



VOL. 93.

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

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1903.

\$2.00 Per Annum,
Postage Free.

NO. 22

TWO WOMEN.

"Two women shall be grinding at the mill
And one be taken, and the other left," the old book
saith,

We were "two women grinding at the mill,"
The mill of life—the toll was long and hard;
We had each other—each to comfort each,
This was our sole reward.

"One shall be taken," she was drawn away
Beyond where never more my eyes may see,
Yet—in the few sweet pauses of the toll
Again she comes to me.

"The other left"—alas—I am that one.
No hand to help, her voice no more I hear.
But for our faith, how could I bear the load
Of sorrow that she used to share, and cheer?

I feel her near me though there is no voice;
I know her presence though no form I see.
Death cannot separate when hearts are true;
Love lives and lasts through all Eternity.

Mary Knapp.

Fair Play, Gentlemen.

Paul F. de Gournay.

It is frequently remarked that the enemies of Spiritualism, whilst they continue to harp upon its phenomena, denouncing them as fraudulent, the mediums through whom they are obtained as rogues and tricksters, and ourselves, at best, as cranks, victims of hallucination or of hypnotism, never attempt to discuss our philosophy. These good people, if perchance they allude to the teachings of the spirits, go so far as to assert that Spiritualists lead a godless and immoral life, yet they fail to explain what those teachings are that lead to such dire results.

To an impartial observer it would seem natural that if they wish to defeat the "devil's work" and save the people's souls from perdition or their minds from insanity, these officious gentlemen should show no compunction in their treatment of so heinous a doctrine, but knowing "all about it," make that knowledge public. They should not hesitate to designate by name those thousands of infidels, in every large community, who scandalize their saintly neighbors by the immorality of their home-life and rear their children in an atmosphere of vice and blasphemy.

Much less should they hesitate to brand the lecturers and journals that claim to be the mouth-pieces of spirit teachers, but should send their reporters to our camp-meetings with instructions to report "faithfully and truly" the scenes of debauchery they may witness; go themselves to Spiritualist lectures, read Spiritualist papers, and, if possible, attend a Spiritualist's death bed and watch for the contortions of despair which signal the terror of the departing soul as it catches a glimpse of the brimstone lake and the attendant demons grinning horribly with pitchforks ready to impale the sinner.

All this, it seems to me, is a duty no sincere apostle of morals and religion, no patriot concerned with the future of the Republic, ought to shirk, but should fulfil bravely and honestly. Why then this reserve regarding the most important claim of Spiritualism and the relentless war waged against our mediums, who are but passive instruments in the hands of the spirits? It is because many of the most loud-mouthed are totally and wilfully ignorant of our religious philosophy, and the few who have a confused idea of what it claims to be are afraid of disappointment should they pursue the investigation. So much easier it is to condemn unheard, to deny the evidence of one's senses, let alone the testimony of a Crookes, a Wallace, a Flammarion, a Savage or a Myers, all men of high repute whom I have heard a beardless scribbler, fresh from college, ridicule as cranks despised by all true scientists.

It is also because mediumship, the cornerstone upon which the monument of spiritual truth was erected, has its weak points. To our sorrow it must be confessed that there are many frauds, arrant knaves and greedy impostors, who ply their nefarious trade under the sacred name of Spiritualist medium. They live, they often thrive on the credulity of the public. How far this credulity goes is incredible to anyone possessing common sense; the fake medium may give odds to the gold-brick sharper: the law seldom succeeds in reaching him, but, now and then, a policeman is sent to set a trap for some wretched woman who for the paltry sum of twenty-five cents, tells him everything good his leading questions suggest; she is arrested as a fortune teller, fined or sent to prison, and the self-instituted moral reformers of the people rejoice and take heart; "the dangerous delusion, Spiritualism, is being stamped out!"

But that such, moral fungi that attach to every body of human beings, should sully the fair name of Spiritualism is not a matter for surprise. Are there not hypocritical knaves in the Christian church, dangerous quacks in the medical profession, corrupt judges on the Bench, despottish of the widow and orphan among the members of the Bar, unscrupulous money worshipers in every trade and branch of commerce, robbers among the Barons of fi-

nance, who, by methods less violent, but even more profitable, vie with the Barons of feudal times in plundering the people? And last, but not least, are there not in the Press,—that "palladium of our liberties,"—writers who prostitute their pen and denounce their innermost convictions for a little of that precious gold, of which an idol is building before which this people of freemen are learning to bow their heads? The rogues, like the poor, we shall always have with us, but people who live in glass houses should not throw stones.

Far from wishing to shield those rumpuses, we rejoice whenever one of them falls into the clutches of the law. They are not Spiritualists; they are mere barnacles that have fastened upon the hull of the good ship Spiritualism; we would thank any one who would help us get rid of them. But when the machinery of the law is invoked—as it often is—to "crush Spiritualism" by wilfully confounding its honest mediums with such wretches, we protest against such a flagrant violation of constitutional rights. Not a few men of affairs, professional men, aye, ministers of the Gospel, consult secretly our reliable mediums; they go from them comforted, enlightened, hopeful,—we cannot say "grateful," for, if they were they would raise their voices in defence of truth and justice when these are assailed; they would bear testimony, fearless of so-called public opinion and personal interest.

We attack no particular class, sect, or school; we denounce wrong wherever we find it; not in general terms, but precisely the wrong and suggesting the remedy we think will cure it; we do not pose as better than other men, but, taught by the spirits, we boldly demand justice for all, equal rights to life and happiness for all, liberty for all to believe according to their lights. We contend that that justice, that respect for the rights of others can be secured only by the recognition of that greatest of all laws which the most learned jurists can never get repealed, the law of brotherly love consecrating the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God. If this is immorality, we are immoral; if this be to show ourselves Godless, then we confess to Godlessness; let our opponents make the most of it.

But above all, let those same opponents show a little more fair play, a little more respect for the truth, for truth is imperishable, concealed, disguised, warped and fettered, it still will have its day when it will shine with all its pristine splendor, to the dire confusion of those who calculated on a victory won by falsehood and slander.

Yea, we claim that we have truth on our side; the spirits have taught us to search for it and the result of the quest is a moral strength, and abiding peace and assurance, together with an indulgent charity for all, within and without the Spiritualist ranks. They have taught us Altruism and its complement solidarity. If ye doubt it, we say, combat us with the arms of honest conviction; do not hurl scurrilous epithets (the poorest substitute for argument) at our devoted heads; show us you know a better way, if you think you have one; discuss our religious and philosophical principles with amenity instead of denouncing airily the source from which we draw those principles. They are fast penetrating your ranks.

Never was the brotherhood of man more talked of than in the last quarter of a century; never was the orthodox hell more dimly seen and the orthodox heaven less monotonous. Spirit life, active and useful, enlivens the old conception of heaven and love has quenched the flames of hell. Some of you, brothers, have "stolen our thunder" and are making good use of it. We don't begrudge you that gain. We know it would be hard to credit Spiritualism with this awakening of the shepherds from their death-like sleep while their flocks were being ravaged. Credit it the spirits! Why, it would be suicidal; your vocation, like Othello's, would be gone.

But truth, friends, what of her?—"Why," I hear you say, "the fact this is an age of progress—mental and religious as well as practical; we have expanded, we are moved to meet the demands of our people and give them truths that had fallen in disuse, perhaps. Truths they are, but old truths we always knew." Ah! I accept all you say about this peculiar phase of progress. But, pray, who resurrected those old truths from the grave of oblivion? Who is behind the machine, setting the wheels of progress in motion? God, no doubt; but a personal God did not come and speak to you individually or collectively. God often acts by proxy when dealing with erring humanity. He did and does in your case.

The spirits are of God; their name is legion; simultaneously in every part of the civilized world, they are stirring the dormant conscience of man, everywhere they teach the same beautiful doctrine; willing or unwilling, you are obeying the impulse; consciously or not you are working for the same glorious end as we. Be honest, look into the inner sanctuary of Spiritualism and you will find henceforth to use the hackneyed, silly denunciations too long cherished by prejudiced men.

Do so and you will learn to respect us and our religion, thereby increasing your self-respect, for you will be acting an honorable part in this mental, spiritual and social upheaval wherein each and all of us should be found working, shoulder to shoulder for the common good; no longer enemies or antagonists, but brothers; each doing his best according to his lights, but all having in view the same end, viz., the physical welfare and spiritual and moral uplifting of the race; all working for the good of humankind, to the greater glory of God—a labor of love in accord with the deific plan too long ignored.

Let contention cease and co-operation and emulation take its place.

Pen Flashes.

The Pilgrim-Peoples.

NO. 8

Another 4th of July has gone into history—ended with the usual popping, flashing of fire-crackers, noise, confusion, wild excitement, quarrellings, drunkenness, toy pistols, runaway horses, frightful accidents, brutal fightings, and numerous deaths—all of which jibe in very well with recent strikes, infuriated mobs, lynchings and negro-burnings at the stake. Glorious country! Land of promise and progress! Blessed Christian civilization! Is it not about time to call a halt? About time to think, investigate, study, reason? Is noise—noise—noise—noise—the highest symbols of true glory? Does patriotism consist in noisy nuisance, in powder explosion and law-breaking? Is there no better way to celebrate the birth of a country, and to honor in memory the struggles of our forefathers and our forefathers in their struggles for independence? There certainly is. Then let every one seek, find, and practicalize that better, nobler way! Wisdom insists upon it, patriotism demands it!

Tombs are talking symbols, telling that mortals have risen therefrom to a higher life—a life with better facilities for soul unfolding. Be it remembered, however, that every upward step taken here is one step gained forever. Hence, up—upward, O Soul, day by day!

Mortal life is a planting ground, oft chilled by wintry winds. The little pot is well enough to start the rose slip; but it must soon be transplanted into the garden to reach perfection. If all knew of a future existence as did the prophets and apostles of old, or as do the seers and sensitives of the present, they could see their friends move on toward as resignedly as they see them start for the college, or for a business trip to Europe. The departed are temporarily Hades-bound after death; but probation never ends. Progress is law. God is love.

Heaven is the parlor of which this material life is the basement,—the university of which this is the primary school; the inner sanctuary of holiness, of which this is the outer court. Our towns, villages, and cities are man-made, but over there—when worthy—is the New Jerusalem of spiritual and golden sunshine. Of this God is the builder and maker.

Spiritualism, the dispensation of knowledge, "strengthens faith in a future existence," said the renowned Henry Ward Beecher. It does infinitely more. It not only demonstrates a future existence, but it thrills us with the mighty truth that our heavens and our hells are and ever will be of our own making. The glories of the Christ-heavens can be attained only through goodness, self-sacrifice, purity and holiness.

What are the grounds of knowledge? How do we know anything? Answer—by using the sense-perceptions, or a majority of them, in connection with intuition, reason and the higher wisdom. These properly applied, are the crucial tests of knowledge.

Do not say, O platform speakers,—"Man is a religious animal." No, no, rather say, man is a reasonable, rational being, gifted with religious emotions and noble spiritual aspirations. He is further, a morally responsible being. "You ought," and "you ought not," are never applied to animals,—because they are animals.

The Christian religion of the centuries has been a very bloody religion. The wickedest fighting nations have been and are today Christian nations. Britain and Boer alike, were "Christians."

War costs the tax-payers of Europe \$5,000,000 per day, and the "lives on an average of 1,110 a day;" and with this are the desolate widows, ruined homes, orphaned children, broken-hearted mothers, weeping sisters, armless slaves, desolated countries, and an impressionable transmitted war-spirit to the unborn.

The saddest fact connected with the crime of war today is that our Christian Sunday

schools are organizing "cadet clubs," and "boys' brigades" in the churches. Here boys are taught how to handle the rifle, and how to use firearms. "Put up thy sword," said Jesus, "Unblessed thy sword," say the Sunday school teachers, "Shoulder arms,—March," and all this in the name of Jesus, the Prince of Peace—the Christ of love!

Christian soldiers fight for conquest, and Christian chaplains pray to the God of war—pray for victory on "our side," and they sing blood-inspiring hymns. Here are samples,—

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drav'n from Immanuel's veins."

"I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a stain remains."

"I build on this foundation,
Of Jesus and his blood."

"The sacrificial work is done,
The victim's blood is shed."

Just so long as churches organize "boys' brigades," sing atoning blood-hymns and pray to the God of battles, will there be Russian massacres of Jews, and countries laid waste by warrior hosts, mad for blood and death.

All international difficulties should be settled by arbitration. Among the nations there should be a universal disarmament,—and the world's great battlefield should be the field of ideas—the field of thought—thought for justice, equality, peace and love.

Now by cable in depth of water 2,500 to 4,000 fathoms, messages from man to man may flash around the world 25,835 miles by way of San Francisco, Honolulu, Manila, Guam, the Midway Islands, and so on to Chicago, almost annihilating time. Air ships sail about over Paris defying the wind currents; wireless telegraphic dispatches dart from steamer to steamer in mid ocean. And what next? Wireless telegraphic dispatches and beautiful messages from the dwellers in spirit-land,—that—these are here, already here. Clairaudient ears catch the good tidings from those gone before.

It is observable that while Spiritualists have their societies, their Sunday meetings, their camp-meetings, and seance-gatherings,—gamblers, saloon patrons and church members seldom attend them. Why is this? Do they feel that the veil may be lifted? that the life may be exposed?

Candidly, I have heard that platform song sung, "all is good," "whatever is, is right," till it has become morally nauseating. It would be much nearer the truth to say, "whatever is, is wrong." It is wrong just in the ratio that it is imperfect. Though progressive, man is an imperfect being, and every deed of an imperfect being is necessarily measurably imperfect. It might have been better. The ideal was unattained. Perfection obtains only with the Absolute One. Tell the mother, if you dare, as she looks proudly upon her daughter, pure and chaste and white as the crystal snow, that "rape" is right—that curses are as lovely and uplifting as good thoughts. "Woe," said the old inspired prophet, to those who "call evil good."

Have you ever seen and heard the Dunkards preach? They are a good, quiet people, residing mostly in the Western States. They much resemble the Quakers and the Shakers. They put pride and political rascality under their feet.

What is peculiar among them is, they have trance, or sleeping preachers. The most famous of these is the Rev. John Kauffman. Awake, he is incapable of addressing the most ordinary audience. But he lies down before sermon time and goes into a trance—a deathlike sleep.

"The congregation gathers quietly before 7 and at that hour the sleeping preacher rises, enters the pulpit and begins his discourse, speaking in English or German as the occasion may require.

"Rev. Mr. Kauffman never repeats a sermon and he never hesitates. He occupies ordinarily between two and three hours, uses well-chosen words and finely constructed sentences, and holds his hearers by the eloquent and logical presentation of his subject.

"The congregation soon loses its feeling of wonder at the singular spectacle of a somnambulist exhorter and yields to interest and edification. The Dunkards gather from miles around, fill the church, cling to the windows and crowd about the door, believing fully that the discourse is a message divinely inspired and treasuring in their minds the preacher's words.

"He has been known in the course of a sermon to hold his right arm full length above his head for half an hour without a quiver of the body. It is said that one time a needle was thrust through his skin and that he did not flinch or pause in his delivery.

"Rev. Mr. Kauffman is a man of middle age and medium size, in good health, educated after the manner of his sect, of average intelligence, deeply religious at all times, but not even a fair preacher when awake. He wears the distinctive garments of his people and follows farming at his home when not engaged in his singular labors."

People outside of this peculiar and, I may say, primitive Christian sect, say it is somnambulism, a dream sleep, a trance. This latter is right. I am and Peter of old both "tell into the trance," and Spiritualists today have scores of trance speakers, and will have more when they become more humble, more prayerful and religious; that is to say, more aspirational and more spiritually minded.

The Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley, editor of the Methodist Advocate, recently said that he expected to meet hereafter Bishops Foster, Fletcher, Hurst, and "recognize them not by their physical bodies." That is a giving up of the resurrection of the body. Dr. Buckley is slowly coming towards Spiritualism. Do not hurry him. A "hasty pudding" made too hastily is indigestible.

One Webber, a German scientist, sprinkled and steeped in Darwinism proper, writing of the near approach of the Malay orang-outangs to, if not the superiors of some of the lowest human tribes, suggests facetiously that these orang-outangs may have memories of their lives in their past reincarnations.

Questioning one of these parents of our "lower humanity," he declares that so far as he could interpret the language, this gentlemanly old orang had indistinct recollections that in a previous state of existence he wore a silk hat, a high collar, carried a cane, displayed an eye-glass, and had his ribs broken in a game of English foot-ball. Is not 'his carrying reincarnation too far?

While a compulsory vaccination law is unreasonable, unjust and un-American, a very curse, I am quite in favor of a compulsory tree-planting law. You may instinctively judge men by the shrubbery and ornamental trees around their homes. But there is a wider, deeper sense in the matter of tree-planting and tree-preserving, than the private home. It is an undisputed fact that these western floods, these disastrous floods destroying many lives and millions of property, are caused by stripping hills and valleys of their magnificent forests.

You remember the statement and figures of the agricultural and scholarly J. P. Brown, that "China had declined in productiveness because of its treeless condition," and, he says, Americans have destroyed more timber in sixty years than China has destroyed in 3,000 years. He says further that we are still destroying every day of the year, 25,000 acres of forest, or 9,125,000 acres in a single year, all of which tend to increase whirlwinds, cyclones and terribly destructive floods. It is estimated that the United States destroy every year 9,000,000 acres of trees. True, there is some tree-planting going on, but for every tree we plant we are ruthlessly cutting down two acres of trees. How long shall this forest-murder continue? When will men come to their senses? Sing,—sing and practicalize the song, O my countrymen, "Woodman, spare that tree." And here, right here and now, I clearly-cognize the spirit influence of my old friend, J. O. Barrett, the kind-hearted, noble, grandly inspired man,—uncle to the editor of the Banner of Light. How he plead for the forest trees of the great West,—plead for tree-planting. In passing up higher he took with him his individuality, his memory, his love for family and for the greater family of humanity. It is he who impressively reminds me this moment of the song, "Woodman, spare that tree!"

Speaking every Sunday in Battle Creek, Sturgis, Muskegon, Detroit, or some other city, I was recently the guest of a Spiritualist in whose library I counted thirty-seven novels, and two books on Spiritualism. In this family are six grown-up children; the two daughters attend the Episcopal Church; the boys hunt and fish on Sunday. Probably I am no judge of the deep riches of novels, as I never read but one in my life, and that was "Uncle Tom's Cabin." If hungering for stories, I can sit down in the gray of twilight and think up a story with half a dozen characters playing their wily parts, and, by so doing, save time—save time.

Reader, how many Spiritualist journals do you take? How many Spiritualist books have you in your library? Do your children enjoy reading them? If Spiritualism is good for you, is it not good for your children? If it be a truth, as you know it to be, should you not instill its pure, beautiful and heaven-inspired principles into the minds of your children?

There are two books written under direct spirit influence, by one of the best men that lives, which I wish,—heartily wish and pray that all Spiritualists would read. This man is David Duguid, and his two books are "Hafed, Prince of Persia," and "Hermes, Anah and Zitha." These volumes are historical, inspirational and spiritually elevating. This unassuming man, David Duguid of Glasgow, Scotland, is one of the best mediums that I ever met.

to meet in the Arcade, a goodly number came out to take part in the exercises. Mr. Maxham opened the meeting with singing "The Land of Somewhere." Dr. Fuller, chairman of the meetings, welcomed the people and spoke encouraging words to those who have a message to bring to Onset's platform. "Onset's platform is bread and free," he said, and "I hope there will be an exchange of thought that will be beneficial to all."

Mrs. Myra W. Ring spoke briefly, closing with a poem by Lizzie Doten. Mrs. C. Fannie Allen followed. She approved of the Conference meetings, and was glad each individual had an opportunity to express himself according to his light. There were four or five children in the audience, and Mrs. Allen welcomed them to the meeting. She wanted a Lyceum started at Onset that would help the children to grow physically as well as mentally.

Dr. Fuller said he would be very much pleased to do something for the children, and he thought if all would take an interest a Lyceum could be organized.

Mr. Wheeler of Waltham and Dr. Blackden of Boston both promised their aid in this work.

Tuesday, July 14, another Conference was held in the Auditorium in the interest of the Lyceum.

In the morning Mrs. Allen made a proposition to Dr. Fuller and your correspondent, in regard to Lyceum work, which they thought excellent, but did not know if it could be matured, but they decided to get the sentiment of the people at the Conference in the afternoon, therefore this was a "Lyceum Conference." Mr. A. J. Maxham opened the meeting with an appropriate song for the children (there being twenty-six in the audience).

Dr. Fuller stated that Mrs. C. Fannie Allen would come to Onset and take charge of the Lyceum at small expense, but he wished to learn the sense of the friends present in regard to the glorious work. There was great applause from the children when Mrs. Allen was suggested as the one to take charge of the Lyceum movement. Mrs. Ring said she would be glad to aid in every way possible. Mr. Bradford of Kingston pledged himself to assist all he could. Dr. George W. Carey told the children it was important for them to learn, but in some things they had as much knowledge as their elders.

Miss Susie Bicknell of Brockton said she was always interested in this work. One of the things that she noticed was that Spiritualist parents did not see the necessity of Lyceum work. This indifference is one of the important things to overcome. If we start in this movement, we must be willing to work. Mrs. Burnham said that parents must be impressed with the importance of the work. Mr. Burnham spoke briefly to the children.

Dr. Fuller then announced that Mrs. Allen would be engaged and would be here to commence the work the last of the week (great applause).

Wednesday, July 15, the meeting opened with singing by Mr. Maxham, "The Land of Somewhere." Mrs. Kate R. Stiles, speaker of the day, read a selection from "Wisdom of the Ages," then said in part:

"We have come before you today to lecture, so we will class ourselves among the talkers. Many times we feel an unwillingness to utter the things that lie nearest the soul, yet we should be glad to give out a thought that will awaken an idea in another's brain. We feel, though human words are poor to express thought, and we wonder if the time will ever come when we can attune ourselves to the Silence."

"I am a Spiritualist because I recognize spirit—not because we recognize the fact of spirit return. We should have a larger interpretation of the meaning of that word Spiritualism. We live in a world of thought, yet we are not originators of thought, but rather repeaters of thought. You friends, sitting under these magnificent trees, are creating a thought atmosphere which influences every speaker that comes upon this platform. You are our inspirers as well as the loved ones in the angel world. We are broadening, for we now have a larger interpretation of this world inspiration. We used to think of the world simply under the guidance of the angel world, but we now know that we must give great credit to the loving, thinking spirits of friends here in the mortal."

"We believe also there is a condition a little different from spiritual communication; it is spirit communion which is more uplifting, and we can come into touch with the very essence of the truth, which is communion. When we get into this condition there will be no more mourning; we shall know all souls are ours. As Spiritualists we are called upon to take an advanced step this year. Externalism may repel us, but if we work for the inner spiritual truth, nothing will daunt us, and we will crush out antagonisms as we come to the knowledge that all is peace and recognize the growth of the spirit."

"We would not do away with one sign that can aid any mortal along the pathway to knowledge. We know every expression is useful and necessary, but there will never be cessation from sorrow until the spirit communion with the spirit, and seek for higher unfoldment. We must attune ourselves to the Infinite. The law of spirit is the law of progress. We must help free the people, that they may think for themselves; then there will not be so much superstition and error in the world. We must organize ourselves harmoniously to that sweet spirit within us; then we shall, by degrees, see souls, not bodies, then we can truly say we are born of the spirit."

Thursday, July 16, was Conference day again. Mr. Maxham sang several selections during the afternoon. Mrs. Ring spoke of the benefit the class work of Dr. G. W. Carey had been to her. Mr. Sampson, one of Onset's earnest Spiritualists, spoke briefly. Dr. George W. Carey said there was a strong breeze blowing through the trees and he was glad God was breathing deep. Breathe deep to be well. He asked, "Is Spiritualism waning?" then said the time is coming when we will take the tag off from ourselves, and talk upon all the live topics of the day. Then we will be talking the highest Spiritualism.

Dr. Carey read a poem, "How Did He Die?" which was well received. Mr. Nickerson, one of our oldest Spiritualists, spoke of the truth of Spiritualism and of how much benefit it had been to him. Mr. C. D. Fuller spoke briefly, saying that he believed in a Spiritualism which could rescue a fallen being. He thought a true Spiritualist would extend his hand to any fallen brother and help him to reform. The meeting closed with singing. Hatch.

A Chance to Make Money.

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

Campmeetings for 1908.

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.
Rangus Centre, Mass.—June 7 to Sept. 27.
Mowland Park, Mass.—June 12 to Sept. 27.
Ocean Grove, Mass.—July 19 to 26.
Verona Park, Me.—Aug. 1 to 31.
Temple Heights, Me.—Aug. 14 to 23.
Etta, Me.—Aug. 28 to Sept. 6.
Madison, Me.—Sept. 4 to 13.
Queen City Park, Vt.—July 26 to Sept. 6.
Rumney, N. H.—Aug. 2 to 30.
Niantic, Conn.—June 21 to Sept. 6.
Island Lake, Mich.—July 19 to Aug. 30.
Grand Lodge, Mich.—July 24 to Aug. 23.
Briggs Park, Mich.—July 4 to Aug. 30.
Forest Home, Mich.—Aug. 1 to 31.
Waukesha, Wis.—July 17 to Aug. 17.
Waukegan, Wis.—Aug. 13 to 30.
Ottawa, Kansas—July 30 to Aug. 9.
Winfield, Kansas—July 3 to 13.
Franklin, Neb.—July 17 to Aug. 2.
Mt. Pleasant Park, Iowa—Aug. 2 to 30.
Marshalltown, Iowa—Aug. 23 to Sept. 13.
Chesterfield, Ind.—July 16 to Aug. 30.
New Era, Oregon—July 4 to Sept. 1.
Belmont Park, Ill.—July 1 to Sept. 1.

Produces Strength for Work.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate perfects digestion, calms and strengthens the nerves, induces restful sleep and builds up the general health. A wholesome tonic.

Briefs.

Commercial Hall, 694 Washington St., spiritualist meetings, M. Adeline Wilkinson, conductor, Sunday, July 12, although the day was very warm, a goodly number assembled at the conference, subject, "The Environment of Life." Speakers, Dr. Brown, Mr. Marston, Mr. Goddard, Rev. Geo. Brewer and others. Mediums assisting during the day, Miss Sears, Mrs. Anna Horton, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Morgan, Anna Strong, Mrs. Peabody McKenna, Mrs. Maggie Cutter, Mrs. George Hughes, Mr. Hardy, Mrs. Kneeland, Mrs. Bemis, Mr. Clifford Billings. Tuesday afternoon, healing circle, Dr. Geo. Clark, Dr. Blackden, Dr. Johnson and Mr. Clifford Billings. Meetings in this hall all summer.

Mrs. Wilkinson will visit Onset the first week in August. Meetings will be carried on by Mrs. Nelly Grover and Mr. Clifford Billings. Reporter.

Waverley Home. A very warm Sunday. The mercury in the glass indicated during the day ninety to ninety-six in the shade, and corporeal man in the city declared that life was merely a burden, so he vended his way to Waverley. Here he found a fine western breeze tempering the air and the pleasing shade of the trees added to the attractiveness of the place. A large number of people wended their way to the Home, where they enjoyed a refreshing outing for the tired body and consolation for the spirit. The meeting was presided over by Mrs. Noyes, who discharged her duties, very acceptably. She gave an excellent address that pleased all who heard her. We hope to hear her again before the season closes. Mrs. S. E. Hall gave a few messages and excellent remarks. Mr. Lamson, Mrs. Moody, Mrs. Kneeland and Mrs. Hall furnished the music. The circles on the lawn were conducted by Mrs. Noyes, Mrs. S. E. Hall and Mrs. Kneeland. J. H. Lewis.

July 12, Mr. George A. Porter spoke to a good sized audience, dealing with the subject, "Why?" Most of the whys so well known to Spiritualists were touched upon and answered logically and plainly. The guide insisted on the use of good sense and the same standard of judgment for mediums as for the rest of humanity. He said there was more undevelopment than dishonesty among mediums and pleaded for sympathetic and honest conditions. A fine sense followed. The subjects for the next two Sunday evenings will be "Where?" and "When?"

For Over Sixty Years

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

Niantic, Ct., Camp Season Opens Promisingly.

While the season at Pine Grove nominally began June 22, Sunday, July 12, was really the opening day because the first lecture was given at the auditorium there. The speaker was Miss Lizzie Harlow of Haydensville, Mass., who has opened the course of lectures for several years. Miss Harlow is a great favorite with the Pine Grove people and her lectures Sunday were considered among the best she has ever given on the grounds. A more delightful day for the opening could not have been desired and many people from nearby places drove to the grove. Mrs. Isadore Church presided at the organ and sang several vocal selections with great acceptance. Mrs. Church is a pupil of Mrs. Lella Troland-Gardner.

The beginning of the lectures has largely increased the population of the grove. Several cottages were opened Saturday and the next few weeks will see a rush to the grounds. The season does not close until September 7, but the cottages will begin their exodus by the last of August. The arrangements for transportation to and from the station are excellent, every train being met and a bus leaves the ground in time to connect with all trains.

In the selection of speakers for the season the board of management has been fortunate in securing some of the most popular exponents of liberal thought. The following will be heard on the dates named: Mrs. Effie Webster, July 19; James S. Scarlett, N. S. A. Missionary, July 26; Mrs. H. L. P. Ruesse, August 2; Thomas Cross, August 9; Mrs. Kate R. Stiles, August 16; Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, August 23. The speaker for August 30 has not yet been announced.

The officers of the Connecticut Spiritualist Camp Meeting Association for the present year are as follows: President, A. T. Boon of Norwich; first vice-president, J. D. Eager of Norwich; second vice-president, Maria A. Fogg of Southington; secretary, Mary A. Hatch of South Windham; treasurer, F. B. Tracy of Hartford; board of management, S. O. Harrington, Niantic; A. T. Boon, Norwich; Eva M. Potter, Niantic; G. P. Griswold, Niantic; D. A. Crocker, Niantic; Mrs. A. E. Merriam, Hartford; R. F. Stanton, South Windham; H. S. Morse, Putnam.

High water mark in the population of the grove will be reached August 10 when the National Guard encampment is held. At that time every cottage will be open and every available room rented. The beauty of the grove and its advantages as a place for rest and recreation during hot weather are being more widely appreciated each year and it is only a question of a few years when all the cottage sites will be utilized. The people who reside in the grove have facilities for buying food of all kinds, have postoffice accommodations, telephone connections, a well furnished bath, bathing, croquet, fishing and the only wonder is that the encampment has not grown even faster than it has.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE MEETING

A woman suffrage meeting was held in the pavilion Sunday evening which was

largely attended. Mrs. Isadore Church presided at the piano and sang several selections, assisted by William Hamilton of New London. Mrs. Charles Spaulding of Norwich presided and made the opening address, being followed by Miss Harlow, Charles Spaulding of Norwich, Rev. E. J. Bowtell of Providence, Mrs. A. E. Colt Merriam, M. D., of Hartford, Mrs. Clark of New London, Mrs. Almar of New Britain, Thomas Buchanan of Hartford, and others. Altogether it was a very interesting meeting, at the close of which a vote was taken resulting unanimously for woman suffrage.—From New London Day.

Home Circle.

Wm. Phillips.

How strangely different are the thoughts of men, and yet perhaps it is well that it is so. In the minds of some people, Spiritualism seems to be declining in force and opportunity, while others claim it is still progressing. I agree with the latter, and yet it seems we have not advanced as fast as we should have done.

Paul says, "The law is our schoolmaster to lead us to Christ," wherever that may be. But this I claim, the test of a true public and private is the instructor that will lead us to the door of the inner temple of knowledge. Is that instructor engaged today, or is he comparatively idle? Go where we will among Spiritualists of today and we find that family seances have been almost wholly abandoned, and that public seances are few and far between. This is not as it once was, when thousands were daily made to see a brighter line of life. This is not as it should be. Each Spiritualist family should strive to keep in touch with the spirit world not only for its own sake, but for the good it could do from the abundance of its spiritual knowledge. And people from the "way-side," those careless of the soul of things, should be invited to "come and see" and learn for themselves that there is a more beautiful side to life within their reach. It is true many may not advance beyond the test plain of thought during earth life. But, friends, is not that a step forward? Better be there by far than down in the murky mists of theology.

It seems to me there is a law governing these things. Men will remain on the lower level until prepared for the higher. And much food for preparation may be gathered at the well conducted test seance. From whence came a large majority of the rank and file of the spiritualistic army of today except through the open door of the select seance room? Yet it is true some believe in the fact of the inner unfoldment through intuition, but a test of spirit identity will not injure such as those, but rather strengthen their zeal to spread broadcast the evidences of life beyond the grave and of spirit communion.

The private seance room is our primary school, in which men and women are prepared to go out into the world to teach in the higher schools—the public seance rooms and lecture halls. In these we may learn the truths of eternal life to better advantage than in any or all the theological seminaries of the world. It grieves me to hear people urging the teaching of the alphabet before the fundamental rules in the spiritualistic arithmetic. Strong meat may do for men, a necessity perhaps, but milk must be prepared for babies.

It seems to me to be consistent for the national and state associations to suggest at least, if they cannot arrange for the reorganization of these primary schools. Teach the A, R, C of life to the children, even those of mature age, as a first step in attaining to the highest temple of spiritual knowledge. Where else can we better begin to educate, and consequently, elevate, the people to higher plains of life?

Once on a summer's day,
It was evening's twilight hour,
Nirva came in bright array,
It seemed from Hebe's bowyer.

Though lost to mortal view,
It was a sweet surprise,
"Father, I came to you
From my home within the skies."

"You laid my form away,
Tears of sweet affection fell,
Nor yet within that clay
Was I condemned to dwell."

"There is a chord that binds,
It reaches to Heaven above,
Around my heart it twines
In wreaths of sacred love."

"And yet from me extends,
To you in earthly home,
A love that sweetly blends
With life beyond the tomb."

"But I cannot linger here
And pass my life away,
Whither father and mother dear
Are yet in earthly clay."

"I must return to them,
And atone for sorrow's tears,
That they have shed for me
Through all those passing years."

"To tell them of the home
I found prepared for me,
And the joys yet to come
When they shall cross the sea."

Clackamas, Oregon.

Constipation Needs a Cure.

A simple relief only is not sufficient, especially if the relief is brought about by the use of salts, doses, purgatives, or similar purgative or cathartic. They temporarily relieve but they weaken the bowels and make the condition worse. In constipation the bowels require strengthening, toning, and something that will assist them to do their work naturally and healthfully—in short, a tonic laxative of the highest order. That is what Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine is. It both relieves and permanently cures by removing the cause of the difficulty. It positively cures dyspepsia, indigestion, kidney and liver troubles, headache and all other diseases which grow out of sick and clogged bowels. One small dose a day will cure any case, light or bad. It is not a patent medicine. The full list of ingredients goes with every package with explanation of their action. It costs nothing to try it. A free sample bottle for the asking. Vernal Remedy Co., 120 Seneca Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

All leading druggists sell it.

The City of Light.

Thus far the weather has been all that could be desired to meet assembly demands for instruction or pleasure, as what rains have occurred—came in the early morning, leaving clear skies and deliciously cool, invigorating air for the day and evening exercises.

Camp is filling well for the first week, considering its unusually early opening, and attendance much longer than any previous season. The ground fee collectors reported call the first day of over two hundred season tickets, a large per cent, advance on the past and the Jackson boarding-house, for the first time in its history, had full tables and beds the first night of the meeting.

All the various functions of the assembly are already in full session; the children's Ly-

ceum, in charge of Mrs. Peterson and Miss Greene of Grand Rapids, is held at the Octagon. Clegg Wright's marvelous lectures on man's evolution from the monad are in session at Library hall; three Forest Temple sessions daily "neath Nature's verdant canopy" occurring at 9, 4 and 6 for the manifestation of various phases of psychic possibilities; lectures, thought exchanges, conferences all on tap promptly, at the luscious call of Chairman Brooks, who insists each day that speakers and listeners must be at hand on time or he'll do the honors himself. This new energy—due no doubt to the little Brooks in the background—is calling a halt to the old-time tardiness of Lily Dale audiences.

Each lecture is followed by platform messages. The psychic for this work from July 8 to 18 was Homer Altenuus, a pleasant-faced, sweet singer who comes from Washington, D. C., well recommended as a man of exemplary life, and many friends. His tests, descriptive of speakers and listeners, are meeting with much favor. From July 19 to 25 Cordun White will give the messages.

On opening day President Pettengill, clad in a diaphanous robe of heliotrope tint, came smilingly to the front, and with a few earnest words of good will, and cheer, welcomed all present and future visitors to the newly christened assembly, in a heartfelt hope for prosperity, peace and progress. Carrie Tilling, in her usual sympathetic manner, talked upon the fruition and purpose of the "Yesterdays and Today's," closing with the thought, "Let us take all the heartaches and misunderstandings of the past and build a bridge of tears through which the bright sunlight of forgiveness and love shall reflect a rainbow of promise on the City of Light, and the future of our blessed Cause." On Thursday a large and expectant audience greeted with cheers the "long-haired Philistine" of East Anson, as his genial personality approached the rostrum in his charmingly simple "All-Round Man and How to Produce Him," and for a hundred minutes listened with unabated interest to his flow of wit and wisdom. Clegg Wright says of him: "He is the most wonderful specimen of profound, yet genial satire I have ever met." Here are only a few of his "smart sayings":

"That man has the true education who knows best how to get onto his job. The college supplies opportunities, but only the man can put them to use. Life educates more than colleges, and a boy who will not improve his opportunity at college will do so out of it if you'll give him a chance. I do not believe in charity, philanthropy nor life sacrifice, but help a man to help himself, find out what he can do, then help him to do it. Knowledge is a sticky thing, when you get a little, pull it along and more will catch on. Saints are not all white, devils not all black, all are mostly gray; but we're all in God's kinder-ken when there is no such thing as an all-wise man. The farmer is only half as dull as the world thinks him; the wise man only half as smart as he thinks himself."

"The man who aims to do an original thing in art is an absurdity. A genius is either a man long dead, or he lives a long way off. The very rich and the very poor hold the same idea of manual labor, and both get out of all the work they can. An English earl once said to me, 'America you have no leisure class.' I replied, 'Ole, yes, we have, we call them hoboes, partners of weary Willie.' If you won't work some one must work for you. The best way to help yourself is to help somebody else. You can add cubits to your stature by doing something for somebody. We have a lot of silver tops who are only seventy or eighty years young. Growing old is simply a bad habit. The soul does not grow old, nor will it express age if you'll keep it full of harmony. The best way to keep harmony is to give it away. People who are called bad are only good people with misdirected energies. The boy expelled from school is a boy full of energy plus impressions, which are like dirt, a very useful material, but in the wrong place. Blessed is the man who has found his work. There is hope for even millionaires now, for they are beginning to send their children to the John Deuys school at Rockefeller's Chicago University to learn how to overcome the bacillus of civilization."

"Wrinkles in the face are marks of individuality. The article made in joy gives joy to the one expressing it. You only want a few things. If you try to own too many things they will finally own you. Christ gave no presents, yet we spend lots of money at Christmas to buy presents of things not wanted. People usually give away the things they cannot use just to get the name of being charitable. There is but one way to reach the kingdom of Heaven and that is to carry it about with you in your heart," etc., ad infinitum. "Fra Eiburnus" was accompanied by his son, apparently an exact reproduction of himself, and four others from the Roycroft centre. The "Fra" was so delighted with the beauty of this lovely place, and the genial cordiality of its people, that he overstayed his limit of time, and graciously offered to fill any vacant date occurring on the program this session free of charge, at which all are delighted in anticipation of another of his bright addresses.

On Friday Clegg Wright elucidated in a masterly way something of "What the Soul Seeks in Expressing in Matter." Among other things he said: "Everybody is crazy about something—in some parts of Europe it is music, in America it is baseball. Sound belongs to the soul, which has always existed as an entity. Philosophy has long dreamed of a perfect unchanging consciousness, but the consciousness of man is a product of evolution. The study of religion is the study of human guesses as to the relation of soul to cause and effect. Through nature must come the everlasting revelation of truth." Inductive and deductive methods must not be separated. Inductive minds feel intuitively, deductive minds perceive through impressive inter-related causes. The soul is the result of all the experiences it went through in the evolution of time. Immortality is the ground of consciousness. The soul came out of infinity into personality to obtain consciousness, because the Infinite is not conscious. Energy put back is exemplified in the coal fields. Eternity is the home of all change, all expression, so we shall all express in domains of consciousness not yet dreamed of. The soul to reach past experiences must come into chemical correlation with matter, must go back to molecular and chemical attributes," etc. Yet after these statements the speaker was careful to state that all this was not expressed by "reincarnation." Evidently a rose by another name may be sweeter to some nostrils. Mr. Wright's classes on "Soul Evolution" will continue till the 16th inst., when W. J. Colville's class course begins.

Pioneer day brought up many touching reminiscences, and several prophecies from psychics relative to this assembly ground. One of thirty years ago stated that a thriving city would yet stand where there was only wild wood. Another spoke of great discoveries yet to be made within the ground here, and above it.

Sunday morning brought Mrs. Twing's closing discourse, though she will yet stay ten days to aid the Willing Workers in behalf of the Assembly fund. She is an untiring worker in the Cause.

Clegg Wright spoke in the afternoon upon "The Soul and its Personalities," a fine discourse, but limited space forbids special mention. Many good things are in store for the coming week. Various classes and entertainments are waiting their turn. Jennie Rhind of Boston has just established a Mystic Circle.

Julia E. Hyde.

Often The Kidneys Are Weakened by Over-Work.

Unhealthy Kidneys Make Impure Blood. It used to be considered that only urinary and bladder troubles were to be traced to the kidneys, but now modern science proves that nearly all diseases have their beginning in the disorder of these most important organs. The kidneys filter and purify the blood—that is their work.

Therefore, when your kidneys are weak or out of order, you can understand how quickly your entire body is affected and how every organ seems to fail to do its duty.

If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking the great kidney remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, because as soon as your kidneys are well they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince any one.

If you are sick you can make no mistake by first doctoring your kidneys. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases, and is sold on its merits by all druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles. You may have a sample bottle of Swamp-Root by mail free, also a pamphlet telling you how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. Mention this paper when writing to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

One's Atmosphere. Growth. A Psychic Law in Nature Work. Unfoldment. Power. How to Attain It. Harmony. The Assertion of the Tree of Knowledge—Of Good and Evil. Conscience. Faith. Back of Vibrations. Wasted Energy. Something about the "Dream" and the "Tempest."

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No better collection illustrating the idea of immortality has ever been made.—Rev. T. J. Hagedorn, Asa Arbor, Mich. The poet is the prophet of immortality. The world will live on after he has gone from this life.—James G. Clark, in Asa Arbor, Mich. This volume can only bring hope and comfort and peace into the household.—Rev. J. H. Hagedorn, Asa Arbor, Mich. A most precious book.—Mrs. M. E. Root, Bay City, Mich. A golden volume.—Hudson, N. Y. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

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A new book of rare spiritual songs by C. PATSON LONGLEY, the well-known composer is now on sale at this office. It is entitled "Longley's Choice Collection of Beautiful Songs," and is issued in convenient form for church, camp meetings, social assemblies, and for societies, as well as for home use. All lovers of choice music, wedded to beauty of words and sentiments, should possess a copy of this work, which is placed at the lowest possible price. Every song in the book would sell at thirty cents if issued in sheet form. The songs in this book are all sweet, simple, and soul stirring. They uplift the heart and satisfy the spirit. All but two or three of these songs are entirely new, and have never before been published. The two or three re-published ones are such general favorites that there is a demand for them to appear in this work. The author intends shortly to issue a second volume of such songs that will reach the hearts and souls of the music-loving world. Words and music complete in this volume. Write to the publisher for a list of contents as follows: "The Land of the By-and-By," "Healing under the Daisies," "We'll All be in our Home," "The Land Beyond the River," "The Thinker," "Dear Mother, of You," "Where the Roses Never Fade," "Come in Some Beautiful Dream," "My Mother's Angel," "You are Waiting at the Gate," "In Heaven We'll See Our Own," "Dear Heart Come Home," "The Grand Jubilee," "When the Dear One Gathers at Home," "The Good Time Yet to Be," "The Little Boat," "A Crossing over from the Pen of E. A. Humphrey, and the only one in the book that has not the musical setting of Mr. Longley. Any song in this collection is worth more than the entire price of the book. Price 15 cents.

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is a very humorous, entertaining and instructive book. Such is the consensus of opinion of hundreds of our leading authors and editors, many of whose letters are printed in the publisher's handsome brochure which we will give you at our office.

Hon. John D. Long, ex-Secretary U. S. Navy says: "I have read this book with much interest. I enjoyed the reproductions of our New England and far Western and Southern life." Gen. Curtis Guild, Lieut.-Governor of Massachusetts, writes in the Commercial Bulletin, "The story is well written and deserves a wide reading." Hezekiah Butterworth, the leading author and poet of the day, writes, "The humorous and pathetic adventures of school-boy, emigrant, farmer, book agent, schoolmaster, preacher, club founder, town builder, and U. S. Commissioner are portrayed by a master of vivid and thrilling description. The poetical and story-telling interweavings are gems." The Christian Endeavor World, Rev. Dr. F. E. Clark, editor, says, "The hero of this story is a typical Yankee, who as a 'rolling stone' has gathered material for a delightfully original, racy, realistic book that is entertaining and instructive." Rev. W. Davidson, D. D., Secretary American University, Washington, D. C., and Superintendent of Instruction of Chautauqua Circles, writes, "This certainly is a unique book, fascinating from start to finish, and brimful of valuable information." The Boston Journal says, editorially, "This is one of those rare books, full of humor and pathos, which alternately convulse the reader with laughter, and then awaken fresh and profitable thinking." The Detroit, Mich., Christian Herald says, "This new book by James Henry Foss, A. M., is a story of surpassing interest, replete with thrilling experiences, vivid in description, full of anecdote and quiet humor." The Journal of Education, Rev. Dr. Winslow, editor, says, "This book is highly interesting from start to finish, and starts the reader and the laugh with the same shade and light that occur in human experience."

Announcements.

W. DeLoss Wood, Box 193, Danielson, Conn., would be pleased to accept lecture engagements with Spiritualist societies in New England upon reasonable terms. He has excellent testimonials and ranks high in the field of hypnotism. He is the son of that gifted pioneer worker, Mary Macomber Wood, well known to all of the early Spiritualists of the United States.

Unity Camp, Saugus Centre, Alex. Caird, Md. D. pres. Services as usual Sunday, July 26, with that gifted speaker, Mrs. May S. Pepper, as the occupant of the rostrum. Services 11 a. m., 2 and 4 p. m. Come out and bring your friends. Sunday, Aug. 2, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Trivette will be the speaker.

Miss Margaret Gaule will be at Onset on Sunday, July 26, and all of the week following. She was not present July 19, but has assured the management that she will be on hand for next week.

Warnings.

Why will people who have not become convinced of the reality of spiritual manifestations always evade the issue when we try to show them reasonable evidence for our belief? A short time since, I was speaking on this subject to a friend, and knowing her to be an "honest doubter" on most, if not all questions relating to a future state, and an existence more than, and above that of the physical body, I mentioned certain experiences of my own that had come to me at various times, and without the agency of a "medium." Among other facts I mentioned one experience in particular, when, being entirely alone, wide awake, and in the act of walking across a room, I distinctly saw three spirits, and received spiritual help and strength from them. This happened at a time before I had given any attention to Spiritualism, but just before the departure of my dearest and nearest friend to the spirit world.

This doubting friend, to whom I related the above experience, said, if it had happened to her, she would have considered it as a "warning," but would not have considered it as any indication of another state of existence. Now, she evidently had no doubt that "warnings" were vouchsafed before the passing on of some individuals—although she says she does not believe, nor wish to believe in future existence; and she does not give much thought to the existence of God, or First Cause. It simply "happened" that she was here, live, did not cease to exist—and, as she believes, are then out of misery because we cease to exist.

Very good; if we do cease to exist of course we are also then free from suffering. But I cannot reconcile her ideas of life and death with her concession that she does believe that we receive these warnings, or see these visions that she calls warnings. That these beings we see, these voices we hear, the impressions we receive are actualities, she does not appear to deny. Then, if actual, they exist; and that they are not of the physical world, she must acknowledge. If there is no other "world," in the sense of existence, how can they "be"? and yet she does not deny that they are. Can anyone reconcile the two positions?

It seems to me that she has determined not to believe in a future existence, and simply tries to dodge the issue by classing these manifestations under the term "warnings," which she uses vaguely, and as if she did not know, and did not want to know their nature.

Is it not another illustration of the old simile of the ostrich hiding his head in the sand and believing himself safe from his pursuer because he does not see him? She knows such manifestations are made from time to time, and does not deny the knowledge, but having determined not to believe, she shuts her eyes and will not allow herself to learn what they really are. And do not many others willfully shut out all light on this subject? Some for the reason that they are afraid, having been taught that it is evil to pry into these matters; that spiritual communications are emanations from the "evil one," and those who have taught them really believed what they taught; being in this particular "blind leaders of the blind."

Who can help admiring the broad mindedness of that clergyman—a leader in the religious world—who, after having advised parishioners who came to him questioning if it were wrong to attempt to communicate with lost friends through mediums, that it was wrong, awoke to the fact that he knew nothing about the ethics of the whole question, as he had never looked into it. He then began to investigate, and now gives good evidence in favor of spiritual communications. Let us pray that those friends who now bind themselves about with the bonds of prejudice may speedily be loosed from their fetters, and come forth into the increasing light.

Emily E. Cole.

The Red Creek Herald man, who has had experience, says that "the man who thinks his wife is blind to his faults is entitled to another look."

Eleventh Annual Convention.

OF THE NATIONAL SPIRITUALISTS' ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA. NATIONAL SPIRITUALISTS' HALL, 9 STREET NORTHWEST, NEAR NINTH, OCTOBER 20, 21, 22 AND 23, 1903 WASHINGTON, D. C.

Important business will be acted upon at these sessions. Business sessions will open daily at 10 a. m. and 2 p. m.

At 7:30 each evening grand public meetings, with addresses, spirit messages, singing, music, etc. Among the most gifted lecturers and mediums expected to be present and participate are Dr. N. F. Ravlin, Mrs. H. P. Russeque, J. J. Morse of England, May S. Pepper, Margaret Gaule, Mrs. Z. B. Kates, Mrs. G. G. Cooley, and others to be secured. All Spiritualists should attend this convention. Special certificate rates on railroads for delegates and all attending the Convention.



The Regent, Washington, D. C.

Ask your railroad agents for tickets on the certificate plan, for one fare and a third for round trip, for National Spiritualists' Convention. These tickets must be indorsed by Special R. R. Agent at convention the last day of convention and by the N. S. A. Secretary.

Headquarters during convention will be The Regent, corner Pennsylvania Ave. and 15th St., near Treasury Building. The rates at this hotel for delegates and all visitors to convention will be special \$2.00 per day, large room, two persons in a room. Single room, for one person, \$2.50 per day. These rates include first-class board. Those taking advantage of the same are expected to remain during full convention, while all who travel on certificate tickets must remain till noon of the fourth day. As a certain number of certificate tickets must be guaranteed to the railroads, delegates and visitors are requested to come by them. The N. S. A. reception to delegates and visitors, to which all friends are invited, will be held at the Regent, Monday, October 19, at 3:30 p. m. Admission to business sessions of convention is free to the public. The grand evening meetings of lectures, tests and musical exercises will be twenty-five cents to all but delegates, who will be admitted on presentation of their cards.

Harrison D. Barrett, President.
Mary T. Longley, Secretary.
All Spiritualists are invited to be present.

Gone Home.

Rev. Ira Moore Courlis, pastor of the Church of the Fraternity of Soul Communion, which has been holding services in the Aurora-Grata Cathedral, Bedford Ave. and Madison St., Brooklyn, N. Y., passed quietly into spirit life Sunday afternoon, July 19, at 2:20, from his home, 80 New York Ave., after a short but painful illness. His loss will be keenly felt by those who have looked up to him for light and knowledge of this beautiful truth.

Lake Sunapee Spiritualist Camp Meeting.

This camp opens Aug. 2 and closes Aug. 30, 1903, giving the people a full month at the camp. We have first-class speakers and test mediums who will voice the spirit messages from the platform. Purchase camp meeting tickets to Blodgett's Landing and return through the month.

Lorenzo Worthen, Sec.
Hillsboro Bridge, N. H.

"It is easier to see a fault in another man's course than to perceive his good qualities. Hence a man measures himself by the measure of others. The fault-finder and the sneerer is commonly a small man. As a man approaches greatness, he grows generous and gracious. Not what he thinks of himself, but what he sees in others, shows what he really is. It is well to have this truth in mind as we pass judgment on our fellows."—Ex.

The man who thinks a woman cannot deceive him is twice an idiot not to know that she can even deceive herself.—New York Press.

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Wonevoo, Wis., Camp.

The Wonevoo Campmeeting will be held at Wonevoo, Wis., from August 13 to 31 inclusive. All arrangements are now complete for this meeting, which bids fair to be the best ever held on these grounds. The talent procured is of the highest class, and embodies all phases, from phenomenal to philosophical. Some of the very best speakers and mediums in the country will be here, and a rare treat is in store for all.

The camp grounds are most picturesque, and are particularly well suited for meetings of this character. Situated as they are on a tableland nearly two hundred feet above the level of the town, and overlooking a most beautiful valley, they have an atmosphere all their own. Here the camper is free from the annoyances so often found in campgrounds which are differently situated. An abundance of shade is provided by the numerous pine and oak trees, and a well 150 feet deep, supplies an abundance of pure, sparkling, cold water, which is equal to any found anywhere.

Being on the main line of the Northwestern Railroad, there are numerous daily trains, affording fine facilities for reaching the camp which is not more than two blocks from the depot. The programs are ready, and in them will be found full particulars of the camp, as well as the names of the following well known workers: Georgia Gladys Cooley, Rev. T. Grafton Owen, Mrs. Catherine McFarlane, Mrs. Edna Ford-Pierce, and Will J. Erwood. Aside from these there will be in attendance several well known phenomenal mediums, among them Mrs. N. N. Hardy of Minneapolis, who will present various phases of phenomenal work. J. S. Maxwell, the well known President of the Minnesota State Association, will be present and take an active part in making the camp a success. Other prominent Minnesota workers who will be present are Mrs. J. P. Whitwell, Mrs. Asa Talcott, Mrs. John Sauer and several more of the leading workers of the northwest. From the above it will be seen that nowhere is there a finer array of talent. Come and hear them. Write for tent to Miss Gertrude Spooner, Sec'y W. W. C. A.

Wonevoo, Wis.

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E. A. BRACKETT

Author of

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

The well known author, E. A. Brackett, who some few years ago issued an attractive work entitled "Materialized Apparitions," has recently brought out through Banner of Light Publishing Co. another volume with the above named title. The value of a book is often enhanced if it contains something of the writer and as a good photograph reveals much to all who know something of physiognomy and physiognomy, the frontispiece portrait serves as a good introduction to the volume which it prefaces. We are told that the book was written at the close of the author's 64th year, and that many of his experiments were made in company with Wm. H. Channing, inventor of the fire alarm. From the tenacity of his nature, and the daring character of his thought, Mr. Brackett was led to carry experiments unusually far in many remarkable directions. During these experiments, Mr. Brackett discovered the intimate relation between profound mesmeric sleep and death, and led to important disclosures concerning spirit life. This author claims immense antiquity for many modern theories including popular views of evolution, and combines therewith a considerable portion of mysticism, which lays substantial claim to very great antiquity.

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MAN.

Like rudderless ship adrift at sea,
Menacing trade's rich argosies,
Is man usual on life's great tide
Without a woman by his side!

The ship doth roll and toss about,
Sport of the winds, as in and out
Of sailless masts they whistle and shriek
From stem to stern, from bow to peak;
To each trim craft it bringeth death;
Heartfelt terror it quickeneth;
Each face grows pale, each soul is dumb
As into view the derelicts come.

A man adrift on life's wide sea,
The greatest wreck of all is he:
With rudder gone, whose name is Love,
He misses the haven of peace above.

His anchor's lost, the engine's still,
The wild winds move him at their will.
All hope is gone, in darkest night
He gropes in vain to find the light.

With woman's love for rudder true,
And her sweet trust to anchor to,
He safely sails the seas of life,
Bufoets the waves with breakers rife.

Fears not the awesome danger storm,
Nor hears the bells ring their alarm;
His heart is light, his soul is free
For woman's love gave victory.

In Heaven's harbor his ship doth ride
Because of woman by his side!
He anchors at the pier of Rest
And is by God forever blest!

Ulysses.

The New Jerusalem.

Annie Knowlton Heman.

In the Spring of 1913 I stood in the valley at midday and gazed upon the city of Despair. No sun, no leaf-crowned tree, no flower, nor blade of grass to cheer, naught of life but a lawless horde and their children, distorted in body and mind. Sin and Poverty ran riot through the streets, and yet this was a glorious Nation once. A goodly people to look upon, but some men in power betrayed the Nation into the hands of Capitalists, and they in turn placed their tyrant heels upon the necks of the poor, until by misery maddened they arose in quick revolt, and through riots and bloody wars our Nation was stripped of glory. Heart sick I turned away and my eye fell upon a lofty mountain, a noble peak, sun kissed, its glorious summit crowned with a halo of light, and I knew it as the Mount of New Thought. I looked in vain as I wended my way toward it, over vast debris, and through deep entanglements born of the past. At last I reached its base and found a throng already climbing. Eagerly I joined them, when an aged man, with a kindly face, said to me, "My son, hast thou the Gospel?" "No, good father, I am too blind and perverted by the touch of man I laid it by." "Nay, my son, I mean the Gospel of New Thought. It says that Godlike possibilities, and I say unto thee, woe the Silence; it holds the richest treasures thou hast ever found. Listen to the voice of nature; that is God calling thee to come up higher. As thou climber forget not to feed thy companions upon the truths that have been unfolded to thee, and govern thy lips as they were palace doors, the King within. Remember, they who gain in this ascent are not the swift of foot, but they who quick unfold God's living truths. Adieu, we shall meet again."

I journeyed up, when I overtook noble men and women exhorting their comrades to fresh courage. A man in costly robes, a Christ in soul attitude toward his brethren, spoke to me, "Brother, this is a glorious cause, this soul upliftment. You wonder at my robe so out of keeping in this motley crowd. 'Twas bought with money wrested from the poor. 'Tis my penance garb. I have no other to hide my nakedness, and all who meet me read my sin, but give me fellowship because they know me as a prodigal returning to my Father's house. You will journey on, but I must stay to expiate my sins in loving service to my brethren. Adieu, we shall meet again."

A little nearer the crest of the Mount I paused and urged my fellow travelers to press on to the summit, promising to return with cheering news.

The apex reached, a wondrous vision burst upon my sight. A little way down the mountain a goodly city stood. I saw the peaceful homes overshadowed by noble trees, and I could wait no longer; but with winged feet I flew to the City's gate, that stood ajar, and there, with open arms, was the saintly man who had met me at the mountain's foot and told me of God's truths. Tears of joy rained down his cheeks. One close embrace, and then he spoke: "Welcome, my son, to the New Jerusalem, not the one of old, nor the one that is to be, but the City of today. Come with me and find rest and food, and then listen to much that will do thy soul good." We turned and threw ourselves upon the fragrant turf. A woman, of modest mien, brought us mugs of drink and a tray of food, with these words: "Welcome, stranger, to our happy land. Good father, tell me, how fares it with the multitude?" "Sister, Truth abides with them. How is it with thee and thine?" "Father, Truth is ever singing in our souls sweeter than song birds."

"My son, drink and eat." As the father bade, I ate and drank, for I had fasted long and was an hungry. The food and drink were good to look upon and most delicate to the taste. "My son, see how beautiful are the birds. Their throats are swelling with song. The animals are sleek and tender-eyed. The gentle creatures feed from our hands and know no fear in this city of brotherly love. Now if thou art refreshed we will go. Behold! our homes are white, denoting purity and each man is the owner of his abiding place. See the blossoming vines, nature's royal gifts, clambering over these pretty houses. Humming birds, like brilliant gems flashing in the sunlight, are flitting in and out among the flowers. Truly heaven intended we should make an Eden of this earth that nature has so lavishly blessed, but in the past some men have fostered the deadly serpent. Alas! let us forget, there is danger to our souls in recalling the misdeeds of man. We have no National flag, for 'Our country is the world, and our religion, to do good. What thou mightest call our national hymn is, 'Peace on earth, good will to men.' Money is not an Open Sesame to our beloved city, but every one according to his deeds."

"Our streets are well sewered and sewage destroyed."

"Pure water is supplied to the people without cost."

"Our houses and streets are lighted by electricity, but not through the bungling vehicles used in past days. Electricity and air are our systems of transportation."

"The old time telephone is no longer in use, for wireless telegraphy has superseded it. We have many wonderful inventions, their use unknown to past generations."

"We have no fences, no locks upon our doors. No police to patrol our streets at night and day as people once thought to guard the public safety, but as we think to invite and even engender evil."

"We are in daily communication with the spirit world. In fact, the two worlds impinge so closely, one upon the other, and we are so

fully assured of the continuity of life, that the passing out from this life into the other counts of no importance, except as a rich legacy."

"We educate the threefold nature in man, soul, mind and body, and it proves an upliftment. As the principle of universal brotherhood expands the minds of the people, our homes become our most sacred shrines."

"We have factories, not grim, tall and prisonlike as were such buildings in the past. The people own the plants and no dividends are paid to stockholders. Power is supplied from natural forces generated from the sun's rays, and the electrical energy of the universe."

"We have libraries and museums of art, and theatres of the high cast drama, all of which are open at all hours."

"I have read that in years ago, in ungodly cities, mortals were crowded into tenement houses. And at one period in the history of our race human beings were bought and sold. Is it any wonder that such a people has been almost wiped from the face of the earth?"

"Our sons and daughters are not tempted as in olden days because there is no competition in business and men do not try to ensnare them into dens of iniquity for their money. In fact we have no use for the filthy lucre, the transmitter of sin, disease and degradation. We have some specimens in our Halls of Antiquity that are looked upon as types of a heathen custom."

"We have no public press that has corrupted so many souls in the past ages, but we have bulletin boards, news received by wireless telegraphy, from sister cities in our realm. Because we have no wars (for we educate for peace, not war), and no temptations to sin through business competition, nor temptations in social life, we have no contaminating news. Should mistakes occur among our people, it is a sacred law, with us, to protect from public criticism, for thoughts are things and of potent force for good or ill. Offenders, left to themselves, suffer from remorse of conscience, the worst punishment man can know. To electrocute or hang was the barbarous custom of past ages. Today our grand Reformatories usually restore man's spiritual poise."

"We have no tramps because our social and business methods do not create them. There is no menial labor, for Jesus, the carpenter, dignified labor."

"Now you see how Truth and Justice have triumphed at last! They who climb the Mount of New Thought have come to stay, and thou wilt do likewise, for a home awaits thee."

"No, good father, I must go to my struggling brothers as I promised, a little later I will return and abide with thee for I am of the faith which thou hast espoused."

The Old Man's Journey.

Jennie Hagan-Brown.

In the depot at early morning sat an old man; his hair was thin and white, his face was wan and frail. He leaned upon his staff; beside him was a small package of humble quality, declaring that the traveler was of the simpler folk. The trains were announced, called loudly, the porter cried, "All aboard!" The old man rose and another noisy, strident train went out on their long journey, some to the north, some east, others southward, while others stretched their long and sinuous way to the western sunset. The old man waited, sitting calm and still. At last, attracted by his silence and repose, we ventured to ask a question: "Which way are you going, father?" "Home," he said. "What train do you take?" He looked up with a smile. "The evening train." "But it's morning now; the long day waits before the setting sun." "And I can wait as well," replied the quiet, sad old man. Our hearts were touched, but like a thousand other folk, we left him there to sit and wait, nor dreamed about the train that would come for him at set of sun. It was no shriek of engine, ring of bells, nor yet the Pullman sleeper drawing in that took the old man from the station, but the lordly train of time whose long and curious track we each are gliding over.

The silent and the solemn gate of death was opened wide, no shout of "All aboard," but the white angel of the rich or poor came close beside him and whispered something that we did not hear; and lo, his face grew bright; the eyes so dim were luminous with joy. The angel had declared his message and the traveler uprising said, "Behold! I journey home," and he was gone.

The silence came; the pity on the faces of the men who had not thought as he sat wearily all day, and as we folded trembling hands and pressed the silent lips into the form of peace and calm repose, we knew we understood that strange morning time, that evening's hour would surely take him home. The message came; the great and solemn train of Nature's pomp rolled out and bore upon its mighty car that strange everlasting thing, a soul, an immortal soul.

And did they at the station over there stand ready with their greeting for this one and bid him enter through the gates of light, and say to him that he was welcome in the many mansions all unmade by hands, prepared by one of old who journeyed forth and left us with the light of his sweet countenance and taught us that the destination of all humanity was to that station that the old man spoke the magic word and name of home?

The Astral Body.

"Die Uebersinnliche Welt" relates some surprising facts in relation to a Russian family, occupying a high social position, all the members of which, from generation to generation, possess the faculty of detaching themselves in astral form from their bodies, and the "double" when seen, appears to be clothed in the wearer's customary apparel. Two of the incidents are as follows:—

The Countess Marie states that she was in bed one night in the same room with the governess of her little boy, who was peacefully sleeping in a chamber which was not contiguous to her own. The two women were conversing in French, when, all of a sudden, the young mother exclaimed in Russian, "What is the meaning of your walking thus, Pierre. It is very improper and you must go back to your room." The Countess had seen the child enter the chamber, and make a bow without speaking a word, as if by way of pleasantry; and then, all of a sudden, he disappeared. The governess had absolutely seen nothing, and the Countess very much moved explained how the apparition had passed so close to her, that she had recognized the neck-band of the child's night gown, which she herself embroidered and had found out that it was much too large. They both hastened to the little fellow's room and found him still fast asleep, and around his neck was the missing collar embroidered by his mother.

"While Count Magnus was at the war, his wife gave birth to a son. Three or four days after the birth of the infant, one of the servants saw a sleigh draw up at the door of the mansion and his master alight from it. He hastened to open the door; and the Count running upstairs, entered his sister's room, in which she was seated at needlework. She cried out, 'Is that you, Magnus?' but the Count made no reply. He turned towards the alcove in which his young wife was lying and near which a nurse held the new born

child. He bent over the infant which he looked upon for long time, and the nurse said, 'Here is our master, then.' It is really himself, joyously rejoined his young wife. To the astonishment of all, mutely and silently as he had arrived, so the Count took his departure. He seemed to melt into the obscurity of the staircase; for the servant below did not see him again, and the sleigh had disappeared."

Here, it will be observed, the "double," or rather the disincarnate spirit of the Count was seen by three distinct persons; so that "collective hallucination" could not be urged. But how is the materialization of the horse and sleigh to be accounted for? Let us acknowledge our ignorance of such phenomena, and await with patience, that elucidation of them which is bound to occur in due time.

A Child Medium.

The "Revue Spirite" of Paris for June, 1903, publishes a very wonderful and well-authenticated story of a little girl, Lilian, Marjorie Londra, medium at the age of three and one-half years. The father is a distinguished lawyer of Birmingham. Let us hope that he will see the urgency of a careful, systematic study of his child, to the cause of Spiritualism. Mr. Londra makes this statement:—

One day my wife and Lilian were in a confectionery shop. They were taking tea, when suddenly Lilian cried out: "Mama, look at the pretty little girl standing at my side, she asks a piece of my cake," and she described minutely the features and garments of the invisible child. When returned to the house, the little girl came to Lilian again and said that her name was Daisy. Since then Daisy has been the friend and constant companion of Lilian, who is now five and one-half years old. At play, everywhere they are together. When walking, Lilian takes Daisy in her arms if the streets are wet or dirty. She helps her to get on the cars, and she tells her all her impressions. They sleep together and Lilian speaks with her as naturally as she would with any girl, but she never seeks the society of other children, being perfectly satisfied with Daisy, who is visible only to her. On a certain occasion, as her mother was reproving her because she was too slow in crossing the street, Lilian, aggrieved, answered her: "Do you not see that I am carrying Daisy, and I cannot run. The street is so dirty." A short time after Daisy's arrival, there came another invisible companion, Ethel. Lilian described her to us. She might be about fifteen years old. She comes every day and acts as schoolmistress to Lilian as well as to Daisy. Still Lilian is not insane. Her speech and actions are as rational as the speech and actions of any child of the same age.

Another event, still more wonderful, created a great surprise in our family circle. Lilian began all alone the study of the piano. We all follow her progress with great attention, and we have remarked with surprise that the child began with exercises specially chosen and adapted to the smallness of her fingers. Little by little she takes more difficult ones. These exercises are purely technical and aim to develop the fingers. Lilian cannot read nor write and does not read the first note of music. When asked who is her teacher at the piano, she answers that she has two, a lady and a gentleman, one on each side of her. The child has made good progress, and now that she is five and one-half years old, she can play a dozen different pieces, and she progresses continually, although no one seems to bestow any care on her studies.

Lilian receives communications from her invisible friends, and she tells them to us as naturally as any common event. A great aunt becoming sick, Lilian told us: "Ethel has told me that aunt was going to die." A few days later she said: "Ethel and I will dig a big hole in the garden, because aunt will die today and go in the hole." Shortly afterwards she said: "Papa, aunt is dead and she is glad of it."

These communications were given on the 4th and 9th of April, 1903. Our aunt died on the 9th at 3.20 p. m., and Lilian told us the death about one hour before we received the news in a telegram.

Such are the main points of these phenomena of clairvoyance and clairaudience, and the parents of Lilian hope that age will not diminish but rather develop the mediumistic powers of their daughter. Translated from the June "Revue Spirite" by Fred de Bos.

The Reviewer.

HOW TO READ THE HUMAN HEAD AND FACE.
M. Ellis Foster.

The author tells us that the object of this work is to instruct those who desire a greater knowledge of human nature and how to read character, as seen in head, face and personal appearance of the people whom they may meet.

He says that over twenty years of experience and minute observation of the form, size and quality of brain development of thousands of persons, and he has proved the truth of the discoveries of the brain centres made by Drs. Gall, Spurzheim and George Combe. Today character reading is a positive science, the knowledge of which can be acquired, like all sciences, by earnest study and research.

He gives a picture of the brain centre showing which ones govern the movement of the arms, the fingers, the legs and feet, etc., and he gives a detailed description of all the characteristic points of the human head, beginning with the base of the skull with amnesia and concluding with language which is under the eyes. The whole description is copiously illustrated with types of heads of men and women prominent in some special characteristic, like Francis Willard for large veneration, and President Roosevelt for conscientiousness and firmness.

The size and weight of the brain is the measure of its functional power, yet the temperament will exert a powerful influence. Anatomy classifies the temperaments as the Vital, the Motive and the Mental. Their names indicate which part of the system predominates, but I should say that the man in whom they are evenly combined would be the perfect man. The pathologists have another division of temperaments: the Lymphatic, the Sanguine, the Bilious and the Nervous temperaments.

The author treats each of them scientifically, showing what effect they have on the brain centres and how they can be modified by cultivation or restraint. Then we are told how to read the physiological language of the phenological organs as expressed in the human face. We are told to look at the hair,

its color, and its texture; then the eyebrows, whether straight, uneven, shaggy or nicely curved; then the form and color of the eyes; then the nose and its characteristics; the mouth and lips; the teeth, the chin; and as the author explains fully the significance of each color, texture, etc., the careful student will soon be able to read the character of his friends and would-be friends and thus be fully armed for the conflicts of life.

Published by the Foster Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.

FANNY CROSBY'S LIFE STORY.

By Herself.

This autobiography of the poet is a very interesting book of 160 pages. Miss Crosby was not born blind, but became so before she was able to appreciate her great loss, having never seen the beauties of nature, as she was only six weeks old when she practically lost her sight, and she expresses herself as thankful to God that it is so, as it led her early to lean on Him and doubtless gave her that spiritual sight which the physical sight might have prevented, as it does unfortunately in too many men and women. Whether it was through her blindness or not, Miss Crosby early showed a complete childlike trust in the Father's love, which trust has grown with her womanhood and now that naturally her hold on earth grows weaker she sings: "All the way my Father leads me He doeth all things well." I admire her and I can sympathize with her in her perfect submission to the Higher Power. Many may call it childlike, unworthy of a strong man, forgetting that the same God who puts life in the giant oak, gives life also to the humble violet which sheds its fragrance unseen.

Fanny Crosby early developed poetical talents and when at the age of 15 she was admitted at the institution for the blind in New York, she had already written several little poems. Her first one, composed at the age of 8 was:

Oh, what a happy child I am,
Although I cannot see!
I am resolved that in this world
Contented I will be.

How many blessings I enjoy
That other people don't!
So weep or sigh because I'm blind,
I cannot, nor I won't.

As her knowledge increased, she composed some better poems, which her schoolmates and the teachers thought wonderful, but fearing that such praise might give birth to pride, the superintendent called her to his office and kindly reasoned with her and exacted the promise that she would not compose any more poems for three months. But the celebrated phenologist, Dr. Combe, came on a visit to the institution, and as soon as he saw her, exclaimed: "Why, here is a poet! Give her every advantage that she can have. Let her hear the best books, the best writers. She will make her mark in the world." As a result of Dr. Combe's visit she was told that she could write poetry and the teachers taught her the rules of the art and she became the poet laureate of the institution. In 1844 she published her first book of poems called "The Blind Girl and Other Poems," then "Monteary and Other Poems," then still another book, "A Wreath of Columbian's Flowers."

In 1853 she was married to Alexander van Alstyne, blind musician with whom she lived very happily until his death one year ago.

Fanny Crosby has been in Washington, addressed both houses of Congress in a joint session. She became acquainted with many of our most prominent men. She is an old and esteemed friend of ex-President Cleveland.

Not until 1864 did she begin to write hymns, when she met Wm. B. Bradbury, the great composer. She worked with him four years until his death in 1868. Miss Crosby estimates at 5,000 the number of hymns she has written, although many were written under a nom de plume. Some of the best known of her hymns are "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," "Rescue the Perishing," "Pass Me Not," "I am Thine."

This book is sold for the benefit of this grand writer, who is now 83 years old, and as her sweet songs have helped and benefited thousands in a spiritual way, we hope that thousands will benefit her in a material way by providing the comforts which her advanced age require.

Everywhere Publishing Co. (Brooklyn Borough), New York.

DOLLARS WANT ME.

Henry Harrison Brown.

This essay is one of twelve which were published in "Now." The writer says that money represents supply. Material supply is a necessity of life and until such needs are satisfied, man is not free. The dollar then stands for individual liberty, and yet monetary success and personal liberty do not go hand in hand. Some of the richest men are the veriest slaves. Success lies in the mental attitude that arises from the sense of personal power, which meets every condition without anxiety.

Accept the truth that "All things are yours." Think no more of them. Let them come. Money has no power unless it is delegated to it by man, who alone has power. Conscientiousness is the first need, then you will feel that the dollars want you, as they need your heart, brain and hand to benefit the world.

Dollars are manifestations of the One Infinite Substance as you are, but they are not self-conscious. They have no power until you give it to them. Make them feel this through your thought-vibrations, as you feel the importance of your work, and they will come to you to be used. These ideas may seem new, but they have long been known, and I believe that what Miller did in England in building up and sustaining the children and orphans' home, when he had not a dollar, yet he never lacked means to supply every need, was due to his feeling the importance of his work and his sending thought-vibrations in the form of the prayer of faith, and the money always came in answer.

The essay is very instructive, and cannot fail to do good.

Published by the "Now" Folk, 1437 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. Price 10 cents.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

We have received the report of the President of Cornell University for the year 1902-1903, and it shows a gratifying increase in the number of students. The city of Ithaca was stricken with an epidemic of typhoid fever last winter, and the University was affected by it, as over 300 students were sick and 39 died. A fact worthy of notice is that none of the students who resided in the University buildings, nor the professors, were affected by it. It is to be desired that Cornell should have buildings enough to house all the students, and an earnest appeal is made for funds to erect such buildings, as at their meeting in June the trustees voted to erect buildings for every building donated they pledged \$500,000 of the University funds to that effect. Here is a chance for our philanthropists to spend some of their millions in a way which will do permanent good.

Cornell had 3,018 students enrolled in the different colleges last year, showing that the

teachings are equal to that given in older and wealthier universities.

THE TALISMAN.

This is a new monthly journal started in May, 1905. It is edited by Geo. H. Bratley. This number contains parts of articles on Will Power, on Talismans, Charms, on Astro-Chronopathy, on Astrology, on Physical Exercises, etc.

It is instructive, but to reap any benefit, it will be necessary to subscribe for a year, as no article is complete in one number. It is cheap, 4 s. per year, 3 d. a number.

The Talisman Publishing Co., 52b, Station Parade, Harrogate, Yorks, England.

Fred de Bos.

Passed to Spirit Life.

From Worcester, June 18, George A. Bartlett, aged 72 years and 10 months.

Mr. Bartlett was born in Boylston, but had been a resident of Worcester thirty-nine years, and many years a faithful employee of the Groton & Knights Leather Belt Manufacturing Co. He had served his country in the Civil War, and was a member of Post 10, Geo. F. Ward.

His sufferings from heart disease had been intense and protracted, patiently borne, and alleviated by the ceaseless ministry of his beloved wife, who by his transition is left alone in the home. Both were consistent Spiritualists, and often sensed its blessed consolations.

The funeral took place from the home, 194 Grafton St., Sunday, June 23, the service being conducted by the writer.

The ceaseless pour of the rain did not prevent many friends and comrades from paying their tribute of respect to one who had honorably discharged the duties of life.

Among the many floral tributes were an elegant broken column from his shopmates, spray of Jack roses from employers, spray of pinks from Daughters of Veterans, Easter lilies and ferns from Ward Circle, white roses, Bushnell Girls of Relief Corps, plaque Mrs. David Fleming.

The interment was in Grafton, whence the wife returned to her saddened home, bearing with her the sympathy of many loving hearts.

Juliette Yeaw.
From her home in Worcester, June 27, Dorcas A. Keyes, aged 63 years, wife of Warren C. Keyes, and mother of Charles E. of Barre, Mass., and Herbert W. of Portland, Maine.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Keyes were ardent Spiritualists, and she was highly mediumistic; fine proofs of spirit presence, and thought of a high order of inspiration, being often expressed through her. Even in the closing days of her lengthened suffering, words of cheer were given to sorrowing, anxious hearts.

The home wherein she lived and passed away had been characterized by its prevailing harmony and musical gifts of its members. Two beautiful daughters who sang themselves into the hearts of the people, in life's glorious prime, had followed the beckoning hand to the unseen life, and the sons remaining socially and professionally filled their niche in the "Temple of Music."

The mother love of the departed had repeated itself in the tender care with which she had surrounded the motherless boy of her daughter, until she had seen him taking up the duties of life in many ways. One other dear grandchild mourns her loss.

In keeping with her wish, the writer conducted the funeral service, held from the home, 2 Linwood St., Monday, June 23.

Many friends and relatives were present, and the beautiful flowers and their simple, natural arrangement were in keeping with the sweet, peaceful face from which had vanished every trace of pain. Beside the tributes from relatives were remembrances from the orders to which the departed belonged, and from the First Society of Spiritualists. May the companion with whom she had journeyed so many years realize the ministry of her angel presence, until she welcomes him to the "House not made with hands."

Juliette Yeaw.

From Garland, Me., June 29, Archie C. son of Allie G. and Nettie E. Batchelder, age 7 years, 1 month, passed to the beautiful life beyond. He was tenderly loved by all his schoolmates and his memory will ever be cherished by all who knew him. There was a large gathering of friends and relatives at the funeral, which was conducted by Rev. A. P. Andrews. Many beautiful flowers were brought by his teacher, Miss Millie Libby, friends and schoolmates. He was a very thoughtful child of his age and was always asking questions about the home beyond the vale. He is now waiting to welcome those who were so dear to him in earth life. His father, mother, a brother and sister, grandpa and grandmother are left to mourn his loss.

From her home in Greenfield, Mass., June 28, 1903, Mrs. Harriet Moore Ball, aged 73 years and 7 months.

Mrs. Ball had long been an invalid, and for the past two years quite helpless, but she was always cheerful, having a pleasant word for all who came into her presence. She was a firm Spiritualist and enjoyed her Banner of Light, having been a subscriber for many years. Before her illness she was a constant attendant at the Lake Pleasant Campmeetings. It is a lake that I formed her acquaintance many years ago.

She leaves a son, Mr. Charles P. Ball of Stamford, Conn., three daughters, Miss Edrie E. Ball and Mrs. Fannie E. Turner of Greenfield and Mrs. Henry P. Baker of Amherst, Mass., and a half-brother, Louis Converse of Medina, Mich., also several grandchildren.

The funeral was at the home July 1. A large number of relatives and friends were present. A fine selection of songs were rendered by Mrs. Charles F. Slocum of Greenfield and Mr. George Cleveland of Lake Pleasant. The writer officiated, as was the wish of the arisen spirit, and voiced words of inspiration filled with the comfort that Spiritualism gives when the heart is heavy with sorrow. When we thought of the rejoicing at the birth of the spirit among those who were waiting her coming, those yet in the mortal can find comfort in the teachings of Spiritualism as did their dear mother. May her spiritual presence be felt and known in the home, to bless and strengthen be the earnest prayer of the writer.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes.

16 Nixon St., Dorchester, Mass.

"I cannot think of them as dead,
Who walk with me no more
Along life's path I tread,
They have but gone before."

From the earth-home of her daughter, Mrs. Amy Chamberlain in Hanover, Mass., July 14, Mrs. Ann E. Bartow, widow of the late Capt. Robert Bartow, aged 77 years. Mrs. Bartow had been ill for some weeks, and suffered intense pain throughout her illness. She longed to be released from the physical form and gladly welcomed the bright faced Angel of Life when he bent over her to whisper the call, "Come up higher." Into her willing ear. She had been a Spiritualist for many years, and with her noble husband, a most generous supporter of her son's religion. She was, for many years, a member of the First Church of Spiritualists of Baltimore, Md., as was her good husband. They were members of the Massachusetts State Spiritualist Association from its inception, and have generously contributed to the support of the N. S. A.

Children's Book.

TO GRANDMA.

Only a step, dear Nan-nan,
To home and Mamma and rest;
Only a step, all brightness
And of course it is all for the best.

Only a step, dear Nan-nan,
Grieve not, oh grieve not for me;
For I'm safe in the arms of Mamma,
In our home just over the sea.

Just over the sea, Nan-nan,
But no water lies between;
Nothing to hinder my passing
From you to my home unseen.

Only a breath, dear Nan-nan,
I cuddle so close in your arms;
Can it be that all that divides us,
From earth and its cares and alarms?

Only a sigh, dear Nan-nan,
I hear so becky and come;
And smooth back the hair from your
forehead
And dry up those tears one by one.

Only a frail bird, Nan-nan,
To blossom still, close by your side;
A leaf at a time, Nan-nan,
Such a wee, tiny thing to divide.

And oh, how I love you, Nan-nan,
And Papa and Earl and the rest;
We come to you often and often,
You know that's the spirit's best.

Only a step, dear Nan-nan,
And oh, how quickly 'twas done;
In the morning so blithesome and cheery,
And gone at the set of the sun.

Only a step, dear Nan-nan,
But I'm happy and blithe and gay;
With only a shadow to darken
My joy in my home today.

Only a shadow, dear Nan-nan,
All grief must soon pass away;
All shadows, whenever the sunlight
Shines in to chase them away.

Then put up the curtains, Nan-nan,
And open the windows today;
That the blessed sunlight of spirit
May shine in your heart away.

Sunlight and brightness and gladness,
Oh, turn not your face from the light;
Oh, stay dear, no longer in shadow,
But turn now your face to the right.

Only a step, dear Nan-nan,
Remember I'm with you still;
And can come and go at my pleasure,
Just by thinking like this, I will.

Then grieve thou no more, Nan-nan,
The bright happy spirits say;
For I'm often, so often, with you,
From my home just over the way.

Your loving Freda in the Spirit World.

Tina and Trixie.

It was evening. A woman stood before the window of her little room looking out upon the fields sleeping beneath the white mantle of snow. A storm was sweeping across the sky and the snowy crystals were finding their way to lodging places beside the trees where they could pile themselves into drifts that would be the delight of the boys on the coming morning.

Her hands were tightly clasped and tears were running down her face. Let us look at her for a moment. She was young; not more than eight and twenty winters had passed over her head and there was not one thread of white to be found in the wavy mass of her beautiful hair, yet her face was lined with pain and in her eyes a hunted look that wrung the heart of all who saw it. It was as if some great sorrow had plunged its sword into her mother heart and taken thence the richest blood of her affection.

So it was, for only five days previously her two treasures, a boy of five and a girl of three, were taken from her and their little bodies laid to rest in the village churchyard. They were her life's choicest treasures and she loved them with all the affection of her noble mother heart.

Tonight, she was standing thinking of them, wondering if they were cold as they lay in their narrow beds with only the earth for a pillow and the snow for a coverlet. She was not reconciled to their going from her and the question, "Why?" "Why?" rang in her ears until they fairly ached and her heart seemed breaking with its anguish.

Tonight she was alone, for her husband had been called to the village some miles away on a business errand and she was left with the haunting memories of what was and the cruel phantoms of what might have been. She was longing for her husband's return and wondering why the hours dragged themselves away so slowly.

Presently she dropped upon her knees, her frame shook with unceasing sobs and tears fell like rain from her eyes. Her lips moved in prayer and she spoke reverently aloud saying:

"Oh, God! Make me to understand Thy will and give to me my darling ones. Thy will, oh, Father, not mine be done. Show me the way that for my husband's sake and others I may safely walk therein."

Just then, the sound of bells was heard in the distance and she turned away to the little kitchen where the kettle was singing merrily upon the stove and the aroma of food arose to tempt those who entered the one domain where she reigned supreme. The door was suddenly thrown open and the tall form of her husband with a seeming large bundle in his arms strode across the threshold.

He walked quickly to the sofa in the corner of the room and bending down, laid his burden carefully thereon. Turning, he clasped his wife in his arms and whispered, "Dear one, God has been very good to you and me. I think you will say so when you know what I have found." With gentle touch he unwrapped the bundle he had laid upon the sofa and there the wondering wife beheld the faces of a sleeping boy and girl, the ages of her own lost darlings.

"Oh, Will," she cried, "where did you find them? Whose are they?"

"I found them," he answered, "covered with snow about a half a mile back from the house. My horses saw a black object lying in the road and began plunging about as if they would break the traces. I calmed them as best I could and went to see what the matter was, and I found these babies warmly covered by the snow. It took me only a moment to snatch them up and here they are."

Tenderly this bereft husband and wife

cared for the little walls found in the snow on that cold winter night. No one came to claim them, and no one ever knew whence they came or whether they were going. The older of the two said that he and his sister were going to their mama, and that was all she knew and could say. He called himself Tina and said his sister's name was Trixie. They responded quickly to the love bestowed so freely upon them by their foster parents and ere long the light of the Kingdom of God filled every nook and cranny of that little farm home because of the presence therein of the angel boy and girl sent to soothe the bereaved hearts of the wife and husband.

Tina and Trixie did indeed find their mama's home, but in a way they little dreamed, nor did they ever know how much their coming meant to those who so gladly received them.

No might it be with all the bereaved mothers and fathers of earth, if they would only turn their attention to those children whose parents have either entered the Life Celestial or have shaken off the responsibility of parenthood while here on earth. Try it, ye sorrowing mothers and fathers of earth, and see if your grief is not assuaged, your pain lessened and your anguish turned into songs of immortal joy.

Temple Heights Camp.

The twenty-first annual session of the Temple Heights Spiritual Campmeeting will convene on the grounds at Northport on the 15th of August, continuing until the 23d, under the auspices of the Temple Heights Spiritual Corporation.

Temple Heights is beautifully located on the banks of Penobscot Bay, six miles from the railroad station, with good steamboat connections and having good beaches, mountains at the back rising a thousand feet, and everything needed to make it one of the best places for an outing that one could desire. It is an ideal summer home.

The roads, which are smooth, give good driving, the scenery has no equal, presenting a beautiful bay dotted with thousands of islands, with hundreds of sailing and steamboats plying over the water's surface. The sunsets are grand. The water privilege is one of the best in the state, possessing medicinal value and it was near this spring where a band of the early Indians made their camping grounds. For recreation there is good boating, safe sailing, fine bathing beaches and fishing, with mountain climbing if one desires.

The drainage is perfect and the large park with plenty of seats and spacious auditorium, gives pleasure to all. The quiet surroundings bring rest and with them come sweet spiritual influences as the gathering of the ancient Indian tribes.

This season we are able to present an interesting program, to which visitors are welcome to partake of the beautiful philosophy; or to visit the grounds for the good they may gain. During the week of campmeeting a small admission is charged; daily or season tickets can be procured. Daily announcements will be made of the evening program.

Officers of the corporation: President, B. M. Bradbury, Fairfield; vice president, A. H. Blackington, Rockland; secretary, Orrin J. Dickey, Belfast; treasurer, A. E. Clark, Belfast. Directors: A. H. Blackington, Rockland; M. R. Webster, Fairfield; A. T. Stevens, Belfast; George W. Morse, Belmont; Mrs. N. H. Rhoades, Rockland; Mrs. Maria Williams, Central Falls, R. I.; A. J. Skidmore, Liberty.

Congregational singing will be given during the week of meeting under the direction of Lincoln Young of Lincolnville. Madame Marie Foster of Boston will give solos during the week.

The speakers engaged are as follows: Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, Westfield, N. Y.; Mrs. Effie I. Webster, Boston, Mass.; Harrison D. Barrett, President of the National Spiritualists' Association, Boston, Mass.; and Thomas Cross, Fall River, Mass.

Tests will be given from the platform each day by Mrs. Effie I. Webster and social meetings will be held morning and evening. On Thursday morning the annual day for old soldiers occurs and a pleasant program will be given under the direction of Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing. At four o'clock in the afternoon occurs the business meeting for the transaction of business and annual election of officers, and on Friday forenoon occurs the State Association meeting. Other times during the week will be devoted to lectures and social meetings.

Entertainment. An entertainment will be given on Thursday evening, August 20, at the auditorium, for the benefit of the Corporation. Seances and musical programs on other evenings.

Ladies Aid Society. The Ladies Aid Society, which have done much toward the betterment of Temple Heights, will hold an entertainment and sale of articles at the auditorium on Saturday evening. The officers of the society are: President, Mrs. Andrew B. Clark, Belfast; secretary, Miss Ellen Smiley, Newport; treasurer, Mrs. J. P. Stearns, South Lagrange.

Accommodations. At reasonable rates, cottages, board or lodging can be procured, or rooms when one desires to board himself. All are well located. For cottages, board or any information apply to the Secretary, Orrin J. Dickey, Belfast, Me.

Transportation. Carriages run daily from Belfast. The Maine Central Railroad has given reduced rates from August 4 to August 21, via Belfast. The steamers Golden Rod and Merryconough, between Bucksport and Camden, give reduced rates on above dates, leaving Belfast on arrival of morning train at 9:45 a. m. for Temple Heights, returning in the afternoon, making connections with the train for Bangor and Waterville. Passengers by boat from Boston should land at Northport, and if notified will be met by A. F. Elwell, who will take them to the grounds on Sundays.

Every effort will be made to make the meetings pleasant and profitable to all. Everybody is invited to come to investigate this truth. Parties desiring programs should notify the secretary of the same at once.

Orrin J. Dickey, Secretary.

Belfast, Me.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.

The regular vaudeville season opened here Monday, July 13, with Guy Brothers' Minstrels in the open-air theatre on the Highlands. The show is of high grade talent and the large patronage, aggregating five hundred people at each performance, attests to its appreciation.

Sunday afternoon, July 12, we held a well-attended conference in the afternoon, with Vice-President Alice S. Waterhouse as chairman. The speakers were Mrs. E. M. Shirley, Mrs. E. A. Lincoln, E. B. Woodbury, Mrs. Minnie Guilford, Dr. C. L. Willis and the writer. Mr. George Cleveland had charge of the music. Mr. Cleveland's artistic taste is manifest in all parts of the grounds. The decorations of the open-air theatre, the handsome flower beds at the entrance to the grounds and on the bluff, and the bouquets that decorate the platform at each meeting, is the work of Messrs. George Cleveland and Albert Valentine. Long may they sojourn with us! The terraces at the station with their rockeries, flower beds, arch and landscape gardening, comprise a veritable bower of beauty.

There seems to be a good-natured rivalry among the cottagers as to who shall have the

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most attractive summer house, which is resulting in a decided improvement in the appearance of the grounds.

The attendance will be large this season. I have received more applications for circulars and letters of inquiry, regarding cottages, tents, rooms, board and rates, than during any previous season of my eight years' service as secretary of the association.

The dances in the pavilion are more popular than ever, and the hosts of young people here test the capacity of the building.

Two years ago it was my proud boast that I knew about everyone on the grounds, or could locate him for the telephone or express messenger, but this season the people are coming in so rapidly by every train that even with the assistance of our popular postmaster, Herbert S. Streeter, I find it hard to keep up my record. All hail to our new friends, and constancy for the old ones!

Philip Yeaton, the proprietor of the Lake Pleasant Hotel, between caring for guests already here and preparing for those coming, has his hands full, and assures me that in a short time his house will be like his hands—full.

Among recent arrivals were: Mr. and Mrs. Wm. P. Davis, Dr. and Mrs. C. F. P. Birchmore, Mr. and Mrs. Brewster, Miss Mary Moore and Mr. L. S. Collins, Guy Brothers and a company of fifteen people, Jesse R. Stratton and family, George C. Allen, wife and son; Mrs. Washburn and children, Misses Jennie E. Harvey and Alafretta Curry, Misses Gertrude and Laura Sloan, Miss Clara Heilmann and brother, F. A. Baker, the Misses Freeland, Kate M. Eddy and mother, Mrs. and Miss Stockwell, Mrs. R. Robbins, and a host of others yet registered. The Banner of Light will be well represented by Mr. Eldridge of Boston, who is here and will take subscriptions, act as agent for its books and as special correspondent. Albert P. Blinn, clerk.

M. V. S. A. Camp.

MT. PLEASANT PARK, CLINTON, IOWA.

The simple announcement that the time is near at hand for again opening the camp at Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa, is sufficient to thrill its many patrons with pleasant memories and great anticipations. The meeting begins August 2, and closes August 30.

Some of the best talent in the spiritual ranks has been engaged, among them being H. D. Barrett, W. J. Colville, Mrs. Helen Russeque, Moses Hull, Prof. W. F. Peck and Miss Elizabeth Harlow, while Mrs. Georgia G. Cooley, J. Homer Altemus of Washington, D. C., and Mrs. Josie Folsom will voice the messages from the platform, thus demonstrating their own grade of work.

The park was never more beautiful than at this season. Its trees, grass and plants are in fine condition, while its attractive cottages and cozy tents are charmingly inviting. And here I might make special mention of the tent life, which many prefer because of its novelty, its freedom and its pure air. By writing to Mr. J. C. Blodgett, Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa, a tent can be secured at a cost of \$1.75 to \$5 per week. Cots, comforters, chairs and all paraphernalia necessary to make a complete outfit can be rented from the Association at an additional small cost.

"And in the unquestioned freedom of the tent
Body and o'eraxed mind to healthful ease
unbent."

A good Lodging Hotel is centrally located on the grounds, while the spacious dining hall will be under the management of Mr. F. E. Bills, which is a guarantee that even the most fastidious will be pleased with the meals. The restaurant is being rebuilt, from which lunches, fruits, creams, etc., can be obtained at all hours. In fact a well-stocked grocery store is here connected and food of all kinds can be purchased so reasonable as to make the living cost less than in your own home.

Camp concerts, dances, afternoon teas and other amusements are furnished for the enjoyment and entertainment of the campers, to say nothing of the various phenomenal seances which are held each evening in the different cottages, thus making Mt. Pleasant Park one of the liveliest and most attractive camps in the west.

The Diamond J. Line of steamers grants a rate of one transportation fare for the round trip from all points between St. Paul and St. Louis. The scenery along the river line is most enchanting and may truly be termed "fleeing glimpses of nature's unspoiled magnificence."

The Western Passenger Association has granted a rate of a fare and a third for the round trip on the certificate plan. Tickets to be purchased on July 30, 31 and August 1, and thereafter on Tuesday and Friday during the continuance of the meeting, good to return three days after the close.

Mt. Pleasant Park Camp has been the solace and comfort of thousands whose souls were yearning and seeking for spiritual food. It has been the message bearer of countless numbers from the world of invisibles. Come, friends, and help us make it the radiating centre of the west.

For announcements and further particulars address
Mollie B. Anderson,
M. V. S. A. Secretary.

Activities—Vibrations—Nicknames—Fads.

It is well that skeptics criticize. Conflicts educate. Friction evokes fire. Stagnation has no nerves to feel or brain to think. Unrest is the prelude to all accomplishment. Supreme repose cannot endure. Progression shocks the dead calm. Trials enlarge the soul. Pain is promise. It hurts to grow. We tire of monotony, even if it be in the most pleasant and restful joyousness. I do not like the extreme vibratory materialism that relegates love, memory and all moral qualities to mechanics. For aught we know, all matter may vibrate in numberless places and varying rates. But if so, what is it but a form of expression for principles, potencies, and ideas? A word, a wall, a sunlit, makes a dent in a plane of consciousness, and it stays there 50, 60, 80 years. Who is authorized to say it is lost in the change that leads the entire conscious soul out of the prison of flesh, and bears it on in a natural ascent, with not a line of character erased? The letters on this page may be called vibrations, but if they are, they are static vibrations, which give no sign. To call a pebble a form of thought does not change its character. It is a pebble still. I enjoy Dr. Peebles' "Flashes" and agree with most that he writes. His wide acquaintance with men of all faiths, and no faith, gives his writings an interest, besides the spiritual glow he puts in his words. He still clings to that cacophonous epithet "spiritist" for the class of ab-

derlans who have not grown into the Spiritual Classics. Well, some people need special words, and phrases, to enable them to realize that babies are not men until they grow and that all men are but babies more matured. I do not like the word spiritism or spiritist, and do not owe any man or class of men such a grudge as to lumber them with it. But variety is the rule in all life, and so philosophers and sages must have their fads, and nicknames and be happy while they can.

I rejoice to know that Brother Barrett is again on duty with rising health and hopes that will not down at the bidding of adverse fate. But his enthusiasm and interest in the Cause may rush him past the danger line and defeat his plans if he doesn't put on the brakes and go slow.

Mrs. Howe is again on the body-side, but I hope it will be only temporal. She endures less at each hitch in the health grade and thus the mortal boundaries weaken and crumble, to make room for the rising, expanding spirit. We were surprised to read of the change of Wm. P. Stone of Waverly, N. Y., whom we have known for nearly 30 years. The old landmarks are rapidly disappearing.

Lyman C. Howe.

Fredonia, N. Y.

A Visit to Emerson.

J. M. Peebles, M. D.

It was on a hazy, dreamy October afternoon many years ago that by pre-arrangement Ralph Waldo Emerson met me at the Concord station and conducted me into his library.

Though courteous, by the way, he was not chary. As we passed along by his weed-festered garden he quietly remarked, casting his eye over the fence: "This garden indicates that I have another and different one"—meaning, of course, his library.

This was the choicest and richest afternoon and evening of my life. In passing through his magnificent library he became talkative, and especially so when reference was made to Oriental works or series of works on Grecian history.

Say not to me that Emerson's nature was cold and icy, reflecting only the crystalline side of life. To those sufficiently exalted rightly to translate him he was warm, fresh and golden. His soul feeds ours. Abiding in such love as his, we drink at his living fount of ideas, thrive upon his inspirational truths, bathe in his dreamy mysticisms, and feel the influx of eternal youth. Emerson wisely wrote:

"This early dream of love, though beautiful, is only one scene in our life-play. In the procession of the soul from within outward it enlarges its circles, like light proceeding from an orb. It passes from loving one to loving all; and so, this one beautiful soul opens the divine door through which he enters the society of all true and pure souls. Thus in our first years we are put in training for a love which knows neither sex, person, nor partiality; but which seeks virtue and wisdom everywhere to the end of increasing virtue and wisdom."

Souls require no introduction. The recognition is intuitional. Meeting a noble soul that knows our soul, we indulge the pleasing truth to us, that we knew the loved one in a pre-existent state, and delicious were the delicate experiences in the sweet realms of blessedness. Too ethereal were the workings of that inner consciousness, then, to be now projected into the external memory of earth's sordid masses, cloyed with the cares of this material life.

"'Tis somewhere told in Eastern story,
That those who loved once bloomed as flowers
On the same stem, amid the glory
Of Eden's green and fragrant bowers;
And that, though parted off by fate,
Yet in the glow of life is ended,
Each soul again shall find its mate,
And in one bloom again be blended."

While Thomas Carlyle worshiped force—a king being to him a man that can and does—while John Stuart Mill continued to scatter incense upon the altar of original ideas, be it ours to do homage at the sacred shrine of love—a love pure, Platonic and universal. Such germinating from the soul's centre, summering eternal in the brain's crystal dome and looking tenderly toward the infinite in all humanity, is not passionate, selfish, nor exacting. It does not demand attention, talks not of duty, lusts not after virtue, but trusts in principle—law—liberty—God!

Love—pure, unselfish love, guided by wisdom, is the great redemptive power; for, as the beloved John, when rapt in inspiration, said, "God is love."—Magazine of Mysteries.

There is a little sentence
Worth its weight in gold,
Easy to remember,
Easy to be told,
Changing into blessing
Every curse we meet,
Turning hell to heaven—
This is all: Keep sweet.—Ex.

Then let us live today!
Tomorrow comes, and we are where?
—Schiller.



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