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LIFE.

Ceaselessly, silently through the light,
The shadows wake, and it is night.
Slumber,—Tired Soul! and dream of flowers,
For with the morn—fall again life's showers.
Once more the green-dyed boughs shall bear,
And whiten with God's first, so fair.
Another year,—and Spring smiles in!
Miracle of Miracles!—He has pardoned sin.

Inner Elements of Success: Purpose.

Rev. Wilson Fritch.

Seventy-five years ago an eighteen year old boy living at Cape Cod resolved to go to Boston and make his fortune. For a day he sought employment, but failed. He became somewhat disheartened and thought of returning. But he could not bear to confess failure, so he resolved to try to make a place for himself in Boston. Next day he found a board of a suitable size and fixed it up as an oyster stand on the corner of the street. He borrowed a wheelbarrow, went three miles to an oyster smack, bought three bushels of oysters and wheeled them into the city. He was very much elated at selling the three bushels that day, and pleased with the profits he made. He kept repeating this process day after day for months, until he had accumulated one hundred and thirty odd dollars. He bought him a horse and cart and moved his store inside. He continued in this business for some years. He had made a place for himself in the city. He was a Boston merchant. Prosperity succeeded prosperity in various lines until he became a millionaire.

His heart increased in its sympathies with his business prosperity, so that his beneficence became known. Because he felt the lack of education himself, he became especially ardent to make the way as easy as possible for the education of other young men and women; so he founded Boston University.

Of course now you recognize this Cape Cod boy as Isaac Rich, one of the most respected names among Boston merchants.

A little later in Cleveland, Ohio, a young man was sent by his father, a grocer, to a near by college. The young man did not like to study very well. He liked much better to do some practical work. Getting into a little difficulty in college, he turned aside and went to work upon the streets.

This man in after years said he read an account of the college president something like this: "Well, now, this boy has found his place." This young man, Mark Hanna, was clad in overalls, and was doing the most common labor upon the street. He said that he himself thought he was in his place, and that he was never ashamed of that situation. His father died shortly after and the young man had to conduct the grocery business. He mastered it, and in a few years passed to a larger sphere of mercantile life, became a trader in pig iron, studied the business thoroughly, not only the handling of the iron itself, but the mines from which the iron was taken, and the coal that was necessary, and the smelting, and the means of transportation; so that he came to own the ships of transportation upon the Great Lakes. From this he passed to the ownership of railroads until he had men employed in almost every part of the eastern section of this land, from the base of the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic seaboard. He increased in mental power, and he increased in the success of his mercantile pursuits. He became one of the most influential men in politics, of this country, whatever may be our opinion as to the wisdom of his theories.

At the same time a Scotch boy eleven years old was employed in Allegheny in a cotton mill. He received the sum of \$1.20 a week. After toiling for some months in this situation, he was promoted to run the engine of the establishment, but his salary was not increased. A little later he was called into the office as a messenger boy. Years afterwards, speaking of that change, he says it gave him some idea of what Paradise must be like to get out of the dirty engine room into the office, where there were a few books, paper and pencils. This boy continued to apply himself and prosper until at twenty-five years he was at the head of one of the greatest industries America ever had. His heart went out in beneficence. It is said that Mr. Andrew Carnegie has given to more than one hundred and twenty different cities and towns public institutions, mostly libraries, but also other institutions of learning.

We might go on to enumerate the very successful business men, but these serve my purpose. We may also call to our minds the success of men in various professional lines. Russell Conwell, for instance, born in the Berkshires Hills, Mass., and inured to the hardships of a boy's life amid those hills, struggling to educate himself, reading all the books that he could lay his hands upon, finally entering Yale College, and turning

aside from that course to help fight the battles of his country. He still, however, adhered to his purpose of acquiring an education. He read books of science, of poetry. It is said Mrs. Browning's poems especially fascinated this young, bright and growing mind. When the war came to a close he returned to his studies, and graduated from a law school in New York. At the age of forty he entered upon his great life-work,—his church in Philadelphia, the largest congregation in the world,—not only having his thousands to minister to by preaching to them from Sunday to Sunday, but having, in connection with the church itself, the great college suited to help young men and women who, because of their condition financially, cannot enter the regular universities of the land. In addition to this, at the head of a great hospital that ministers the blessings of Jesus in the spirit of the Master through suffering thousands year by year in that city. I suppose the lecture that has been most popular in modern times is Russell Conwell's lecture entitled "Acres of Diamonds." It was through those years of toil he was being prepared for that lecture. He saw the sparkle of those diamonds in the hardships he endured.

Coming nearer home, Edward Everett Hale, one of the grand names of the world, fitted himself in Harvard University and went forth to minister to his fellow men. He is not only a preacher of the gospel, but a minister of the gospel, refusing to be called a clergyman, rather choosing the name minister or servant; and this is not a matter of words with him. After preaching for four years as a free lance in various places, he settled in a pastorate at Worcester, where he continued ten years. He then went to Boston, where for forty-six years he has been the pastor of one of the powerful churches of that city, and still continues in the love of his people, and, like John in the old days, shining forth the beneficence of his love upon the congregation.

Charles W. Elliot is another notable name among the living. His wonderfully successful presidency of Harvard University has continued for thirty-four years.

I have cited these names, most of them names of the living, because we sometimes forget that the principles that were conducive to business and professional prosperity thousands of years ago are still the principles of prosperity, of real success. These persons succeeded because they saw an ideal of life and they adhered to that ideal; they had a purpose.

Isaac Rich might have continued on Cape Cod and never have heard of, might have accomplished some useful things down there possibly, but it would not have been possible to enter upon such a large sphere as his purpose in life brought him to.

Sometimes people seem to feel that the men who succeed do so through some trick. Especially is this true of business success. And sometimes they get the strange opinion that all the men who have succeeded in great business enterprises have been unfair, but that is usually a feeling of envy. I do not say these men have all been perfect in all their dealings, nevertheless I think they have been characters of strong integrity.

It is said that recently a man prepared a lecture on the reasons of failure, and that he might speak with greater wisdom upon the subject, he sent out questions asking forty of the most successful living men of our times in business and professional life to tell in their answers the causes of failures that they had noticed. Of course I cannot expect to enumerate, but simply point out the fact that not one of the specified causes was that anybody ever failed because he was too honest—not at all. They do not say that anybody failed because he had a high purpose in life and resolved to adhere to it.

Sometimes people think that it is possible to be so honest as to make success impossible, but among these answers there is not even a hint of such a thing. Nobody ever failed because he was too honest, but multitudes have failed because they were not honest, not mainly, did not have a high purpose in life.

One would think that luck would have a good deal to do with success in the line of invention. When we speak of inventors our minds at once turn to Mr. Edison, who has been called the wizard of these years; but Mr. Edison says that he never happened upon but one thing in the way of an invention, and that was the phonograph. All his other inventions—and he has taken out 765 patents,—he brought out by diligent application, and with good humor he says: "I like to work; some men like to collect postage stamps." It is because of purpose, application, belief in ideas, that this man has so succeeded. It is reported that he sometimes becomes so earnest in the pursuit of an idea, that in following a purpose along the line of invention he forgets his dinner and social engagements. We can easily pardon these things as long as we have a man that is so inspired by the deep purpose of his life. Then, too, he regards this work as a kind of consecration. He says he has not time

to try to invent curiosities, but he has confined most of his inventions to useful things for mankind.

All these are illustrations of the theme that I bring to you of the second element. I have said that the first element of success is poise, but hard upon that is purpose. Without purpose little is accomplished that is worth while in business or professional life.

Someone asked Mr. Lincoln what there was in the generalship of Grant that was especially remarkable, and Lincoln's reply was, "The one great thing in Grant is his persistency of purpose. He is not easily excited. He has the grip of a bull dog. When he gets his teeth in once, you cannot shake him off." This is in harmony with the celebrated saying of Grant, as he was drawing his forces around Richmond: "I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." When that resolution was once made, it was virtually the end of the Rebellion! So it still remains true,

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

And what is true of success in outward sense is true also of the success of intellectual culture and the success of character.

Many of the business men to whom we refer, in later years, when they had accumulated their wealth, set about to found institutions of learning. They wanted to make education easier for other young men, hence they have given libraries, colleges and rich endowments to universities. The endowments that have been made in recent years to American universities are simply wonderful. The sum seems to be fabulous. This generosity grows out of the hearts of these men. They have been successful and they want to help others. But I fear sometimes these men forget that the very thing that made them strong was that university of hard knocks, and that they may make it so easy for other young men and women that they will not get the schooling in the development of will power.

Someone has said the supreme end of our existence in this world is the development and the education of the will. It is very certain whatever other faculties may be developed, if the will remains weak the person will accomplish very little in this life. He cannot do very much. He is driven here and there by the shifting circumstances of his life.

Joseph Jefferson, in a very humorous article, tells why so many people are insignificant. He says the thing is so easy. All you have to do is to be without purpose and earnestness. Men that achieve something not only, but the men that have something intellectual, the men that have the power of clear thought are men that have applied themselves to something.

We have often noted the fact that the youths who have gone through college, working their own way, are the ones who become the more powerful—I do not say in every case, but in most cases. I wonder whether the real reason is not that the struggle for tangible things—to get money to provide the means of education—brings a greater development than they get from the study of books and the recitation of lessons. They are compelled to face actualities, to realize the substantial things of life. They cannot spend their time in dreams. The imagination has its office, but when the imagination loses its foothold upon the earth, it becomes a delusion. When there is the practical part of life to call us to ourselves, then the imagination becomes a wonderful power in the development of the soul.

My experience with men, which has not been much, indeed, has yet led me to see that oftentimes, men who have been devoted to some practical line of service in business pursuits or professional lines, whether they have been much inside the school or not, are the men most thoroughly educated. They have gotten control of themselves. They are not driven here and there by the force of circumstances. They have poise more than any other class of people in the world. They have come to think clearly, to keep cool, and to stand firmly upon their feet. So that the idea of applying one's self to a special line, holding one's self to a great purpose means not only success in the outward sense, but in the cultivation of the mind, success in the building up of character. Men that can be trusted are usually those that have persisted in a great purpose.

Think of Walter Scott—the honesty of the man! You know about the middle of his life he found himself involved in debt. Failure was before him—financial failure. His debts amounted to \$600,000. He had no means of paying those debts except his pen. He set himself deliberately to write books, and kept on writing books, until by their proceeds that debt should be entirely liquidated. He succeeded. That meant years of toil. His own schooling in noble purpose and his years of application to that purpose developed in him nobleness of character.

Franklin wrote on the elements of char-

acter, and day by day marked his failure or success. It must have been very influential in the development of that calm, great soul, to whom the patriots turned in the critical period of the American Revolution.

We should have a purpose then, and we should see something in this world to which we shall be true, no matter what consequences may result as to ease, pleasure, reputation—principles of the kingdom of God that consist not of meat and drink but righteousness and peace and joy in the holy quest. Then practically these things must be realized by application to some specific work, some useful work in the world. It does not make so much difference what it is. Happy are we if we find the thing for which we are best fitted, but there ought to be something that day by day receives our energy, our devotion. Whatever it may be, let us apply ourselves to something, and by that application we lose the consciousness of the vexing ills of life.

We cry out in the midst of toil, of pain, as Paul did: "Not in despair, but in exaltation of spirit; this one thing I do." All other things must turn aside for this one thing.

When we come to the ideal of life which ought to constitute our primary purpose, and the minor things, that in the pursuance of that higher purpose, shape our conduct from day to day, I think we can find nothing better than George Eliot's "Choir Invisible," that noble aspiration, that cherishing of principles of helpfulness.

O, may I join the choir invisible,
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence, Live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like
stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's
search
To vaster issues
So to live is heaven.

To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man,
So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed and agonized
With widening retrospect that bred despair,
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
A vicious parent shaming still its child
Poor anxious penitence, is quick dissolved,
Its discords quenched by meeting harmonies,
Die in the large and charitable air,
And all our rarer, better, truer self,
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
That watched to ease the burthen of the
world.

Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better—saw within
A worthier image for the sanctuary,
And shaped it forth before the multitude,
Divinely human raising worship so
To highest reverence more mixed with love—
That better self shall live till human time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb un-
read forever.

This is life to come
Which martyred men have made glorious
For us who strive to follow, may I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense,
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

Pen Flashes.

The Pilgrim-Peoples.

NO. 10.

This twentieth century is decidedly a noisy one, the huge railway engine, the steam calliope, the rattling street-drum, the elevated railroad, the electric fan, the hum of machinery, the type-writer, these with many other machinations of varied import conspire to make a noisy era. But there is one bright spot,—the rubber heel. Blessed be the inventor of the rubber heel and rubber sole!

Many are the things of this age that need "rubbering," modifying, smoothing, softening. Oh, for a Quaker meeting! Oh, for a Shaker meeting, followed by a quiet, orderly march to music.

We have largely conquered the elements, utilized electricity, cablegraphed the world by land and sea,—but noise, noise, and noises defy us. And the worst of all is, the masses mistake it for music, for mastery and for progress.

The bodily dead Pope Leo XIII for years was the recipient of a copious shower of gifts. His jubilee gifts alone amounted to \$25,275,000. And yet, professedly, he was the vice-regent of Jesus Christ, who "had not where to lay his head," and who pronounced it easier for a "camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven." The query now is, where is Pope Leo's soul?

Justice Brewer of the United States Supreme Court, says squarely: "Every man who takes part in the burning or lynching of a

negro is a murderer and should be so considered in the eyes of the law. I know that sentiment varies regarding this subject in different parts of the country. In the South the lynching of a negro who has committed an attack on a white girl is considered proper and just, just as is the summary shooting of the man who calls a Southerner a liar to his face. In neither case do I consider the circumstances extenuating in the least. The crime of lynching can be called nothing else than murder."

Mobbing, lynching, burning the accused, is by no means confined to the Southern States; nor to the negro. Indiana and Illinois have had a share in this horrible, beastly barbarism. On July 15 William Thacker, of Flemingsburg, Ky., a white man, was by a mob taken by force from jail, hung and riddled with bullets. No judge, no jury, no trial by law! Is it strange that a Japanese Consul to this country pronounced us "an uncivilized people in the West."

Painting and polishing up an old wagon does not make it a new one. A new shoddy suit may shine, but it is not durable. The warp and woof were old. There are some who think that new wordings and new methods make a new philosophy. The phrase "New Thought" sounds musical, and flows onward melliflously. I enjoy the rhythm of the flow; because the New Thought, if I understand it, is like Spiritualism, a direct affirmation, affirming that God is one, that life is one, that the spiritual is the real, that religion is innate and universal, that the soul is the living temple of God, that health and growth are from the center outward, that salvation is soul-unfoldment, that true thought and true living are the stepping stones to health, harmony and happiness. Spiritualism and the "New Thought" are one in spirit, the former laying greater stress on present angel ministries and the latter more stress upon spiritual thought-forces. Love cements and seals them in holy union for human betterment.

In the minds of the money-seeking masses "reality" and reality are synonyms. They are utterly unlike. Bonds, mortgages, houses, lands are as evanescent as the passing winds. In the late Kansas floods whole farms were swept out of existence in a single night by the changing currents of the river. The "reality" was gone. But such realities as soul, consciousness, love, intelligence, remained.

Georgia whirlwinds and Kansas cyclones last month swept away whole villages. Their "realities," such as houses, gold and silver, perished; but hope, faith, knowledge, spirituality—these realities remained, defying cyclones and tempests. At death we take with us not the world's realities, but the soul's attainments and realities.

It is often said that "doctors are butchers." Many of them are. They go about with pockets stuffed with surgical instruments. Those killed have the blessed comfort of knowing—or their friends do—that they were slain legally and scientifically. This is the sunny side of unskilful, good-purposed murder.

Vivisection—what merciless business! The number of living animals used in experiments last year in England was 14,906, of which 12,776 were performed upon without anesthetics. Some vivisections, "though necessarily painful to the animals, were not seriously so," says the official report.

Vivisection, as the reader knows, is the dissection, the cutting into dogs, cats, rabbits, guinea pigs, pigeons, horses, etc., for the assumed purpose of obtaining a better knowledge of the physiological structure of human beings. Is the knowledge—if any is gained—justifiable at the expense of so much pain, suffering and torture of poor innocent creatures? Vivisection's laboratories may well be called "chambers of horrors."

It is historically reported that some 2,000 years B. C., at a famous medical university in Alexandria, there was a laboratory for vivisectioning human beings. Why not revive the practice? How many vivisection advocates would volunteer to be vivisectioned and dissected alive? Said the noted English vivisectioner, W. Rutherford, M. D., "I show the fact on the dog, leaving it to others to experiment on man. . . . The experiments must be tried on man before a conclusion can be drawn."

"Fourteen children in the Foundling Hospital, Stockholm, were vivisectionally operated upon, because calves were hard to procure and keep," said Dr. Carl Jansen in a lecture before the Swedish physicians.

Many women have already gone upon surgeon's operating tables, and been vivisectioned, so far as the removal of the uterus and ovaries were concerned, thus absolutely unsexing them.

Why would it not be a good plan for these infuriated mobs that are now lynching and burning and roasting negroes at the stake, to

(Continued on page 4.)

OF LIFE AND DEATH.

We talked of life and death. She said:
"Whoever of us two first dies
Shall come back from among the dead
And teach his friend these mysteries."

She died last night, and all this day
I swear that things of every kind
Are trying, trying to convey
Some message to my troubled mind.

I looked up from my tears erewhile;
That white rose lying in the cup
Was gazing at me with her smile—
It blushed her blush as I looked up.

It paled then with an agony
Of effort to express me aught
That would, I think, bring peace to me
Could I but guess, and I cannot.

And when the wind rose at my door
It clamored with a plaintive din
Like some poor creature begging sore
To be let in. I let it in.

It blew my light out; round my head
It whirled, and swiftly in my ear
Had whispered something ere it fled;
It had her voice, so low, so dear.

The looking-glass this livelong day
Has worn that curious, meaning air;
I feel it when I look away
Reflecting things that are not there.

For hours no breath of wind has stirred;
Yet bends the lamp's flame as if fanned;
The clock says o'er and o'er a word,
But I—O God! can't understand.

Gertrude Hall, in The Independent.

Was It the Same Woman?

A STUDY.

Mary F. Blanchard

Author of "A Story of Psyche."

"And never, O never the human soul
A longing feels beyond control,
That can be counted all a dream,
For somewhere in God's perfect scheme
The answer is."

Though the thing seem wonderful to thee—
All we who live have thus lived before.—H.
Tidder Haggard.

PROEM.

The Patient.

The city physician attended with patient
men the thousand and one steps that led
from the lower floor to the upper regions of
the squalid skyscraper, up, up, to where was
the last landing of the floor, a long hall in
shape like the letter T. Here, his hand on
the battered post that supported the un-
painted battered balustrade, he paused. The
hall had a window in it, ample enough for
light had it been clean, but clouded as it was
with the grime of years, it scarcely served
the purpose for which it was originally
meant, though in time of an eclipse it might
have done duty as smoked glass, and that it
was to all intents and purposes the year
round. Indeed, so ill-lit was the building at
all points, even in summer weather, and
now it was a March day—rainy, dark, and
that the sun seemed perpetually in shadow;
and the doctor, lingering by the stairs, with
the wet dripping from the hem of his new
mackintosh, and making little puddles at his
feet, found some difficulty in discerning ob-
jects clearly. He put on his glasses and
examined such portions of the wall as he
could see, but nothing met his view save
patches of broken plaster alternating with
lathing, from which the lime had been gone
for a full decade, showing chinks between.
These answered as peepholes for the tenants
in spring on each other in time of a visita-
tion of the police, a not infrequent honor
conferred on them by officials. One old man
who dreaded them most of all because of his mis-
doings with false coin, watching the silent
figure by the stairs, mistook him for a "cop"
and wondered what on earth he was doing
there, and if he himself was to have the dis-
tinction of supping that night at the cost of
the city of New York.

Meantime, unconscious of the dread he was
causing in the breast of the old forger, the
doctor glanced at a door at the head of the
stairs that stood ajar; the odors of fried
onions issued forth, intermingled with the
fumes of suds, and the tones of a woman's
voice, pitched in the strident note of the
virago, as she berated an offender, empha-
sizing her logic with sundry drubbings—prob-
ably administered with the clothes' stick. A
boy's shrieks mingled with her own, as wolf
howls in unison with wolf—barks, that
voiced rather than pain. Indifferent to the
clamor, for he knew what wisdom lies in
mind one's own concerns, the doctor
stepped into the lower passage and went on
down the aisle of evil smells, examining the
walls as he passed along. This part of the
hall was narrower than the other and had
doors opening on either side, all in various
stages of dilapidation. Each was a placard
advertising poverty and bad housekeeping.

Suddenly, one of them flew open, and a
young man, burdened with much flesh on his
short stature, and with a "beefy" face and
bloodshot, angry eyes, reeled out into the
entry and made towards the stairs. Unwittingly
he ran into the forger, who had crept
forth from his den and was peering round the
angle at the supposed policeman; with an
oath the drunkard aimed a blow at the other's
head, and, missing the mark, he staggered and
fell heavily against the railing, and so sank
to the floor all of a heap, where, after much
senseless drive by way of threats, he finally
dozed off into a drunken slumber.

It was plain to be seen that the civilization
of this section had not yet reached that stage
which evolves the broom. In the litter that
strewn the floor from one end to the other,
among some shards of crockery and frag-
ments of old boots and whatnot, a billet of
wood attracted the doctor's gaze; this he
drew into his hand and fell to whittling, like
the veritable American that he was, till he
had brought one end to a sharp point; where-
upon he drove the plug into an interstice in
the wall and so had what he wanted. Then
he stripped off his ulster and hung it on the
peg he had prepared, topping it with his hat,
a broad-leaf favorite in gray felt.

He was a tall, graceful-looking man, with
an oval face, grave in its habitual expression,
and with eyes of steady blue, whose gaze was
direct and penetrating; a good man despite
that chill exterior which had won for him the
claim to unamiability. A man whose pivotal
trait was moderation; one of those alien souls
who look on life as an atrocious spectacle,
like the shows of Nero, and who, being de-
nied the power to mitigate its cruelties, go
about their business, without comment. One
of those men who could pity the peasant were
it not that he disgusted them. From such a
nature we get not the philanthropist, and
so as he made a halt at the far end of the
hall, that is at the bottom of the T, a cloud
of figure rattled on the features of Rolvin
Lakin, as though what lay the other side the
panel held for him something of distaste.

His visit to this noisome nest of poverty
was one of business, pure and simple,
but back of that, urging him on to duty, was
the sweet cajolery of two rose red lips which
had said within the hour, "She is alone; be
good to her; she suffers."

A half-starved cat rubbed her famished
sides against his ankle; he bent and stroked
softly her broken fur; from a room hard by
there came an ailing baby's fretful moan and
the sound of rockers, one of which was loose
and made a clacking noise as the chair
screaked back and forth over the bare boards
of the floor, letting it drop and catching it
again in its wooden jaw on the downward
tilt; the scolding words floated down the
alley on little gusts of wrath and mixed them-
selves with the laughter of some children at
play on one of the lower floors. "A merry
hell to die in," muttered Lakin, "one of those
places over whose doors should be written
that famous line of Dante's, 'Whoever enters
here leaves hope behind!'"

He knocked on the dingy portal.
"Come!" said a voice.
The doctor obeyed the summons, pausing
on the threshold in the pleasant way he had
of entering a sick room, like one who comes
to break bread and make merry, rather than
to fight with worthless drugs some baffling
disease, which originated in another genera-
tion, as a result of wrong ways of living.

Now, it so happened that Lakin had a sister
who, by the family, had been playfully
dubbed "Aunt Charity," because of her
Samaritan proclivities. The room he now en-
tered had been taken by her several months
before in behalf of a stranger, whom she
found in an old cellar lying on a bag of filthy
rags, half dead from hunger and the fret of
some "inward agony" for which the doctors
as yet had found no remedy.

Michael, the hired man, who had helped to
purge the attic, in honor of her coming, had
prophesied ingratitude on the part of the
protégée who would occupy it. "Feed the
hungry, and the minute he gets his belly full,
he'll go, he'll up and sass you for yer pains.
I never knew it fall that bread cast on the
waters is never fit to ate won't it returns.
It's bad luck to do good. Dades' o' kindness
have strange way of changing into curses
and coming home to roost in their new feath-
ers. Better let the wench feed at the city
stall, where she belongs, and take no stock in
charity. Heartbreak will come soon enough,
swate Nina, without yez setting traps for it,
balave me."

But Nina, all enthusiasm, paid no heed,
more than to laugh gaily at the cynic as he
tugged and blustered through the cleansing
ceremonies, aided by his wife, with her deal
of suds. Then came the day when the room
was fit to live in. She had neatly covered
with old newspapers the walls and ceiling,
doing much of the work herself. She had
plundered the home garret without scruple,
and borne to the strangeerie a little cast
iron stove, which today was doing duty as
a comforter; an old lounge, with a carriage
robe that served it as a coverlet; a stand, a
little mirror and one or two simple pictures.
The floor was partly covered with a square
of Brussels carpeting, worn to the warp and
faded, but in keeping.

The room had a charm for Lakin, because
in his youth, in a farmhouse in Vermont,
where he was born, he had slept in a nook so
decorated. The perfume of Life was just
above the headboard, he remembered. And
so, today, though sharing the doubts of
Michael with regard to the utility of well do-
ing, the cloud passed from his brow as he
stood before his patient, a woman some fifty
years of age, who was sitting up in a com-
fortable looking bed, with, over her shoulders,
a scarlet knitted shawl. Her hair, which was
of dark brown, and clustered about her neck
in a tangle of silky curls, had not a gray
thread in it, but she looked old, all the same,
because of the lines of care stamped on her
face and the weariness and suffering that
gazed forth on the world out of her wistful
eyes, brown eyes, infinitely pathetic in ex-
pression, that appealed to the sympathies, as
do the eyes of Keats.

"You are late, doctor," she said in a tired
voice, though with none of that whine
peculiar to the invalid.

"Five minutes," said Lakin, smiling. He
glanced at a clock, his one contribution to
the furnishings, which stood on a little shelf
over the bed. He saw she had lost ground
since his last visit; she seemed distressed.
This was so unusual that after awhile he
said, "What is it, Barbara?"

"Nothing," she said, and turned her face
away.

The physician frowned and sat down by the
stand. It had some phials on it, a bowl of
hothouse pansies and fruit in a toy basket.
He made room for his elbow, leaned his fore-
head wearily on his hand and sat and
thought. The case baffled him. There were
symptoms of spinal difficulty, but the ailment
which had been pronounced in turn by the
various leeches with whom he had conferred,
cancer, indigestion, imagination, he could not
diagnose. He was a man wholly frank and
impatient of duplicity in others. "I can do
nothing for you at this rate," he said, irri-
tably. "Keep nothing back. Is the pain
worse than usual?"

The patient turned towards him with a
grim smile on the pallor of her face. "Worse
than usual, doctor."

"This day is bad for sick folk," he said,
slowly, his eyes fixed on her face, whose look
of suppressed derision told him in what light
his powers were held; and this to a man who
was trying to do good, with no faith in the
business, was discouraging. After a while he
said, "You will brighten with the morn-
ing."

The far off look he hated came to her eyes.
"With the morning—yes—I shall be satisfied,"
she answered.

"Where is that wine?" he asked, looking
about him with the uneasiness that a man
feels at the approach of sentiment.

The woman hesitated, a tinge of color crept
into her cheeks and her eyes darkened. "I
have a precious step-son," she said, bitterly.
"Yes?" said Lakin, puzzled. What had
that to do with the matter in hand, he won-
dered. At that moment the chair under him,
—a frail affair in canvas,—made signs of giv-
ing way. He rose and glanced about him.
"I thought there was a rocker," he said, ab-
sently, and, seeing no better substitute, he
thrust the lounge forward and sat on the
arm of that, and began to toss out into a
glass some drops of red liquid from a phial.

"A woman sick abed must relinquish to a
step-son—just home from the penitentiary,
whatever he sees fit to appropriate to him-
self for his own comfort. The chair he stole last
night and sold for rum; the wine—I gave him
that for sake of peace."

The physician was not particularly im-
pressed. He had heard such things before
many a time among the lower classes. Of
the woman's history he knew nothing and
cared less. She was one of the many waifs
of a great city and had a past behind her,
as waifs do; it did not act at all matter. But
being of gentle heart and also under bonds
to play the comforter, he said in his grave
way, "Fret no more about it; you shall have
wine in plenty, likewise a new chair."

Barbara colored to the roots of her brown
curls. "Oh, doctor," she said, in a shocked
tone, "it is not that at all. Let me explain;
he is my husband's son; he has no home, no
money, no occupation, no desire for work—
and so he has come to me, an invalid and a
pauper, to support him! Here he will remain
as long as I do—and steal what there is left.
That does not matter, maybe; what does
matter is this: Nina must not visit me any
more, not while he is here, certainly. He is
holding high revelry this morning with a coryn-
ch of his, who lodges on this floor. I would not
have her meet him for the world; he might
annoy her in future begging for money, food,
shelter—anything—ugh! the mere thought
makes me shiver."

Said Lakin, the light breaking in, "I think

I met him just now in the passage. A thick-
set fellow, is he?"

The woman made a gesture of assent and
infinite disdain. "He last night struck at me
with his fist, a trick learned of his father,
who, one morning, after a wild night over his
cup, threw me down a stairway, to indicate
his displeasure with things in general. Hence,
this spinal hurt, from the effects of which
I have suffered ever since. That was
five years ago; death was kind and took him
to his kingdom the next season—the only
good that came to me from the marriage."
Lakin held the glass to her lips, and she
drank to please him, though she hated medi-
cine. "You excite yourself with these memo-
ries," he expostulated. "Lie down and let
me read to you awhile. When life grows
bitter turn to books for comfort, they rarely
fail to heal. Books are nepenthe."

Some volumes lay on the shelf; he reached
and took the top one of the lot, as he did so
there fell from it on to the bed a string of
rosary beads. Barbara quickly covered it
with her hand and afterwards slipped it into
the sleeve of her robe. Lakin opened the
book at random and read the first passage
he came to: "Turn ye back to this earth
and climb anew the Calvary of experience,
how much the soul might gain by such a pro-
cess! To have a new body, new ancestry, to
be of another nation, if need be, enveloped by
a wholly fresh environment, think you not
there would be no gain in that, no latent fac-
ulties now dormant in the spirit that would
not then unfold, no joy of love that has not
yet opened on the spirit, no wealth of lore
which now is unattainable? What his armor
is to the pearl diver, reincarnation is to the
soul of man, a means of gaining knowledge,
without which it would be beyond his reach."
Lakin, beginning to look bored, turned to the
title page and continued, "Reincarnation, A
Doctrine of the Ancients. What Nonsense!"
he said, disgusted, and read no more.

Barbara looked at him a little wistfully.
"You think it not possible?" she asked.
The physician opened his eyes in a frank
stare of astonishment, as though she had
asked if he believed in the Afrit of the
bottle. "Possible? The thing is preposi-
terous, the dream of idiots. A full-fledged
spirit condensing himself to harmonize with
the conditions of gestation, for the privilege
of being born, and then floundering through
existence like an ox in a quagmire, never
sure-footed one step of the way, and pur-
sued by the giddy, care, which stings and
wounds us, without mercy, till death takes
pity and drives us into his carol, on one of
his grand round-ups. Whatever gain is to
be gotten from crossing the morass a second
time, I leave to others; for myself, I prefer
pressing forward to the goal, whether it be
Canaan or Nirvana."

"Is it not possible that the goal could be
reached the sooner by repeating the can-
cerous, as a preliminary to preparing for
the contest, makes over and over and over
the same stroke, in order to perfect himself
in motion? When I enter the spirit world I
shall ask of the powers that be two little
favors: first, to rest awhile; next, to re-
turn to earth and lead life over, not in de-
fect and sorrow, as at present, but under the
broad sunshine of prosperity. To be some-
body and to know what life really is, out-
side the world; to know how it seems to flaunt
a silken train over palace floors, and to have
that palace mine and all things in it—and to
be a woman, and to be adored."

"For this you would barter heaven?"
"For a time, yes. Heaven is a blessing
that can wait. I want one earthly life that
is all mine, unspoiled by others; a life of the
senses, a full beaker, with beaded bubbles
winking at the brim, and let me drain it to
my heart's content. Afterwards, I would
try and endure Paradise, out of gratitude.
It seems to me a rather insipid ecstasy, and
obscure, like the mummeries of Carnival."

Dr. Lakin turned his gaze on his patient
in the first real interest he had ever felt in
her personally. Who was this woman who
was quoting Keats, with the salt of wit on
her lips, and those dying eyes of hers so beau-
tiful and pathetic in their longing?

"There is no life that is not influenced by
other lives," he answered.

"True; you do not follow me, however. In
the forest one tree grows tall and stately in
the sun, reaching its full power of develop-
ment; another is bent and puny for lack of
room, blazed by the lightning and withered
by the worm—that sort of life is mine. I ask
to be the oak that has its full development
in the sun and in the air, and in the soil,
in the root and branch and space in plenty."

"You are satisfied that your present con-
dition is not just what you need for your
spiritual advancement in the future?"

"Sure," she answered, whimsically, smil-
ing. "What sort of good can spring from
being tormented by a ruffian and forced to
eat the bitter bread of charity?"

"The bread is bestowed freely, be sure of
that, and Nina finds joy in the giving. She
seems much attached to her new friend."

At this moment open swung the door and
a beautiful young girl, her arms full of hot-
house roses drifted in, like the spirit of
young summer, graceful and radiant. She was
followed by a stout woman, shawled and bonneted
and out of breath, bearing a basket and a loaf
of bread, done up in a napkin. Her large
motherly face, shining with perspiration,
broke into a broad grin as she surged for-
ward, her Irish sense of humor finding some-
thing laughable in this delicate-featured man
with his high-bred air capping this tower of
poverty, like a statue on a pinnacle,—a
height which cost such weariness to climb.

"Mike, Mike," she muttered to her
thought-aid, said a truer thing than this
one is a saint, and the other is an angel.
And so they be; Mike can read ca-rac-ter,
and so he can."

"You, Rolvin?" said his sister, her cheeks
as fresh and lovely as the flowers; she cast
her sleek onto the white counterpane, then
sat down on the bed and, with girlish
gaiety, drew the woman forward and kissed
her on the forehead.

Rolvin's face brightened with a smile.
"Proof," he said.

Barbara nodded, her eyes full of tears.
Nina chose a flower, shied the thorns away
and gave it to the patient. "Do you remem-
ber your lovely dream about the rose and
what the spirit said, or rather what you
said to the spirit? Some day you must tell
it to my brother; at present you must eat.
We have brought you chicken broth thick-
ened with rice and jelly in a cup and other
good things; and Muzzele will stay all night
to tend the fire, this weather is so horrid."

Barbara drew into her own one of the thin
white hands and answered solemnly, "God
bless you, my dear child; and as you have
dealt by me in my necessity, so may men
deal by you all your life long, with tenderest
care. Think it not, little, if there seem to
come no blessing from your charity; your
reward is sure and somewhere in eternity
you will find it. Never in vain is sympathy,
remember."

So earnest were her tones that the girl's
cheek paled as if with prescient dread, but
she shook the mood away and laughed in
sweet embarrassment at the praise.

Excited by all that had taken place within
the last few days, Barbara that night found
herself unable to get to sleep, though the
house, for once was quiet, strangely so, con-
sidering the racket that was generally going
on. She lay awake, and she lay on a couch
of ease, and she was not alone to suffer for
want of care; for Muzzele on the lounge, was
acting to perfection the part of nurse, that
she was fast asleep at the post of duty
and snoring with abandon. The sound of

her breathing wafted across the garret, was
a guarantee of comradeship, at any rate.
The invalid lay staring at the moonlight as
it streamed into the room with pallid lustre,
for the storm had cleared away. Gradually
her nerves grew quiet—perhaps it was the
tea that had upset them,—and she entered
that broad land between sleeping and waking;
her whole life passed before her in review,
scene after scene, a series of sad pictures,
and she saw that always while battling with
want, in the midst of vile surroundings, there
had been the constant wish for higher
things, a nameless yearning, that stung her
like a flame, and because of which she had
never been at peace, so far back as her
memory could reach. What was it that had
given her this pride, this aspiration? And
why forever did she seem to feel about her,
shutting her safe in from degradation, the
influence of a world other than ours?
Whence had she come and whither would
she go once her soul had stepped out of the
mortal? The thousand worlds above her,
rolling on in harmony through the years,
would she one day visit them and partake
of their consolation? And wherefore had life
been so little by way of pleasure?
All her days she had longed for love and
joy; all her days she had longed for gold and
glory, to be in the thick of life, achieving
and rejoicing with the best. O to come back
to earth—whatever the heavens bore by way
of recompense—and live one little life that
should know triumph!

She sighed impatiently and dropping out
of bed, she advanced in her bare feet to the
nearest window; there, with abated breath,
she glanced in the direction of the sleeper,
whose shape seen through the dusk, looked
bulging and eerie, like that of some uncouth
monster. Evidently she had not been over-
head so little by little, she drew the casement
open, and sinking to her knees, she
gazed forth on the night. How lovely the sky
looked after the rain! The great white moon
hung soft and shining in the heavens like a
silver buoy awing in a sapphire sea. The
air stole in refreshing in its coolness. The
roofs of the city stretched away dimly in
the distance like a ridge of hills. Yonder, a
little below her own, a window brightly
lighted stood wide open and some words of
a foreign song sung by a man's voice, mello-
w and strong, rose on the air and died
down into silence. Barbara Gifford listened
with peculiar interest, but the singing was
not resumed. She herself had no gift for
music, she could not sing a note fit to be
heard, but she loved it all the same, poor
Barbara. And among the many things her
heart had craved was this gift that is the
angel's and the nightingale's, the sorcery of
song. To hold the public spellbound with its
power, to be able to draw tears or evoke
laughter by the simple wielding of its magic
wand, to be indeed a life apart from this,
a life worth living, truly. The vision she
had given the speaker in brief notes from a
lecture of this nature. In the evening Prof.
Peck gave an illustrated lecture in the Arcade
for the benefit of the Lyceum. New arrivals
are coming every day.

Thursday, July 24, was Conference Day again.
Dr. George Carey spoke on "Modern War-
fare." Dr. Weeks spoke briefly; Mr. Maxham
sang a beautiful selection; Mr. Sampson re-
lated some of his experiences, closing with a
Swedish poem; Mr. James H. Young, one of
the oldest Spiritualists of Onset, was con-
trolled by a powerful spirit and said:

"We do not realize the fullness of the
body are present at the meeting, or realize
how you are affected by the same. You are all
spirits now. When you go upon the other side
you will find the only change is that you have
laid away the material body. The law of evo-
lution relates alone to matter, and has nothing
to do with the soul. All the work of na-
ture had to be performed before a soul could
be prepared for the universe. No one particu-
lar race grew out of another race. The ani-
mals are distinct and of themselves. Man is
a soul."

"Man is a soul; man possesses a body, but
is a soul."

Father Lyon then manifested himself and
sent his greeting to all, saying that he was
interested in the meeting as ever.

Mrs. Palmer of Boston said: "Spiritualism
is one of the greatest things God ever gave
to humanity, and I hope some time it will be
recognized by the whole world."

Miss Putney of Lowell spoke briefly upon
Spiritualism.

Saturday, July 26, was Pioneers' Day; the
auditorium was tastefully decorated for the
occasion and a large audience was present to
do honor to the pioneer workers. The meeting
opened with music by Mr. A. J. Maxham.
From Dr. G. A. Fuller's address of welcome
we call the following:

"We wish to make this a memorial day, a
day that we recognize all who have gone
from our homes, all who have in any way
contributed to our happiness. We all honor
the pioneer workers and will ever hold in our
memory those who have been the means of
leading us up and out of darkness and error
into the light of truth. We welcome all pre-
sent, both embodied and disembodied, spirits,
and we hope to hear from many from both
sides of life."

Miss C. Fannie Allyn continued: "I do
not think we appreciate enough the
work the pioneers have done for us. I rejoice
in the heroes of Spiritualism, those who de-
fied despotism and tyranny and declared
themselves 'for truth.' Let us ever cherish
them, and profit by what they have taught
us."

She closed her remarks with a poem, "Hail,
Oh Blessed Angels."

The audience sang "Auld Lang Syne."
Mrs. Kate R. Stiles told of her first coming
to Onset twenty-two years ago in search of
light, and how she became satisfied that Spir-
itualism is true. She said: "All have the
soul capacity, and can commune with their
own if they will only place themselves in a
receptive state instead of waiting for some
outward sign."

Mr. Thomas Cross of Fall River spoke a
word for the children: "I find we often ig-
nore them in our meetings, and I want to ap-
peal to you one and all for them. A gentle-
man was visiting a wealthy farmer at one
time, and while looking over the farm he
said to his friend: 'I see you have a very fine
flock of sheep.' 'Oh, yes,' replied the farmer,
'I always look out for our lambs.' Do we
Spiritualists look out for our lambs? They
are the ones who are to take our places.
The effort of the Lyceum movement is to
make brain owners, and we need brain own-
ers very much. Let us do all we can for the
children."

In reference to the pioneers, he said: "I
came into the field when the ground was
pretty well broken up, but I know what they
had to contend with because I have read of
their glorious though glorious work; they
fought bravely and well, and I honor them
for their work. My friends, we have some of
the pioneers left with us today and let us see
to it that we honor them while they are here."

"Spiritualism saved me from materialism;
it has brought sunshine into my life and I
would not exchange it for all the wealth in
the world. We want our Spiritualism to come
from the heart. We must stand together,
shoulder to shoulder, for Freedom."

He closed his remarks with a poem.

Mrs. Thompson, the next speaker, was a
pioneer in the work for Spiritualism. In the
early days, when it meant a great deal to be
a Spiritualist, but her work is now among the
sick. She owes everything to the spirit world,
and she thanked them for their aid.

Sunday, July 27, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Tving,
the speaker, had the largest audience this

session they can. I have regretted all my
life that I was not urged in my young years
to study and learn. I would be better fitted
for my work now." Mrs. Allyn closed with a
beautiful poem.

Tuesday, Prof. W. F. Peck lectured; sub-
ject—"The Religion of Jesus versus Modern
Christianity."

Notes: Mr. Hutchins gave a grand lecture
on Tuesday last; he stated the truth as far
as historic evidence goes. I can not criticize
him. It matters not to us what his name
was, or whether Jesus had an existence or
not. There must have been some one who
was divinely inspired to utter the truths re-
corded. There was some one upon whom St.
Paul builded his theory. No one questions St.
Paul. To the masses, the religion of Jesus
and modern Christianity are the same thing.
The religion of Christianity is as foreign to the
teaching of Jesus as Mohammedanism. The
failure of the modern Christian is due to his
own infidelity. The history of all religions
is the same in a general way. If Jesus was
on earth today he would not recognize in the
modern religion the truths he taught. The
religion of Jesus was not perfect. I believe
the religion was superior to modern Chris-
tianity as we can possibly perceive it. I be-
lieve that modern Christianity has produced
some of the sweetest men that have ever
lived. The key-note of Jesus's religion was
the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. The king-
dom of the divine in the hearts of men.

He will be great in religion who has helped
his fellow man. Jesus never imagined him-
self a King. He never desired to be placed
upon a pedestal and worshipped. Jesus be-
lieved he was inspired; he believed he was se-
lected by a higher power as a teacher. He
believed in the Brotherhood of Man and the
Fatherhood of God.

At 8 o'clock the Lyceum met in the Arcade
and had an interesting session. Many of the
children took part in the exercises. Before
the season is over there will be a large Ly-
ceum, one that will remain in operation dur-
ing the winter. Long live the Onset Lyceum.

Wednesday, July 22, Conference. Mrs.
Ring spoke, followed by Dr. Carey.

Dr. Innot spoke briefly.

Mrs. Kate R. Stiles recited a beautiful
poem, "Speak Your Thoughts."

Mrs. Hinman of Worcester recited an origi-
nal poem, "My Soul and I." The poem, in
black verse, was a whole sermon in itself.

Miss Curtis read a poem by Ella Wheeler
Wilton.

Mr. Sampson spoke on "Happiness." Mrs.
Lizzie Harlow followed the line of thought
suggested by Dr. Innot.

The meeting closed with music by Mr.
Maxham. This was one of the best confer-
ences of the season.

A little while longer,
Angel Visitants,
Angel Friends,
Almost Home,
And He'll make it plain.
A Fragment,
A day's march nearer home,
Ascending,
Beautiful angels are waiting,
Bethany,
Beautiful City,
Beautiful Land,
Bliss,
Beyond the mortal.
By love we arise,
Come up to meet,
Come, gentle spirit,
Consolation,
Come, gentle spirit,
Day by day,
Don't ask me to tarry,
Evergreen home,
Evergreen side,
Fold us in your arms,
Fraternizing,
Flowers in heaven,
Gathered home,
Gone before,
Gentle words,
Gratifying home,
Golden shore,
Gathered home beyond the
sea,
Home of rest,
He's gone,
Here stand,
I shall know his angel name,
I shall know his better land,
I long to be there,
Looking over,
Looking home,
Longing for home,
Let men love one another,
Let's go,
My arbor of love,
My home beyond the river,
Moving home,
My home is not here,
My guardian angel,
Not yet,
No weeping there,
Not ready to go,
Not yet for me,
Never lost,
Not yet for me,
Over last,
Over past,
Outside,
Over the river I'm going,
Yes, best to stay,
Yes by one's,
Passed on,
Passing away,
Parting home,
Passing the veil,
Rayless.

In this book are combined "Golden Melodians" and "Spiritual Echoes," with the addition of about **THIRTY** pages of NEW MUSIC, set to original and selected words, making a volume of 100 pages. The book is bound in cloth, and is priced at **15c** little above that of either of the above-mentioned books. It is a volume of songs for the home, for the friends by writing easy and pleasant music, and is well enabled to sing them without difficulty.

Beaumont, N. H., 1902.

For sale by **BARNES OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.**

Gleanings from Periodicals.

INSPIRATION.

Adalene F. Dyer.

God held communion with the seers of old,
Confucius, Zoroaster, Moses, Paul;
Like mountain peaks, they first received the
gold.

Of daybreak that would later dawn for all.

But the old prophets of a bygone age
Held not alone the secret of His plan;
For inspiration's faith illumined page
Is still unrolled for those who will to scan.

Why for God's revelation look we back—
Back to the blood-stained pages of the
past—
And grope in blindness through the maze
track
Of ancient creeds and speculations vast?

The book is still unsealed, the leaves wide
spread
For those who will to read by clearer light;
The soul of inspiration is not dead,
God's children still may solve its truths
aright.

Then look not backward for the message high
The Over-soul is throbbing to reveal;
Its voice will in dreams of night draw nigh,
And through the joy of morning softly steal.

Vex not thy heart with what the Spirit said
To John on Patmos or to David's ear;
Of what it says to thee be not afraid,
My soul! but unabashed arise and hear.

Why quarrel over tenets writ in stone,
Or by the vanished hand of sage and bard?
Let each from out Faith's storehouse cull his
own.

Nor let the past Truth's growing light re-
tard.
Seek not thy message in some foreign tongue,
On parchment blotted with an age's tears;
But read it in the stars forever young
And in earth's floral script when spring ap-
pears.

The voice which spoke to Paul will speak to
thee.
O patient toiler in the mine and mart!
The Truth, not fame or gold shall make thee
free.

In her white light all shackles fall apart.
—From The Pilgrim for August.

THE PERSONAL TRIUMPH OF THE LATE POPE.

That the little Italian lad who was learning his letters when the battle of Waterloo was fought should have succeeded in impressing the whole world at the beginning of the twentieth century with a sense of his own personality, that he should have towered aloft above us all without exciting envy or provoking dislike, and have demonstrated to a thousand jarring and intolerant sects and churches the supreme beneficence of his character, is an exploit the like of which we have not seen in our time. No doubt the Roman Church helped. The organization which covers Christendom with its twelve hundred bishops was no doubt essential to his success. But it was necessary for him to capture the organization. And this must not be forgotten that although the organization helped, it also handicapped him badly with at least one-half of Christendom. And the greatest triumph of the late Pope was not that which he won within the Church, but that which he achieved outside its pale. Greek, Orthodox, Protestant and Freethinker alike learned to recognize that Leo XIII., despite all his papistical trappings, was a great statesman and a true man. The Russian Government was most anxious to welcome him to the conference at The Hague. The German Government repeatedly found occasion to appeal to his love of peace to assuage the bitterness of ecclesiastical strife within the empire. The King of England this Easter visited him in the Vatican, and in the United States the press with one voice has acclaimed him as the wisest and best of modern men.

That Pope Leo XIII. failed in many things is less surprising than that he should have succeeded in so many. He has left the chair of St. Peter surrounded by the aureole of his own virtue and his own wisdom, which not even the bigotry and intolerance of the Roman Curia can dim. From a Character Sketch of Pope Leo XIII., by W. T. Stead, in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for August.

REAL SPIRITUALITY.

When you are really spiritual minded you never talk about it. Neither do you talk about it if you are quite material minded. It is the person whose spiritual nature is just beginning to get its eyes open who goes about the world labeling this one "spiritual" and that one "material." First glimpses startle him into thinking and talking about "spirituality."

When his eyes are well open he knows that all mind is spiritual, that man does not live in a material world though he may live in a material conception of the world. Even his material conceptions are spiritual entities. All is spirit. There is no matter, no matter what you think.

Don't be scared by anybody's remarks that you are not "spiritual." You are spirit, and that is better. In due time you will get your eyes open to that truth—if they are not already open.

But even when your eyes are wide open you needn't expect everybody, nor even many bodies, to recognize your "spirituality." Folks will continue to see in you what is in themselves.

Go thy way and be Thyself—a good and peculiar spirit in a universe of good and diverse spirits.—Elizabeth Towne in The Nautilus.

THE HUMAN LUMINOUS AURA.

Professor Arthur W. Goodspeed, of the University of Pennsylvania, has discovered a hitherto unknown ray which, emanating from the human body, is strong enough to make a photograph. Röntgen ray photos, which ordinarily require an exposure of half an hour, can be taken in five minutes with the application of the new principle.

This discovery was communicated to the American Philosophical Society when photographs taken by the light from a hand were exhibited. Professor Goodspeed explained the discovery as follows:

"All matter absorbs radio-active energy in waves of varying lengths and gives off the same energy in waves of changed length. The energy thus transformed is a characteristic of the matter that gives it forth. The human body gives out rays with comparative freedom and force."

After this, what will the skeptics have to say about the human luminous aura which has so long been a subject for their jests? The man whose radiance keeps him abreast of the progress of modern physical discovery, must indeed be dull if he cannot see how complete and unquestionable is the vindication of the teaching of the Sages of Old, and their modern disciples.—Daily Telegraph.

HYGIENIC IMPORTANCE OF MENTAL STATES.

The physical body is greatly dependent upon the moral and mental faculties as to

health. It makes little difference what your chronic ailment is. If you get right mentally and morally you have done a thousand times more than all the doctors put together can do.

Do you hate any one? Have you a grudge against any one? Are you harboring revenge or malice toward any one?

No matter what the provocation may have been to cause you to have these feelings against any one, you can never get well as long as you allow them to remain.

As long as there is any one in this world whom you wish ill, you will try in vain to find a cure for your physical ailment. Your hatred operates as a perpetual waste of vitality. It weakens the sources of vital energy and deranges the nutritive processes.

Are you jealous of any one? Have you allowed jealousy in any form to creep into your life?

If so, neither wholesome food nor proper exercise, nor the closest observance of hygienic rules will make good your loss. Jealousy saps the vitality faster than an ulcer. It eats into the very core of life like a malignant cancer.

You have got to have a house-cleaning inside of you. You have got to get rid of malice and hatred and revenge before you can get well. Even though you have some incurable organic disease, getting rid of these things will do wonders toward improving you. —In Dr. Carr's "Medical Talk."

Items and Ideas.

It would take a more gifted seer than the celebrated Mother Shipton to foretell the wonders of this new century. Here is an account of a Dr. Charles W. Littlefield of Alexandria, Ind., who at the camp of the Indiana Association of Spiritualists is to give his "first public talk and demonstration of a method of creating or generating life from chemicals." It is interesting and his process is simple.

"In an ordinary glass dish he places a compound of one ounce of common salt, six ounces of water and six ounces of 90 per cent. alcohol. In smaller dishes around the largest dish he places two ounces of aqua ammonia. All are then covered with a glass tube and immediately the atmosphere within becomes bluish by the generation of hydrogen and volatile magnetism."

"In about two hours the salt crystals are ready for examination. Those impregnated with the magnetism or hydrogen take on a hexagonal form and in the centre life is visible. It extends in a circular form, finally becoming round before the crystals finally develop into globular shape. It is then possessed of life, appearing somewhat like a large drop of milk. Microscopic examination shows the germ, or trilobite, to possess miniature arms or legs."

The doctor admits this is but a very small beginning. He has yet to discover how much strength the life he forms possesses, or how to cultivate it. But he shows that he can produce life. He is also at the Cincinnati Engineer, goes on to say, with a chemical process which will reflect the passion of people. He has a liquid he manufactures which will change color as quickly as the passions or feelings of mankind can change, "taking on a violet hue when a man is angered or insane, and turning red when one is in pain physically, or that it will change its color again when one is exuberant." That would give to absent lovers a valuable amulet.

"Your letter tells, oh changing child,
No message since it came,"

as Emerson complains. And now, do you suppose some people are going to point triumphantly to these experiments and say all is matter? I see nothing to substantiate such a claim even if all the doctor says is true, and much more. Matter and spirit seem inseparable—no, seems to produce the other—but "which came first, the owl or the egg?" is still an open question.

I enjoyed the editorials in the Banner of July 25. They are always good. But what I found in this issue was self-revealing. "If a man believes that matter per se contains all of the promises and potencies of life, he is a Materialist. If he believes that life contains all the promises and potencies of all things, he is a Spiritualist. Every person who believes in a future life, in spirit or God, in God as soul, is a Spiritualist." I realized as I read those words that I have been a Spiritualist all my life, without knowing it. And I felt glad that at last I did know it. There is a peculiar joy in these self-revelations, and I have always loved Spiritualism.

I should like to say a few words to our own good Doctor Peebles. I read his "Pen Flashes" as well as his other communications with much pleasure and profit, and I know a few others who do so, too. But I was sorry to note his inability to appreciate the value of fiction. Doctor Peebles has lived a long and useful life, but I am sorry if he has missed the riches of Dickens, George Eliot, and others. I feel as sorry for any one who has not enjoyed fiction, the theatre or music as I do for the blind, deaf and dumb people who do not live spiritual lives—or thrill at conceptions of immortality. Draw a deep, full-breath, oh, richly endowed imaginative soul, and thank God you have lived!

Ida Ballou.

A Few Suggestions.

Having read the article, "What is it Worth?" printed in your issue of July 18, I would like to say a few words on that subject from another point of view.

The statement of the probable reason some of our former speakers left the field, i. e., "It is more likely, however, that they went where they could have system, settled work, and an atmosphere that was religious in character," would seem to be the key to the difficulty. Having a permanent speaker, or pastor, with each local society, is a step toward the solution, and another step is the introduction of some definite form of worshiping God. It is complained of us that we do not make enough of Him in our religion, and I, for one, admit the justice of the criticism.

We have, among us, many different ideas of the Deity; the majority do not believe He is a personal being, and call Him a variety of names, according to fancy—anything but God. Surely that is going to extremes. Whether it appears to one that the Infinite Intelligence, who planned universes and the minute details of every living thing, is an impersonal soul principle, or a personal being, the name, God, should be sufficient to express all. It is short, and recognized by every sect, whatever their other differences, as belonging solely to the Creator.

As to the nature of a Sunday service in harmony with our religion, I would suggest that the discourse should have in it something to help its hearers in the trials and temptations of daily life, and not be merely a lecture on psychology, or some equally abstruse subject. Orthodox ministers often make the mistake of delivering lectures on some popular subject instead of words of

practical, sympathetic advice on the various matters which are common spiritual trials to all. Our speakers are usually inspired, and their discourses should show the spirit to be in touch with humanity, and seeking to alleviate its small woes as well as its large ones.

The invocations, or prayers, which should precede and follow a discourse, ought to be shown the same respect that such receive in orthodox churches. We have good songs and hymns (the best collection is called "The Spiritual Harp"), and they should be used. The drawing power of many churches is their fine music. There must be as good singers in some of our societies as in any church, and making a feature of music might also hold the interest of young people. Frequent socials and entertainments are probably what attract the latter to become church members. As a rule, young people do not think deeply of the problems of this life—much less the future one. It takes disappointments, griefs and troubles to teach them the value of Spiritualism and its comforting vivaciousness of a continued existence after transition, which holds more satisfying compensations for those worthy, than merely a harp and crown of gold, with the privilege of watching the suffering ones in Hades.

It is certainly to be regretted that so many have left our ranks to become church members, but do not mourn too much about it; if they once have known positively the fact of spirit return, and understood anything of the philosophy of Spiritualism, surely they cannot lose all that and may be the "leaven" in time will "leaven the whole lump" of orthodox.

"Truth is mighty and will prevail." God is over all. Let us trust Him and be not discouraged.

An Optimistic Spiritualist.

IN THE DARK.

"Lead Kindly Light."

I try to forget all my sorrows,
And keep cheerful thoughts in my mind,
I have no hard feelings to cherish,
We all should forgive, and be kind.

I'm hoping, some time in the future,
I may be permitted to say,
"I'm right, for the past I am thankful,
It led me a pleasant way."

But here I am now in the darkness,
So far, far away from the light,
Will I ever again be contented?
And think all that happened was right?

O, Time! speed your moments more swiftly,
And hasten the days, months and years,
That the past may be buried forever,
By the side of these troublesome fears.

And may the example of others,
Who struggled with sorrow and pain,
Inspire me again to take courage,
And see present duties made plain.

My father, my mother, my sister,—
The three in one family band—
Oh, let me again feel your presence,
Dear friends, from the "Sweet Summer Land."

My mother, oh, help me be patient!
My father, teach me to be wise!
Dear sister, sweet singer and teacher—
Show me where true happiness lies.

And if other trials await me,
Oh watch with me all the long night,
And love me, sustain me, and cheer me,
And lead me up into the light.

Mary D. Merriam.

The Simple Life.

William Brunton.

There is a general awakening among the best minds to the thought that we have made our life too complex, we are trying to put into the jar of pleasure more than it will contain. It spills over, and we are disappointed. We grumble about it in no measured tones, and make an ado over it as if nature were to blame that a pint is only a pint. We are seeing that instead of asking for everything, what we ought to ask for is that which is best for us, which will be character-building and unfolding. This is all that we can properly ask for, it is the only thing that we should covet, and there will be a world full of it left for everybody else. We shall not rob our neighbor by such desire or appropriation.

It is not well to be in poverty. Certainly it is not. To hunger for bread in a world of plenty is a shame. To need raiment and shelter, were an evil. We are not going back to the savage, we are coming forward to the fully enlightened. Simplicity in living is the sign of unfolded power that is realizing that there are satisfactions of the mind and spirit—which are the best gifts of all.

How are we to take hold of this when the sense of the wealth of the world makes us anxious to enjoy with the rest? The prize seems as much for us as the next one, and yet by the high law of the spirit, we are asked to moderate our desires, and live in union with only what is inspiring and uplifting. No one will learn to do it in a moment. The mind is persuaded of truth and sees it all right enough, before it becomes a constituent part of the will. We admire long before we do. We try to do long before we achieve.

And then quite often it seems that we cannot do what we want. There are others in the beginning, and we are dependent on us, and we must stand to our post and submit to the task of the days as they deny us this best of blessings.

That sounds logical and dutiful, and has sufficient truth in it to make it worth while to state it. All the same we are to discover for ourselves the way to live in the simplicity of love. It can be done wherever we stand or we were not men. It can be done by you without any doubt at all.

There are some things we know are bad, we need not particularize—they are openly bad to us—and these we must renounce. But there are many things that have good in them, and yet they are not the best for us. We have to study this problem of letting the trifling and the unprofitable go. We are to concentrate our powers on what shows itself lovely and deeply desirable.

Too often it is late on in life when we come to see this is what we ought to have done in the beginning, and we miss it. Let us not give it up as a failure because of this. The experience was good and necessary if it opened our eyes to the fact, however late. Now we say, we will live what is best in thought and feeling. We will make this the rule of the days.

Nothing will come of this unless it is a deep down resolution. It must go to the roots of will and desire. It must be prayed for night and morning, and kept as a solemn vow before our day vision. We must pay the price for it, and be content to have that and not something else to go with it and spoil it.

And this idea that when we follow our best impulse we are in the right way, is the new religion of all the religions. It is everybody's religion without regard to class. It is the thing we all ought to have done long ago and helped everybody else to do

without any envy or quarrelling. We shall get down to the business of the days by and by. And it will be a great blessing, for then the churches will see that life in its abundance and in its simple sweetness was the purpose of Christ to unfold, and we shall see it and do it.

We have spacious issues before us that only the combined efforts of man can accomplish. We need intelligence, willingness to work, the power of self-sacrifice to make good the hopes of our generation. We are all in the same circle of blessing, but we must act orderly and helpfully to do the work. We must all covet the best things for the whole world. This is the new culture that is to bring harmony to man and do away with war and crime and poverty and ignorance. We have made men wish to rule, dominate, enjoy at the expense of others; we shall teach the spirit of brotherhood that wants not for self but for man. And then we shall have a heaven below, for we shall be just and kind and helpful one to another in the beauty of the simple life of love!

Letter from W. J. Colville.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Since arriving in New York after a very pleasant voyage from Southampton on "Kaiser Wilhelm II," which is truly a splendid vessel, I have been functioning at the City of Light, Lily Dale, N. Y., which is really the old Cassadaga Camp under new management and endowed with a new name. Every visitor is charmed with the many improvements everywhere apparent all over the extensive grounds and the hotels seem to give greater satisfaction to their numerous guests than in any year gone by.

Mrs. Pettengill, who is now queen and mother of the encampment, is a truly regal woman, kind, gracious, generous and sympathetic in all directions and she, as president, is most ably assisted by her talented daughter, Mrs. Bates, who officiates as secretary. The program is extremely full, functions are numerous and varied and consequently all tastes and requirements are being catered for.

During my visit I have heard fine lectures from Willard Hull, Clegg Wright and several other well-known workers including Miss S. C. Clark and the Universalist minister of East Aurora. Mr. Brooks makes an excellent chairman and under his presidency the conferences prove very interesting. On the whole the thought presented thus far this season has been of the constructive type though the editor of the "Light of Truth" made some very striking comments on many social and industrial abuses, but it is only fair to add that those strictures did not conclude any of his lectures, but he always ended with a stirring appeal to his enthusiastic audience to live up to the highest teachings of a comprehensive spiritual philosophy.

Entertainments of various kinds are frequently given in the Auditorium and are all well attended. Among the most charming of the season have been the illustrated lectures of Mrs. L. Ploogon on Yucatan and other little-known but fascinating countries. Talking all matters into account, the prospects for a continued period of prosperity at Lily Dale seem brighter now than at any period during its eventful past.

Weather has been far more reliable, rain has fallen and there have been several thunder storms, but despite the fickle conduct of the elements the grounds and lake prove very attractive to tourists and the sandy soil which quickly absorbs moisture renders walking and driving pleasant very soon after the heaviest downpours.

I remained at Lily Dale till July 31st and then proceeded direct to Onset where I am to remain from August 2 till 9 inclusive. I then expect to go out to Clinton, Iowa, and after lecturing there from August 16 to 23, I anticipate visiting several other places west of Chicago. What my scene of action will be in and after September, I do not yet know, but it seems nearly certain that I shall either return to Boston and its vicinity or else proceed to California.

I find no difficulty in getting good audiences in any part of the world and I seem now to be simply doing whatever immediate work comes to hand with no definite plan for future action. While at Lily Dale, I have spoken also in Dunkirk, N. Y., which is a great railway centre accessible from almost everywhere. The daily papers of Dunkirk and Buffalo are giving excellent reports of the lectures and entertainments at Lily Dale and the moderate rates for excursion tickets on many lines of railway leads to a great influx of visitors continually.

After spending a few months in England I find much in America to admire and some things not so admirable when contrasted with English customs. Is it not fair to say that no one country has monopolized the best which the world is capable of producing and as universal brotherhood and sisterhood are being preached more persistently now than ever, will it not hasten the coming of the time when universal peace to appropriate the good we can discover anywhere to the end that all may learn and teach also?

Yours sincerely,

W. J. Colville.

The Survivors.

Slowly, over the tranquil bosom of the deep, as up came the soft curve of the new moon, there drifted a little raft enshrouded with a tattered, smoke-stained sail; on this, lying in unconsciousness, there rested a fair woman, and on the waves there trailed like seaweed her long bright golden hair. The summer light played on her marble features, showing a loveliness such as poets give to their heroines.

Said Life, "Awake! arise!"
And the woman, rousing, opened her startled eyes and looked at the golden crescent and knew that she was alone on the wide waters. Of all who had set sail in their good ship, commanded by her craven and brutal spouse, their little ailing child, the fruit of a loveless union, the little jestful company of passengers, the sailors of bold heart and dauntless eyes, all, all had perished. No, not all, for up out of the shadows, floating with mystic motion, there drifted an onerous boat with battered hull. The stanch mate Ilon, peering across the flood, bore down on her frail craft and, seeing her in the light, so white, so still, so beautiful, he rose to his feet and crossed himself.

Said the woman, "Bearst thou tidings of my husband?"

Ilon, clambering from the boat, made towards her, and stood with uncovered head, tall, strong, magnificent, his eyes, that were like a woman's in their softness, turned full on hers.

"Dead!" said the man. He bowed his head and together they wept in unison; he of the dauntless heart yearned over her with the tenderness of a mother.

Said Life to the woman, "Love!"
The woman, lifting up her eyes, gazed long and earnestly into the kindly face bent on her own. Reading that look aright, the man trembled and gazed away, bitterly, to the North, into the dusky shadows, his face now stern and sorrowful.

Said the woman, "Perchance in thine own country thou hast awaiting thee one who bears thy name and children who call thee sire?"

"Yes," said the man.
The raft drifted slowly over its aimless

course, the splendor of the stars dimmed under rising clouds; the waves murmured with uneasy voices, gliding on either side then like restless herded animals scenting danger. The man flung up his hand and felt the air, then smiled a little.

"What?" said the woman.

Said the man, "The tornado; it is nothing."

And again they looked into each other's eyes and the woman thrilled and flushed. "Thine own," she murmured, "thou canst not hear them with thee. How canst thou brave death without thine own?"

Said the man, "In life I wrought for them and gave them fealty—and now—"

Said the woman, "And now?"

The man, with folded arms, gazed gloomily into distance, to where was the far verge of the darkened flood, to where like a lost dream, lay that whose memory troubled him at that hour—his home in the far North. Then he turned and stretched his arms towards her, smiling with the yearning of a god. "Through death I shall bear with me one who is more dear than all my treasures. Come," he said.

From the waves a voice breathed through the silence, "Be strong for both."

"Yes," said the woman.
Said the man, "I toiled for them, I loved them, but now—"

Said the woman, "The duty of fidelity remains. Faithful unto death are the Lord's chosen."

Said the man, "And after death?"

The woman made no answer, but dropped onto her knees and prayed with fervor, her back towards him, her hands upstretched to heaven.

The air darkened; the tornado broke in fury and swept the sea, the little raft tossed giddily, drenched by the flood. The man, swept from his feet, perished bravely, without one cry, without one look toward her. The woman, still on her knees, bowed her head under the arching billow whose golden-green water drew her to its embrace.

Dead! dead!
Said Life, "Awake! arise!"

The woman, disencumbered of the flesh, her astral body clothed in filmy garments, that gleamed like frost, stood on a rocking spar, and peered into the glisten of the flood.

The soul of Ilon, rising from the waves, glided towards her, treading the sea as though it were solid ground. "And now?" he said, his face appealing, rapturous and tender.

Poised like a sea gull, the woman, stretching her arms toward him, smiled, through her cloud of hair, which blew about her. "All that thou lovest now claim as thine own."

And the man, reaching, drew her to his embrace, smiling with the joy of the immortals. "Sweetheart," he said.

And together, his arm around her, they passed away into the Dream Country.
Mary E. Blanchard.

Questions and Answers.

W. J. Colville.

In consequence of the debate at Colne, Lancashire, England, which took place between W. J. Colville and H. Percy Ward on June 18 and 19, many queries have been sent about as to the precise meaning of certain views expressed by one of the speakers. George Townley, the efficient and industrious secretary of the Colne Spiritualist Society, under whose auspices the debate took place, sent to W. J. Colville a request for further light on two of the points raised in the course of the debate.

Questions—"What do you mean by Platonic Greek theory of the soul? And also give your definition of God, being a Theist, as you said you were."

Answers—"The Platonic idea of the soul, which can readily be gathered from Plato's Dialogues, is to the effect that Socrates, whom Plato quotes as a reliable authority and worthy master of philosophy, affirmed that the true ego or essential entity is immortal in the highest and fullest sense of that stupendous word. Beginningless and endless is the full definition of immortal. As the soul is never to die, it has never begun to live; it simply always has been, and will ever continue to be. Such, in brief, is the Greek philosophic doctrine to which Plato gave expression, and such is the teaching given through the instrumentality of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond as contained in her well-known book, 'The Soul,' which has for many years been widely studied.

That the soul takes on a physical body and lays it off in time is, of course, admitted by all philosophers, who claim that the soul itself is an eternal finite entity, living within the eternal Infinite. This Greek view of the soul is brought to light in the famous passage in Acts xvii, where Paul quotes to the Athenians a doctrine taught by certain eminent Greek poets, who beautifully expressed in verse the noble concepts uttered in prose by the greatest among the philosophers.

There is certainly much room for discussion about this doctrine, because no human intellect seems able to grasp the concept of eternity, but it is no more difficult to conceive of a beginningless life than of an endless life. Some souls are now embodied for some specific purpose to do some definite piece of work in this solar system, and to do such they are equipped with means suitable to its accomplishment, but though the personalities which these entities work through are temporal, the entities themselves are everlasting. This doctrine explains the two distinct views of man now in the world, and which seem to have held sway in human consciousness for many ages—the mortal and immortal aspects of human life. That "next world," from which we often receive communications from those who have cast off their physical bodies, is not an ultimate or final world, though very real to those who are living in it, even as material existence is very real to those who are passing through it and appreciating it.

Now as to defining deity, to do so completely is beyond our power, but it is as Sir William Thompson and other learned writers have declared, the more deeply we study the order of the universe the more convinced we become that the "infinite and eternal energy from which all things proceed" is beneficent in character, we are justified consequently in taking a purely Theistic attitude. It is utterly irrational to contend that there is no intelligence behind natural phenomena, and even though we are informed that savages put forward some spiritistic or animistic theory of the universe, and that modern physicists like Haeckel deny both Spiritism and Animism, we boldly affirm that many untutored barbarians evince much greater psychic lucidity than those professors of physical science who deliberately close eyes and ears against all psychic evidences, and dogmatically announce that man is not immortal (vide "The Riddle of the Universe.")

Surely it is infinitely more reasonable and satisfactory to acknowledge what A. J. Davis calls "the positive mind of the universe" than to pretend that we can account for life and intelligence by reference to mere fortuitous combinations of unconscious substance. This is a living universe, and only when Theism and Spiritualism are united in one complete system of philosophy will we find a solution of the riddle of existence which truth satisfies.

"The destiny of all men is Immortality, Happiness, and Progression."—A. J. Davis.

Tribute to Ira Moore Courlis.

Ira Moore Courlis has bounded one step forward in the race for immortal life, he who had opened wide the gates between the two worlds and made thousands of people happy by his words of cheer and comfort and truth, positive that their friends still live "over the river."

Mr. Courlis was a strong character, a wonderful power, in his personality and was so constituted that his manifestations were the tornado that swept every vestige of unbelief by that power which nothing could withstand. It swept you free and clear from "devil's dirt" and left you with the conviction you were born again. He has no superior as a medium for giving messages. We shall never see another like him. He had all the tenderness and charity that belonged to a woman. All nature stooped to do him homage. He did his work and in singing the songs of peace and love, and behold there rests upon his brow the breath of eternal morning.

Mr. Courlis is not gone, I expect to hear from him again. Let us be glad that our beautiful knowledge of spirit communion gives us the consolation that he is not gone. The crown upon his brow is made of evergreen, daisies and forget-me-nots, for of such is the kingdom of heaven. Peace and love will go with him everywhere on his journey in the spirit world. His mission is not yet done.

Dr. E. F. Butterfield.

Syracuse, N. Y.

In Memoriam.

His casket bedecked and literally covered with flowers, the platform adorned with choice and fragrant floral offerings, the sweet and melodious singing of voices that loved him, a large gathering of friends, all bearing on their faces the marks of sorrow, eulogistic words spoken in his behalf by prominent and distinguished persons—thus was our brother and co-worker, Ira Moore Courlis honored at the last sad moments of the services connected with his funeral.

How beautiful! How uplifting to everyone present, and how deeply impressed everyone must have been, with the sacredness of the moment. And now that all is over, there is one far away in a little corner of mother nature, who quietly walks out into the pathway of green fields, picking the flowers of nature, wild roses, daisies, buttercups, forget-me-nots, grasses and ferns, forming them together in a natural bouquet, tying them with a broad ribbon band, on which is placed the word, "Justice." Memory wanders out into the silent cemetery of the evergreens, stands at the green mound of the departed one, places the bouquet at his feet, and speaks these words:

"May you rest from your earthly labors, but ascend into higher and nobler spheres of life, where you will find open pathways enabling you to communicate with loved ones on earth, who will at all times revere your memory, and bid you hearty welcome. God speed you, is our earnest and most sincere prayer."

Elizabeth F. Kurth.

Miss Sophia M. Hale.

On Saturday, July 18, the spirit of our friend was freed from a body that had become a painful burden and into the larger life passed one of the staunchest friends of Spiritualism. It was a steady purpose with Miss Hale to carry her personal problems without inflicting them upon her friends and so consistently did she hold this thought that few of her best known acquaintances were aware of the painful conditions under which she was living until they were informed of her death.

There was no important humanitarian movement in the past thirty years which she had not carefully considered and formed a firm opinion upon, and, if favorable, become a quiet force in. And when, like so many others, she came to the subject of spirit-rattling, doubting, even suspecting a delusion to be dispelled, after she became convinced of its reality, unlike many others, she became an ardent supporter of the truth. So unobtrusive was she that doubtless her name even is known to the few, but the writer knows that there was no more loyal contributor in thought and funds. To her the problems of our Cause were so many personal matters to be considered, yet so small a part of her personal recognition play in her calculations that it would be difficult to trace to their source the strength and support received from her.

Few among the living have appeared who seemed to have so completely grasped the layman's privilege of service and acted as this friend of humanity and Spiritualism. The death of her sister, Mrs. Curtis, about eighteen months ago, was a great strain even for her strong heart and it is the writer's conviction that she was never able to regain her old remarkable poise after that event. The details of her life were so carefully in hand that perfect plans were found for the arrangement of all matters even to the disposition of the body and the services of the hour.

The illness of Mrs. Soule, Pastor of the Gospel of Spirit-Return Society, made it impossible for her to meet Miss Hale's request for her, with Mr. Symonds, president of the society, to officiate at the services at the Mount Auburn cemetery, and Mr. Symonds served alone, assisted by the Schubert Quartet which furnished most appropriate selections rendered with perfect taste.

In the Mount Auburn chapel, on Wednesday at three, scores of friends looked for the last time upon the physical form of Miss Sophia M. Hale, last of her line. But her spirit, more real than that mortal form, was there standing over our fearful hearts and bidding us "go forward."

Meetings commenced Sunday, July 19. The day was wet and cold, two conditions not likely to be conducive to producing audiences. But the most good is not always accomplished with a multitude. Our numbers are "Let us do the best we can with what we have."

"Never be discouraged however gloomy the circumstances."

Mrs. Ida P. Whitlock of Providence, R. I., lectured. Her subject of discourse in the forenoon was "The Present Work of Spiritualism." A few notes from her lecture follow:

"Spiritualism, as other isms, has its needs. The needs now are not what they were fifty years ago. Years ago the world was sick, and fifty years ago it lacked the proof of the continuity of life. When it was announced that a method of communication had been discovered between this world and the spirit world, people in all walks of life became interested. Such communication was the thing needed at that time.

"We believe Spiritualism to be a religion of the highest order. It asks us to accept truth and to make truth a part of ourselves. . . . There is less drinking among Spiritualists in proportion to their number, than in any other

denomination. It is our duty to stand above a creed or pledge. Some Spiritualists forget their relation to the material world.

"Mediums need better financial conditions. By paying proper attention to the material we are in better condition to properly attend to spiritual affairs. There is much Spiritualism in other denominations. We need decorations and embellishments in rooms where we hold our services. We need to study art and music. They would move us to better things."

In the afternoon the subject for consideration was "Spiritualism and the New Thought." Notes—"It is gratifying to hear in different places expressions pertaining to the New Thought. The New Thought is certainly hopeful. Everything that exists today must have had its periods of development. The man who has attained an advanced position has experienced toll and reached his position through severe struggles. The New Thought is really old and man has just reached the spot where he can grasp it."

"Many of our early communications came from the red man of the forest. The red man has been the teacher of the white man in healing. The breeze that fans our cheeks, and the storms that break upon us, bring to us elements of health, of healing. The New Thought sect holds within its grasp our diamond. The Christian Scientists' watchword is 'Success.' Chemists of the spirit world are sending healing power to this world. We have heard much of affinity, and men have seized upon this thought on the sensual side, but have failed to grasp the spiritual side. In Spiritualism there is no great head to dictate, no creed by which to be bound, and we accept truth from all sources."

Mrs. Whitlock is ever cheerful, ever busy, and ever helpful in some part of the camp.

Thursday afternoon, July 23, was Mrs. Kate Ham's first appearance before an Ocean Grove audience, and the impression made was one very much in her favor. The subject of her remarks was "The World's Need of Spiritualism." We give a few extracts. The truth of Spiritualism has been demonstrated to the world. The Indian has lived the nearest to nature. We place too little confidence in those who advise us from the spirit side. Do not think there is one moment in the day when some spirit friend is not near you. Spiritualism speaks through Nature, and also through every good work. It gives us to understand that our friends who have gone from the earth plane are advancing on the spirit side. Spiritualism has been a great help to woman."

Mrs. Ham's lecture was followed by tests, by written questions, and the sensitive blindfolded. The method is slow, and to some tedious, but the results are good, and results are what we are seeking. We want patience in every good work. The question is, Can we get the same results by any shorter method?

S. L. Beal.

"God is the central magnet of the universe; the spiritual world is the continuation of the natural world; and man's spirit comes out of his brain at death just as the flower comes out of the bud in the garden; it is all beautifully natural, and there is no miracle.—A. J. Davis.

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Where to Rest.

Change of scene is the first requisite to complete rest. The Mountain House furnishes a panorama of the most splendid scenery to be found in the State, if not in all New England. On a clear day, the visitor, seated on the veranda of the Mountain House, has a



Mountain House, Mt. Wachusett, Mass.

view of the hills and valleys all the way to Boston, and with a good field glass, he can extend his range of vision even to Maine. Then if this grand view palls, a walk of half an hour, or a ride of ten minutes, gives a sweep to Monadnock in one direction and to Twin Mountain in the other. In another, both across New Hampshire's solid granite hills and valleys. What better can be asked? The Mountain House is four miles by stage from Princeton, Mass. For further information write to Charles B. Turner, Manager.

Children's Nook.

A SONG FROM THE SEA.

Where the ocean sings with a joyous song,
I have gathered this sea-weed brown,
I have placed it here with a tender care,
And gently sealed it down;
For alas, alack, who of us can tell
The sigh in the weed, or the song in the shell?
I sometimes think in the weed so brown
Is the gleam of the hair where a youth went down;
I sometimes think in the weed so bright
Is the blush from a cheek that the sea washed white;
And this shell as white as a shining pearl,
Is the sphere of the breast of a sweet drowned girl.
And I sometimes think that this long, gray moss,
Is a part of the beard that Old Neptune lost;
Again it seems in a thought of mine,
That this Star Fish strayed from its salt sea brine.
A beautiful Star of Hope must be
That Aurora dropped from her car to the sea.
I have placed them here with their natural grace,
To fill your heart and please your taste,
And trust they will bring to you as to me
The sacred song of the solemn sea,
With its memories dear and sweet to thee
And doubly sweet and dear to me.

Mrs. Jennie Hagan Brown.

A Summer Story.

"The man who invents machinery, imagines the new machine before he makes it. The minister couldn't preach, nor the lawyer be a lawyer, without imagination. Imagination, you see, is not only good, but it is the best quality we have and the more we have, the better and abler men and women we are. All the greatest people who have lived have been greatest in imagining things. So we don't want to kill our imagination, but all the way along as we grow up, we need to increase this power of our minds. That's why fairy stories are good, because they train and help the imagination of a child. Read the fairy stories of the Brothers Grimm and of that sweet souled Dane, Hans Christian Andersen, if you can get them. You will like them and they will do you good. Learn all the beautiful poetry you can. It is a great thing to be a true poet, but it is almost as great to like true poetry."

"But we were talking about the beach. Petieboy was at the beach the other day. He went with his papa and a friend and the friend took his boy along too; so Petieboy had another boy with him."

"There is an old fort on our coast, which was once of some importance. Now it is only a lot of crumbling mounds of earth. There are two lighthouses in it now, which are just one hundred years old this year. This fort is on a high bluff, or cliff, and to reach it, one must drive five or six miles along the beach, or else go in a boat."

In the war with England in 1812, Petieboy's great-grandfather was a soldier and, for a little while, commanded this fort. So Petieboy's father wanted him to see the fort.

"Well, one warm, bright morning not long ago, they drove to the fort. Petieboy and his little friend had the back seat of the carriage. When the party arrived at the beach, it was about eleven o'clock and the long, smooth beach, stretching out ahead of them for five miles, seemed very jolly to the two boys. They left the road and drove down to the beach near the place where an ocean cable lands. This cable carried the wires by which people telegraph to Europe. So this cable, one end of which finds the land on the beach where Petieboy was, has its other end three thousand miles away in France; and it goes all that distance under the sea."

"While the horse walked along the beach, Petieboy and his friend would ride a little way, until they saw a stone, or a shell, or a jelly fish, or a crab, or a sand cup, or some other sea treasure. Then out both boys jumped, one on each side. They were out of the carriage as much as they were in it. The pace was so slow they could get out and in without stopping the horse."

"When Petieboy got home, he had so many treasures that his papa thought he was driving a stone team instead of a carriage. There were shells of mussels, with their mother-of-pearl lining, all polished by the sea and left in many beautiful colors; big shells of quahogs and sea-clams; stones of all sorts of quartz, blue white, snow white, cream white, brown and black; red stones, green stones, round stones and flat, all scoured and polished by old mother Nature in her big ocean bathtub; horse-shoe crabs that had died and left their unique shells with their spike tails all unbroken; dulse and weeds from the rocks in the breakers; Irish moss in all colors, white, pink, green and black; and beautiful little cups made of sand by some little under-water architect."



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"Petieboy drank from the well in the fort, a well about seventy feet deep; he peered over the cliff sixty feet down to the rocky beach below, found cliff swallows' nests which he couldn't reach and wished he could, and then his papa got the light keeper to take Petieboy into the light house. Up in the lantern Petieboy saw the lamps that burn from sunrise to sunset in storm and in calm

late at night instead of at noon. Our conductor went trout-fishing and we enjoyed the mountain air at a most picturesque place whilst waiting for rescue. We held a good meeting in Leadville the next night, and enjoyed a visit with our earnest friend, Mrs. L. Agnes Moulton. A little society here proposes to charter with the N. S. A.

Colorado is ripe for work and only needs that our workers visit there. We had a number of calls, but could not stop, as we were engaged for camp work at Franklin, Neb. Here we are having pleasant meetings well attended by A. Scott Bledsoe and wife of Topeka, Kansas, who preceded us. They report splendid progress being made in Kansas. The Franklin camp uses tents only, in a beautiful grove. Although the storm nearly blew our tent away one night, and the rains baptized us, we are yet happy and confident. We go hence to the Delphos, Kansas and Vicksburg, Michigan, camps. Our Cause needs many more field workers. Its hope rests in active workers in the field, to encourage and to organize.

G. W. Kates and wife,
N. S. A. missionaries.

Reminiscences.

Alexander W. Alder, M. D.

I do not know but this record of mine may be appropriately termed "Reminiscences of Things Forgotten." I will try, however, to write of some matters that have not altogether lost their freshness.

Several weeks past have been distinguished for the death of individuals who have at some period been conspicuous before the public, although as is the common destiny of human beings, they may have passed from remembrance. I may be indulged in telling a little about some of them.

It may perhaps be an eagle to name the late Pope first. Like others, I recognize him as the ablest statesman of the age, even while remembering Bismarck, Gortchakoff, Peel and Pitt. He not only united the divisions in the Catholic body, but he brought the Protestant powers of Germany and Great Britain into close friendly relations, and fastened the Catholic influence in America so firmly, that it has become potent in our politics and even in our religious bodies.

In 1884 Gen. Sherman was dropped as a candidate for the presidential nomination because his wife was a Catholic, and a priest must not be installed at the White House; Grover Cleveland was opposed by Catholics for being the son of a Calvinistic clergyman, and James G. Blaine would have carried off the prize but for the untoward address of Rev. S. D. Burchard, a life-long denouncer of Romanism, supplemented by the falsification of the ballot boxes of Gravesend. Yet Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland are now among our strongest political forces; and the leading Protestant bodies are reaching out their antennae toward the Vatican. A century of Pope Leo XIII would have swooped the dissident bodies back into the arms of the Roman Mother, eradicated the "pest," and made all Christendom Catholic. Russia might hold out, but hardly. Religion now-a-days is intensely political, and Leo was a statesman.

The death of Mrs. Blaine removes another of our prominent American women. Superior as was her famous husband in statecraft, diplomacy and arts of winning friends and power, more like Henry Clay than other men, but for his strong-willed, ambitious wife, I opine the James G. Blaine would have run his career as an instructor of youth. I never admired him so much as in that letter of his sustaining her against unreasonable imputations. She had been to him a counselor, a prompter, and in every essential point a help. She may be perhaps described in a sentence, that she loved her husband and her children, and her ambitions were for them.

He was personally a clean liver. He never smoked; he seldom took alcoholic drink. Indeed it is but just to remark that while Kentuckians are lampooned for their whiskey and drinking habits, they drink less whiskey than their more northern neighbors and manufacture far less than is made in Illinois.

True to his convictions, Mr. Clay supported all the Republican candidates for president (1812, when he voted for Mr. Greeley. He also voted for Tilden against Hayes, but in 1834 was a partisan of Mr. Blaine.

I never saw him but once. He was in Albany in 1861. He was in no way forward or arrogant in manner, and he seemed in every way one to be classed with the strong men of the West, with Governor Morton, Lyman Trumbull, Richard Yates—men of character and ready for strong measures to meet the issues of the day.

Of his later years I know only the newspaper stories. I remember him in what he has been, resolute for what he believed to be right.

Another is George Shepard Burleigh. He, I suppose, is the last of his family—a quartet of gifted men, and like the Hutchinsons, all champions of temperance, and warm abolitionists in the far-away times, that so many seem to know nothing about, prior to the Civil War. Most of them wrote poetry; all were orators. I think there were sisters too, worthy to be named with the brothers. I had "Burleighs" for schoolmates in boyhood, but whether they were kindred to those who spell their names in this way I never could ascertain. Lingard mentions "Simon Burleigh," and we read of Lord Burleigh, Queen Elizabeth's Minister.

Charles C. Burleigh was prominent among the little group that trained with Garrison. When in 1851 the American Anti-Slavery Society met at the Tabernacle in New York, and Isaiah Rynders with his gang took possession of the platform, menacing the speakers and interrupting them with ribald and obscene utterances, Charles C. Burleigh was one of the orators. His hair and beard, growing at full length, like the "holy men of old" whom we read of, evoked numerous ridiculous remarks.

Another of the family was William H. Burleigh, whom I knew personally and highly esteemed. He lectured much on Temperance; was a vigorous Prohibitionist, and politically a member of the Liberty Party. He was quite active in 1864 in effecting the coalition in New York of the Temperance men, the Liberty party abolitionists, the Free Soil and Anti-Nebraska democrats, on Myron H. Clark, the Whig candidate for Governor. He was a fluent writer, an eloquent speaker and had the qualities of the "reformer" of that period with the agreeableness, affability and courtesy which evince good breeding. He abounded with humor, and his wit was keen without malice.

Other brothers, Cyrus and George, I never knew, except their names. All were "chips" of the same "block" and well worthy of honor.

In the same number George T. Downing, also deserves a mention. His death took place at Newport, R. I., July 21st. I first met him in 1858, at his father's restaurant at the corner of Broad and Wall streets, in New York. The place was unique, and though humble in its appointments, was frequented by men of distinction in social position, politics and finance. The father, Thomas Downing, carried on the business, and was very popular. He had been a slave in Virginia, but had emancipated himself, and coming to New York, had been able by patient industry and thrift to become a man of business and a handsome competence.

I always thought of him as "Uncle Tom." I contrasted him with the saintly character in Mrs. Stowe's book. He was self-respecting, and tenacious of what was due to worthy men of his people. In his way he was an aristocrat, as were his two sons, not offensively, however; and he was a prominent member in St. Philip's Church. One day he



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a genuine pleasure. To the Rockies, to the lakes of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Iowa, to Yellowstone Park and to the Pacific coast, many inexpensive trips are offered. A postal will bring further facts.

W. W. HALL, N. E. P. A., 369 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

The papers now announce the decease of Cassius M. Clay. I remember as if yesterday, when early in the 'forties' he came into public notice as a champion of negro emancipation. He did not consort with the abolitionists, nor subscribe formally to their views, but like the man standing alone with the army, "fought on his own hook." We of the East, some of us Non-Resistants, more of us Peace Men, and generally deprecating violence, were more or less perplexed at his peculiar methods, speaking boldly and meeting pistol with pistol, and bowie-knife with bowie-knife. His paper, the "True American" was repeatedly attacked by mobs, but he was never daunted. Opposition aroused the fire of an impetuous nature. He employed an able editor, John Callaghan Vaughan, afterward of the Chicago Tribune in Fremont times, and founder of the Cleveland Leader.

Mr. Lincoln would have placed him in his Cabinet, but he seems to have preferred the mission to Russia. The late Henry Bergh was his Secretary of Legation, and once spoke to me of him in strong terms of dislike. He principally emphasized the fact that Mr. Clay had once killed a man. Indeed, with the record of Kentucky for blood-feuds, cowardly assassinations, and lax administration of the laws against murder, while it may not be considered as of much account there, it is very hard to pass it over elsewhere.

Mr. Clay supported his kinsman, Henry Clay, for president in 1844; then enlisted for the war with Mexico, where he had his quarrel with Tom Marshall, contested the election for Congress unsuccessfully with Charles A. Wickliffe, which resulted in a duel and a murderous fight with a bully and his gang. He was literally scared all over from wounds received in conflict with bowie-knives.

spoke to me with much feeling in regard to his fellow-parishioners who had chosen a white man for rector instead of a candidate of their own color. They discouraged one another, he said. At another time, in 1857, he introduced me, somewhat to my surprise, to the Hon. Hamilton Fish, afterward Secretary of State. Such men were among his patrons, and each regarded the other with genuine respect.

George T. Downing was the elder son. He was well educated, and resolute in purpose to advance himself. He always demanded for his people all that their humanity and merit assured to them. I have heard him criticised as haughty, pretentious and arrogant; I always found him positive in his opinions, sensitive, but courteous, respectful and gentlemanly. He despised cringing and hypocrisy, but emulated diligence, thrift and perseverance. He was well known in the anti-slavery circle of Boston, but preferred such men as Higginson, Sumner, Fred Douglass, and others of the "church militant." He often wrote for the press.

I never saw him after 1860 when he left New York. It was in keeping for him to live in Newport, for in his way he was aristocratic. He appears to have outlived his three score and ten, and even to have attained four score. That he should make his mark was to be expected, he was strong of will and ambitious, not one easy to keep down or put down.

"My own will come to me," says the poet. My own comes to me also, but not until I have leveled the road, put down the ties and rails and placed the car on the track that brings it. One's own exists, but is only responsive to the vital hustler—Freedom.

Children are what the mothers are.—W. S. Landor.

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