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LIFE.

Ceaselessly, silently through the light, The shadows wake, -and it is night. Slumber,-Tired Scull 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 frest, 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 be 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 cysters and wheeled them into the city. He was very much clated 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

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 Uni-

Of cource now you recognize this Cape Cod boy as Isanc Rich, one of the mos 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 busi-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 rransportation; 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 oninion 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. 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 learn-

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 Russel Conwell, for instance, born in Berksbire Hills, Mass., and inured to hardships of a boy's life amid those hills. struggling to educate himself, reading is so inspired by the deep purpose of his life, all the books that he could lay his hands upon, finally entering Yale Gollege, and turning of consecration. He says he has not time

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 Russel Conwell's lecture entitled "Acres of Dia-It was through those years of toil he was being prepared for that lecture, He saw the sparkle of those diamonds in the bardships he endured.

Coming nearer home, Edward Eyerett 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 ears 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 olden days, shining forth the beneficence of his love upon the congregation.

Charles W. Eliot 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 been 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 he 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 o 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 manly, 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 post-age stamps." It is because of purpose, application, belief in ideas, that this 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

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 saving 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

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 developand 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 devel-

opment 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 ceeds 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 joes 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 night 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, 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 alims that end with self,

In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars, And with their mild persistence urge man's

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

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 unread forever.

This is life to come 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-Peebles.

NO. 10.

This twentieth century is decidedly a noisy one, the huge railway engine, the steam calliope, the rattling street-dray, 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 I'ope 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 mellifluously. 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 realty" and reality are synonyms. They are utterly unlike. Bonds, mortgages, houses, lands are as evanescent as the passing winds. In the late Kausas floods whole farms were swept out of existence in a single night by the changing currents of the river. The "realty" was gone. But such realities as consciousness, love, intelligence, resoul, mained.

Georgia whirlwinds and Kansas cyclones ast month swept away whole villages. Their "realties." such as houses, gold and silver, perished: but hope, faith, knowledge, spiritnality-these realities remained, defying cyclones and tempests. At death we take with us not the world's realties, 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

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 ssumed purpose of obtaining a better knowledge of the physiological structure of human beings. Is the knowledge-if any be gained-justifiable at the expense of so much pain, suffering and torture of poor innocent creat-ures? Vivisectors' 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 vivisecting human beings. Why not revive the practice? How many vivisection advocates would volunteer to be vivisegted and dissected alive? Said the noted English vivisector. 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 sur-geon's operating tables, and been vivisected, 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 state, to

(Continued on page 4.)

OF LIFE AND DEATH.

We talked of life and death. She said:
"Whichever 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 dying 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 denr. 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 R. 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, somewhere in God's perfect scheme

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

PROEM.

The Patient.

The Patient.

The city physician ascended with patient mien the thousand and one steps that led from the lower floor to the upper regions of the squalld skyscraper, up, up, to where was the last landing of the tier, a long hall in shape like the letter T. Here, his hand on the battered post that supported the unpainted 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 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 early March and raining hard—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 objects 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 spying on each other in time of a visitation of the police, a not infrequent honor conferred on them by officials. One old man who dreaded them most of all because of his misdoings with false coin, watching the silent fixure 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 distance of the silent there and if he himself was to have the distance of the silent there.

and wondered what on earth he was doing there, and if he himself was to have the distinction 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, emphasizing her logic with sundry drubbings—probably administered with the clothes' stick. A boy's shrieks mingled with her own, as wolf howls in unison with wolf—shrieks that voiced rage rather than pain. Indifferent to the clamor, for he knew what wisdom lies in minding 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 dilapitude. Each was a placard advertising poverty and bad housekeping.

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 drivel 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 strewed the floor from one end to the other, among some slands of crockery and fragments of old boots and whathot, a billet of wood attracted the doctor's gaze; this he drew into his hand and fell to whitling,

A half-starved cat rubbed her famished sides against his ankle; he bent and stroked sortly her broken fur: from a room hard by there came an siling beby's fretful mean and the sound of rockers, one of which was loose and made a clacking noise as the chair syayed back and forth over the bare boards of the floor, letting it drop and catching it again in its wooden jaw on the downward tillt; the scolding words floated down the alley on little gusts of wrath and mixed themselves 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 generation, 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 foom he now entered 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 protege who would occupy it. "Feed the hungry, and the minute he gets his belly full, be gorry, he'll up and sass yez for yer pains. I never knew it fail that bread cast on the waters is never fit to ate wonct it returns. It's bad luck to do good. Dades o' kindness have a strange way of changing into curses and coming home to roost in their new feathers. Better let the wench feed at the city stall, where she belongs, and take

The noor 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 Psalm of Life was just above the headboard, he remembered. And decorated. The Psalm 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 doing, 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 comfortable 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 expression, 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.

"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 disturbed. This was so unusual that after awhile he said, "What is it, Barbára?"

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

away.

The physician frowned and sat down by the 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 forehead 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 dingnose. He was a man wholly frank and impatient of duplicity in others. "I can do nothing for you at this rate," he said, irritably. "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,

than usual doctor."
"This day is bad for sick folk," he said, slowly, his eyes hard 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. he said, "You will brighten with the morn-

The far off look he hated came to her eyes.
"With the morrow—yes—I shall be satisfied,"
she answered.
"Where is that wine?" he asked, looking

"Where is that wine?" he asked, housing 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 wondered. At that moment the chair under him, —a frail affair in canvas,—made signs of giving way. He rose and glanced about him. "I thought there was a rocker," he said, absently, 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 reliquids to a

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

night and sold for rum; the wine—I gave him that for sake of peace."

The physician was not particularly impressed. 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 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."

Barhara colored to the mots of her brown

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 punper, 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 crony 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 Takin the light breaking in "I think"

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

The woman hande a gesture of assent and infinite disdain. "He last light struck at me with his fat, a trick learned of his father, who, one morning, after a wild night over his cups, three 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 alve years ago; death was kind and took him to his kingdom the next season—the only good that came to me from the marrisge."

Lakin held the glass to her lips, and she drank to please him, though she hated medicine. "You excite yourself with these memories," he expostulated. "Lie down and let me read to you awhile. When life grows bitter turn to books for comfort, they rarely fall 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 if on to the bed a string of resary beads. Harbara quickly covered it with her hand and afterwards slipped it into the sieve of her robe. Lakin opened the book at random and read the first passage his eyes fell on: "To come back to this earth and climb anew the Calvary of experience, how much the soul might gain by such a process! 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 faculties now dormant in the spirit that would not then unfold, no joy of love that has mot 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." Lightin, beginning to look bored, turned to the file page and continued, "Reincarnation," A Boctrine 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 nsked.

The physician opened his eyes in a frank stare of astonishment, as though she had asked if he believed in th

the forest one tree grows tall and stately in the sun, reaching its full power of development; 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 fill of nourishment, beth in wort and branch and sence in plants."

to be the oak that has its fill of nourishment, both in root and branch and space in plenty."
"You are satisfied that your present condition is not just what you need for your spiritual advancement in the future?"
"Sure," she answered, whimsically, smiling. "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

At this moment open swung the door and a beautiful young girl, her arms full of hothouse roses drifted in, like the spirit of young summer, a gracious embodiment of health and animation. 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 forward, her Irish sense of humor finding somebroke 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. "Me mon, Mike," she muttered to her thought, "niver 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."

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 sheaf 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.

Barbara nodded, her eyes full of tears.

Nina chose a flower, shred the thorns away and gave it to the patient. "Do you remember 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 thickened with rice and jelly in a cup and other good things; and Muzzle will stay all night to tend the fire, this weather is so horid."

Barbara drew into her own one of the thin

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 mercy. Think it not futile, it 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 it with prescient dread, but ahe shook the mood away and laughed in sweet embarrassment at the praise.

Excited by all that had taken place within

and so he has come to me, an invalid and a panper, 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 crony 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 she was fast asleep at the post of duty and snoring with abandon. The sound of land the praise.

Excit of by all that had taken place within the last few days, Barbara that night found herself unable to get to sleep, though the soldering the racket that was generally going on there at all hours. She had had a delicious supper, the bed she lay on was a couch of ease, and she was not alone to suffer for want of care; for Muzzie on the lounge, was a colleged to the part of nurse, that is 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 scries 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 fiame; 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 offered her so little by way of pleasure? 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 carth—whatever the heavens bore by way of recompense—and live one little life that should know triumph!

Sire 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 monsfer. Evidently she had not been over-

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 monsfer. Evidently she had not been overheard, 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 aswing in a sapphire sea. 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, mellow and strong, rose on the air and died down into silence. Barbara Gifford listened with pleased interest, but the singing was not resumed. She herself had no gift for music, she could not sing a note fit to beheard, 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 drawy tears or evoke laughter by the simple wielding of its magic wand, to be adored, the darling of the people, that were indeed a life appart from this, a life worth living, truly. The vision she had known some years before went drifting through her memory at that hour, a derelict from dreamland. She thought she was in a theatre, though in what part of the world she had no idea; the immense audience, the known some years before went uniting through her memory at that hour, a derelict from dreamland. She thought she was in a theatre, though in what part of the world she had no idea; the immense audience, the glare of lamplight, the storm of sound outpouring from the tuneful throats of instruments, none of these things moved her. Two people of her horoscope were there and these two she was seeking the house over, without ever knowing who they were or where to look for them. Led on by some occult power she passed from pit to galleries, slowly, slowly, peering into faces, old and young, but none of them held for her any interest. Finally, she searched among the boxes and in the last of all was a lady with heautiful white hair, a slender woman, with a delicate sad face, who held with listless clasp a spray of roses. On the stage gowned in white, was a woman of great loveliness of person. A square of white lace, a bagatelle of a kerchief, rested on her head, like the butterfly above the brows of Psyche. On the left arm, clasped above the elbow, was a band of jewels that flamed as if on fire. Barbara gazed from one woman to the other and it was given her to know that these two would come into her life in days to be. All at once she thrilled with some joy of comprehension, she touched on the forehead the woman at her side and uttered softly, "Sweet Spirit, you will know me by the rose."

"Sweet Spirit, you will know me by the rose."

This dream Barbara told to Nina one winter's day, as the girl sat by her bedside, fashioning from newspapers with scissors strips of embroidery for the shelves of a little cupboard.

Barbara Gifford knelt there by the window, drinking in the beauty of the night; one star, large and golden, looked straight at her, like the eye of a pitying friend; it seemed to magnetize, to draw her to itself. She stretched her hands towards it, palms upward, and prayed in the passion of her aching heart, "Holy Mother, grant me this little boon, if it be right; let me return to earth, once my soul has passed forth from the body, and live my life anew, this time in harmony. Grant me the gift of song, the kisses of love's lips, the magic wand of gold, the witchery of success. Genius, beauty, victory—all of these."

A sob shook her; she bowed her head and drawing forth the rosary from her sleeve, she kissed the tiny crucifix and, raising it to her forehead, she blessed herself with the sign of the church of Rome, in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.

They found her the next morning still on

They found her the next morning still on her knees. The soft air of the springtime touched her curls and a gleam of sunshine brought out their ruddy tinge; a smile was on her lips. Her spirit had taken flight from the worn body—free at last! Had she sped to the beckoning star?

(To be continued.)

Onset, Mass.

Monday, July 20. The following thoughts were gleaned at the conference:

Mrs. Ring said: "Seven years ago there was a great deal said about educating our mediums. Ever since that time I have tried to listen and to appropriate to myself all that would be of benefit to me, and I believe I have broadened and grown since I became a medium."

medium."

Miss Lizzie Harlow: "This is the meeting that belongs to the people, and they should have the time to speak. It should not be occupied by the platform workers. This is an age of thought, and the masses are thinking along all liberal lines. The invisible is the real and we are beginning to realize it more than ever before... Schools have their dangers as well as their privileges and we should let them (schools) drop as far as our isms are concerned, but we should see to it that education is more natural than at the present time."

that education is more natural than at the present time."

Mrs. Curtis recited a poem, "Give, and it will come back to you."

Mr. Freeman Nickerson said: "As far as education is concerned every man should be educated just as much as possible. Ignorance has been the curse of the world." He then related his experience in Spiritualism.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes spoke briefly: "I am with you in the work for Spiritualism. I am plensed to have Rev. Mr. Hutchins with us. He is deeply interested along the line of spiritual phenomena. He said to me, 'I hope the time will come when the Spiritualists will learn to reverence the psychic facts that are given to them.' We are glad he is with us."

Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn: "It is a mistake for Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn: "It is a mistake for nediums and lecturers not to get all the ed-

ucation they can. I have regretted all my life that I was not ursed 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; subject—'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 criticise him. It matters not to us what his name was, or whether Jesus had an existence or not. There must have been some one that was divinely inspired to utter the truths recorded. 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 was as superior to modern Christianity as we can possibly perceive it. I believe his religion was as superior to modern Christianity as we can possibly perceive it. I believe 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 kingdom of the divine in the hearts of men.

He will be great in religion who has helped bis fellow man. Jesus never imagined himself a King. He never desired to be placed upon a pedestal and worshiped. Jesus believed he was inspired; he believed he was selected by a hi, her power as a teacher. He believed in the Brotherhood of Man and the Entherhood of God.

leved he was inspired; he believed he was selected by a higher power as a teacher. He believed in the Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God.

At 4 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 Lyceum, one that will remain in operation during the winter. Long live the Onset Lyceum. Wednesday, July 22, Conference. Mrs. Ring spoke, followed by Dr. Carey. Dr. Huot spoke briefly.

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

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

Mrs. Hinman of Worcester recited an original poem, "My Soul and I." The poem, in blank verse, was a whole sermon in itself.

Mrs. Curtis read a poem by Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

nal poem, "My Soul and L." The poem, in blank verse, was a whole sermon in itself. Mrs. Curtis read a poem by Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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

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

Thursday, Prof. W. F. Peck gave one of his finest scientific lectures on "The Evolution of Man" (body), before a good-sized audience. The lecture created a great interest. Space will not allow a full report and justice cannot be given the speaker in brief notes from a lecture of this nature. In the evening Prof. Peck gave an illustrated lecture in the Areade for the benefit of the Lyceum. New arrivals are coming every day.

Friday, July 24, was Conference Day again. Dr. George Carey spoke on "Modern Warfare." Dr. Weeks spoke briefly: Mr. Maxham sang a beautiful selection; Mr. Sampson related some of his experiences, closing with a Swedish poem; Mr. James H. Young, one of the oldest Spiritualists of Onset, was controlled by a powerful spirit and said:

"You do not realize how many spirits out 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 evolution relates alone to matter, and has nothing to do with the soul. All the work of nature had to be performed before a soul could be prepared for the universe. No one particular race grew out of another race. The animals are distinct and of themselves. Man is a soul.

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

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 as 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

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 lonor to the pioneer workers. The meeting opeued with music by Mr. A. J. Maxham. From Dr. G. A. Fuller's address of welcome we cull the following:

"We wish to make this a memorial day, a day that we recognize all who have gone out

"We wish to make this a memorial day, a day that we recognize all who have gone out 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 present, both embodied and disembodied, spirits, and we hope to hear from many from both side of life."

Miss C. Fannie Allyn continued: "I do not think we appreciate enough the

not think we appreciate enough the work the pioneers have done for us. I rejoice in the heroes of Spiritualism, those who defined despotism and tyranny and declared themselves 'for truth.' Let us ever cherish them, and profit by what they have taught

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

The audience sang "Auld Lang Syne."

Mrs. Kate H. Stiles told of her first coming

to Onset twenty-two years ago in search of light, and how she became satisfied that Spirlight, and how she became satisfied that Spiritualism is true. She said: "All have the soul capacity, and can commune with their own if they will only place themselves into a receptive state instead of waiting for some outward sim."

soul capacity, and can commune with their own if they will only place themselves into 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 ignore them in our meetings, and I want to appeal to you one and all for them. A gentleman 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 fick of sheep.' 'Oh, yes;' replied the farmer, 'I always look out for my 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 owners 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 laborious work; they fought hravely 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 brodght 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 ploneer in the work. She lectured in the arly 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 26. Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, the speaker, had the largest audience this

season. Mrs. Twing read a poem entitled "The Diamond Wedding." Mr. Maxham and Miss Alice Hobrook favored the audience with a vocal duet. Mrs. Twing took for her subject "Our Uncommitted Sins and Unrealized Good of Life," and gave one of her fine, characteristic addresses. To say she pleased her audience is putting it mildly if applause is any evidence of their pleasure. Notes from her lecture will appear later. At 1 p. m. the band gave another concert. The meeting of the afternoon was held in the auditorium and a large audience was in attendance. Mr. Thos. Cross of Fall River delivered an able address on "Spiritualism and Its Relation to Life." Mr. Cross is fast becoming one of our most popular speakers. Notes from his address will be printed in a future issue.

future issue.

In the evening a large audience gathered in the Arcade to listen to that ever popular N. Y. medium, Miss Margaret Gaule. The tests given were many and all recognized. If yon have not subscribed for the Banner of Light do so at once and get the news from all the camps. You can subscribe at the book store also find it sold by single copy. Among the arrivals are Mr. J. E. Hayward, Major Andrews, Prof. Hoppe, E. Gerry Brown, Mrs. C. P. Pratt. Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Bates of Fitchburg were the guests of Dr. Kimball.

Monday, July 27, the conference was held in

Monday, July 27, the conference was held in the Auditorium. Dr. George Carey explained "Wireless Telegraphy" in a very simple

"Wireless Telegraphy" in a very simple manner.

Mr. Blackden related some of his experiences with the spirit. Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing told of a telegram she received from her mother before passing away saying: "It came to me from my mother through space and was whispered into my ear! I wonder if Dr. Carey would say I received the message by means of wireless telegraphy."

Dr. Carey responded: "Let us understand at once that everything is spirit; it operates the air. Marcoul is operated upon by spirit and he operates upon matter, which is spirit at a different rate of vibration. We can explain these things for ourselves when we realize this fact.

Mrs. Ring spoke briefly upon the same line of thought. Mr. C. D. Fuller related an experience he had in giving a medical treatment which illustrated the subject. Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock spoke on "The Needs of Spiritualism."

Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn had been to attend

Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn had been to attend the funeral services of a good Spiritualist, and it had set her to thinking along another line. She appealed to all to be consistent and if they had worshiped at the fountain of spiritual truth to see to it that the last word said over the body should be by a Spiritualist. Tuesday, July 28. Mr. Maxham sang; Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing read a poem. The subject of her lecture was: "From Flame to Glory."

Wednesday, July 29, was conference day

Wednesday, July 29, was conference day and a goodly number of people were present to speak upon topics which were of vital interest to them. Mr. A. J. Maxham opened the meeting with singing. He is a great favorite at the camp and always receives a hearty welcome.

Invorite at the camp and always receives a hearty welcome.

Dr. Fuller read a letter from Mrs. Delia Smith of Providence, R. I. She sent her greetings to the friends at Onset and closed her letter with a poem which was read and well received. Mr. A. J. Maxham sang, "Backward, Turn Backward." Dr. Huot said in part:

said in part:

"If Patrick Henry had not said, 'Give me liberty or give me death,' we would not stand where we do today. No, because he was a prime factor in his day and you are all prime factors in the spiritual ranks, and we should stand up and declare ourselves for the truth which we love." He closed with communications.

tions.

Miss Margaret Gaule spoke briefly of her

Miss Margaret Gaule spoke briefly of her visit to Onset, of her interest in the conferences and of good done by relating experiences. She said: "I hope you are all as good Spiritualists in the winter as you are in the summer. We should pray daily for blessings, pray for good to others, pray to be led onward and upward."

Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing spoke of the necessities of Conference: "They are the lower lights and we want them burning, and burning brightly. We need the voice of the people. You all have something to say; you all have had experiences; now come forward and tell us what Spiritualism has done for you."

Mr. Freeman Nickerson spoke upon "The Bible." Dr. Fuller spoke of the importance of the Lyceum work. Thursday Mr. George W. Carey of San Francisco gave a very able address on "The Eternal Now," which will be published in full as soon as space will permit.

For Over Sixty Years

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

City of Light Assembly.

Lily Dale, N. Y., July 28.—The assembly is closing its third week and nearing the height of its session. The largest crowd of the season, so far, convened July 26, trains from both ways being full to overflowing. The day was a perfect one, and was everywhere reflected in the spirits of the people, which barometer-like, had run down during a rainy day or two of the previous week. The management is making every effort to satisfy and make happy the many visitors who are dropping in from all points, and who frequently express the conviction that a new system of educational and spiritual-work is dawning for this assembly. To quote from the clitor of the Light of Truth, after a week's sojourn at this beautiful resort:

the Light of Truth, after a week's sojourn at this beautiful resort:

"We opine that a new and higher order of work has been inaugurated at fair Lily Dale, one that appeals to the heart-side as well as to the intellectual phases of Spiritualism. Never before has the spirit that ought to permeate a gathering place dedicated to the highest and best been so universally manifested. It is a beautiful spot, a beautiful work, a work destined to make good the other christening which James B. Townsend, in an eloquent address gave it, viz; "The Capital of Spiritualism."

The lectures. class work and entertainments

an eloquent address gave it, viz; 'The Capital of Spiritualism.'"

The lectures, class work and entertainments have all been of a high intellectual and spiritual order. Questions of deep import are heard on every hand, and esoteric subjects discussed on porches and at street corners. The Lyceum has a large attendance and the children are doing fine work. The Willing Workers are untiring in their efforts to swell the assembly fund and are adding many dollars to its treasury.

Classes of various kinds are in session. Clegg Wright is wrestling with man's evolution. W. J. Colville with spiritual and mental therapeutics. Miss Williams of Washington with physical culture. Mrs. Craig, parliamentary law. Miss Rhind has a mystic circle, etc., etc. Much interest is manifest at conferences, thought exchanges and the Forest Temple meetings, three of which are held daily.

est Temple meetings, three of which are held daily.

The speakers for week commencing Aug. 1 were Baba Premanand Bharati, India; W. J. Colville, Francis E. Mason, Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Susan B. Anthony, Rev. Anna Shaw. The three last were the special speakers of Woman's Congress, Aug. 5. Susan B. Anthony presided on that day. A tele-

gram was received to the effect that Rev.

Morgan Wood, speaker for Ang. 2 and 4, is
tery ill with typhoid fever. A, B. French of
Ohio filled his place. J. E. Hyde.

Tes and Coffee Drinkers

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate. It allays the nervousness and disordered digestion caused by excessive use of Ten, Coffee or Alcoholic drinks. Puts the stomach in an active and healthy condition. Try it.

Indorsement.

Believing that the personal character of George W. Kates will remain true, I indorse this name for the presidency of the "N. S. A." first, because of his many years of labor among all classes of people which give him a personal knowledge of the needs of the people and of the N. S. A. Second, he has executive ability, and is forcible, fearless, honest, intelligent, consistent, patient and healthy, he is an organizer, lecturer, teacher and missionary; he is in favor of Lyceums, societies, camps, state associations and all that places the cause of Spiritualism before the people and world.

Mr. G. W. Kates would wisely defend our

Mr. G. W. Kates would wisely defend our beloved Cause under all circumstances. His record is one of the faithful servant to his people. No better man could be named as a candidate for this important office. He is a true Spiritualist. Virginie Barrett.

Never Neglect Constipation.

It means too much misery and piling up of disease for all parts of the body. Death often starts with constipation. The clogging of the bowels forces poisons through the intestines into the blood. All sorts of diseases commence that way. Most common complaints are dyspepsia, indigestion, catarrh of the stomach, liver complaint, kidney trouble, headaches, etc. The bowels must be relieved, but not with catharties or purgatives. They weaken and aggravate the disease. Use Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine instead. It is a tonic laxative of the highest order. It builds up and adds new strength and vigor. It assists the bowels to move themselves naturally and healthfully without medicine. One small dose a day will cure any case, and remove the cause of the trouble. It is not a patent nostrum. The list of ingredients goes with every package with explanation of their action. It is not simply a temporary relief, it is a permanent cure. Try it. A free sample bottle for the asking. Vernal Remedy Co., 120 Seneca Building, Buifalo, N. Y. For sale by all leading druggists.

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

Campmeetings for 1903.

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

The N. S. A. President.

As I understand it, Mr. Barrett is out of the race, or in other words will not hold the presidency any longer, which I think is a mistake. Mr. Barrett should continue to be president of the N. S. A. as long as he lives. I do not think there is any other man that can take his place. He has through all these years of service always been ready to come and go at the request of the people, he has ruined his health, and overtaxed every condition that would tend to prolong life without much of any compensation. I do not think it is anywhere near right or justice the way the N. S. A. has used Bro. Barrett, he has a very sensitive organization, and often feels hurt when a coarser man would not feel it.

often feels nurt when a coarser man would not feel it.

I have a candidate for the presidency of the N. S. A., Mrs. Pettengill, of Lily Dale, N. Y., who is a clear headed, broad minded woman, with ability of every kind stored up for present and future use. She would make a president who could not be imposed upon; would stand square up for her own and the people's rights; she is well calculated to do justice to the opinion of others, and carefully assist them and select what would be beneficial to the whole people; she has any amount of business ability as well as spiritual ability, and is well calculated in every way to fill the bill in every particular.

Mrs. Pettengill is the only one that can make the N. S. A. just what it should be, a protector to every true Spiritualist who believes in liberty and equality. She would rally around her a stanch number of friends who will be always ready to stand by her in every work that wants to be done. I am informed that Mrs. Pettengill is the only perseculate an account of the only perseculation of the process the only perseculation of the process the only perseculation.

in every work that wants to be done. I am informed that Mrs. Pettengill is the only person that can ever do the work that needs to be done in the cause of Spiritualism.

Dr. E. F. Butterfield.

· Briefs.

Waverley Home, July 26. A goodly attendance and a finely sustained meeting was held. Mrs. N. J. Willis, speaker of the First Spiritual Temple, Boston, gave the principal address, Mrs. Willis, with impressive earnestness, besought all to cherish, dignify and keep holy the sacred truths of the Godgiven religion of Spiritualism. "Let us so comfort ourselves in earth life that when the day conies of parting with earthly ties, we may graduate, without a tremor of conscience, into that everlasting world of life, of beauty and of glorious happiness. Let us be ever grateful," said the speaker, "to Spiritualism; let us unite and strengthen the hands of those who are striving to uphold the pure white banner of Spiritualism, for it is God's way of revealing the immortality of the soul to man." After the address by Mrs. Willis, interesting remarks and messages were given by the following mediums: Mrs. M. A. Bonney, Mrs. M. M. Reed, Mr. Marstou, Mrs. Munroe, Mrs. Whittier. Mr. H. B. Johnson rendered a fine improvization, "On the Waverley Oaks;" Mrs. M. A. Bemis, nusical director.—J. H. Lowis.

Commercial Hall, 694 Washington St., Mrs.

M. Adeline Wilkinson, conductor, Mr. Clifford Hillings, assistant. Sunday, July 26, a
large number attended the Spiritual Conference held at 11 o'clock, subject, "Co-operation." The following speakers were present:
Mr. Hill, Mr. Marston of Allston, Dr. Frank
Brown, Rev. Geo. Brewer, Mr. Turner, Mr.
L. Raxter, Mrs. McKenna, Mrs. Reed, Miss
Anna Strong, Mrs. Brown. Medlums assisting during the day: Mrs. Nettle Merrow,
Mrs. Ida Pye, Mrs. Hughes, Mrs. Maggie
Cutter, Mrs. Grover, Mrs. Peak, Mrs. Fox,
Mrs. Burns. Music, Master Enos Pye, Mrs.
Nelly Grover. Indian Healing Circle every
Yuesday at three. Meeting for phenomena
Fluredays at 2.30. Mrs. Wilkinson's address
is Onset, Mass.—Reporter.

Buddha, the Greatest and Grandest Teacher of All the Ages.

In discussing the religious question a writer says: "Humanity will follow in the footsteps of the Christ as ardently as it has already subdued and overrun the earth."

The "writer" is mistaken—the adherents of Buddha very nuch, outnumber the followers of Christ. The important consideration is to raise the standard of morals—to make humanity wiser and better. The so-termed Christian nations, particularly Europe, are armed camps and the many millions of soldiers are supported at an enormous expense to the people.

Christian nations, particularly Europe, are armed camps and the many millions of soldiers are supported at an enormous expense to the people:

The following blindly in the footsteps of the Christ is not in accord with his teachings—he said his followers would do still greater works. The turning of water into wine, as was reported to have been done at Cana, was not a wise and commendable act, and those who insist that the Nazarene was the highest type of all ages are grossly ignorant or blinded by prejudice. The nation expends \$1,000,000,000 annually in intoxicating beverages, and the wreckage and ruin resulting from its use is appalling; and the record of the Son-of-Man on the drink question is not commendable. As a great religious reformer prohibited intoxicating beverages several hundred years before the birth of Christ, and his creed embraces the Jewish commandments, which the Son of Man declared would save, it is evident that there is a greater, grander teacher than the Judean carpenter, and his name is Buddha. As indicating the character of that faith, which greatly exceeds in number of adherents any other religion, the divine story states that after measureless striving and self-purification, Buddha had gained the right to enter Nirvana, but with compassion filling his-heart, he put his merited reward aside and resolved to remain without to teach and to help until every child of earth should have become his disciple, and until every disciple should enter Nirvana before him.

The "Great Apostle to the Gentiles" does not compare favorably with the so-called Pagan-Buddha. Nor to the dictum of that grand address of the Vivekananda, the Hindu orator, whose eloquent address was delivered in this country several months ago. He said: "Lord, if it be thy, will, I will go to a hundred hells, but grant me this, that I may love Thee without the hope of reward—unselfish love for love's sake, I cannot trade in love." That broad-minded scholar—the Wendell Phillips of today, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor of Unity, in his in

Mrs. May Pepper.

The fine weather of Sunday, July 26, together with the announcement that Mrs. May Pepper, the wonderful psychic, was to appear there, brought together the largest audience that has assembled at Unity Camp since it was opened to the public, it being estimated that fully 3,000 people were in attendance to hear this remarkable woman.

The services of the day were as follows:
At 11 o'clock a conference meeting was held, in charge of vice president, Samuel Merchant. Remarks were made by Mr. Warren of Lynn, Thomas Nichols and others. The 2 o'clock meeting was opened with singing, followed with an invocation by Mrs. Albert Lewis of Lynn. John O. Allen made remarks, Mrs. Dr. Caird gave readings, and remarks were made and readings were given by Welter Rollins of Beverly.

An enjoyable song service was held from 3.30 to 4 o'clock under the direction of Harry Chase.

The four o'clock meeting opened with con-

Chase.

The four o'clock meeting opened with congregational singing, after which Mrs. Pepper gave an invocation and asked that comforting thoughts be extended to Mr. and Mrs. Coggeshall of Lowell, who have just been bereaved by the death of their beloved son. Mrs. Addle Day of Boston sang sweetly, "Only a Thin Veil Between Us."

Mrs. Pepper read a poem entitled, "I See Things Better Now," which she followed with an eloquent address on the "Purposes of Life and Its Application." She paid high tribute to Pope Leo XIII, and dwelt at considerable

and its Application." She paid high tribute to Pope Leo XIII, and dwelt at considerable length on the purpose which people had in life and said their success in their various fields depended on their zealous application neios depended on their zeatous application to whatever they were adapted and undertook, and then if they failed it was because, undoubtedly, they had mistaken their calling. She gave several illustrations of men who had become prominent by their hard work, study and application to their chosen fields of labor and closed with an eloquent perora-

Mrs. Pepper followed her interesting ad-dress by giving a number of the most re-markable tests she has yet given, for which she received the hearty approbation of the arge audience present.

Corrections and Comments,

Your typo played a joke on me in the last Banner. If I had said, "Mrs. Howe is again under the weather," that is, moderately sick, there would have been no excuse for a mistake, but I wrote it: "Mrs. Howe is again on the shady side (she had been ill before and recovered) but I hope it will be only temporal." Your typo changed it to ('bodyside!" and I am made to hope her stay on the "bodyside" will be only temporal! Of course we know it will be only temporal, if she stays in the flesh a hundred years, but I am not hoping for her speedy exit from the "bodyside."

My hopes, thus far, are realized, for she is up and at work again, but is still on the

My hopes, thus far, are realized, for she is up and at work again, but is still on the "bodyside," and I hope will remain some years yet. There will be time enough to study and enjoy the infinite realities and attractive mysteries that invite us on from glory to glory after we have made the most of this life, extended to its utmost limit.

The "Editorial Notes" in the last Banner—July 25—are a "feast of reason and flow of soul." We read them with enthusiastic approval. The comments upon the Psychic Research Society, and its relation to Spiritualism, and the attitude of many Spiritualism, and the attitude of many Spiritualists towards it, and the insane bigotry and prejudice of some of its members in their attitude towards Spiritualism, are just as I have seen these things for years, and I am glad to see this subject so ably analyzed in the Banner of Light.

It is true that the announcement that heralded the organization smacked strongly of conceit, and ignorance of what had been done by as competent investigators as any of the Researchers. But that was no reason for disparaging their intentions or sneering at their efforts. The Society for Psychical Research Row dene, and is doing, a valuable work for Spiritualism, and by and by its members will learn something of the mediumship that they now affect to despise. The absurd freaks, whims and cranky exhibits of many mediums, when honest skeptics propose conditions for scientific investigation, have done much to impress critics that they, as a class, are tricky and fear to submit to fair trials. But such men as represent the scientific methods of study should be large enough, and endowed with sufficient common sense, to size up these sensitives and judge them rationally, rather than denounce the whole body of mediums as frauds.

Unfortunately mediums have some bad counselors. Men on whom they rely as advisers frequently urge them not to submit to any test conditions at all. They are easily impressed by such counsel. They can get all the patronage they care for from the class that is willing to take what comes, under any conditions the medium may make, and "ask no questions for enscience sake," and they do not care what skeptics think or say of them. Such counselors are harmful to the Cause, and more responsible than the mediums they influence.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.

Headquarters for the Banner of Light is located at the cottage of the second vice president, Mrs. Alice S. Waterhouse, on Broadway. Mrs. Eldridge, its special correspondent and representative, is here for the senson, and all persons desiring news of the camp can obtain it by purchasing the Banner of her, or by subscribing for it with her. The convocation has opened in earnest. More cottages are open and occupied this season than ever before in the history of Lake Pleasant. The grounds never looked better. To quote Mr. William P. Davis of Somerville, who sojourned with us for the first time six years ago: "I note a great improvement in the appearance of the buildings and cottages, the removal of the stairs by which we ascended to the bluff and their replacement with a graded walk, and the opening of Barber Avenue has been a god-send to us old people. Since my first coming here six years ago your entire grounds and property presents a much altered and better appearance." Such words of appreciation are an encouragement to do more and better than we have done before.

The electric light plant went into operation last Saturday night and the shades of night will be dissipated during the month of August by this invention of modern science. Sunday forenoon was devoted to the opening services of the convocation. The Ladies' Schubert quartet showed that it had lost none of its old time popularity with our people and its vocal selections were splendidly rendered and particularly appropriate.

Our honored president, Judge Abram H. Dailey of Brooklyn, N. Y., was at his best, and the large audience assembled inspired him to good effect. His address of welcome was a masterpiece and will be printed in a future issue of the Banner of Light.

In the afternoon Rev. F. A. Wiggin of Boston occupied the patform August 4 and 5.

Rev. Wm. L. Hutchins of Springfield, who made such a splendid impression here as a liberal thinker and orator last year, will occupy our rostrum Friday afternoon, August 7, and Sunday, A Headquarters for the Banner of Light is

Among the recent arrivals were A. H. Dailey and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. P. Davis, K. D. Childs and wife, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Budington, H. C. Douglass, Mr. and Mrs. F. Douglass and niece, Mr. David Slonn, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Emmons, Frank Boyden and family, Mrs. Martha Danforth and grandchildren, Mrs. and the Misses Freelander, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Graham, Mrs. Harriman, son and two daughters, Mrs. Bernarl and daughter and L. F. Crafts and wife.

wife.

The well known materializing medium,
Carrie M. Sawyer, is located at the Tice
cottage, which has been purchased and renovated by Mrs. Fred Haslam, and Mrs. Mary
Eddy Huntoon is expected this week. She
will be located at the Harvey cottage at the
foot of Lyman St., as usual. Railroad excursion rates went into effect August 1.

Albert P. Blinn, clerk.

My Over-Ruler.

I know that ther is, if not a "higher intelligence," at least a fuller intelligence than this personal one I call my own. Many a time in my life I have been absolutely certain that some certain thing was the only right thing,—that if it did not come to pass just that particular way the loss would be infinite and the harm deep as hell itself and authorise propagale.

utterly irreparable.

Well, it did not come to pass as I thought it must in order to keep the earth from wobbling on its axis.

And do you know, it wasn't very long until

And do you know, it wasn't very long until I was fervently glad it did not come around as I thought it must and ought to. The way I thought utterly wrong was absolutely right and beneficent.

Many a time I have had such experiences, in little things and big.

I know there is a fuller intelligence than mine; and I know that when my intelligence goes awry from lack of far-seeing, that this fuller intelligence over-rules mine. I am glad to believe this, glad to know that when I get in a quandary there is Something to bring

tulier intelligence over-rules mine. I am glad to believe this, glad to know that when I get in a quandary there is Something to bring things out right in spite of me.

And, do you know, I believe this fuller intelligence is after all my own intelligence. It is I who am doing it all the time. Intelligence is not confined in bodies or brains,—no. It fills the universe. All this space between you and me is pure intelligence in which we live and move, and through-which we think. But we are conscious only of that small portion of our intelligence represented by our bodies. This great sea of intelligence is infinitely the larger part of us, but it acts sub-consciously, or superconsciously.

But it does act, and for my individual good, as well as for the good of all others. I am glad to be over-ruled by it. It makes me feel safe to know that if I make a mistake in judgment I shall be over-ruled by this fuller intelligence which is over us all.—Elizabeth Fowne, in The Nautilus.

lowne, in The Nautilus.

"There is no such thing as a rational melancholy," says Newcomb. And there is no such thing as a rational disease, say I; neither is there such a thing as rational anxiety on any subject whatever. And this is because—in the realm of rationality, the realm of pure reason—the man is master of himself, his moods and his surroundings.—Freedom

registrative is also contains the latest Glomary or and Tyring.

The Tyring of the Property of the Publishing of the Popular o

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M. THERESA ALLEN, M. D.

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There are angels near
Don't shut the door between
us, mother
Surely the curtain is lifting
The evergreen mountains of
Isle
The beautiful hands
The real life
Waiting
Beyond
It's weary the waiting
My mother's beautiful hands
The beautiful land
The angel life
Infinite Father
An angel band doth 'watch
o'er me

Sweet somewhere
O'de melodes
You never can tell
washall not pass this way
again
Is all who hate would love us
Bollitude
When we wife has gone
When was the world con't look for the flaws
It's weary the waiting
My mother's beautiful hands
The old brass knocker
And so gues the world
Castles in the air
An honest man
The angel child

An angel band doth ;watch The angel child
o'er me
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A new collection of Words and Music for the Choir, Congregation, and Social Circle. Combining "Golden Melodies and "Spiritual Echoes," with the addition of thirty pages New Music. By S. W. TUCKER. INDEX. Ready to go, Shall we know each other there? Sweet hour of prayer. Sweet meeting there. Sweet meeting there. Sow in the morn thy seed, Star of truth. Silent help. She has crossed the river.

Angel Care.
A little while longer.
Angel Visitants.
Angel Friends.
Almost Home.
And He will make it plain. tiful angels are waiting Beautiful City. Beautiful Land. liss.
eyond the mortal.
y love we arise.
ome up thither.
ome, gentle spirits
onsolation.

consolation.
lome, go with me,
lay by day.
lon't ask me to tarry.
lycryreen shore.

Galacred home beyont near.
He of rest.
He of rest.
He of rest.
Here and there.
I shall know his angel nar.
I'm called to the better is long to be there.
ooking over.
ooking over.
ooking beyond.
outing for home.
I've for an object.
I've arbor of love.
home beyond the river.
I'ng homeward.
home is not here.
guardina angel.
yet.
I've the or in the rest.
I've the or in the weeping there.
death.
t yet for me. over the river I'm going.

Oh, bear me away.

Income by one.

Passed on.

When shall we meet againgt we welcome them heat-bys. We will meet them by and-bys. We II meet them by and-bys. We II meet them by and-bys. We II gather at the portal. We shall know each other there. We II dwell beyond them all Waiting to go. We will not be the waiting on this shore. We re fourneying on. We re fourneying on. ust it be to be the CHANTS.

Silent help.
She has crossed the river.
Shummer days are coming.
They re calling us over the sea.
The river calling us over the sea.
Tenting nearer home.
Trust in God.
The land of rest.
The Sabbath morn.
The cry of the spirit.
The silent city.
The river of time.
The super sare coming.
The Lyceum.
The happy time to come.
The shining shore.
The region of light.
The shining shore.
The have hearing us on
The have a spirit-land.
The by-as d bye.
The Eden above.
The Lien above.
The Lien above.
The Lien above.
The Lien above.
The same ferry better land.
We shall meet on the bright of

ed the river

Banner of Bight.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1908.

ISSUED EVERT WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON AT 4 O'CLOCK FOR THE WEEK ENDING AT DATE.

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Pen Flashes.

(Continued from page 1.)

transfer them, bound, and chained into the hands of animal vivisectors to be gradually gashed, dissected and tortured? This is only n suggestion.

In all sincerity, I pronounce the vivisection of our domestic animals uncalled for, unnecessary, unjustifiable, inhuman, and barbarous, promoting the same savagery and heartferocity that induced the old Roman populace to gaze with delight upon the gladintorial combats and the torturing of the early Christian martyrs.

'And everybody praised the Duke, Who this great fight did win:
'But what good came of it at last?'
Quoth sunny Peterkin,—
'Why, that I cannot tell,' said he,
'But 'Iwas a famous victory.'"

This newly-discovered radium suffers no diminution as the evolution of heat and light go on; nor is there any perceptible chemical change, or alteration of its molecular struc-What, then, or from what source this perpetuated heat and light? Is it from matter? And if so, what kind or sort of matter? Are any of its properties known? In action it somewhat resembles polanium, actinium and thorium. Its energy is intense. Are we not on the very threshold where matter and spirit shake hands across the abyss and affiliate? Only one step more, and the oneness of nature in its two aspects, spirit and substance, is scientifically demonstrated.

What are thoughts? Prof. James pronounces them "phenomenal cognitive events in time, with several characteristics." They are these and more,-they are refined, otherealized points of force, setting in motion the invisible, enzoning etheric waves when propelled by will.

In speaking of various forces, we say it rains, it thunders, it attracts, it repels. Why not also say, it thinks? What is meant then Personally, I mean by it, just now, spirit-the inmost, conscious Ego-the absolute, immortal Myself, noticing time and space only when functioning through the various forms of matter.

Friendly reader, consider for a moment the brevity of human life. Tombstones dot the country. They are symbols of mortality. The journey thither is not a long one. Do not tarry by the roadside. Take heed to your steps, and "salute no one by the way."

Controversies are generally unprofitable. Logic in the hands of the unprincipled is decidedly twistable. Upon the established facts of a case the honorable agree. It is the region of opinions that constitutes the playgrounds and battle-grounds of argument.

Charles Brodie Patterson, editor 'Mind," in his handsomely printed pamphlet, What the New Thought Stands For," has lrawn the fairest, clearest, briefest and most critical distinction between the New Thought Science and Christian Science that I have ever rend. Here are brief excerpts: "Chrision Science affirms the whole material unirerse to be an illusion of what it terms 'mortal In this denial of matter the physical mind. form of man is denied away. . . . " Christian Science says, "Read the Bible and then take Science and Health' as its interpreter, Leave ill other sources of knowledge alone," it commands, "because all else is the product of mortal mind.' . . . Christian Science has founded a church, yet denies away matter, sin, sickness, disease and death," and I will add, that while denying there being any disease, any matter, Christian Science healers treat disease and take good round pay in matter,-cents, dimes and dollars.

Every atom in man is a centre of force. and aflame with undying life. Then why should mortals die? Is there anything so very attractive in caskets and cemeteries; is there anything musical in the echoing clods that fall upon and cover the draped coffin? Is not life on earth a divine gift, a golden chain of sequences from the Divine Giver? Why, then, should a link in this silvery chain e broken, and mourners go about the streets? Let me be more specific. Today, is your health perfect-so perfect that you cognize no ache nor pain?

Then were you to keep your health up to this present high standard, your body would not die, would it?

"I do not see why it should." Neither do I. Your present body is constituted of a certain number of atoms, a certain number of ons, molecules and cells, a certain number of bones, muscles, nerves, organs, functions; a certain quantity of acids, alkalies, lime, phosphorus, silica, and many other chemical constituents, and you are in perfect health, on say.

Now supposing that these organs, elements, and constituents were to remain in the same ratio of quality and quantity in your organism for years and ages, changing only for the better if changing at all, your body, would not die, would it?

"I do not see why it should." Neither do I. Poes someone say that these atoms, particles and cells necessarily wear out by use, or become impaired by friction? Yes, impaired or worn out to be replaced by others, and possibly by atoms and cells far more refined, and the better adapted to such higher expressions of life as would greatly tend to the immortality of mortality on earth. Seen in this light, dying is only passing up one step higher day by day-only measurably another name, in fact, for molting. Birds molt yearly. Their plumage-their externals fall and waste away, but in the process they do not leave their forms or future facilities for flight. Paul declared that he "died daily," referring probably to his particled physical body.

But if men were chemically wise enough in bygiene, wise enough in the use of foods, drinks, exercise, deep breathing, and environments, wise enough to maintain a perfect equilibrium between the chemical and vital forces of their organizations, why should

Avoiding animal-flesh foods, and subsisting upon grains, nuts, and fruits that grow in the sunshine, bodies necessarily become more refined, more etherealized thereby. This being true, ultimately they may be able to materialize and de-materialize at will, and so live on earth immortal, if they so choose. Do not be alarmed at this theory, gentle reader, it will not come to pass in your day or mine. . . .

It was our brave, stout-hearted Lowell, who thus wrote:

"Let liars fear, let cowards shrink, Let traitors turn away. Whatever we have dared to think, That dare we also say.

Thomas G. Newman.

In the transition of Thomas G. Newman late editor of that able advocate of the truths of Spiritualism, "The Philosophical Journal" of San Francisco, Calif., the Cause has lost one of its most faithful advocates He was a native of England, but had made his home in the United States from his early manhood. He devoted the best years of hi life to the work of developing the resources of his adopted country, and sought by every means in his power to liberate the minds of his fellow men from the slavery of creeds and dogmas.

Mr. Newman was prominent in Masonry, and for many years was the official head of the American Bee Keepers' Association. He was also prominent in secret orders other than Masonry, and in all associations he was universally honored and esteemed for his sterling honesty and integrity. He was Spiritualist from conviction, and devoted time, strength and inoney to the service of the Cause he loved.

When Dr. B. F. and Mrs. Sara A. Underwood retired from the management of the Religio Philosophical Journal, about eight rears ago, Mr. Newman became editor and proprietor of that excellent periodical. Failng health forced him to move his plant to California, first to San Diego, then to San Francisco. Mr. Newman was a man of large heart and sincerity of purpose. He was a kind friend and considerate in his dealings with his fellow men, and it may be said of him that "e'en his faults leaned to virtue's side." For several years he had suffered from falling sight, and at the last was a great sufferer from acute physical disease. "A good man and true" has gone home, and this earth has been made a thousand fold better because Thomas G. Newman has lived in it. Emerson.

Peace to the memory of this noble man of

Leo XIII.

The supreme head of the Roman Catholic Church has fallen at his post of duty at the advanced age of ninety-three years. His life is a splendid example of industry and devotion to duty. It shows that advancing years have nothing to do with the activity of the spirit of man, and affect only his physical functions unless he tamely submits to the weakness of disease falsely attributed to old

Up to the last day of his life Leo was a worker and his indomitable will rose above all physical weakness, while he maintained a clearness of mind which is seldom found in men one-half his years. His life and work furnish ample evidence that the soul of man is ever young, and that that soul can exercise all of its functions through even a weak and trembling form, provided the will to do Is kept to the front and the fact of the eternal youth of the soul itself is maintained in thought.

In many hundred years, perhaps a thou sand years, Leo XIII stands out as the best pope the Roman Catholic Church has had. He was a scholar, statesman and diplomat, as well as Churchman, and his splendid powers were exhibited in all these fields of effort with equal ability and merit. He has always been an ardent advocate of peace, and has spent all of his energies, and used all of his great power toward the divine end of establishing peace among men and nations. It is true that he has been a faithful servant of his Church, but even here his great ability has been manifest in his wonderful success in harmonizing the warring factions among his people and in bringing them into sympathy one with another without regard to national or international lines. This is statesmanship and diplomacy of the highest order, and deserves recognition at the hands of all thinking people.

If Leo desired the aggrandizement of his Church, it is no more than his friends and opponents could naturally expect. His forts, however, have all been wise in their purpose in this direction, and he has never used his great power, nor counseled his subordinates to use theirs, to persecute, overawe, or take undue advantage of his Protestant opponents. It is safe to say that there is a better state of feeling manifest among all Christian sects, Catholic and Protestant slike, because of Leo's influence. He has made his spiritual leadership a paramount feature of his twenty-five years' reign as the official head of his Church. He may never have abandoned his claim to temporal power, but he has certainly never sought to re-establish it by any other than peaceful or spiritual means. Punishments for heresy have been few and far between during his long pontificate. This constitutes one of his chief claims upon the affections of the people of the world.

His successor is about to be chosen. If the new Pope belongs to the same conservative party of which Leo was such a shining light, the same mild, peaceful and progressive policy will be maintained. Should the new head of the Holy See be ultra in his views, many disturbances, heresy trials, dissentions and dissatisfactions may be looked for. It is not the business of the Protestant world to advise or to attempt to suggest a line of polley for the Rousen Catholic Hierarchy. But all Protestants are interested in maintaining a universal peace throughout the world, and amicable relations among the followers of

A Roman Catholic priest said to the writer a few days ago, that the time had come when Christians should be concerned less with their points of difference with regard to their particular "isms," and more deeply and truly interested in finding their points of agreement; that the great battle ground of the world was now between Materialism and philosophical Spiritualism.

This thought can be traced to the mild policy and progressive spirit of Leo XIII. To change it for a policy having for its purpose an attempt to make all of the people of the world Roman Catholic, either by force or by conversion, would be a serious matter for all nations to consider.

The long-talked of contest at arms between Roman Catholics and Protestants, has beome a mythical dream of extremists, owing largely to the new order of things introduced by Leo. That dream may take on nore of fact and lose all of its fanciful character should his policy be reversed. The peace of the world is more to be considered than the particular advantage of any one individual or sect. If Catholics and Protestants will but become at peace with themselves, in harmony with the highest ideals embodied in the expression "on earth peace, good-will toward men," there is nothing to e dreaded from any source in the ecclesias tical world.

If the followers of modern Spiritualism were more concerned with the work of harmonizing their differences, and would spend less time in instilling baseless fears into each other's minds with regard to the baneful influence of Catholicism, they would accom-plish much more in the way of permanent good, and be looked upon with greater favor by all reasoning people. They could spend the golden moments now wasted in foolish attempts to capture Jesuit spirits in the nobler work of freeing their own souls from superstition, and in building up the religion of human brotherhood in all quarters of the

If mortals would take care of their evil influences on this side of the river of death, they could rest assured that the forces in the higher life are abundantly able to take care of theirs. Leo XIII warred against forms of evil and darkened spiritual influences while on earth; cannot the Protestants and especially the Spiritualists, rise to his level and do likewise?

Every thought which genius and piety throw into the world, alters the world,

Hypnotism.

Hypnotism is always a popular subject of conversation in almost all social circles. Where it was once sneered at and tabooed, it is now gravely accepted as a fact, and treated considerately by those who were once its bitterest opponents. The question is not now, "Is hypnotism true?" but "How far hypnotism influence the daily lives of mortals?"

he knew when he began to agitate the subject of Magnetism. It took time to do it, yet the change has been made and Mesmer is now looked upon as a man who was in advance of his time. To be sure, Science has renamed his discovery, and what was then called "Mesmerism" is now known as "Hypnotism." It -is -supposed to be a more euphonious and scientific term than the other, and is now in general use. But the principle involved is the same, and in dealing with the results emanating from the application of either term, man is confronted by phenomena of exactly the same nature.

No one doubts today that hypnotism exerts great influence over the lives of human beings. It could not be otherwise when it is known that ninety per cent. of the human family are susceptible to hypnotic influences. It is not a question of the influence itself, so much as it is to what extent that influence determines the acts of mortals. Some people claim that hypnotism is responsible for everything they say or do. They thereby reduce themselves to mere machines whose only purpose is to obey the intelligent will that sets them into action. No greater fallacy has ever been advanced in the name of hypnotism, or mental suggestions,

Intelligent people realize that no man is or can be hypnotized unless he wants to be. The assertion that a man can be hypnotized to commit a crime is too silly to be argued by men and women possessed of ordinary common sense. To assert that a man is irresponsible when hypnotized is to make the same old plea that has been offered for centuries, "She tempted me and I did eat."

When a man voluntarily through another's suggestion yields himself to hypnotic influences, he is yet his own moral arbiter. He cannot be made to do while hypnotized, that which he would not do in his normal condition. No man can be made to commit murder or any other crime, who is not in thought and purpose already a criminal. The moral consciousness within man always controls his acts, and no extraneous influence can induce him to do that of which his conscience disapproves.

Those Spiritualists who throw the results of their acts upon others, under the plea of having been hypnotized, or unduly influenced by dark spirits are moral cowards. Man is certainly dependent upon his brother in all relations of life, but any attempt to make his will the slave to the will of his brother is not only contrary to fact, but it is also absolutely irrational.

A drunken man commits a crime, whereupon some silly sentimentalist claims that lie was not responsible for what he did. But the wise judge soon gives them a wholesome lesson by the truthful statement that the drunkard was responsible for his irresponsibility and tells the jury the man must pay the penalty of his crime.

This is not only good law, but it is also good common sense, sound logic, and scientific reasoning. The man wanted to get drunk, and did so. He was, therefore, responsible for exerything he did.

So it is with the hypnotic subject. He elects to be hypnotized, and yields his organism to the control of another. He is, therefore, responsible for all that he says and does, because he chose to say and do things under the guidance of another. That other cannot put into his mind anything that is not already held in retentis. Now, can a vicious mind gain ascendency over the mind of a moralist? The two are like oil and water; they never coalesce. The honest man is never made distionest by a hypnotist.

Hypnotism gives opportunity for the bringing out of that which is already in the mind, nothing more-nothing less. The man who yields to temptation, yields not because of hypnotic influence, but because he wished to do so, thinking, if exposure came, the plea of undue influence through hypnotism could be entered to free him in the eyes of the public, from the odium of his own acts. Spiritualists are, or should be too calightened to make themselves utterly ridiculous by accepting any such nonsense and attempt to label it as "Truth."

The N. S. A.

This organization is now occupying the attention of the people of the country to a very great extent, owing to the contest that has arisen over the election of a president at the coming October convention. No less than six names have already been mentioned in connection with the office, and it is possible that a "seventh or even an eighth Richmond" may appear in the field before the convention is held. So far as suggested in correspondence received at this office the following are the names mentioned: Dr. George B. Warne, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. George W. Kates, Philadelphia, Pa.: Hon, Thomas M. Locke, Philadelphia, Pa.; Hon. H. W. Richardson, East Aurora, N. Y.; Hon. Charles R. Schirm, Baltimore, Md.; and Capt. Milan C. Edson, Washington, D. C.

These are strong names and are worthy representatives of the great Cause to which they are devotedly attached. In another column of this issue will be found a card from Mrs. Longley, the secretary of the Association, suggesting it would be unwise to bind delegates with iron-clad pledges so far in advance to any candidate for the office This suggestion we deem a wise one, named. for it is possible that certain conditions might arise at the convention that would warrant the delegates in selecting some peron not included in the above list. The management of the Banner of Light, through the writer, again states positively that no By living in the past one soon rethought of Harrison D. Barrett as a candilis only pain, sorrow and suffering.

date should be entertained by any delegate to the convention; therefore, he is not the

dark horse to whom we are referring.

The Banner of Light is not electioneering for any candidate. The paper and its board of management are in favor of the N. S. A. and will cheerfully support the organization under the management of such officers as the delegates may, in their wisdom, see fit to elect. It is not teo much to say, however, that we are in favor of candidates for Anton Mesmer wrought more wisely than all positions whose first interest is for the Cause as a whole, and not for the emoluments of office or the honor that is supposed to be attached to positions of thatkind. Every one of the gentlemen named is a devoted friend of our religion and has rendered it signal service in his own particular way. The N. S. A. has become an institution of influence in the land, and any person selected as one of its officials need now have no cause to blush for his connection with it; in fact, no one ever should have felt called upon to blush for it in the past and we do not believe that any of its officials has ever done so.

Candidates for other places on the Board ontside of the presidency are also numerous and it is probable that many more will appear in the field before the convention is held. We only suggest that all sections of the country should be given recognition in making up the personnel of the board in order that no portion of the nation can have reason to feel that the N. S. A. is only a local institution. There is one point, however, of vital importance to all friends of our Cause, and especially to the friends of the N. S. A. It is that a majority of the old Board should be continued in office. It is not only unwise, but it is positively dangerous to commit to untried hands all of these official positions at the coming election or at any other election that may hereafter be held. There should be those on the Board from year to year who are thoroughly acquainted with the aims, objects and purposes of the institution, that it may be held strictly to legitimate lines of work. To that end we venture to declare in favor of an amendment to the Constitution of the N. S. A., providing for the election of only a portion of the Board each year.

The N. S. A. is now consulted by the representative bodies of all other denominations for authentic information with regard to the standing and progress of our Cause. Through its influence our clergymen have obtained recognition at the hands of the officials of all railroads west of Buffalo, Salamanca and Pittsburg, and secured for them equal privileges with those of the ministers of other religious faiths. The heads of the Passenger Bureaus look to the N. S. A. as the representative body of our denomination and this position is taken by all other business houses and secular bureaus that are constrained or obliged' to have dealings with our people. Such being the case, it is important that the N. S. A. should be sustained and most loyally supported by everyone who calls himself a friend of our Cause. With a full treasury, missionaries can be kept in the field, literature freely distributed and many progressive steps taken in the direction of an abler presentation of our truths to the world.

Another important matter is the N. S. A. 'Pension Fund." established two years ago, to care for the sick and indigent workers who are unable to take care of themselves. Some six or eight persons are now pensioned from this fund and others are asking for aid. This is true philanthropy and should appeal to every reader of these lines in no uncertain way. We hold that everyone claiming to be at all interested in our movement should contribute to this fund as generously as his means will permit. The matter should be brought home to the individual conscience questioning "how much am I indebted to these sick and exhausted laborers who are now unable to take care of themselves?" The answer will be immediate and emphatic: "As much as I now waste in tobacco, narcotics, liquors and all unnecessary pleasures.' This will give a fund of generous proportions from which not only the aged, sick and indigent mediums can be cared for, but also the infirm worthy ones among the laity who are now in alms-houses, or may have to go there when they can no longer engage in physical labor. We ask, therefore, that the N. S. A. be generously, loyally and enthusiastically sustained and supported, and a Board of officers elected at the coming convention who will hold it to the high and noble purpose of seeking and defending The truth and of making it the means to the divine end of caring for our own needy ones.

The Floods.

The great floods in the Missouri and Mississippi valleys have destroyed millions of dollars' worth of property, and inflicted the unfortunate inhabitants with malarial fever and other pestilences. Their homes have been swept away in some instances, and the savings of years of toil have vanished upon the face of the waters in almost an instant's time. Just now the public is hearing a great deal about these calamities being "mysterious dispensations of divine providence," and the sufferers are importuned to be patient "under the chastening hand of the Lord."

Prayers are plentifully offered in thousands of churches for the relief of the sufferers, but that is about all the aid they receive from those sources. Provisions, lumber for shelter, clothing, etc., have been sent by hard-headed men of the world as well as by some charitable bodies, whose deeds are not heralded from the house-tops. Prayer is very good in its place, but it does not alfit the problem nearest at hand. sack of flour or a barrel of potatoes constitutes a far better prayer than the most eloquent honeyed words of the pet pastor of the most fashionable church. A kind deed, done out of pure love of doing good, is the best possible kind of prayer. Deeds not words are what is wanted in the Missouri and Mississippi valleys.

By living in the past one soon realizes there

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State Associations having individual members as well as subordinate societies are entitled to one delegate to the N. S. A. Convention on their charter, and to one delegate for each society in good standal delegate for each society in good standal with state association, provided the sum of two dollars has been contributed to the N. S. A. by said local society. send us names.

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A sepia or black and white copy of the inspirational picture, "The Majesty of Nature," ready for framing, sixteen by twelve inches, together with a copy of the hiero-



The Majesty of Nature.

glyphical verse will be forwarded postpaid to any part of the world by R. H. White & Co., or Banner of Light Publishing Co., Boston, Mass., on receipt of twenty cents in stamps, coin. or postal note.

Mr. J. S. Scarlett.

The statement in last week's Banner that Mr. Barrett lectured at Niantic, Conn., was a mistake. Mr. J. S. Scarlett, N. S. A. missionary, lectured and gave messages Sunday, fully 26, at Niantic, Conn., in behalf of the N. S. A. because Mr. Barrett was unable to be present.

A Great Offer.

Dr. C. E. Watkins wants all of his friends to write him and he will inform them what his great offer is. Write him today. Dr. C. E. Watkins, 66 Highland Ave., Newtonville,

Announcements.

The Sunshine Club, Mrs. Clara E. Strong, president, holds public circles on Tuesday and Friday evenings at 30 Huntington Ave., room 202. A. M. Strong, sec.

Unity Camp, Saugus, Centre, Dr. Caird, president. Sunday, Aug. 9, Mrs. Carrie Twing will be the speaker, assisted by Mrs. Nutter of Boston and other good mediums. Good music. The Ladies Social Union, Mrs. Dr. Caird, president, holds a test scance in the grove every Wednesday afternoon, with various local and visiting mediums present.

Paterson, N. J.—The First Society of Spiritualists expects to open meetings in the early fall and would like to hear from mediums and lecturers; cerrespondence invited. Emily T. Smith, care W. C. Lewis, 191 Pearl St., after Sept. 1, 15th Ave. and E. 22d St.

Errata.

In my tribute to Miss Judson, as published in the Banner of Aug. 1, I notice several errors which call for correction. They are as follows. In the second part, third line of first stanza, "this" should be "these" to agree with its antecedent, "messages."

In eleventh stanza, first line for "God's World" read "Two Worlds" from the title to one of Miss Judson's books, "The Bridge Between Two Worlds."

In the first paragraph of conclusion, fifth line, for "hypocritical" read "hypercritical," the former being a term I should never think of applying to any Spiritualists who, as a class are, I sincerely believe, honest truth-seckers, however much they may differ in their views as to immortality, and the various phenomena on which modern Spiritualism is said to be based.

Respectfully,

Belle Bush.

Shirley, Mass.

Belle Bush.

Queen City Park, Vt.

The camping season for 1903 began August 1, and being a native of the old "Green Mountain State of Vermont," I desire to call the special attention of all who enjoy Spiritualist camp meetings, or who merely wish to find some nice quiet place where the body and mind can rest and be glad, to the convenient and beautiful spot Queen City Park, near the Queen City of Burlington, Vt., on the border of Lake Champlain, with Shelburne Bay joining on the south. Queen City Park is located on the most beautiful portion of Lake Champlain.

O! beautiful lake as ever was seen With surface of glass and border of green; How sweet in its calmness and silent repose, Ever a charm like the pure scented rose.

The camp meeting cannot be otherwise than a success this season. The management has secured some of the best speakers and mediums obtainable; and the outside attractions—execusions on the lake steamers, and visits to Fort Ethan Allen and other points—cannot be excelled.

Rutland, Vt.

Newman Weeks.

Nature.

Important Notice to N. S. A. Auxiliaries.

AMENDMENTS FOR CONVENTION OF 1903.

Unfinished business—Cons. Article 10; change the word "thirty" on fifth line to "sixty."

Amend—That a quorum for the transaction of business shall consist of a majority vote of duly accredited delegates.

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES

- As there will be several candidates for the office of N. S. A. president societies are requested to refrain from pledging their dele-

gates to vote for any special person, although a preference may be expressed to the delegates by their societies. The election hour may present matters that will demand the excreise of the best judgment of the delegates in casting their votes, that the business may not come to a standstill, or to worse confusion.

Mary T. Longley, N. S. A. Secretary.

Vacation Resorts and How to Beach Them-An Ideal Portion of New Hampshire.

Puzzling indeed is the vacation question to the person who is about to select a resort to rusticate in. New England, of course, is the Mecca, but then New England covers a the Mecca, but then New England covers at large area, and it is impossible to visit at one and the same time the forests and lakes of Maine, the beautiful sea coast, the delightful White Mountains of New Hampshire or the verdant hills of Vermont and beautiful valleys and meadows of Massachusetts. However, a choice must be made and that right quickly, for the summer does not last long, and the tardy chooser is apt to see a little white frost before he settles on his resort.

a little white frost before he settles on his resort.

Now, before starting, prepare yourself and do it properly. There is just one necosity, one guide, that is all, the "Tourist 1903 Book" published by the Boston & Maine Passenger Department, Boston. This book contains a list of resorts in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Eastern New York and Canada. It gives all the hotels at these resorts, railroad rates, accommodations, etc. This book will be sent free. If you have not any resort in mind, just consider that section of New Hampshire known as the "Monadnock Region," a charming elysium where mountains and hills and verdant meadows send forth cooling breezes which waft over the valley of Monadnock like a perfumed breath. Forest covered hills and high mountain tops abound such as "Joe English," "Monadnock," etc. Beautiful townships, famous for their past history as well as their present beauty, "Hilford," "Amherst," "Ponemah Springs," "Peterboro," "Jaffrey," etc.; enterprising cities but none the less desirable as summering sections such as Keene, etc., such is the "Monadnock Region."

An idea of the surpassing elegance of this scenic portion of New Hampshire can be gleaned from the publication "The Monadnock Region."

This book will be mailed together with the Hotel Book for two cents in stamps by 'the General Passenger Department, Boston & Maine Railrond, Boston.

Toj Mahal.

In almost all geographies, a picture of Toj Mahal, can, I think, be found, and I wonder how many of the young people who look at it expect to see it at some future time, when they are men and women grown. In all my travels it certainly was the most beautiful building I ever saw. It is in Agra, one of the principal cities in India.

A delightful little model of the Toj can be seen at the Boston Art Museum, also portraits, painted on ivory, of Shah Jehan and his wife, Bengor Begum, "Moom Toj Mahal," or Pearl of the Palace, as she was called.

This mausoleum built of white marble and precious stones, in beautiful mosaics, is the most beautiful tribute of love to a departed dear one that the world holds. It cost \$25,000,000, and all parts of India and the Holy Land are represented in its precious stones and marbles. Twenty thousand workmen were engaged for twenty-two years in erecting this building. Thus the Hindoo's love of beauty is an established fact.

The Toj is of Moorish design. The entire Koran is inscribed on its surface. The echo in the dome is marvelous, a single musical sound is taken up and wafted on high, way beyond reach. A poem, a dream, is bedutitul Toj Mahal.

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DISEASES OF MEN

LINES TO A FRIEND.

Oh, pleasant to me is the voice of a friend Whose thoughts and whose deeds unto har-mony fand, Whatever his station may be.

We're brothers and sisters-all children of

(iod,— whether or not we have acres of sod, We each may be happy and free. (Yes in soul). We can speak a kind word, we can do a good

And reap for our planting a harvest of seed, And that is the way to be free.

We can sing for the weary, can pray for the weak,
And jewels of truth for humanity seek,
And thus shall we happiness see.

For happiness springs from each labor of And every good deed that we do upon earth
The angels above us can see.

When patient and cheerful, when loving and We turn to each task with the trust of a child, Then the white-winged watchers are

They know every thought, every beautiful deed, And this love taketh note of whatever we And lo! ere we know it, 'tis nigh.

Sometimes it is pleasure, sometimes it is pain,
'Tis sunshine today, tomorrow 'tis rain,
'Tis best whatever may come.

For God, on whose wisdom and bounty we call, Embraces not one, but embraces us all In a love that is leading vs home.

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boy to be perfect; but he is a type of what may come to
the lowlest children of earth if they will recognize the
the lowlest children of earth if they will recognize the
with earth's condition.

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He's Gone.
'm Called to the Bette Land. Thank Thee, oh, Father.

ho Will Guide My Spirit My Spirit Home hisper Us of Spirit-Life.

Taiting On This Shore.

Taiting 'Mid the Shadows.

NEW PIECES Rest on the Evergreen Ready to Go. Sweet Rest at Home. They're Calling Us ov

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Gleanings from Periodicals.

INSPIRATION.

Adalena P. Dver.

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

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—

Enck to the blood-stained pages of the
past—

And grope in blindness through the mazy

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

Then look not backward for the message high The Oversoul 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

Nor let the past Truth's growing light re-tard.

Seck 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-

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 used without exciting eavy or proveding distieth 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 it 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 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 assunge 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.

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 think

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 al-

Fut 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 then-

Go thy way and be Thyself—a good and pe-culiar 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 University of Pennsylvania, has discovered a hitherto unknown ray which, emanating from the human body, is strong enough to make a photograph. Hontgen ray photos, which ordi-narily require an exposure of half an hour, can be taken in five minutes with the application of the new principle.

tion of the new principle.

This discovery was communicated to lie 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."

dom 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 reading 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.

MYGIENIC IMPORTANCE OF MENTAL STATES

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

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

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 aliment. Your hatred operates as a perpetual waste of vitallity. 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?

your life?
If so, neither wholesome food nor proper exercise, nor the closest observances of hygicalc 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.

nant cancer.
You have got to have a house-cleaning inside of you. You have got to get rid of riou nave got to have a house-cleaning in-side 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 fore-tell the wonders of this new century. Here is an account of a Dr. Charles W. Little-field of Alexandra, 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 class dish he places a

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 sunally 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.

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 hexagon form and in the centre life is visible. It extends in a circular form, finally extending completely over the hexagon lines, and becoming round before the crystal finally develops 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 work, the account, which I take from the Cincinnati Enquirer, goes on to say, with a chemical process which will reflect the passions 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—one 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 conis a Materialist. If he believes that life contains 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. Spiritualism.

I should like to say a few words to our own good Doctor Peebles. I rend 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 We have, among us, many different ideas

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

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—muchless the future one. It takes disappointments, griefs and troubles to teach them the value of Spiritualism and its comforting evidences 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 less all that and may be the "leaven" in time will "leaven the whole lump" of orthodoxy.

"Truth is mighty and will prevail." God is

"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'm noping, some time in the future, I may be permitted to say, "Tis right, for the past I am thankful, It led me a pleasanter 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 sile 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,
1)ear 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.

ation.

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 the

How are we to take hold or this water uses of the wealth of the world makes us sense of the wealth of the rest? The prize 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 unison 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 can-not do what we want. There are others to be considered who 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

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 triding 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 missed 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

without any envy or quarreling. 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 brotherbood 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

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

constant 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. Le Plongeon on Yucatan and other little-known but fascinating countries. Taking 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

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.

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 tind 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 of universal peace to appropriate the good we can discover anywhere to the end that all may learn and teach also?

Yours sincerely,

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 ideals. Sald Life, "Awake! arise!"

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 oarless boat with battered hull. The stanch mate Ilion, 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.

imself. Said the woman, "Bearest thou tidings of

himself.

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

Illon, 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 them like restless herded animals scenting danger. The man fiung up his hand and felt the air, then smiled a little.

"What?" said the woman.
Said the man, "The tornado; it is nothing."

"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 won," she murmured, "thou canst not bear 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 gloomfly 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 woman, "I toiled for them, I loved them, but now—"

Said the woman, "The duty of fidelity re-

Said the woman, "The duty of fidelity re-mains. 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.

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

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 Ilion, 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.

tender.

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

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 set afloat 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."

greek theory of tife 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 is, 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 is soll 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 muck room for discussion anent 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 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 of their physical bo

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-bodjes, 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 can 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 holdly affirm that many untuored 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

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 forinitous 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.

Irn 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."

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 tormado that swept every vestige of unbelled 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 has done his work and is 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 kingdon 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.

is not yet done.

Dr. E. F. Butterfield. Syracuse, N. Y.

In Memoriam.

His casket bedecked and literally covered

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, Ire Moore Courlis honored at the last sad moments of the services connected with his funeral.

How beautiful! low 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, forgetme-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"—and 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.

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 stanchest 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 guiet force in. And when, like so many others, she came to the subject of spirit-return doubling, 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 contribute, in thought and funds. To her the problems of our Cause were so many personal matters to be considered, yet so small a part did 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 laity have appeared who seemed to have so completely grasped the layman's privilege of service and acted as this friend of humanity and Spiritualist. The death of her sister, Mrs. Curtis, about eightnen months ago, was a great strain even for her strong hearis 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 lilness 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 the society, to officiate at the services at the Mount Auburn cemetery, and M

Ocean Grove Camp, Harwichport Mass.

We, in this gem of a camp by the sea, are not great in numbers, nor do we boast of our greatness in any other direction; we are a quiet, unassuming people trying to do our share toward making the world a little better

share toward making the world a little and happier.

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 mottoes are "Let us do the best we can with what we have," and "Never be discouraged however gloomy the circumstances."

circumstances."

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

ualism." 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 piedge. 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 toil and reached his position has one 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 selzed upon this thought on the separal 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 Haw'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 t

the spirit side. Spiritualism has been a gent help to woman.

Mrs. Hann'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.

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A SONG FROM THE SEA.

Where the ocean sings with a joyless sorg, 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 werd so bright Is the blush from a check that the sea washed white Ard 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 mose, 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 tea 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, imagine "The man who invents machinery, imagines the new machine before he makes it. The minister couldn't prench, 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 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 set them. You will like them and they 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

rue 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

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 crambling 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 buff, 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 menr the place where an ocean cable lands. This cable carried the wires by which people telegraph to Eurone. So this cable, one end of which finds the land on the beach where Petieboy was, has its other end three thousand rolles and a proper and it moss and

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 carryall. There were shells of mussles, with their mother-of-pearl lining, all polished by the sea and left in many beautiful colors; big shells of quarta, 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 washtub: horse-shoe crabs that had dled and left their unique shells with their spike talls 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.

KEEP8 the Blood Cool, the Brain Clear, LIZER the Liver Active Used by American Physicians for nearly 60 THE TARRANT OD. Soc. and St.

mite, vesser to her destruction on the rocky shore.

"The government keeps a lot of men on the shore, all through the months when storms are likely to come. One of these men is always walking up and down the shore. All day and all night, no matter how wild the storm is, there is some 'const guard,' walking the beach. If he finds a vessel wrecked, he burns a light which he always carries with him ready for just such a time as this, and the other men at the home station, who are always on watch, see it and go out and help the ship-wrecked sailors. The big life-boat is dragged to the water and ten men row out to the wreck and bring the sailors to shore. The boat is so made that, if it gets full of water, it will tempty itself; and, if it tips over, it will tempty itself; and, if it tips over, it will turn itself right side up again. Isn't that wonderful? Just think of a boat that will bail itself out and won't stay tipped over; It is called a self-bailing, self-righting life boat.

"Then he saw the life car which is a little boat with a top to it, so that the water cannot get in. In case of wreck, the women and children, if there are any on the wreck, are put into this car and pulled ashore by a rope, all safe and sound.

"Petieboy put on a big jacket made of cork and, if fie had been floating in the water with that jacket on, he could not have sunk. He saw the little cannon they use to shoot a line from the shore to the wreck and thus save life.

"Petieboy stood beside the big life boat a "Petieboy stood beside the big life boat a "Petieboy where the water and thus save life.

"Petieboy stood beside the big life boat a "Petieboy stoo shore.
"The government keeps a lot of men on the

from the shore to the water and life.

"I'etieboy stood beside the big life boat a long time. His child's imagination pictured the boat in use. He just seemed to forget where he was in dreaming of what might be. When he got home he told all about the day's pleasures, but most of all was he interested in the life boat. About that he told his mama every detail. You see his imagination had belied his memory.

every detail. You see his imagination had helped his memory.
"The next time any of you kidlets get to the seashore, get papa or mama to show you the 'Life Saving Station.' There you can see all these things yourself. The men in charge like visitors—their life is usually lonely—and there were kind.

they are very kind.

"Now, boys, scoot away and play. Don't go swimming again till tomorrow. And, girls, I think I hear your dolly crying. She must be just waked up and wants her mama."

Uncle John.

Missionary Report for July.

It is hard to tell which month is the most laborious for us; but July seems to have been. We have held about forty meetings and accomplished some results worth reporting.

The month commenced with a mass meeting of Montana Spiritualists, held at Butte, July 3 4 5

ing of Montana Spiritualists, held at Butte, July 3, 4, 5.

The local society at Butte was completed by the election of a good corps of offfers, with Mrs. E. H. Morrison as the president, and J. H. Jackson as secretary. The mass meeting was attended by representatives from several cities and resulted in organizing the State Association of Montana, with Brother W. J. Hicks, of Anaconda as the president and Fred G. Spethmann, of the same city, as secretary.

secretary.
With four local auxiliaries and about thirty personal members, it has a good start. Effi-cient work for our Cause will be prosecuted by this association.
We spent four nights at Livingston, Mon-

we spent four mights at Livingston, Mon-tann, and organized a local society. Brother A. Laurens is the leading spirit there. His family well entertained us at his beautiful home. Their residence is well known by tour-ists as being enclosed by an elk-horn fence. We could not take the time to visit the Na-tional Park, as the missionary work does not nermit aleasure excursions.

tonal Park, as the missionary work does not permit pleasure excursions.

Into Mormondom we next proceeded, and made a stop of four nights at Ogden, Utah. Here we had good meetings and succeeded in organizing a local society, with Brother S. C. Higgins as the president.

On our arrival at Salt Lake City, we were conducted at once to the relebrated Salt.

conducted at once to the celebrated Salt Lal.e, but failed to take a dip in the briny

conducted at once to the celebrated Salt Lal.c, but failed to take a dip in the briny waters, because of a severe storm.

We held four meetings here with good results to the local society, of which Brother Hermann Fascher is the president. The meetings resulted in doubling the society's membership, and giving new life to the same. Another society here proposes to charter with the N. S. A. We were well entertained at this place by Mrs. M. E. Hill. We visited some Mormon institutions and heard an organ recital at the Tabernacle. We could not visit the Temple, as no Gentlles are admitted there. We are led to believe that a system of Phallic worship exists there, and a spectacular journey through the Garden of Edeu is indulged in by the celebrants of some consecrating ceremonies. Mormonism is founded upon sensualism in the name of the Lord, for the upbuilding of Zion by propagation. Salt Lake City has no lack of bables. They are to be met with everywhere.

We had a request to stop at Grand Junction, Cole, but the train dumped us there at 10 p. m., a little too late to meet the large and disappointed audience that had assembled to hear us. That was our first miss of an appointed meeting in the missionary work. We were very sorry to have it occur. Our friend, C. W. Steele, assures us that Grand Junction is coming to the front and promises much for our Cause.

Our next stop was at Aspen, where we

our Cause.

Our next stop was at Aspen, where we had a good meeting, and much enjoyed a visit with our old-time friends, Niell J. Carr and wife. We were again doomed to miss a meeting. The Colorado railways "hoo-dooed" us! An engine jumped the track and blocked our way, causing us to arrive in Leadville knives.

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. Aguese 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 enthused 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 haptized 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 work in the field, to encourage and to organize.

G. W. Kates and wife,

N. S. A. missionaries.

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

Reminiscences.

Alexander Wuder, M. D.

I do not know but this screed 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 en regle 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 Plit. 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. send. 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 Christendam 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 The death of Mrs. Blaine removes another of our prominent American women. Superior as was her famous husband in state craft, diplomacy and arts of winning friends and power, more like Henry Clay than other men, but for his strong-willed, ambitious wife, I opine that 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. prompter, and in every essential point a help. She may be perhaps described in a sentence, that she loved her husband and her children,

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 lampconed for their whiskies 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 till 1872, 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 "Burleys" 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 Burley," 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 Isalah 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 1854 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 malevolence.

The other brothers, Cyrus and George, I never knew, except their names. All were

without malevolence.

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

In the same number George T. Downing, also deserves a mention. His death took blace 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," contrasting 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, anot offensively, however; and he was a prominent member in St. Philip's Church. One day he

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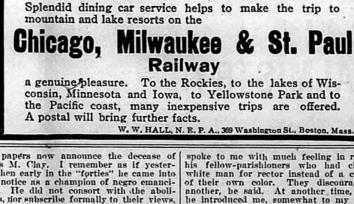
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The papers now announce the decease of Cassius M. Clay. I remember as if yesterday, when early in the "forties" he came into public notice as a champion of negro emancipation. He did not consort with the abolitionists, for subscribe formally to their 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 howie-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 Whx with Mexico, where he had his quarrele 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 scarred all over from wounds received in conflict with bowle-knivs.

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.

tary 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 despissed 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 Donglas, 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.