanking the press for the full and accurate reports given the meetings, and also thanking the people of Butte and other cities in Montana for the kind assistance rendered in effecting the organization and making the first annual convention a success.

Mr. and Mrs. Kates are both earnest and zealous workers in the Cause of Spiritualism, and it is largely due to their efforts that the state association starts off under such auspicious circumstances. At the afternoon meeting yesterday Mr. Kates spoke at some length upon "The Fruit of the Spirit." He was followed by Mrs. Kates, who gave some remarkable exhibitions of her power as a clairvoyant and medium, through whom, it is claimed, the spirits of the dead communicate with the living. Her tests and messages at the evening meeting were also very interesting.

The closing of the convention last night was marked by an excellent and eloquent address by Mrs. Kates, who gave a general outline of the principles of Spiritualism. She said that Spiritualism taught physical, intellectual and spiritual purity. In the course of her remarks she scored moral coward both

in and out of the orthodox churches. She also paid her respects to men who neglected their wives and families for drink and sports, and to that class of preachers who are afraid to preach the truth for fear it will make them unpopular.

Mrs. Kates is a forceful speaker and she impresses her audience with her earnestness of purpose and the logic of her argument goes straight home to those who are listening. She is humorous and generally clinches her points with witty applications.

Altogether the first annual convention of the Spiritualists' association was a success, and in a few remarks President Hicks promised that the work would go on until next year, the convention would have a larger attendance and a wider influence in the state of Montana. Mr. and Mrs. Kates go from here to Livingston, where they will organize a local branch of the association.—Butte, Montana, Miner.

Waukesha Camp.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

For the last time before the opening of the Waukesha Campmeeting I would like to call the attention of all Spiritualists to this camp. Nowhere is there to be found a city more famed than Waukesha, nor one that offers greater advantages to the sight-seer and camper. In presenting the talent secured for this camp, our Association feels assured that it can justly say, "we have some of the best to be secured in this country." For this reason, we feel that no one will make a mistake by coming to this year's camp.

The camp opens the 17th of July, and closes August 17th, thus affording a full month's outing. Everything has been done to make this camp attractive and comfortable. The tents are new, and the grounds clean and cheerful, the meetings will be held in a large tent, especially designed for such purposes. While this is one of the new camps, there will be found nothing but that which is the equal of other camps.

We have first-class speakers and test mediums, and of a class which leaves no question as to its reliability. Among the many addresses to be given, the most notable are Rev. Moses Hull, Mr. Mattie Hull, Catherine McFarlane, Mrs. S. M. Lowell, Rev. T. Grafton Owen, Miss Agnes Chaffee, Miss Alfa Bullock, Clara L. Stewart, and Will J. Erwood. Also Mrs. Eva McCoy, and several others whose names do not appear on the programs. Send for program and particulars, or send and secure tent at once.

Will J. Erwood,
Sec'y W. S. S. A., Waukesha, Wis.

Onset Notes.

The opening of the campmeeting was a great success. Although the weather was warm, there was a fine breeze from the bay that moderated the heat. The audience was a grand one for the opening.

The speaking was all that could be wished for. With such lecturers as Geo. A. Fuller, D. D., and Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, nothing but good addresses could be expected.

The famous Bridgewater Band, with R. H. Ferguson, bandmaster, gave three excellent concerts. Everybody was ready to help make this opening meeting a success.

The workers are arriving. We met this morning Prof. Peck, Miss Susie C. Clark, Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, A. J. Maxham, O. A. Miller (vice pres.), Dr. Huot and many others. Pres. J. Q. A. Whittemore has not arrived as yet. Chairman Fuller is a very busy man, and everything is moving like clock work.

The Banner Book Store is open for the season. Mrs. Hatch and your correspondent will be pleased to see all the old friends and readers of the Banner—also many new ones. Now is the time to subscribe and get all the campmeeting news.

A large audience was in attendance this morning and gave Chairman Fuller a good reception as he stepped to the front of the rostrum to give the opening address. Bro. Maxham never sang better, and received a grand welcome from his many friends.

The meeting was opened with singing by Prof. Maxham, after which Mrs. Mary C. Weston of Boston gave an original poem, "Our Country's Need." Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn followed with a soulful invocation. Dr. Fuller took for his subject, "What Onset Stands For," and gave a grand address. Notes of this address will appear in a future issue of the Banner.

At one o'clock the band gave another concert. At two o'clock a large number gathered to listen to a lecture to be given by Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, the subjects being taken from the audience, which were as follows: Poem, "The Power of Love," address, "The Silence Forces," "The Future of Onset," "Can Spiritualist Speakers as New Thought Teachers Consistently Avoid Speaking Out in Condemnation of Imperial Policy Which Controls Our Republic Today?"

Allyn answered all the questions in an able manner, and the great satisfaction of all. A report of the address will appear later.

On Sunday next Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes and Prof. W. F. Peck will be the speakers. Miss Margaret Gaule will give spirit messages. Don't fail to hear them.

Weather charming. H.

Lake Brady Camp.

For the twelfth time the Lake Brady Spiritualists' Association has assembled to hold its annual campmeeting at the Lake Brady resort. While it has evolved into the "Electric" Park, to those who care for the rustic beauty of the lake surroundings that added so much to the charm of the campmeetings in bygone years, it will always be Lake Brady. While the little bird sings as sweetly in the tree of the new camp ground, yet it is like leaving a childhood home that has memory of happier days. But this longing for the old home was somewhat lessened by the higher inspiration displayed in Mrs. Gillespie's uplifting lecture with its intellectual disapproval of wrongs done in this life and its kind approval of the conduct of the worthy. Mrs. Gillespie complimented Lake Brady by saying she would like to remain the entire season.

After the opening prayer Mrs. Gillespie presented the thought: "We have spent enough time in trying to convince those who can reason but will not of the fact that those on the other side of life do talk to us. We can now use the valuable time in teaching lessons that will develop the mind that there may be less sorrowing in the second sphere of life because they cannot enter higher and that there may be less sinning again, each other here, which spiritualists although it may not swell the ranks of Spiritualism."

While Mrs. Gillespie was giving messages, having shown the power back of her disapproval of the test, but approved of helping the sad by kind messages from their dear ones, she turned to one in the audience and said: "Your mother's first name is Matilda."

This was a fact, and this circumstance showed to that person she understood her calling and could give tests when it was necessary to do it.

Mrs. Gillespie gave much that the world should know, but it would require the entire paper to publish it, so I will conclude by saying her manner toward her audience in presenting the instruction made each feel kind toward the other, which shows the higher inspiration is acting peace instead of talking harmony.

Mrs. Gillespie is continuing the high instruction in her private work and will remain one Sunday longer with us.

Mrs. Lydie L. Curtis.

Parkland Campmeeting.

After many years of idleness the beautiful grounds of the Spiritualists of Philadelphia were invaded by the Lyceum and members of the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia on July 4. The children were taken care of by the officers and made welcome. All had a good time. The early morning was cloudy, but later in the day the sun came out and all enjoyed themselves hugely.

On Sunday, July 5, we opened the camp with two meetings. The afternoon meeting was for the benefit of the Lyceum, and was held in the grove, conducted by Mr. A. Groom. The speakers were Mr. Adams, Prof. Stevens and Mr. Barry. The mediums were Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Snyder, Mrs. Cutler and Mrs. Grosseck. The speakers praised the work done in the Lyceum and implored all Spiritualists to send their children to the Lyceum instead of letting them attend Sunday schools where the young minds were poisoned with the false theology of the church and their bodies were dwarfed for want of proper exercise.

The mediums gave many messages. Mrs. Grosseck's work of giving each one a message was something of a novel feature. We had a good attendance considering we had no excursion rates to the grounds.

The evening meeting was held in the Chapel, and was conducted by Capt. F. J. Ketter, President First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia and a pioneer in the Cause. His remarks were excellent and to the point. Mrs. W. Rawson's subject was "The Needs of the Hour." Mrs. Outler and Mrs. Snyder gave many messages, the latter speaking in German and English.

The meetings will be carried on during the summer every Sunday under the auspices of the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia. Good speakers will be in attendance, also a goodly number of mediums. There will be messages after each speaker. Some of the mediums are located on the ground, viz: Mrs. Cutler, Mrs. Anthony and Mrs. Jennings.

There are over one hundred cottages at Parkland and most of them occupied by the best class of people. Mr. Locke, vice president of the N. S. A. and Mrs. Locke are on the ground.

We hope to make our meetings a success and shall be pleased to see all who can make it convenient to be with us and swell our numbers. W. Rawson.
5312 Poplar St., Philadelphia.

Indian Nautch.

Orientalists have a strange idea of dancing—strange at least to us who enjoy the poetry of motion, the delight of taking different steps to the time of irresistible music—for the orientalists delight in sitting quietly and watching the nautch or dancing girl, who is hired to do all the dancing, whilst they look on, and often say, "wah, wah, by way of approval when anything specially pleases them." At times two or three nautch girls are hired for the same entertainment, each dancing in turn, whilst others rest, thus each doing her turn. These nautch girls are usually very pretty, with exquisitely molded forms, arms and wrists, feet and ankles, just as round as can be, petite of stature, long, glossy black hair, coiled neatly at the back of the head, low down, either parted or combed straight back from the face, decked with exquisitely wrought filagree ornaments, ear and nose rings, with pearls or turquoise bangles on the wrists connected to an armlet on the upper arm by gold chains, broad gold anklets and toe rings. Exquisite necklaces made of pearls, or uncut stones, or of turquoise and pearls together, a favorite of the Eastern beauties. The little short sleeved, short jacket which serves merely as a bust support, beautifully embroidered with gold, and often with precious stones. From a little below the bust to the waist the figure is nude. There the body is entwined in many folds of diaphanous material, wound three or four times round the body, the end being carried up over the head and down to the waist where it is tucked amongst the folds until required in the graceful movements of the arms, which keep time with feet and music. This material is often made of the fibres of the pineapple, white or black, and wrought with pure gold thread. Sometimes a soft Indian silk is used, known as raw silk, trimmed with exquisite hand embroidery. The dancing is done almost entirely upon a carpet from four to five feet square and placed in the centre, the guests forming a circle round the dancers, space being left for their entrance and exit. Guests are presented with little round bouquets of pink roses, such as the Attar of Roses is made from, also they are sprinkled with rose water from a silver or gold receptacle. Trays are passed bearing sweetmeats or candies, made of coconut or almonds. Pan loaf and beetle nut also are offered to one and all.—Elva Greenwood, Zander.

Mustaches are Unsanitary.

"In my time I have turned my hand to many things," said the veteran barber. "I have been an actor, a ball player, a street car conductor, a bartender and have even tried pugilism, meeting with no great amount of success at any of these callings. For a while I was assistant trainer in a sanitarium much patronized by men of sporting proclivities, whose shattered nerves and flabby muscles needed building up. The first thing we did was to shave off a man's mustache, if he had one. This was absolutely insisted upon by the management, and if a patient refused to sacrifice his mustache or beard he could get out. Why was it done? Simply because hair on the face, and especially on the upper lip, is unsanitary. It is almost impossible to keep a mustache perfectly free of objectionable matter, especially if the wearer of it smokes. You will notice that 90 per cent. of the athletes nowadays wear smooth-shaven faces. It's the only thing to do."—Philadelphia Record.

When Leaving College.

Aim for success. Do not select a calling which is beyond you. It is better to be a good housekeeper than a poor teacher. It is better to be an expert stenographer than an inferior lawyer. It is better to be an efficient nurse than an inefficient doctor. Perhaps the more ambitious calling will bring a slight notoriety in the beginning, but if a girl wishes to take a worthy place in the world she must not only follow her bent, she must consider whether she has strength for the long race.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

WHAT IS SPIRITUALISM? An Address delivered by THOMAS GILLESPIE, in Butte, Montana, Sunday afternoon, October 27th, 1897. This address was given at the request of the Banner of Light. It is in fact a complete and exhaustive treatise on the subject. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

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