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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 way,
Through the listening night air, came the answer, Wouldst thou be as they are? Live as

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

noting 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 pouring-These, attained the mighty life you see.

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

"Manliness."

Rev Wilson Friich.

"Quit you like men." I Corinthians, 16:13. When Agamemnon was leading the assault upon Troy, amid the dust of the march, clatter 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 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 religious enterprise; the sentiment that reaches the heart of humanity; the sentiment that thrills us. The appeal is mighty to us in proportion as we recognize the inherent nobleness 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.

leaders of their race, of Timoleon, of Phideas. who expressed thought in sculpturing the 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 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 Isaiahs, 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 examples, as the message came from St. Paul, 'Ouit you like men!"

But our ideas of manliness are further exemplified by such men as Epictetus, Aurelius, 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 manliwhat man intrinsically is, what humanity means. No wonder the psalmist writing in the early days of the Jewish

Thou hast made him a little lower than 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 C

What men and women have been is an expression 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 difference 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 always 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 capabilities with which all are endowed.

To maintain our self respect, to see as clearly as we can manliness and womanliness 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 ourselves or fall to ourselves.

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

When we speak of manliness most of us think first of all of strength, and that is correct when you take strength in its full sense. I believe physical strength should be considered as well as spiritual strength. More and more are we coming to sense that the elements are not set as 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 utmost 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 universe in which we are placed just as effectnally as the planets are set in the system -not setting ourselves against anything beautiful and good but setting ourselves in accord vith 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 womanliness 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 We do not think a man is heroic if he fritters away his strength in an unworthy cause. We call him foolish. He may be, perhaps, brave in a shallow sense of 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

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 conflict, violence and antagonism of those days had their place in the development of the world. Through those fearful conflicts soclety 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 no 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

and the heroism of peace is of infinitoly 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 condition of peace. More and more is this realized. I doubt not that the time will come when the international difficulties will be submitted 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 illustration. I refer to the heroism manifested by many of the men in connection with the various fire departments of our towns-a service 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. Ie 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 account 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 rescue, 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 Commonwealth today and in places of worship, those who are enlisted in this department of service should pay tribute to those who were faithful. We should remember in gratitude those who are slumbering in the peaceful cemeteries of our laud. It does us all good to render a tribute of gratitude to these. 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 complete it is the same sort as the sacrifice which Jesus made of Himself on Calvary two thousand years ago. It would be a kind of profaneness to ask which is the more divine sacrifice. We do not compare. When the individual gives himself, there is the manifestation of full divineness, of God-like action, of God-like thought, of God-like devotion. When a man does this, no matter what his a man.

While we pay our tribute today to those who have served and have passed into the silence, 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 bear 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-

It is said that Americans are less thoughtful in this than the people of other countries. They in constructing buildings have in mind not only the heauty and usefulness. but also the safety of the structure, so that a fire may be controlled as easily as possible. There is more care in the storing of explosives. 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, ther we have boasted of our individual freedom to do as we please, we find ourself in the grasp of a power that transcends our 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 attention to the hell of pain and suffering in this also the chivalry of peace. There is the heroism of peace; selves to the power of the Almighty over us good repute.

and the wisdom and kindness of that power in the percafter, 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 infests 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 beautiful as is possible here and now.

Pen Flashes.

The Pilgrim-Peebles. NO 7.

Just thirty years ago this week the Canandaigua (N. Y.) district attorney refused to prosecute fourteen women who had been indicted 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 Lhassa, the capital of Thibet, where he spent a year, reports the Thibetans to be ignorant, superstitious and bigoted in the extreme. They are Buddhists. Thibet 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 Thibetans 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 Thibet was reported in Theosophical literature to be the home of the Mahatmas. Are not these also decreasing?

I am in receipt of a very lengthy letter, mportant and excellent, from Rev. M. Beversluis, Parandrecht, Holland (near Rotterdam). 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 Minister. Dr. A. Kuyper. . . . Opposed to Calvinism and Roman Catholicism, are materialism 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 reincarnation 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 missionary 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 engage in propagating Spiritualism." I present this matter before the Spiritualists for their consideration. The address is Rev. M. Beversluis, Barendrecht (near Rotterdam),

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 automatic writing. He cabled the following relating to the assassination of the King and Queen of Servia .- (See Light of Truth)

I leave the discussion of the political situation to put on record the remarkable fact that the assassination of King Alexander was foreseen by a clairvovant, 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 Servian minister, and others to

witness some experiments in psychometry. The clairvoyant was Mrs. Burchell, a sim-ple, unread Yorkshire woman from Halifax, whose psychometric powers I had heard

Various articles were placed in her hands, oncerning 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 becoming 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 The king-he is killed-oh, it is terrible!"

Only the gentleman and myself knew that the sheet of paper bore the king of Servia's

After the party broke up, my Servian guest reported to Mijatovitch, 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 Nashville, 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, looking intently among the half-marked stonesand head-boards by the graves. He had a flowering shrub by his side, which he was evidently designing to plant over a soldier's

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

"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 battle 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

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: 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 orientalism. 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 wisdom 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 happiness." 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 altitude, the exalted spiritual altitude, living to love and help those who hate, persecute and "despitefully use you?" Retire now into the silence for self-examination and contemplation! Report 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 w '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 table one evening, and among them the w Sojourner, skin black as night. The con sation soon became cheery, turning anti-slavery, and I launched out into es enthusiastic strains about the of slavery as contrasted with the br

(Continued on page 4.)

SONG. P. W. Smith.

Tune, When the Mists Have Rolled Away.

We are salling 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 surger o'er us roll, It is sure to make us wiser and to pusity the

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 golng, ever going in our onward, upward way.

ward 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

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 sill 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 PRANCE. ATALE 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

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 carcesses 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 kers, Antipas rode to the Southern coast as if the furies were after him, for day and night now, the vision of Myria dying was before his eyes, and he galloped on with his teeth set, hating 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 tha deck restlessly, there came to him that slow awaking of the soul, which is what the early church meant by conversion. For out of his new found respect for Myrtelene, 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 sins 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

wife, only his fingers gripped the hilt of his sword, and he rowed 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, finshing in the sunshine, as moved by some hidden mechanism into long rollers, 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.

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.

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 this man Promethens 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 areas, 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 creeds 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 andience gaped and whispered, not interested in the least in sufferings that were

wreaths of what looked like foam twisted into white glistening 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, dancing as swiftly and lightly as darting birds, their white feet gleaming against the black crags. The audience aroused at last, applauded them.

shine, they whired away among the rocks, daucing as 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 murmer of "Io," and Mrytl-ne entered at the rear of the arena. She wore n short skirted scarlet robe, with her hair colled 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 glistening 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 horned 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, poising 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 veryincarnation of that spirit of rebellion, which are may break, but can never bend. Then lifting her hands in a gesture of passion and despair, she cried:

"Woe, woe, woe!

"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,
Stung through with 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 Now by her grief and shame defiled?"

And with passionate gestures, and in quick, lierce 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 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 affame as it fiew,
Strikes, burning me through.
Is there any help to be holpen by?
If such knowledge is thine,—cry aloud, cry!"

Prometheus answered by vaguely prophe-sying 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 child is born,
Unto us a Son is given,
The government shed 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 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 spoilt thy play," she said softly, with a sudden repentant remembering 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 a right to make me dance when I did not want to. At least I shall say just what I want to."

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 to cast thee in, and if thou hadst been arena to cast thee in, and it 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 hushand, 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 relling—"The

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

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 soa 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 cyes 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,—

"Un from the waves she areas."

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

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

Once, twice, the dancers circled round her, singing their song, and she stood there silent and still. Then an angry murmer, quickly rising to a roar came from the audience, and Myrtlene suddenly looking up, raised her hand as if she wished to speak, and curiosity 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 Myria, his Christian sister, whom he foved 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 heats, 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

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 thou canst stop thy whining for mercy, we have none. So now choose thou, either give up this crazx 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 clse, if thou darest 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

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 lust and blood thirst 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 illies 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," her 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."

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 lilles pressed against her
breast.

(To be concluded.)

Where Patrick Henry Spoke.

the choose the bravest man among them for the water by the ridge of black gred rocks.
Among the boulders four persons were all the color who represented the seed that the color who represented the seed that the color who represented the seed that the color of the color who represented the seed that the color who represented the seed that the color of the property of the great and strong; but neither beauty not an atom of either." Bow yelling—"The the color of the property of the great and strong; but neither beauty not an atom of either." Bow yelling—"The color of the property of the

Abby A. Judson.

Some thoughts suggested from the reading hose marvelous messages of June 20 and 27 rom 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-tirilling that my whole nature relaxed and rested in the full, sweet enjoyment of that family reunion." Abby A. Judson. Ella F. Porter, 206 Lenox Road, Brooklyn, N. X.

There was printed in the Providence Journal Sept. 28, 1831, 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

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 disbelieved, but none doubted his integrity, but thought him a victim of an hallengiatter.

In a letter from him at the time in answer 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.

hing 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

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 I still love and pet them in spirit land." Beautiful—transcendentally 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, refusng to honor the last request of their sister, that a speaker of her own faith might of

ng to honor the last request of their sister, that a speaker of her own faith might of-ficiate, but insulted her memory by getting a

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 Mathews, 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 autoblography of Robert Houdin, a story of his appearance before the court of Louis Phillippe 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.

dlum, 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 hank cards requesting each one to write thereon where he or she desired the handkerchiefs to be taken. After he had gathered the cards, he went to Louis Phillippe 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 package. After awhile he tapped on the bowl with his wand and commanded the package to depart and raising the bowl, a turile dove had taken its place. Sentinels were at once sent to guard the tree and the gardeuer called and ordered to search at the roots. He returned with an iron casket, eaten had especially 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.

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.

interile dove had taken its place. Sentinels were at once selt to guard the tree and the gardeuer called and ordered to search at the gardeuer called and ordered to search at the prust. The king tried to open it but force to by rust. The king tried to open it but force the prust. The king tried to open it but force the prust. The king tried to open it but force 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.

The trick of the magician, to one unacquainted with the art of legerdemain, is apparently incepticable, and ye is as supplementation of Home as more wonderful, is apparently incepticable, and ye is as supplementation of Home as a proper supplementation of the candelabra as it was so distant. The orange tree was near, yet difficult. When he gathered the cards, he introduced the names of the three places designated on three cards. He knew the king would not select the candelabra as it was so casy, nor the dome of the invalides as it was so distant. The orange tree was near, yet difficult. When he gathered the cards, he introduced the box in the proper of 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 so casy, nor the dome of the invalides as it was so distant. The orange tree was near, yet difficult. When he gathered the cards, he introduced the box in the presence of them of the proper of the performance the majority of the proper of the particular of the proper of the proper of the proper of the proper of th

desired them. The story of these wonderful phenomena is given in "Incidents of M. Life," which is as authentic as the words of Boudin. 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 Spiritual 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 dovn—no one near it—wildently to tone the light; and while we were remarking the singularity of the phenomena, and how ligh 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 into the light of the window, so we all saw his feet and part of his legs floating on the air like a feather, allout 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 it was 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 clongation against the wall, it showed eight inches."

It m

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,

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, of 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 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 may 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

never took any stock in the subject, although they actually thought their missuided parents were perfectly sincere in their beliefs. Some of them have even gone so far as to regret that their parents were now writhing in hell because of their spiritualistic heresy.

It has come to the time when Spiritualists must ask themselves the question "what is our Spiritualism worth to us?" If it is worth nothing then let them go their way in peace, to face the responsibilities their cowardice will surely bring upon them. If it is worth something, then they should at once take steps to prove that fact to the world. They should interest their children first and keep them interested until they are men and women grown. They should unite with some spiritualistic organization, and cease paying their money to the support of other denominations. In fine, they should live their Spiritualism every day of their lives, and prove its worth by the noble character the clear understanding of truth, and perception of right that are evolved by following its teachings. By so doing the real worth of Spiritualism, can be demonstrated to the world.

A Chicago Painter.

A Chicago Painter.

An old Chicago painter writes as follows:
"I have always been an advocate of more sine and less lead, and I have work standing that was done fifteen years ago, that is better than other jobs I did with lead and oll straight five and six years ago. A good many painters say there is no body to zinc—it is only good to glaze over the last coat on outside work. My experience has been that half lead and half zinc for the second coat and clear zinc for finishing has made a better looking job, lasted longer and looks better today than any four-coat lead job I ever did. It is hard to convince some that zinc will add to durability and looks, but once converted they stick ever afterwards."

Nobody wants to paint every year, nor every two years, yet if the durability of a paint be that short, it must be done or the property will be endangered. The chief point is to get the paint that will stand the longest, and if this painter's letter means anything, it means that zinc in a paint will make it last. The makers of high-grade mixed paints use zinc, and any straight lipseed oil mixed paint, free from water or alkali, will, under similar conditions, do all that the writer claims for the combination advocated by him. But nevertheless, his formula, in the hands of a sensible painter, ought to give about as satisfactory results as are obtainable with modern paints.

Stanton Dudley.

Stanton Dudley.

Campmeetings for 1903.

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

When You Are All Bound Up

and are suffering from indigestion, lack of and are suitering from indigeston, like of appetite, foul breath, headache, dyspepsia, catarrh of the stomach, kidney and liver complaints you need a tonic laxative, something that will move the bowels quickly, easily and without leaving hurtful effects behind. Never without leaving hurtful effects behind. Never use a purgative or cathartic. They weaken the bowels and system and make the disease worse. Use instead Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine. It tones, builds up, gives new strength and vigor, not alone to the bowels, but to the whole being. Only one small dose a day will cure any case, from the lightest to the worst. That means cure, not simply relief only. Most obstinate cases yield gently and easily and the cure is permanent. Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine is not a patient medicine. A list of ingredients is in every package with explanation of their action. Write us for a free sample bottle. Vernal Remedy Co., 120 Seneca Building, Buffalo, N. V.

All leading druggists sell it.

Briefs.

Briefs.

Camp Progress, Mowerland Park, Upper Swampscott.—It has been reported that this old established camp is not holding meetings this season. We are still allive and our meetings are very interesting and attendance good. Large audiences have been present every Sunday and have increased every week, July 5th we had some excellent talent present and the services were very interesting. Three sessions were held, at 11 a. m., 2 and 4 p. m. The morning meeting is always a conference. Meesra, de Bos, Graham and Newhall, Mrs. Pago and Miss Blye were the speakers and mediums. In the afternoon Mrs. Nellie S. Noyes spoke in her usual pleasing manner, Mrs. Abby N. Burnham gave a fine poem and address. Mrs. Edith Lloyd Browne, Mrs. Sears, Mr. Tuttle and Mrs. Curtis also took part in the evercises. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wiley rendered quite a number of selections on their cornets, which were much appreciated by all present. Mrs. Kneeland gave a fine vocal solo and a trio was sung by Prof. Holden, Mrs. Page and Mrs. Hall. The services closed with all singing America. Several mediums and speakers have promised to be present at our meetings at future dates. The first Sunday in August the services will be all devoted to Socialism, and some of the best speakers on this topic are expected to be present. Corr.

Waverley Home.—We, have just celebrated two notable days at the home. On July 4th, our people flocked to the home at Waverley and gave vent to their patriotism in joyous song, praise and recreation. It was a glorious 4th and all were happy because inspired with the thought that God blessed our land, because it was a haven of rest and peace for the oppressed of every nation. Sunday we had a large gathering of friends at the meeting. Delegations from Waltham, Watertown, Weston, Cambridge, Milton and Boston came to commune with those from the spirit side of life, and many a brothar had alster wers comforted by a word of advice, a message or a test of recognition. Among those who took part in the exercises during the afternoon

two beautiful soles. Two new mediums of promise will appear soon in the field as workers. J. H. Lewis. Commercial Hall, 694 Washington St., Mrs. Mr. Adeline Wilkinson, conductor. Spiritual

two beautiful soles. Two new mediams of promise will appear soon in the field as workers. J. H. Lewis.

Commercial Hall, 694 Washington St., Mrs. M. Adeline Wilkinson, conductor. Spiritual Conference at 11, subject, "Environments of Idfo." Speakers, Dr. Brown, Mr. Marston of Allston, Mr. Chipman, Mrs. Horton, Mrs. McKenna, Mr. Mediums assisting during the day were Mrs. Cunningham, Mrs. Fox, Mrs. Millen, Miss Strong. Mediums assisting during the day were Mrs. Cunningham, Mrs. McKenna, Mr. Clough. Mr. Walter Mason, Mrs. Horton, Mrs. Nollie S. Noyes gave a fine address at the evening service, followed by readings. Mectings for spirit messages at readings every Thursday at three. Healing circle Tuesday at same hour. Reporter.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.—The result of the warm weather is manifest in the steady increase of summer campers at this place. Every train comes well laden with sojourners for Lake Pleasant, and cottages, tents and rooms are in demand. The dancing parties which are being held every evening in the pavilion were never so well attended as now, and in addition to the old time faces a number of new ones are seen upon the grounds. Many questions have been asked in regard to vandeville, and at the present writing it looks as though arrangements will be concluded this week to have vaudeville performances in the New Auditorium during the last three weeks of July, but not during August, while the Convocation is in session. Two splendid meetings have been held in the Temple upon the Sunday afternoons of July, Mrs. M. L. Sanger acting as chairman in the absence of the president and vice presidents of the association. The musical part was well rendered by Mr. George Clevelandi and Mrs. Guilford. The speakers have been such well known workers as Frank B, Woodbury, Mrs. M. V. Lincoln, Mrs. E. M. Shirley, Mrs. W. J. Dowd, Mr. Abfert P. Blinn, Mrs. B. W. Belcher, Dr. C. L. Willis and Mrs. A. S. Kimball, A. Lyceum has been started with about 25 children in attendance and we shall have fully 100 by the time the campme

For Over Sixty Years

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

Woman Doctors for India.

The customs of India are such that good women doctors would be a perfect blessing to the women of India and through them, to men and children as well.

The "high caste" native woman is a purdah woman or one who is been behind the woman is a purdah to the woman or one who is been behind the woman is a purdah to be the woman of the woman or one who is been behind the woman or one who is been the woman in the woman of the woman or one who is been the woman or one who is the woman of the woman or one who is the woman of the woman or one who is the woman of the woman of the woman or one who is the woman of the woman or one who is the woman or one who is the woman of the woman or one who is the woman of the woman or one who is the woman or on

the women of india and through them, to men and children as well.

The "high caste" native woman is a purdah woman, or one who is kept behind the curtain, never being allowed to talk with, shake hands with, or have any converse with any man but her husband, he having several wives. They all have beautiful wearing apparel, according to Eastern ideas, of fine texture and exquisitely hand wrought, jewels of great value and in quaint settings for ears, nose, neck, arms, wrists, fingers, ankles and toes. Their great delight is to watch from behind the blinds a nautch, or dance, given in the covered court, around which the house is built. Some of the more liberal minded husbands allow their wives to drive in a closed carriage. In this way they get a glimpse of the busy world, but every one will readily admit that it is not a very broad idea, they are thus able to form of it. What a contrast to the busy American woman who is all life and vivacity, delving into everything of interest to herself and the busy world of men and women, and the many perplexing questions of the day. Our sisters of India may not have a man doctor attend her in times of sickness and trouble, and women doctors are very, very few, in the far East. It is a custom in Calcutta, India's capital, for gentlemen to form a "chummerie," four or more chums joining together to have a pleasant home of their own. A house is hired to suit their number, thus each can have a room and bath, drawing room, dining room, and often a billiard room, usually a garden is the source of much pleasure, yielding the year round many flowers seen in warm climates only, a certain number of native servants have to be kept, according to caste climates only, a certain number of native servants have to be kept, according to caste rules and regulations, thus ample attendance is always at hand. Wages are very low, but several servants are necessary.

is always at hand. Wages are very low, but several servants are necessary.

Why could not four, or even eight, enterprising American women take just such a house right in Calcutta, the pleasantest place in all India to live in, with every social advantage, steamers coming there from all countries, thus bringing you in contact with people of all nations. Each doctor might have her office here, with her regular office hours, and signs out. They would no doubt get some of the European practice, especially if they would form the acquaintance of some of the old resident doctors, and first make a very careful study of the diseases peculiar to the country, for these are of necessity the most formidable enemies one has to fight in every clime. Then they would undoubtedly be called to the homes of the very rich "rajahs" or native princes, when a little stranger was expected to arrive. Their services might be required in Burdwan, Cashmere, Serampore, or many of the interesting cities of the East, with traveling expenses paid, and a large fee, for they pay well. So much for the monetary point. Now here is where the everlasting good may be done. There are a few shining lights among the Eastern women, whose names will never be forgotten. The gentle little woman, Pundita Ramabi, who came among us and lectured to us here in Boston as well as many other of our American cities, for the benefit of the Hindoo widows, will, I think, always be a pleasant memory to us.

Annadabai Joshu, daughter of a high caste Brahmin of Serampore, came to Philadelphia to study medicine that she might return to India and do her sisters good, not only by doctoring them but teaching them in their turn to become doctors. This is the good I mean: American women doctors could have pupils at their own house and make Indian women doctors. Even if they take one around with them as interpreter, who is at the same time studying to become a doctor herself. Annadabai Joshu's father was a highly educated man, postmaster in the old Danish city of Serampore, a ma

Rajah of Kutch Behar and his pretty wife are well educated and interesting people to meet, of the most liberal thinkers, of the social set, undoubtedly their influence would put many patients into our women doctors' hands. Upon arriving in Calcutta, a visit to your American Consul at his office would be quite in order. He could put you in the way of hiring house and servants, call with you at the Zinana mission, introduce you to some of the residents. Letters to your Consul from friends would be of use. New comers are supposed to call upon old residents. Seek out some of the leaders, who will be, as is their custom, very cordial and hospitable, and thus make your way easy and pleasant. For one can always return kindness in some little way, if not exactly like that extended to one. In three or five years thus a deal of good may have been done, and much wealth won, besides much valuable experience gained and many treasures won of the Far East.

E. G. Zander.

A Free Kidney Bemedy

Dr. D. A. Williams, East Hampton, says if any sufferer from Kidney and Bladder Disease will send him their address he will mail them, free of all cost, some of the remedy they are looking for. The one that will cure them.

The Compounce Association

of Spiritualists held their thirty-ninth annual of Spiritualists held their thirty-ninth annual picnic at Compounce Lake, Bristol, Conn., Wednesday, June 17th. Business meeting opened at 10.15 a. m., with the vice-president, Mr. E. B. Kenyon, in the chair; the constitution and by-laws were read by the secretary, after which Mrs. J. F. Storrs was appointed as head of the finance committee with authority to appoint her assistants.

A letter was read by the vice-president, Mr. Kenyon, from the president, Mrs. Pierce, who was unable to be present, not having recovered from the fall she received May 4th. Mrs. Pierce also sent her report as a delegate to

Pierce also sent her report as a delegate to the N. S. A. convention held in Boston in October, 1902, which was read by the secre-tary, Mrs. Dillon, also a greeting sent from the secretary, Mrs. M. Longley, of the N. S.

Association.

The old officers were re-elected: President,
Mrs. A. E. Pierce, Niantic; vice-president,
Mr. E. B. Kenyon, New Haven; secretary
and treasprer, Mrs. J. E. B. Billon, Hartford. Mrs. J. F. Storrs was appointed as
delegate to the N. S. A. convention, to be
held in Washington in October, with Mr. J.
Storrs as alternate.

delegate to the N. S. A. convention, to be held in Washington in October, with Mr. J. Storrs as alternate.

At 11 Mr. Kenyon opened the conference, giving the theme "Is Spiritualism Worth Anything to Me?" Remarks were made by Mr. Henry, Mrs. Storrs; Mrs. Havens, Mr. Kenyon, and others.

After two hours for dinner and recreation, the afternoon session opened at two with a crowded house. Mrs. May S. Pepper, the speaker for the day, read the poem "Not Understood." After a song, Mrs. Pepper took for her subject "The Religions of Today," holding the closest attention of her audience during her entire discourse. After the lecture she gave her test seance, which occupied fully an hour. In every instance she was accurate in giving names and messages. Mrs. Pepper has been with us three seasons at Compounce and every year her audiences have increased, until this year many could not get inside the hall to listen to her.

The musical part of the program was rendered very acceptably by Miss Gertrude Laidlaw. At the conference and the afternoon meeting healing thoughts were sent out in the silence to the president, Mrs. A. E. Pierce. The session closed at 4 p. m., and all went away feeling that they had received a spiritual feast long to be remembered.

Mrs. J. E. B. Dillon, secy.

Those who cough at night may secure re-by taking Piso's Cure for Consumption. Passed to Spirit Life.

From Bridgeport, Conn, May 18, Mrs. Susan A. Levenworth, beloved wife of Edward B. Levenworth, in her 76th year.

Mrs. Levenworth was a good, true, noble woman, an excellent medium, ever ready to help all who came to her, as hundreds can testify, in time of trouble and affliction. She will be sadly missed by all, but most of all by her aged husband, who although he misses her physical form, knows she comes to assist and help him. May he still continue to have the blessed knowledge of her presence until the call comes for him to come up higher, is the wish of the writer.

the wish of the writer.

From Rockport, Me., on July 1, Mrs. Elmira Corthell, aged 73 years.

The truth of the spiritual philosophy had comforted her many years, and her life accorded beautifully with its noble teachings.
Fire children had preceded her to the beautiful beyond. She leaves a husband and two
sons. The writer was called to address the
family and friends at the funeral obsequies.

Freeman W. Smith.

Rockland, Me.

Rockland, Me.

The Long Path.

Walking through the Public Gardens one day last week I caught the words, "Will you walk the long path with me?"
"How long is it?" innocently replied she who was questioned, at the same time blush-

ing.
"As long as destiny wills," replied he man-

fully.

Oliver Wendell Holmes and his sweet schooling am were long in crossing Boston's historic "long path."

Speaking of teachers brings to my mind pupils. Some thirty years ago when the West was comparatively young, a small girl thirteen years of age sat in the front row of a large schoolroom. Upon the platform before her arranged as it seemed to her in a line enormously formidable sat the corps of the professors of the school and the three board of regents. The occasion one of three yearly visits made by those learned men.

A written and oral examination took place upon these occasions. The written examination required the answering of twenty general questions, twenty minutes being allowed for each. The last question in the list read: Speaking of teachers brings to my mind

"What is education?"

The girl looked at the hands of the old clock that had timed many a reply. The minutes slipped rapidly by. No words came to her. She knew not intelligently what education meant. Mentally she wondered if the questioner did.

Nineteen minutes! only one more! Must she be marked zero—no—she would not. She seized her pen. The twentieth moment recorded the thought: "To learn to live."

The following morning the gray-haired regent arose to comment upon the school work and its progress, as noted in the examination papers.

I recall distinctly his words, for the writer was present:

"There are many excellent and meritarious."

was present:

"There are many excellent and meritorious papers in my possession." He then read extracts upon various topics. At last he unfolded one and remarked, "I hold here a voluminous reply to the question, What is aducation? It contains some two hundred words; it is full of thought, but I hold here another." holding its face toward the six

hundred pupils below. "This paper, as you see, contains but four words and they were penned by a little girl of thirteen. They are, "To learn to live."
"It is the best and only answer I have ever heard to my own question which answers it in full. These words I shall cause to be printed, framed and hung in many schoolrooms throughout the state."

It may be that these words are still hanging upon those old walls for aught the writer knows.

Successful.

knows.

According to the self-accredited critics, the National Association has been dead or dying from the hour of its birth. Scarcly anything mentionable they have not asserted as affecting it. Opinions and advice have been freely expressed and without the asking and the earnest workers have found obstacles constantly thrown in their way.

For a time a wreck seemed certain on the Charybdis of "the Infinite Mind" which had been inadvertently in the statement of principles. "Ob, the awfulness of endorsing such a belief as an Infinite Mind!" Seize it and tear it in pieces!"

The student of nature cannot but see on every side the expression of mind; the result of intelligent plans and ingenious devices. If we say it is a part of matter, that mind exists as matter exists, and the two are coeternal, we are only using different words meaning exactly what others call Jupiter, Osiris, Allah. Jehovah, God, Force, Energy, Mind.

Mind.

While this controversy was going on, the great issues were left in abeyince as a fogbank of words rolled up in the way.

And then came the Scylla of the creed scare! The goblin creed would surely get us "if we did not watch out." It was the purpose of the leaders to fasten a despicable creed, a binding creed on Spiritualists! What was this creed? A statement of principles, that is to say, an expression of all members of the Association and subject to revision or complete change at the hands of any subsequent convention. Is it just to call such a statement a creed?

A statement of principles is essential, for

change at the hands of any subsequent convention. Is it just to call such a statement a creed?

A statement of principles is essential, for every association must have something tankible to present to the world as the motive for its being and for which it stands pledged. That made by the first has been revised by each succeeding convention, until it is a fair and general expression of the belief and purposes of the great body of Spiritualists.

The carping about "infinite Mind" or "Intelligence," has drifted into other channels. One writer opposes the free publication of tracts, etc., and advises that the money be given to extend the circulation of the spiritual papers. Another wants the money given to endow a spiritual school, and others to furnish homes for mediums and the aged.

Others think it folly to send out missionaries. A prominent writer of the old time, in a fine strain of scholastic criticism, picks the name to pieces, declaring "Spirituall" a misnomer, most ignorantly chosen, and wants "Spiritism" in its place:—poor, little, narrow, abortive "Spiritism"

Some there are who think a spiritual school the great want. Others that the present colleges are as good for Spiritualists as for any one. Others demand that the means go to the founding charitable institutions. Well the treasury has a few thousand dollars and this has been conserved for the most urgent and practical uses. It is not because there is opposition to the building up of a national university or asylums in every city, that this fund has not been used for such purposes. It requires some millions of dollars to build a college like Harvard or Cornell, and to the first cost of asylums must be added the constant expense of maintenance. If those who desire these things will be executed. At all events, the life and the property of the security of the security is acceptable or which should be

college like Harvard or Cornell, and to the first cost of asylums must be added the constant expense of maintenance. If those who desire these things will put up the millions, their demands will be executed. At all events, it is uscless to speculate on what should be done with money not in the treasury.

And after all, who are those who object and criticise the Association? Those who have shown the deepest interest, and labored for its success? Or has it not come mainly, from those who have stood without? Its bitterest enemies could do no more with all their hatred, than these professed friends.

A man sets out on a journey to a distant city, carrying a heavy and precious load, by what he judges the best road, and hurries at such gait as he thinks he can indure. No one assists him in packing or shouldering his burden, and he departs alone. After awhile when he reaches the mountain steep, he meets many strugglers who gather around him and are prolific of suggestions. "Why did you not start earlier? Why do you not go with the crowd? What is your idea of carrying your load on your right shoulder when you ought to strap it on your back? Why do you not carry imitations of the old style of goods? Why do you take this difficult road when the other is smooth by fong travel? Go our way and we will keep you company if you will give us all you have when you arrive."

The weary man with honor, only could say, "If you do not wish to assist me have the honesty to stand aside and let me go my way to the place I intended."

The weary man with honor, only could say, "If you do not wish to assist me have the honesty to stand aside and let me go my way to the place I intended."

The weary man processed friends. Its methods may not be the best, but they have won a reasonably fair success. Those who have actively engaged in the work, are assured that a gain has been made, though not perhaps in the full measure of their desires or expectations.

A great number have read the free literature sent out, who never would have seen a

or expectations.

A great number have read the free literature sent out, who never would have seen a line of it otherwise. Thousands have listened to the missionaries who would never have heard a word of the spiritual philosophy. These devoted workers have for a nominal salary, given their time and strength to the Cause, and the societies they have organized are centres of influence uniting individual effort for common gain. In ten years the Association has grown into vigorous life. to the Cause, and the societies they have organized are centres of influence uniting individual effort for common gain. In ten years the Association has grown into vigorous life. It has a splendid home at the Capital. It represents state and local societies and stands before the world as the representative of Spiritualism. If you are a friend of this movement; if you really desire to help it onward, do not stand fault-finding at the best efforts of others. If you can do better, join its forces and put your plans in practice as members and integral parts of the Association. If you desire to stand outside, and while professing deepest concern and sympathy, indulre in criticism which, to say the least, is unfraternal, that also is your privilege. A brake is as necessary as a motor to a car,—in its way.

The Association will live and grow in influence, because consolidation of individual effort is essential for the best individual growth. The organization in conjunction with the press may become a great power for the extension of the Spiritual Philosophy of life here and hereafter. Very little of the old forms and beliefs can the Association carry with it, but it is not obliged to reject what is valuable simply because held by other systems.

Spiritualism is a universal eelecticism, gathering the good and true from all religions, science and philosophy, reaping the harvest of the world's best.

The creed of the Association is demonstrated truth wherever found, and its object is the promulgation of this truth for the betterment of its members and the world.

Hudson Tuttle,

Editor at Large, N. S. A.

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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 s 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 sonl-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 bitter falling of our midnight tears; Yearns 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 ours.

-Marian Warner Wildman, in the Centur, 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 eight
Sees ghostly visions; fearp—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
Longs 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 beaven'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. ne to his own Soul! Going away Going nome to his own soul count away from the things that seem to possess him to the things that are! Going out of the dark-ness of earth's ephemeral fancies into the ctorious 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, affoat in the celestial atmosphere, is as was the aroma of the lotus lily to the nostrils 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 prepare, then, to go home laden with sheaves that are worthy-the harvesting; let us cast aside all the dross of earth; let us rise above our mortal selfishness, our sensuous 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

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 Savings.

Live for a purpose. Make that purpose the attainment of the Best there is in the granaries 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."

· · V. 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 condemnaton for thy choler, on the part of thy neighbor, who doth not know thee or thine inner life, hence would judge thee externally and ignorantly.

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 therefrom, but are inspired by thy lower self to destroy thee and to injure thy unsuspecting

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, whatever character.

Affirm thy oneness with All-Truth at all times, and lose not sight of the Castle Beautiful 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 falls in his quest who knoweth 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 seweth that shall he also reap." He who sows the grain of Love in the fertile soll 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

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 gnarled oak hath within it a spark of the Beautiful Divine-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 luto 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 Soulhood 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 recognize in thee the divinity of thy Soul. Example 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 wisdom, thou who art a God in embryo, that thou art the arbiter of thine own fate-thine own savior or destroyer. Realization of thy soulhood giveth thee the victory over things of little worth, enableth thee to rise above thy lower self, and endoweth thee with all of the subline 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 fived by the cement of love, thereby rendering it safe for another's use, so that thou and he mny 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 beyond 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 possession of all things that will aid him in his quest for his Soul. Listen:-

"I believe in human kindness,
Large amid the sons of men,
Nobler far in willing blindness
Than in censure's keenest ken.
I believe in self-denial,
And its secret throb 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 liath 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 remolding,
In the grace of its reprieve,
In the glory of beholding
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 behind 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

volved in that proverb, this will be a better and a happier world. The Master of old spake 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 wouldst want help; therefore seek his happiof thine own nature by means of unselfish

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 nlone. It is gone beyond recall. Live in the Present, as freemen! Do not grovel in awesome 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 unlettered 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 likest unto God who recognizes 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 "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 to 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 eloquent 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 almone 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. go to God in prayer when I am in trouble, and my soul is calmed by the deep and abiding love that permentes 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 care. results of all these. God's love is the ceaseless Urge that leads toward perfection. It is not the love of a personal creator for its handiwork, but, instead, it is the All-Propelling 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 Everlasting 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 thes 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 All of the States and Territories in the United States were represented in this mammoth Convention of the National Educa-

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 ness, his advancement through the ennobling 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 gatherings. All conventions whether secular or religious 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 recognize this fact and attend their annual conventions as they should they would soon see Spiritualism where it should be-in the foremost 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 redskinned, white or black, and I can truly say that I love all humanity regardless of country, 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 ecoming 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 Carnegie to donate \$1,500,000 for a Peace Temple for the permanent Court of Arbitration at for the permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague. It is understood that the structs ure is to be built primarily for a library on international law, to be consulted at the arbitration 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 sulcides from 1897 to 1901, four years. During this period there were 29,244. Is it not appalling that so many persons, the majority men, should be guilty of self-murder? Not one of these suicides was a Spiritualist. No sensible 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, bitting, stinging pangs of remorse.

Correction.

In the excellent article in our last number by I'aul F. de Gournay, "Life Here and Hereafter," seventh paragraph, a typographical 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 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, despire 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 rejoicing to her thousands of friends in all quarters 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, enthuslastic worker for Spiritualism, and for some years has been a most efficient member of the Board of Trustees of the N. S. 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?"

he has openly confessed his fault, and show him by thy treatment of him that thou didst. It is president of the Association, and has for his coadjutors the leading educational workers in all of the great schools of our land.

The exing one is always our brother, therefore we should seek to save him even from himself, but not by apologising for the evil there is in him. "Hate the sin, but love the warious branches of this organization, and the same of the maxim of Spiritualism.

Business of importance has come before the various branches of this organization, and the representative teachers have shown a devotion to their work that is most commendable. All who attend these business sessions will go to their homes greatly benefited by what then?

E'en the wrong-doers are but our brother men!"

—Arable Proverb.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of 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 warious branches of this organization, and the various branches of the warious branches of the warious branches of the warious branches of the warious branches of the various branches of the various branches of the warious branches of the warious branches of the warious branches of the various branches

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This is said to be a true story. Never mind it it isn't. It illustrates a truth:
A kind-hearted old lady stidled with sympathetic grief the dilapidated appearance, muddy clothing, bloodshot eyes and reeling gait of a drunken man who seemed intelligent.

She stopped him, begged him to accept one of a number of tracts which she kept in her muff for such moral emergencies. The man refused the tract courteously. When she insisted that he should look at it, he held it extended before his eyes for a moment, handed it back, lowed politely and said:

"It is of no use, madam. I am the man that wrote it."

Of course, as a general thing, temperance tracts are not written by drunkards. But there is no doubt that a drunkard could, if he chose, write the best possible temperance tract. Better than anybody else, he knows what temperance means, the beauty of it and the curse of drunkenness.

Inability to do or abstain from a thing yourself does not by any means imply ina-

Special Note from A. J. Davis.

Be it known by all Spiritualists, and to all independent thinkers and progressives of cervy phase of development, that I have just transferred to the Banner of Light Publishing Company, for a consideration perfectly satisfactory and its streety polities, diagrans, engravings and Illustrations belonging to my entire list of twenty-nine volumes.

During the past thirty years, while I have followed each successive work through the stereotyping and printing process (paying for and owning the same), I have not, at any time, been my own publisher. A generation ago I had the gulleiess and saintly Bela Marsh of Hromfield. St., Boston, to stand as publisher of the Harmonia. Then, after his downtrue. I was happily associated downtrue. I was happily associated downtrue. I was happily associated and the forement man of the firm which published the Banner of Light. When this aweet-hearted and faithful man, intelligent and enterprising, passed beyond the valley of shadows, my works were published and kept before the world by the well-remembered firm of Colby and Rich. In all my business relations to and with these brethren only good-will and harmony prevailed. The whole soul of Luther Colby and the whole pure of Isaac B. Rich were constantly give to the certain of the world by the whole pure of Isaac B. Rich were constantly give to the certain of the world, that the "seed has fallen on good ground" No man knows better how to price the control of the world, that the "seed has fallen on good ground" No man knows better how to price the control of the world, that the "seed has fallen on good ground" No man knows better how to price the subject of the world, that the "seed has fallen on good ground" No man knows better how to price the subject of the subject of the world, that the ground has a subject of the world, the large subject of the Subject of t

We Admire Most What We Can't

Do.

bility to write or talk about it convincingly and usefully.

billity to write or talk about it convincingly and usefully.

No maxims are better, noblet, or destined to longer life than those of Francis Baconget he was convicted of bribe-taking and died disgraced.

Rousseau's conceptions of the duties of society were beautiful and will live for centuries.

His book "Emile" is perhaps the greatest work ever written on education—yet he had no personal moral character, and left his five children on the steps of an orphan asylum.

Don't despise the preachings of a man because you happen to find out that he does not always exemplify in himself that which he advocates. Feel towards the wise but non-practising exhorters as the Romans felt toward the geese that saved their city. Be grateful that they save you from trouble, however they may do it. Make up your mind that you will benefit by the well-written temperance tract, no matter how great a drunkard the author may be, and be gratefut to him—poor creature—if he is able in the midst of his own infirmities to help others on.—N. Y. Journal.

Announcements.

Charles A. Abbott of Michigan, Healer, is located at 138 Saratoga St., E. Boston, for the next few weeks. He will be pleased to greet old friends and new ones at that address from 8 to 10 a. m. daily.

Mrs. J. D. Palmer, corresponding secretary of the Southern Cassadaga Camp at Lake Helen, Florida, has been very ill for some time at her home in Willoughby, Ohio. She will soon visit the East for the benefit of her health, and wishes to inform all interested parties that she will attend to camp correspondence as soon as she is able to do sog.

Mrs. A. A. Eldredge will represent the Banner of Light at Lake Pleasant the present season. Her headquarters will be at the cottage of Mrs. A. S. Waterhouse, where she will be pleased to meet all of her friends in the interest of the paper for which she is agent and reporter.

Mrs. Julia E. Hyde will act as agent and correspondent of the Banner of Light at Lily Dale, N. Y. The Banner headquarters will, therefore, be at her cottage on North St. All Spiritualists are invited to call upon her and subscribe for the Banner.

J. B. Hatch, Jr., will have charge of the book store at Onset the present season, which place will be the Banner of Light headquarters. Mr. Hatch will act as confidential agent and special reporter as in former years. Call upon him and subscribe for the Banner of Light.

Unity Camp, Saugus Centre, Dr. Alex. Chird, president, will hold services as usual Sunday, July 19, with Mr. Harrison D. Barrett and Mrs. May S. Pepper for speakers. The public is cordially invited.

Clara E. Strong, president of the Sunshine Club, has open dates for lectures or seance engagements for the coming season. Address her secretary at 202 Huntington Chambers, Boston. A. M. Strong, see'y.

THE INDIAN PIPE.

With dreamy eyes I watched one misty night The moon rays' silvery shuttles weaving 'neath a pine, Nor knew I'd seen the dim enchanter's might

day revealed a pallid ghost-flower strange and white.

—Country Life in America.

All things must change To something new, to something strange;
Nothing that is will pause or stay.
The woon will wax, the moon will wane,
The mist and cloud will turn to rain,
The rain to cloud and mist again,
Tomorrow be today.

-Longfellow.

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C. E. WATKINS, SEWTOSVILLE, MASS.

Belated "Ram's Horn."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In a recent issue of The Ram's Horn the following from Paul appeared; "If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching in vain and our faith is vain; we are yet in our sins and of all men we are most miserable." It is surprising that any slightly informed paper should publish such demoralizing and absurd statements. Paul is on record as antagonistic to the above. He said he kept his body in subjection lest after he had preached to others he "should be a castaway."

ins body in subjection lest after he had preached to others he "should be a castaway."

The dictum of the scriptures is. "He that doeth righteousness is righteous." The sacred books of all religions insist that humanity will be judged according to 'deeds, and the malefactor punished. The eloquent declaration of a great theologian is to be remembered: "There is a voice-sounding forever adown the centuries, the laws of right and wrong. For every wrong act, for injustice and oppression, the penalty has to be paid." Compare the declarations of certain religionists with those of a prophet who taught neary one thousand years before the Sermon on the Mount was spoken: "Never will I receive private, individual salvation, but forever and everywhere will I strive for the universal redemption of every creature throughout all worlds." Such was the noble dictum of Buddha. He also forbade the use of intoxicants, and his 500,000,000 of followers observe his beneficent teaching—repart good for evil. Can The Ram's Horn name a nobler prophet than Buddha?—Quaker.

The saints of the past bave been for the most part men who have fled from the world, but the saint of today is the man who can use the world.—Francis G. Peabody.

We have no right to that which nature or providence meant us to have except we have it together. We ought not to desire it, except as we desire it for the common good of a world of brothers.—George D. Herron.

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THY 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 grail, 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. V. Richmond, at Cassadaga 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 thralldom 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 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 the happy conception of faith. But I am here to confess my mistakes as a spirit who is now aware of living, who is not willing to be expisidered 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

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 tethered by my own lack of knowledge.

None of my theological friends have ventured to send to 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 ancient benefactor 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 alabastar throne, on which a fearful, judging God is enthroned, have I seen. I have not entered into the theological heaven that shuts you out and the majority of my friends. I have not smilled 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 torture. 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 my theological friends that have not for

Notwithstanding a few of the utterances of my theological friends, that have been wafted to my consciousness in spirit life. I have seen no hell. No yawning abyss opens to receive my spirit; no flames of 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

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 demone lurking everywhere for those who are disenthralled for earth, to swallow them up in the shadows of eternal torment.

Ah, 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 intensely 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 throbbing thought before the mind sank away into that forgetfulness, which I thought might be the Lethean stream from which I would never awakeu.

To my great surprise, with the shock that carried me off I felt the gateways of my being unloosen, 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 reluctantly, 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 slivery 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, allding back the bolts and bars of my material consciousness, and opening up avenues of which I was unlines that was insta

imaginings 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 reveled 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 scaled. Glad, Mr. Chairman, that in the midst of the treadmill of time, of the dull realities of human existance, 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 fairles and blessed beings, creatures of those thoughts that are set 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, to bid me welcome to myself; welcome to the great store-house of thought the preserve this and aspiration, that had sometimes been neglected; welcome to the preserve the seeds, on unfruitful soil.

Oh! I could stand at this hour for many days of mortal time and tell you of the infinite.

that—some of them—had been abortive on the earth, or fallen, like the blossoms, or like seeds, on unfruiful 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 infairty 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 dearest and the best; I have seen their silent lips close in the last sleep, their faces and forms chiseled and white, as if by some enchanted sculptor, and I have saked; as you have asked, and I have thought; as you have asked, and I have thought; 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 gloom, and the stillness shut out all possible communion. where they could not follow, where they did not understand, where the dear that which came to me because of death, the surpassing freedom of the consciousness that which came to me because of death, the surpassing freedom of the consciousness 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 imag

man 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 my body elothed for sepulture, 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 uthered. But I was there; and after the great first flash of the awakening, 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 recellection 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 human grief, the one inevitable sequence of human bilindness 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 physicians, and men of science and men of learning lave 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 others, as others have

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 poesy or science, nothing that can uplift and strengthen the infirm, the knowledge of love, of poesy or science, nothing that can uplift and strengthen the infirm, the weak, the downtrodden, and those who are prone to error, like the consciousness of this continued 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 sentient being and frame that you now possess. I would give all the possibilities of many, many years and ages of my spirit's existence if I could unsay 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 do it. I would not substitute taith, blind faith, 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

ing 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 no one say that I stultified my convictions; for I did not. But I was arraid 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 untrammeled 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 enthrulled.

But ohl 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 unhealthful. 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 on earth, some of whom I have known in dreams and visions, some of whom I have known in dreams and visions, some of whom I have known on earth, some of whom I have known in dreams and visions, some of whom I have known in dreams and visions, some of whom I have known in dreams and visions, some of whom I have known on earth, 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 ne around about, no dim labyrinths 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 transme four years ago." How many days, and hours, and moments, through how many messages and inpressions he has been with you since, you take little note of. Alas! too often the dear ones fold the memory away as carefully and sacredly 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 is 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 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 approach as many brains as are 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 torturous steam engine, or for the swift lightning stroke to bear my message. Thought itself is my message-bearer. I have

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 make no boast of this. They are mine. 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, not mammonward, not even nation-ward. I have no nation, 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 habitations, The boundaries or limits of human habitations, 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. I know nothing about inance or war. 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 has seen no God face to face, no Satan starting out from any terrible region of bondage;

ing 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.

the great, surging, incoming tide o Oh, Life'

follow.

Oh, the great, surging, incoming tide of Life! It bears you upon mighty billows; it woos and beckons you by its crested arms and shining waves; it is the one eternal light and truth that must sanctify human love, must upbuild human aspiration, that must crown human hopes, that must set mankind free from the thraildom of error, and from the thraildom of the dust!

Knowledge and truth are offered to me. I stretch out my mental pinions for flights. If I faiter it is from lack of knowledge. I stretch out my mental pinions for flights. If I faiter 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 region of pictured saints, no delightful paradise appealing to the senses can compare with this realm of supermal and perfect thought and truth. We are borne 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 baim to the afflicted mind and breathing unto 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,

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 refulgently, 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.

(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 among the rank and file of humanity. Nevertheless he tries to show that the Gospels are copies of some common precxisting 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. He directs our 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 refer-(Peter Eckler, Publisher, New York.)

sages 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 render 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 ever of such a character that they weigh against the authenticity of the stories of which they form a part. He says: "For instruce, the Gospel of Matthew contains a sermof said to have been delivered by Jesus 'upon a mountain.' Now if we study the sermon, and the passage preceding it, and compare the whole with the other two Gospels, we find that the phrase about Jesus being on a mountain, but 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 nices without any division in chapters or

An 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, that 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 as the lestone quested by the continuous days the continuous days the lestone quested by the continuous days the continuous days are continuous days and the continuous days are continuous days ar 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 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, Mt. 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 III, if the chapters are modified
copies of some common original, the relationship is manifest." The word mistranslated
devil, in the Greek is diamonos, demon,
which would apply to unclean, evil spirit
rather than to a devil, if there is a personal
devil.

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

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 probabilihave a right to demand that the assertion be proved, no ifs, no suppositions, no probabilities, so it seems, will ever prove it; we want facts, solid proofs, 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 Spirituality.

Dreams and their Meanings.

Horace G. Hutchinson.

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

and Rombay.)

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 dreams are an operation of the mind during sleep. Some say that dreams occur just before awaking, 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 consclously active or it may not be consclous, perhaps causing forgetfulness. During sleep some of the cells of the brain which correspond on the psychical side to certain mental faculties are in a comatose condition, while other cells corresponding to other faculties are in a state of

The Davis Parallel Gospels Being the Three Synoptic Gospels.

R. D. Davis.

(Peter Eckler, Publisher, New York.)

Apper-excitability, and it is generally the higher faculties, attention, will, judgment, reasoning which become committee, 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 talked 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 periah. 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 primeval 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 to dwell. Herodotus' description of the funeral of a Seythian king is wonderful, his steward and his horse were 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 comuon belief that the gods would send dreams to lead men to perform some action. The Christian Fathers taught that Cod's will was often ev

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-yearold 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 classify that
dream; it was certainly a monitory dream.

Fred de Bos.

How to be Happy.

Mrs Annie Rodd.

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 "gratification 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 faith. 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 aright. 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

sires 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 pursue! 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.

miserable.

The family of desire is very large and importunate, 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 live nigh to God are 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.

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

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Considering the extensive travels of Dr. Peebles in nearly all civilized lands, with his four journeys around the world, no one in our ranks was better designed to write a book on "Who Are These Spiritualists?" than Dr. Peebles.

When briefly mentioning this release of

"Who Are These Spiritualists?" than Dr. Peebles.

When briefly mentioning this volume of some 140 pages, neatly bound in both cloth and paper, we informed our readers that in the near future we should refer to it more extensively, quoting some of the world's illustrious Spiritualists. Among the hundreds enumerated by the doctor in this volume, we give the following:

"Airred R. Wallace, F. G. S., F. R. S., LL. D., D. C. L., author, scientist, and naturalist, who for his great scientific achievements, the late Queen pensioned, pointedly says: "My position, therefore, is that the phenomena of Spiritualism, in their entirety, do not require further confirmation. They are proved quite as well as any facts are proved in other sciences."

as well as any facts are proved in other sciences."

"Sir William Crookes, F. R. S., editor of the London 'Quarterly Journal of Science,' Fellow of the Royal Society, discoverer of the sodium amalgum process, inventor of the radiometer, otheoscope, past President British Chemical Society, gold medalist French Academy of Sciences, says: "That certain physical phenomena, such as the movement of material substances, and the production of sounds resembling electric discharges, occur under circumstances in which they cannot be explained by any physical law at present known, is a fact of which I am as certain as I am of the most elementary facts in chemistry."

at present known, is a fact of which I am as certain as I am of the most elementary facts in chemistry.

"C. F. Varley, the distinguished English electrician, chief engineer to the Electric and International Telegraph Company, assistant in the construction of the Atlantic telegraphy, in connection with Sir Michael Farady and Sir William Thomson, now Lord Kelvin, was the first to demonstrate the principles governing the transmission of electricity through long deep-sea cables. Writing in 1880, he said in the London Spiritualist:

"Twenty-five years ago I was a hardheaded unbeliever. . . . Spirit phenomena, however, suddenly and quite unexpectedly were soon after developed in my own family. . . . This led me to inquire and to try numerous experiments in such a way as to preclude, as much as circumstances would permit, the possibility of trickery and self-deception.

"That the phenomena occur there is overwhelming evidence, and it is too late now to deny their existence. Having experimented with and compared the forces with electricity and magnetism, and after having applied mechanical and mental tests, I entertain no doubt whatever that the manifestations which I have myself examined were not due to the operations of any of the recognized physical laws of nature, and that there has been present on the occasions above-mentioned some intelligence other than that of the medium and observers."

"I. Herman Fichte, the distinguished Germedium and observers.'

ed some intelligence other than that of the medium and observers."

"I. Herman Fichte, the distinguished German philosopher and metaphysician, writing of Baron Guldenstubbe, of Stuttgart, said: 'As to my present position in regard to Spiritualism, I have to say that, I have come to the conclusion that it is absolutely impossible to account for these phenomena, save by assuming the action of superhuman influences, or unseen spirit intelligences."

"Judge Edmonds, in a letter dated New York, Feb. 12, 1861, says: 'I received a letter from Dr. Hare expressing a wish to see me on the subject of Spiritualism. He came and spent several days with me. Our investigations were somewhat different. He investigated as a scientist, and a natural philosopher, and I as a lawyer, but we both arrived at the

and I as a lawyer, but we both arrived at the same result. And what was singular was, that we had both of us gone into the investigation of what we thought was a humbug and which we were confident we could detect and expose, and this without any preconcribetween us, and without either of us knowing the purpose of the other.'

"Victor Hugo, that eminent literary celebrity, with intellect so clear and radiant, and moral nature so highly developed, could not well avoid being a Spiritualist. Upon my second voyage around the world, I met him in Paris in a scance of the literati, Mrs. Hollis-Billings being the medium. Hugo wept in gratitude when his risen son gave him a most satisfactory communication in written French, when she, an American, could neither speak nor write a line of French.

"Abruham Lincoln, the martyred President, was a Spiritualist. He frequently attended scances at the residence of the Lauries in Washington. The daughter was a medium. It was in this same family that Miss Nettle Colburn was entranced by spirits purporting to be Jefferson, and the fathers of our country, and who plend of President Lincoln to free those four million slaves held in bondage. (See Mrs. Nettle Coburn-Maynard's work entitled, 'Abrhham Lincoln a Spiritualist'). Lincoln's emancipation message was an inspiration from the spirit-world. Judge Edmonds, delivering an oration in Hope Chapel, N. Y., upon the life of Lincoln, gave proofs of this. It is undeniable.

"Dr. Robert Chambers, F. R. S., L. L. D., the famous writer, publisher, and author of 'Vestiges of Creation,' Cyclopedia of English Literature, etc., was born in Peebles, Sociland, and after due investigation became a Spiritualist, writing thus:

"'Already Spiritualism, conducted as it is usually is, has had a prodigious effect throughout America, and partly-in the old world also, in redeeming multitudes from hardened atheism and materialism, proving to them, by the positive consorted that the see see it and write the world. He was for seventeen years on the staff of thi

did not want her company, and threatened to have nothing more to do with her unless she could behave better, and come only when she was called.

"Victorien Sardou, writer, author, and great French dramatist, wrote thus to his friend, M. Jules Bois:

"You ask me whether I believe in materialization. Of course I do, because I have myself caused spirits to materialize at the first epoch when I was a medium. And I still await the scientific man who will successfully explain, as a psychical force of which I should heve been at once the author, spectator, and victim, the fact that a bunch of roses which I still preserve, was thrown upon my writing table by an invisible hand." "Dr. Miguel Sans Benito, professor of metaphysics in the University of Barcelona, is a devoted Spiritualist. He affirms and publishes that 'Spiritualism is the synthesis of the most important principles and discoveries of science; and that we may advantageously study it, with the firm assurance that it will open out new horizons to our intelligence, besides supplying our hearts with a beautiful consolation in those bitter moments of our lives, which are occasioned by a painful bereavement!"

"John G. Whittier, the good Quaker poet, in his address at William Lloyd Garrison's faith in the continuity of life was very positive."... He was deeply interested in the higher spiritualistic phenomena. They seemed to him to be in harmony with the Spirit that moved the Quakers in their ablest addresses. I learned from a most reliable source that a few days before his departure from earth, and virtually on his death-bed, he remarked to a personal friend that he had seen and held a lengthy conversation with the spirit daughter of the late Senator G. W. Morrill, a young lady whom he most highly esteemed, and who herself was quite a poet. How sweet the following lines:

'I touched the garment-hem of truth, Yet-saw not all its splendor.'

'I touched the garment-hem of truth, Yet saw not all its splendor.'

"Prof. W. F. Barrett, F. R. S. E., Professor of Experimental Physics and Dean of the faculty of the Royal College of Sciences, Ireland, says:

"The impressive fact of the spirit phenomena is the intelligence behind them and the evidence of an unseen individuality as distinct as our own."

evidence of an unseen individuality as distinct as our own.'

"Dr. Kane, the Arctic explorer; the Countess of Caithness; Lady Cowper, Baron and Baroness Von Vay; H. I. H. Nicholas, Duke of Leuchtenberg; His Serenc Highness, Prince George of Solms, whom I had the great pleasure of meeting in Rome, and conversing with upon the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism, and whom I last met by a beautiful fountain on Pincian Hill in the Eternal City, was with the above-named illustrious persons, thorough Spiritualists.

"Dr. Lockhart Robertson, F. R. S., some time editor of the British Journal of Mental Science.' This writer (Dr. Robertson) can now no more doubt the physical manifestations of so-called Spiritualism than he would any other fact, as, for example, the fall of an apple to the ground, of which his senses informed him.'

"Prof. Elliott Coues, M. A., M. D., Ph. D., says,—

"Will you have the opinion of such a per-

"'Will you have the opinion of such a person as I have described, who for about ten years has studied, watched, and followed the phenomena of so-called Spiritualism, and who speaks from personal experiences with almost every one of them? Then let me tell you that I know that the alleged phenomena of Spiritualism are true, substantially, as alleged.'

Spiritualism are true, substantially, as alleged.'

"Baron Guldenstubbe, a Swedish nobleman, commenced to procure direct spirit writing in 1841, and between that time and 1857 received about two thousand messages in different characters and languages, containing many proofs of spirit identity.

"Sir Edwin Arnold, poet, author of 'The Light of Asia,' says,—

"'All I can say is this: that I regard many of the 'manifestations' as genuine and undeniable, and inexplicable by any known law, or collusion, arrangement, or deception of the senses; and that I conceive it to be the duty and interest of men of science and sense to examine and prosecute the inquiry as one that has fairly passed from the region of ridicule.'

cule.'
"Elizabeth Barrett Browning says,—
"For theories, we get over no difficulty, it
seems to me, by escaping from the obvious
inference of an external spiritual agency.
When the phenomena are attributed, for instance, to a second personality projected unconsciously and attended, to an unconscious
evercise of volition and clairvoyance; I see
nothing clearly but a convulsive struggle on
the part of the theorist to get out of a position he does not like, at whatever expense of
licks against the analogies of God's universe.'"

This last remark of Mrs. Browning's is a fair sample of the wrigglings and twistings of certain material-inclined theorists to get rid of the most positive proofs—the most positive demonstrations of an intercommunion between the worlds visible and invisible.

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There is no freedom for any until there is freedom for all.—George D. Herron.

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Children's Nook.

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 sobs and moanings Will turn to joyous song.

Jennie Hagan Brown

A Study of Flies.

Charles McIlvaine.

The very next time any renders of the Sun-day 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 times 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.

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. Resting 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

s the mosquito; it pierces the skin with its

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 state 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, which get 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, sly, 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 prob-

lem.
"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."
"Yes, little boy."

"Yes, dearest. He made everything."
"Well, mama, what business is God in

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. S. 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 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.

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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 Mr. 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 had some progress to make in the
way of religious freedom. He stated that it
was hard to get away from the old doctrines
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

dren, 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 can remember, 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 "spockite."

Today is the last day of the state conven-

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 meetings 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 all 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

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 Wormell, 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

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 Wormell, of Anaconda, Mrs. M. Cormick, 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 auspicions circumstances. At the afternoon meeting yesterday Mr. Kates spoke a ta some length upon "The Fruit of the Spirit." He was followed by Mrs. Kates, who gave as me 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 seneral on the remarks she scored moral cowards both her remarks she scored moral cowards 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 affaid to preach the truth for fear it will make them

preach the truth for fear it will make them unpopular.

Mrs. Kates is a forceful speaker and she impresses her andience 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 Moutana. 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:

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 advantages, is the new bridge across the Fox River, which brings the celebrated White Rock Springs within a few minutes' walk of the camp grounds.

Everything that is needed, can be found on the grounds. Good tent accommodations; a fine restaurant; refreshment stand. Weekly excursions to the points of interest will add to the attractiveness of your visit here.

Read over the list of notable workers and mediums who will be in attendance, and then come and enjoy yourself. Among them, are Rev. Moses Hull, Mrs. Mattie Hull, Catherine McFarline, 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, M. D., and Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, nothing but good addresses could be expected.

The famous Bridgewater Band, with R. H. Furgerson, 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 sea-

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

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 Hoston 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.

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 Onows: I'oem, "The Power of Love;" address,
"The Silence Forces," "The Future of Onsct," "Can Spiritualist Speakers as New
Thought Teachers Consistently Avoid Speaking Out in Condemnation of Imperial Policy
Which Controls Our Republic Today?" Mrs.
Allyn answered all these questions in an able
manner, and to 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.

weather charming.

Lake Brady Camp.

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. (Illiespie 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 kinder toward the other, which shows the higher inspiration is acting peace instead of talking harmony.

Inspiration is the high inharmony.

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 moraing 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.

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 nieeting was held in the Chapel, and was conducted by Capt. F. J. Keffer, 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. Cutler 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

dent of the N. S. 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 W. Rawson. 5312 I'oplar St., Philadelphia.

Indian Nautch.

Orientals 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 orientals 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 armulet 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, beantifully 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 aften 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 ent Orientals have a strange idea of dancing-

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 fabby 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 cailing 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.

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