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NO. 26

THE SIMPLE LIFE.

O how at times I wish for simple life;
A little cot in pleasant garden ground;
Where sweet content for all the year is found;
Where I can live in happiness with wife;
Where like a dream appear scenes of stifle,
While thoughts of peace in purity abound;
And beauty lies in fields and woods around;
And all with breath of summer bloom is rife!
We are so crowded in the shop and mart,
In bustle working for our daily bread,
We have no time to know ourselves at all,
And so the emptiness that haunts the heart;
And so on husks we prodigals are fed,
But all the while is nature's whisper call!

William Brunton.

The Eternal Now.

Dr. Geo. W. Carey.

This is an age of keen investigation of truth-finding and idol-breaking. He who is afraid to investigate for fear some cherished idol will be broken is not a true Scientist and not true to himself. No length of time ever sanctified anything, and the Truth alone sets free. But how shall we explain the seeming contradictions that confront us at every turn?

The seeming inconsistencies and paradoxes in the thoughts and actions of man can be explained only on the hypothesis that one power, principle or cause does all and is all and that so-called paradoxes are but steps in the operation of wisdom moving in orderly procedure to the completion of certain phases of expression.

But in material thought there appear to be many inconsistencies.

Man lays his scepter on the stars, analyzes their substances and then dies from the effect of acid in his blood because he does not know what to eat.

He foretells the return of a comet to an hour, but cannot tell if he himself will have a gripe next week. He can tell you the hour in the day one hundred years hence that there will be high tide at Bombay or on the coast of Norway, but he doesn't know the cause of smallpox and foolishly thinks the decaying organic matter or pus from a sick calf injected into his blood may somehow prevent it.

He can clothe himself in armor and dive to the ocean's floor, or travel three thousand leagues under the sea in a submarine boat and then be killed by a street car or automobile in broad day light on the level road. He knows how to keep the chemicals properly balanced in the storage battery of his automobile, but puts alcohol, morphine and tobacco in his own body and wrecks it. He can foretell the coming of the storm, but cannot foretell the burning of his own house or if the bank will fail in which his money is deposited.

He can tell all about the moons of Jupiter, the rings of Saturn, the transit of Venus, the canals on Mars and talk with the man in the moon, but knows no more about the real composition of his own blood, or nerve fluid or the mysteries of digestion and assimilation or the chemical formation of bile than a politician knows of the true science of government.

He can vibrate the air at Boston at a rate that will record the same dots and dashes on a receiver in Liverpool, but cannot receive and correctly translate a dispatch from his solar plexus to his brain.

Why is man forever a paradox? Why does he always want to level down a hill or fill up a hollow? Get married if single, or get a divorce if married? Why does he want cold weather when it is warm and warm weather when it is cold? Why does he lock a man up in jail for begging for food and then give him three meals a day?

All these paradoxes can be explained. They arise from the fact that man has turned the mighty Power he possesses to every object and principle in the universe except himself. When he once focuses his thinker upon himself and realizes that he is truly an epitome of the universe, the heavens will be gathered together as a scroll and he will behold in himself the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world."

If the Spiritual Consciousness, the "mighty Angel," that the clairvoyant seer, John, saw descending out of the heavens shall carry away the pillars of material evolution, a Temple of Truth divinely fair will spring Phoenix-like to take its place. Eyes shall then be opened and ears unstopped. Man will then realize that the so-called lower forms of life are just as complex, wonderful and difficult to form as the organism of man. That protoplasm is just as wonderful as gray matter of the brain of man. That the molecular composition of a jelly fish puzzles the greatest chemist and that the wisdom of a beaver is enough to strike dumb all the believers in the Darwinian dream. But the dream of good and evil has no better foundation than has material evolution. We are here to solve the problems of life, not to evade them, and to name the mighty operations of Eternal Wisdom good and evil is simply evading instead of solving.

The universal Principle, Spirit or God is impartial. There is no point in the universe better, higher or nearer God, or the centre, than any other point. No place is favored over any other place, for all places are necessary.

Good and evil are opposite poles of the same absurdity. Good must have evil for its opposite, if it exists at all. He who would realize being must get rid of the concept of good, as well as the concept of evil. Good and evil are qualifications, and Being does not admit of qualification or gradation. It simply is. The ideal we call good eternally exists, but its name is wisdom's operations. Nothing is low or high, good or bad, except to individual concept that allows comparison. "Comparisons are odious."

Infinite Life, or Intelligence, is all; therefore, knows naught of time, place, gradations or comparisons. Its operations are infinitely diversified, but none are low, or better than other operations, but all differentiate.

If the same Life or Principle does all, then all must be its handiwork, and equal in principle, although widely different in appearance or form. A serpent is as good, high or perfect as man. Man is as surely evil to the serpent's consciousness as the serpent is evil to man's consciousness. But in the concept of the unity of Being, neither serpent nor man are evil or in any degree imperfect—they are expressions of Infinite Intelligence. It is unthinkable that the only cause should express imperfectly or practice on forms.

These appearances, or forms—matter or substance visible—are not the result of evolution from low to high. They are the expressions of the only Principle—the same, in essence, yesterday, today and forever. As this Principle never commenced, it cannot progress, nor get better, being perfection itself. It operates by its will and own good pleasure the organism of a jelly fish or the brain of an Emerson, Whitman, or Edison.

Modern research has made plain the fact that man, as highly civilized as he is today, existed on earth in a past so far away that even imagination fails to follow the backward trail.

When Babylon and Nineveh were in their glory men in China were giving names to the stars, mapping the heavens and calculating eclipses.

Thousands of years before Moses led the Hebrew children out of Egypt, temples, aqueducts and bridges were built in Yucatan, still in evidence, that mock at the cheap structures of our age of commercialism and competition.

The Pyramids of Cheops were not reared by "primitive men," and proof accumulates that they were built at least sixty thousand years ago. The awful Sphinx was not set down in Egypt's sands to gaze into eternity by "men a little removed from the ape."

Eternal Spirit is not a pretence hand that must first form so-called low forms in order to learn by experience to form the organism of man.

A piano does not secrete nor evolve music; there is no music in a piano, but music may be expressed on or through the mechanism of the piano by the Intelligence operating through the brain cells of the player. As Edison truly says the brain does not think—it is an organism for the transmission of thought.

The word evolution means to unwind or unfold. It certainly requires as much foresight, or intelligence, to wind up or infold as it does to unwind or unfold or to involve as to evolve.

Form is an expression of the soul, or Spirit, and therefore cannot progress or manifest independent of Spirit. Spirit, or soul, being eternal, must be eternally perfect or imperfect. It does not change, for in it is "no variableness nor shadow cast by turning," i. e., operating. That which is eternal cannot change; it must be either perfect or imperfect. Of course, it is unthinkable that the universe is imperfect.

When we see raw material placed in a machine and then look upon the finished or completed product, we do not say evolution, but operation, and we designate the workmen as operators. If the Universal Cause does anything it does all things—therefore it is the only operator.

The evolutionary concept is based in the belief that the universe, or mind, has at some time been low and is getting higher. Eternal Mind, or Infinite Intelligence, continually operates, proceeds, vibrates or manifests, but never gets better nor higher. True, it commences a certain process and proceeds to completion. The fermentation process produced by acid and alkali is as good and high as the condition of calm and peace, that results from it, for one was necessary to produce, not evolve, the other.

Men, women, animals, things, are parts of the universe, or one verse, not a diverse, and the parts must be perfect in order to produce a perfect whole. A machine is no better than its weakest part. When men everywhere realize there is no creation, but manifestation, or operation, with eternal self-existing material, they will intelligently use that which is at hand, instead of trying to evolve

to that which they now are. No more will we tread the path of old Tradition, worship the book of Pedigree, nor yield to the demands of Privilege.

Let us have Being in the present instead of a becoming in the future. For it is with the Present—the Eternal Now—that we must deal, and not the dead past or the mythical future.

The past with all its glory and shame is now but the shadow of a dream, the froth thrown on the shore of time by the Sea of Life. Our only hope is the living Present. Our only salvation is the Eternal Now.

To be ruled by the decaying bones of disintegrating forms is to be hypnotized and ruled by Shadows. The tyranny of the dead is everywhere present holding its shadowy scepter above a race of slaves. This Spectre of Eld chatters a jargon of "Precedent and Authority" and forever pulls backward at the hands on the dial of Now.

If you have a case in court, its merits will be decided by the rulings of a judge who lived in colonial times, when they burned women for being clairvoyant or intuitive.

If you paint a picture the judges compare it with some old, dried paint on a torn and tattered canvas, painted by some one who died before the pyramids were built, or the walls of Karnak were reared above the ancient Nile. And unless it bears some resemblance to the old wreck of paint and canvas you are voted an amateur and advised to go to Rome, or Venice, or Florence, and study the old masters.

You may be able to call from out the hidden corridors of the violin or piano vibrations that attract the gods to come your way and honor you, that start every nymph hustling for her dancing costume; but if some professor, with a name twisted and knotty as his brain, does not hear a plagiarism of Beethoven, or Haydn, or Paganini, or Mozart, or some other fellow ages ago turned to dust, you might as well go to plowing.

If you suggest a warm, live thought on political economy, or tariff, or financial reform, or any line whatsoever, you are met with the rebuff of some learned prig who quotes Jefferson, or Adams, or Clay, or Hamilton, or Douglass, or Seward, or Lincoln, and solemnly tells you what these good and wise men, in their day—but long dead—would do if they were here, and, for fear you might deviate an inch or so from their standard, you are advised to go slow and wait.

If you dare to think out, in the here and now, a theory of the universe, of the at least seeming intelligence that moves and adjusts matter in orderly sequence, that manifests itself which is manifested, and man and his relation to this power, or energy, you are assailed by myriads of angry men and women—backs to the day, facing the cemeteries of the past—and told what Jesus said, or would say or do if he were here, or what Paul, or John, or James, or Peter would do, say or think about it. And if your theory should be at all sensible, sane, practical, something you want now and what everybody wants now, if they could think, you are told that it is contrary to the opinions and advice of those dead men, and if you value your soul's salvation you must abandon such wicked thoughts.

Oh, that man had no soul to save! Then, indeed, he might act sanely and naturally, and no longer be ruled by the dead.

If you find something in the here and now about physiology and materia medica that bears the scent of the morning dew, or reflects the light of the noonday sun, the musty, ill-smelling medical board want to know if it is in Dalton's Physiology, or the prescriptions of Hippocrates, and if you have a diploma written in Latin containing the signatures of men who died in 1843.

Oh, tempora! Oh, mores!

Let us close the books. Push them back into the dark corners. Break down the walls of the house. Tear away the roof. Spill the bottled blood of imaginary Redeemers. Burn the musty, moldy parchment containing hieroglyphics of mummified Saints and issue the Declaration of Independence from the tyranny of the past.

The altars of the gods are cold. The shrines of the saints are empty. The oracles are dumb, and no voice is heard from the broken-lipped Sphinx.

With Walt Whitman's witchery of words let us exclaim:

"Come muse: migrate from Greece or Ionia.
Cross out those immensely overpaid accounts."

"That matter of Troy and Achilles and Aeneas and Odysseus wanderings. Put up sign 'Removed' and 'To Let' on the rocks of Snowy Parnassus. Repeat at Jerusalem. Place the notice high on Jaffas Gate and Mt. Moriah."

"The same on the walls of your French and German and Spanish castles and Italia's collections. For know a better, fresher, busier sphere, a wide untired domain awaits, demands you. Closed for aye the epics of Asia's Europe's helmeted warriors; Callopes call forever closed—Clio, Melpomene. Thalia, closed and dead. Sealed the stately rhythms of Una and Oriana—ended the quest of the

Holy Grail. Jerusalem a handful of ashes blown by the wind—extinct. The Crusader's streams of shadowy midnight troops sped with the sunrise.

"Amadis, Tancréd, utterly gone. Charlemagne, Roland, Oliver gone. Palmerin, Ogre, departed. Vanished the turrets that Usk reflected. Arthur vanished with all his knights. Merlin and Lancelot and Galahad, all gone, dissolved utterly, like an exhalation. Pass'd. Pass'd. For us forever passed, that once so mighty world, now void, inanimate phantom world, embrodered, dazzling world, with all its gorgeous legends, myths, its kings and barons proud; its priests and warlike lords, and courtly dames; passed to the charnel vault with crown and armor on."

"Blazon'd with Shakespeare's purple page,
And dirged by Tennyson's sweet, sad rhyme."

Let the winds of unshackled thought sweep away the unpleasant odor of dead gods and decaying Pharos. Let us stand in the un-walled and roofless temple of the Kingdom of the now, lighted by myriad Suns and bejeweled with countless constellations. Search no more for the miraculous—the greatest of all miracles is yourself. I know of nothing but miracles. The greatest of all times is now. The greatest of all places is here.

Do you want advice or instructions from the Spirit World? Would you question the Spirits? Look up! Look out into the etheric sea. Ask of the Comet—a visible Spirit—one of God's messengers. See it emerge from the awful depths of boundless space, leaving behind a billion miles of burnished path while it chants the anthem of the Now:

"I come, O Soul on earth, from the outer circle of Being, beyond the flaming boundaries of Time. I hold the key to the Holy of Holies and have unlocked every door that you may see God face to face and live. My search-light of ineffable glory casts its rays across measureless reaches of Star dust, illumines the deepest abyss of space, and reflects its halo up and upward still 'on the cliffs of stars where watching Seraphs wait.'"

Seek wisdom from Orion, bearing his clustering lamp of Peace through the Southern sky. Read the inscription of ever present life written across the flaming front of Arcturus as he guards with bended bow the Northern Pole.

Listen to the chant of Life Immortal as the tones vibrate from the Pleiades while they circle around their central Throne Alecyone "that holds the swift heavens in their starry place."

And now, come nearer home and listen to the Ocean's song or the diapason of Niagara vibrating the aerial envelope of Earth. View the surface of our own heavenly planet from pine to palm, from Atlantic to Sun-down Sea, from Illinois Plains to Sierra's Peaks, from Potomac to Columbia. "Then roam no more, naught else remains on earth to cultured eyes."

How many of those who go to Europe to find something interesting have ever visited Yellowstone Park, or looked into the earth's centre from the Cliffs of Colorado's Canyon, or bathed in the rainbow mist above tumbling Niagara. Or how many of these wonder-hunters ever heard of the existence of a greater wonder than Niagara, away out on the plains of Idaho, down, down in the cleft earth, where the tumbling cataract of Shoshone awes the soul and bewilders the brain by its frightful plunge of three hundred and ten feet? Here the treacherous Snake River, seemingly remorseful for the crimes committed by putting victims to death within its watery coils, attempts suicide by plunging into a gulf terrible as any pictured by Dante.

These tourists may have read about Yosemite, and how it is wedded to the clouds by the "Bridal Veil" of falling waters, but they have no conception of its towering height or indescribable grandeur.

Shall he who looked upon Mount Shasta, its crest enveloped with the clouds as if to enshroud its ineffable glory, journey across the world to see Mount Blanc? Are our travelers acquainted with the lordly Father of Waters? Have they looked upon the moving sea, the majestic Columbia, the river of the West, whose cradle is the Rocky mountains, and home the Balboa sea, whose waves forever wash up golden sands and where the breezes are laden with the perfumes of the Orient? Have they passed through the enchanted gateway of the Cascade mountains, where, in ancient days, Jupiter Olympus hurled his thunderbolts and cleft the mountain range and opened a mighty canal through to the sea?

Will any antique city of Europe please the artistic eye more than San Jose, the Garden City of California, sitting in the heart of the Valley of Eden, guarded by the delectable mountains, and garlanded with rose and vine, or Los Angeles, the "City of the Angels on her hills of palms and olives like Jerusalem of old," or Portland on Willamette, ever lifting its spires like the first of the "continuous woods" full in the presence of its tutelary deity, Mt. Hood, or Magical Spokane, among the pines, on the cliffs, by the matchless stream where the hand and power that lives

and moves unseen behind the manifestations of its symbols marked its site from the foundations of the world, or Denver, the diamond crown on the rounded breasts of earth, whose spires mingle with the snowy peaks?

Will the Sea of Galilee compare in natural wonders with Tahoe, the gem of the Sierras? Will the pyramids awe more than Mount Rainer or the Sphinx be more difficult to read than the hieroglyphics of the Monnd Builders? Aetna and the Bay of Naples suffer by comparison with Puget Sound and the Olympic mountains.

Let the traveler pitch his tent beneath the firs of Oregon and the Red woods of California before starting on his journey to the Cedars of Lebanon. The pillar of salt on the shore of the Dead sea will not interest the traveler more than the Salt Dead sea and its wondrous city and temple on Utah's plains or the painted rocks and broken fanes and temples of the Titans in evidence in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. Nor will Jerusalem's walls be magnified by the mirages of Palestine more than does the shimmering air of Boise valley increase the apparent size of Idaho's capital. Helmeted Hood, forever white as truth, the Three Sisters, sentinels over Crater Lake, three thousand feet below, and Mount Adams, with its glaciers, are sealed books to these pleasure pilgrims.

Let our travelers realize that England, Scotland and Ireland are, together, no larger in area than the state of Texas; that the Nile might be swallowed up by the Columbia or Mississippi and make no wake upon their placid bosoms, nor increase the speed of their stately march to the sea.

They can find a representative of every nation, every tongue in San Francisco, St. Louis, New York, Chicago or Boston. Alaska points to a mysterious empire and its majestic Yukon, flowing two thousand miles toward the north pole, invites acquaintance with its strange waters. Point Loma, grand, sublime and silent as the Sphinx, reaches out into the Pacific and points like a finger of prophecy to the Orient, inspiring universal brotherhood.

Catalina island, is pushed forth from the deep, a hand of a Sunken Empire, calmly waiting for some geological palimpsest to read the history of those entombed and resurrect their wisdom. The Rocky mountains, the Sierras, contain lakes and streams and caves and cliffs and plunging cataracts unseen by mortal eyes and their splendor can only be imagined.

The American continent is the wonderland of all the earth, the granary of the world, the marvel of nations, and hither should travel not only our own people, but the people of other lands, the followers of Buddha, the wandering Arab, the dark-eyed Egyptian, the turbaned Moslem, the "little brown men" from Japan's sea, and the thousand islands where a new flag floats; the pale-faced Ic-lander and stranger races clad in skins from the farthest north—even from where the red light of the Arctic paints its crimson ghost upon the snow.

But come still nearer home—nearer the now. Study the eagle, the sea gull, the dove. No unsolved problem of aerial navigation for them.

Struggle on, O man! You who foolishly think you have evolved from the animals you so egotistically refer to as the lower forms of life, and yet throughout the circling centuries strive to imitate them—to do their works, to perform the wonders they perform.

Go on, thou evolutionist, until you establish the co-operative Commonwealth, known and established, and successfully operated by the beavers, the bees, and the ants, since the pendulum of God began to mark the hours of time. Condense the air for your airship as the spider does before you talk of lower forms of life. And still "nearer, my God, to thee—nearer to thee." Look within the human body where sits the Soul serene—the temple of the living God—the universe in epitome.

Ah, now you rejoice; now you have returned to your Father's house no longer a Prodigal Son seeking strange countries!

Here is Heaven—the harmony of perfect organization and illustration of the Chemistry of God. There is the Tree of Life with its leaves of healing. There the flowing waters of the Rivers of Life—the veins and arteries through which sweep the red, magnetic currents of Love—of Spirit made visible.

Now we may say, "In my flesh I see God." Now is the accepted time. Now is the day of salvation—the day of recognition and we realize that the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand.

Now behold the divine telegraph system—the million nerve wires running throughout the wondrous temple—the temple not made with hands—the temple made "without sound of saw or hammer." Now view the Central Sun of the human System—the Solar Plexus—vibrating life abundantly.

Around this dynamo of God you may see the Beasts that worship before the Throne day and night saying: "Holy, Holy, art thou, Lord God Almighty." The beasts are the twelve Plexuses of nerve centres—telegraph stations—like unto the twelve sodical signs

(Continued on page 4)

LAST NIGHT AFTER THE RAIN. (9.30)

(TO MADRE.)

Written by a colored ball-boy in Hotel Empire, New York City, to his sweetheart.

The laurels are wet on the mountains,
The forests are jeweled with rain,
Yet sweetest unfolds in the valleys;
While Love sings her holy refrain.

Oh! Madre, as fair as a snowflake:
And sweet as the kiss of the sun,
The fond and the fervent are mated,
The mated and married are one.

Though the clouds may darken the heavens
Love lightens the way of the soul;
Rich rainbows of hope in their splendor
With gladness are spanning the whole.

Was It the Same Woman?

Mary K. Blanchard.

CHAPTER II.

FATHER AND SON.

"Mercy!" said Mrs. Malvern, sitting aghast in her box. "Is Paul stark mad? He never saw that woman in all his life before until to-night—and to hear him lie!"

"Tut, Nina!" growled her husband, who, through it all had remained as unmoved as Gibraltar, "everybody lies. Don't make a scene; one's enough for the family."

"He did it well, really," said Alfred Bosson. "He made a hit, and she—she rose to the occasion, woman-like." He laughed in his well bred way and righted the links in his cuffs.

"How silly you talk, Alfred," said his wife, pettishly, "she gets her living by truckling to everybody. This atmosphere is suffocating. I wonder why it is that public rooms are either scorching hot or freezing cold, as though the public was made up of Hottentots and Laplanders!"

She ripped her gloves from her hands, turning her wrong side out in the peeling process, and took up a large fan made of feathers and spangled with silver stars; it had a monogram in silver on the handle and had been sent to her from Paris by an old admirer who, having been discarded because of his lack of money, occasionally avenged himself by bestowing on her some reminder of his wealth, which had come to him not long after her marriage. Tonight more than ever she hated herself for having cast him off.

"Whatever put it into Paul's head to do such an unheard-of audacious thing?" asked Nina, speaking to nobody in particular, as she cast the roses down, her face pale as death. "It wasn't a bit like him; he cares nothing for women. He knows nothing of combination, effect or anything else relating to woman's garb. And he never before in public made a speech."

Angie fanned herself, her face mottled with envy, a look in her eyes like the point of a dagger. "Why! don't you see?" she said, "he got the idea from us—remember that talk we had in the hotel about red roses setting off pearl gray?"

"Oh!" said Nina, turning the thought over in her mind. "Yes, it was that, of course, I had forgotten. But it was unlike him to make himself conspicuous."

Alfred laughed. "The hour and the man," he answered, lightly.

Paul came back to them, his head high in the air, and wearing the look of one who had conquered worlds. As they drove back to their hotel through the brightly lighted streets he became conscious that something was amiss out of the common. In the first place, nothing was said of his escapade of the evening, not even by Angie Bosson who, for the first time since the parties had joined forces five months ago (they had met in London, in the Tower, and Angie had introduced herself by turning to Mrs. Malvern and saying pleasantly, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown—small wonder, say you; look at that jeweled nail keg"—and pointed to a formidable looking head piece among the crown jewels on exhibition), was assiduously attentive to her husband; she sat with her head resting on his shoulder the most of the way home, talking in low tones of their own affairs. Alfred, shrewdly seizing his opportunity, won from her the promise to embark with him for America the coming week; that she readily assented surprised them all. Paul spoke to her once or twice; she answered him briefly and with coldness, not looking up.

A faint smile glimmered on the face of Haskell Malvern as moonlight gleams on granite. "Next week it is, then," he said in his deep voice. "It's time I buckled down again to business; besides, my son needs rest after the arduous campaigning with which he has regaled us. The repose of home may restore to him some gleamings of common sense."

Bosson laughed inordinately and Angie, lifting her head suddenly from his shoulder, sat rigid and speechless the balance of the ride.

"Father!" said Paul, darkly, but checked himself as he felt fall on his wrist the warning touch of his mother's gentle hand.

Nina made no remark; her accustomed sadness was more pronounced than usual; indeed, she seemed grieved even to the crying point, and a certain perplexed wonder was on her face, quite new to it. It was some such look as might come to the face of a dog, stone blind and partly deaf, who hears on his dull ears the sound of his master's voice, after long years of absence, and who cannot quite locate it and is not sure, and who, rousing, and hearing it no more, ponders and waits, disquieted. A dim memory, as elusive as a sail seen far, far away on misty mountains, an echo of a past her soul had known, a smile, a sigh, what was it she remembered? With bowed head she strove to pursue this phantom recollection, unable to oust it from her weary brain. Some treasure trove belonging to the past, sunk deep in her subconsciousness—she glimpsed it vaguely; baffled and unhappy.

"Mother mine, what is it?" said Paul, coaxingly. They were then alone in the pleasant parlor belonging to their suite. It had a wide chair of pale damask and quaint carvings in mahogany of a griffin's head peering through a fruited, trailing vine. In this chair Nina had cast her tired body, her arm on a round table on which the lamplight glimmered like a ray of moonlight on the disc of a forest pool.

"My son, it was unfitting," she said, briefly.

"The rose, you mean, mother?" he asked, with hesitancy. He turned his head about over his shoulder and glanced across the room to where a door stood open; he went and closed it, shutting out the sound of voices that came from another flat; returning, he sank on his knees and laid his head on the lap of that kind being whose gentle care had succored him all his years. They remained for some moments silent, wrapped about in sympathy. "Mother," he whispered, "I would never dare breathe it to living soul—what you said—"

"The rose," said Nina, dreamily, "you shall know me by the rose. Where did I hear that line? Who wrote it, dearest?"

"Browning, perhaps," said Paul, who knew but very little of that author. "He wrote something of roses—mother!"

"I hear."

"From the time I seized that flower from your lap till I got off the stage some power

outside myself seemed to possess me; an unseen presence cast an arm around me, it gave me strength, it buoyed me up, I seemed to walk on air. That the gift might fall of acceptance never once occurred to me, and the words came without an instant's thought."

"You were excited, dear, your fancy misled you. I was disturbed myself, more than I find reason for. It must have been the light; strong lamplight tries weak nerves. We are all of us a little out of tune from our constant rooming up and down the land; I am glad your father has decided to go home the coming week; we need rest sadly."

"With a lithe, swift movement that was like that of a grayhound, Paul seated himself on an ottoman at her side, with all the gladness gone out of his face.

"Home is the place for father—when we are out of it. What sort of comfort do you and I ever take when he is near? He treats you as though you were his slave and his manner towards me is that of a prize fighter in dealing with his lackey, a mixture of superciliousness and bullying; he has been so always. A born combatant, he is never so well satisfied with himself as when he is pressing on the teeth of others the dead sea apples of humiliation."

"All the same, he is your father, dear," said Nina, helplessly. "This sort of speaking is unedifying."

"My father; the more's the pity. Think of a father insulting his own son to amuse a cad like Bosson—whom he has known—and imperfectly at that—less than six months! And to hear the fellow laugh. I could have strangled him."

Nina sighed, her sense of wifely duty forbidding her to add oil to the flame by further expression of her sympathy, which was wholly with her son, in whose mortification she had shared with all the keenness of wounded mother pride. "He is a good provider," she said, half-heartedly, marking the disappointment depicted on Paul's face over their impending departure from the city.

"We want for nothing by way of creature comforts, shelter, food, clothing, all are of the best. Money is ours whenever we say the word."

"And because he feeds our bodies he must have our souls to torture by way of recompense. But we are wasting time in discussing this dreary theme. As for our going home all of a sudden to please that Boston couple, the idea is absurd. We have not half seen Berlin. The buildings here are the finest in the world in their architecture. I want to set eyes on the Egyptian collection of Lepsius in the new museum, the royal residence, churches, libraries, everything. Here we have forty thousand bridges on which to pause and meditate on our sins; and the least of them, I opine, is more picturesque than that immortalized by our Cambridge bard. Besides, I would hear again before I go this singer who has taken the world by storm. O mother, I would have died had I not done something to let her know that such a mite as I had an existence. For I am nobody; a sense of this came home to me with a thud as I left the theatre; if I was a great man—"

"Ahem!" said a voice behind them, "greatness is not your failing, that's a fact."

Nina started as though a shot had struck her.

Paul rose and faced about, a good deal disconcerted.

Haskell had off his coat and was having a dry smoke. He was not bad to look at, this stocky broker, with his wide dome of a forehead, which baldness made more pronounced, and his green-gray eyes glittering under their shaggy, scowling brows; a brainy man, wise at the council board, one could see that at a glance. He enjoyed the situation as he stood there with a leer, throwing his weight on his heels, the cigar on the upward tilt, firm in its socket, like a little angry horn, ready to do battle. "We are grateful to you for not being more than an ordinary ass who will put us to blush in some less depressing way than by wedding a screeching hussy of the stage, whose gown, above the belt, is patterned after Cleopatra."

Paul looked his father in the face and said what was in his heart, "You blackguard! to belie a helpless woman."

Nina got between them and said pleasantly, as though nothing had happened, "That famous songstress paid you a handsome compliment, my son; and you deserve it, too. The grand old name of gentleman was borne by several members of my family. Your uncle Holvin bore it, and he was a man whom it was good to know. We are of pure stock, the Lakins of Parkman Hall."

"Those distinguished gentlemen," interposed Haskell, who was self-made and had no distinction to hark back to, "who burnt old women at the stake, for instance."

Somewhat mollified by the turn the talk had taken Paul asked, for sake of saying something, though his tone was sulky and indicated that he was making talk, "How long is it since Uncle Hullo died? Before I was born, wasn't it?"

"Five years before you were born, that makes it thirty years; he was thrown from his carriage one stormy day in March and taken up insensible; he never rallied, but died that same night, at about twelve of the clock. Oddly enough, a patient of his with whom he spent the most of the afternoon, died mysteriously, at about the same hour, it was thought. I have it now. That singer reminds me of Barbara Gifford. No! it cannot be; Barbara's hair was darker, almost black; her eyes were hazel and altogether fiercer in expression; and hers was a lighter body, a middle-aged woman and an invalid. This songstress is young and strong and perfect in her physical development. Still, I am positive that I have known her intimately in the past. Even her costume is familiar. I recognized the bracelet at a glance."

"You must be dreaming, mother," said Paul, eagerly, unable to hide his interest in the subject; "such garb is worn only on the stage. And where have you known intimately an actress? You who have never been inside a theatre for years, not since you were married, so you tell me. Moreover, the costume of the lady was unique, an original note, struck by herself, perhaps, for the occasion; so you cannot have seen its counterpart. But who is Barbara Gifford, mother dear?"

"We will forego these reminiscences, if you please," interposed Haskell. "I will give you just three minutes in which to apologize to me for your insolence."

"And I fail to do so?" said Paul, calmly, though his cheek grew white, for the long habit of obedience made it difficult to defy this man of iron, whom all his life he had regarded with fear and trembling.

"I will break your bones, in that case."

"O Paul, dear," interposed Nina, trembling with terror, "remember this, the mean spiteful never ask forgiveness, it is only the noble hearted who make the amende honorable."

Haskell raised his eyebrows and said in the gruff tone which he ever used when speaking to his wife, "Mrs. Malvern, you will oblige me by occupying that chair." He indicated with a nod a chair at the far end of the apartment, and Nina went to it, but, being too nervous to sit down, stood leaning droopingly against it.

Haskell drew near his son; there was something deadly in his calm, something almost terrible in the aggressive influence that brooded from every pore of his strong body, like the oncoming of an animated juggernaut.

Nina fell to weeping. "For my sake, dear—"

Paul was about to yield when between him and his father there rose a glorious vision of a woman, a woman of lofty stature, clad all in white, with fire on her arm and in her eyes and a red rose on her breast—his rose—and on her lips a smile.

He drew a wondrous firmness from that smile.

"You are a coward—for slandering a woman; you are a tyrant; I despise you; I always did. But for my mother's sake, and also for the reason that this is a hotel and a row at midnight for the amusement of the guests is not much to my liking—I apologize. Pardon your son, whom tonight you insulted for the amusement of a couple of adventurers, that he has the misfortune to have in his veins your blood. I merit your ill-usage, being as I am an offshoot of a thing so pitifully unmanly as yourself."

"Silence!" thundered Haskell in a tone that shook the windows in their casings.

"Between us two silence is surely best," said Paul, disdainfully.

What had come over him? Haskell stared, taken aback by this new turn in his domesticities. Then he raised his hand and dealt him a heavy blow across the chest.

Paul reeled and, stumbling on a cricket, fell headlong to the carpet, branding his forehead on the sharp edge of the table so that the blood spurted from the wound and began slowly to trickle down his cheek.

Nina, with a shriek, flew to where lay her son and lifted up his head, all her fear cast out in the might of love. "O! you have killed him! killed him! my darling, my child! my child!"

She was moaning over him, her face as white as that which lay on her lap, when into their midst came Simeon, a startled horror showing in his eyes. With one swift glance around, he made his way to Paul and, with one turn of the wrist, raised him to his feet. Giddy with pain, Paul dropped his head to the shoulder of the valet, breathing heavily. The mulatto supported him with one arm and looked with savage eyes to where was Haskell, who had sunk in the big chair and was lighting his cigar. He smoked with unwonted energy, sending up great clouds over his face, as if to veil it from those scathing eyes. His stoicism was shaken by the way things had turned out, he had not meant to go so far with Paul, who had never defied him openly before. The matter might leak out and reach the ears of Bosson; he was a good fellow, a chap of level head. Such things are best hushed up. And so, from rage, Haskell had passed to estimating results.

Soon Paul drew a long, deep breath and turned round to his father, the arm of the mulatto still sustaining him. His face was as white as death and the blood trickled down the marble of his cheek. Nina, sobbing bitterly, took his hand in hers, and thus, side by side, Paul the central figure, they faced Haskell, a sick rage showing through the tawny skin of Simeon.

Paul found his voice and spoke; it did not sound like his, it was so cold: "I take shame to myself that, in the past, I have not more zealously defended from your wretched persecution my honored mother. I had your bad blood in me; that gave me my unworthiness. My grief now is that, for the present, I must leave you to bear alone the brunt of your indignities."

He then took his mother in his arms and kissed her on the eyelids in the old, fond, lingering way he had brought with him from childhood, for always they had been all things to each other; then gently put her from him and went out of the room.

Simeon hastened after him.

Paul entered his own apartment and took from a drawer a roll of gold, a small account book, a revolver, and found for each a place under his garments, then, clasping the hand of Simeon, he said in a trembling tone, "I wish you not to follow me, dear boy. Get my traps together in the morning; by post I will instruct you where to send them."

Simeon moved uneasily; a wild look came into his face. "Let me go with you," he implored, "though it be straight to the gallows. I could not be happy separated from you and at such a time. Leave me not behind—no!"

Deeply moved, Paul crushed his hand in his, the tears hot on his lashes, and hastened away, like one distrustful of his own resistance.

On the morrow, there came by mail to Nina a brief message:

"My dear Mother: The pitcher that goes often to the well is broke at last. Once too often my father has degraded me with his violence—and so his reign is ended for good and all. Never again will I set foot in his house. If I could have you with me, in a snug home all our own, life would be sweet. I should place you in a pleasant room, with bickering and the poisonous atmosphere of vindictive thought—a blessed island set in a charmed sea!"

"My plans are as yet unformed. I shall stay on in Europe for awhile and then drift again to my own country, there to do battle with the world, and wring from it my due in shape of good. And if I fail, what matter? I am a grain of sand on the shores of a bitter sea, a blind child, lost in a waste of snow, helpless and suffering. Mother, I love that sea, I love that place, I love that atmosphere; I will never be. Thus it is written in the book of Fate."

"Pray for me, my beloved, and may God comfort you. Your unhappy Paul."

(To be continued.)

Onset By the Sea.

Tuesday, Aug. 7. Conference in the Auditorium. Mr. J. Maxham, soloist. Mrs. Mearns spoke on "Mental Healing." She stated: "Experience has made me what I am. I stand as the result of the past, and I am thankful for what I am compared with what I was. I know a great deal today compared with what there is to know. We should give credit to everyone and everything that enter into our lives."

Mrs. M. T. Longley gave testimony of the good work of Dr. Charles Watkins.

Mrs. M. T. Longley referred to the spirit of charity which was manifested in the former speaker and said her words had fallen on fertile soil. She also spoke in praise of Dr. Chas. Watkins, and thought Onset was fortunate to secure him for a medium of the camp.

Chairman George A. Fuller, said: "I believe in the near future Onset will stand at the head of a camp meeting in the United States. I say this because of your co-operation with the association, and because we have the co-operation of the spirit world."

He also gave testimony of the work of Dr. Chas. Watkins. "Let us feel that it devolves upon each one of us to make these meetings a success, and we will have the grandest ever held."

Dr. Comary of Illinois talked about our digestive organs and how unnecessary it is for people to take so much medicine. "It seems to be a mania for people all over the world to take some kind of medicine. The time will come when we will not need medicine, and it seems to me we should try to do away now with this unhealthy habit."

Mr. W. Sprague of Haverhill: "I know we are living in a world that is governed by natural law. If we live in harmony with it, we are well, when we violate this natural law, we are sick. We are told to get into friendship with all elements and they will depart from us. Now it seems to me we should be taught how we can bring this about."

Mr. Colville continued: "We believe all human beings have a right to take in their system what they feel will be beneficial. I have said I believe we can come into harmony with what seem to be our enemies. When I was in Boston several years ago, my

duties called me out in all kinds of weather. I believed the east wind was my enemy, and every time I went out in it I was cold and I thought I had asthma and quinsy sore throat. Finally I became interested in Mental Science and I tried it upon myself. I said I will make harmony with this wind. I went out in it, I closed my mouth and extended my nostrils and used all of my lungs, and I made a mental vow that the wind and I should come in harmony. From this time out I was cured. I believe we must all judge for ourselves what is for our best good. We can overcome difficulties. We must seek to grow. What we are able to accomplish this year should not satisfy us for another year. I positively know that Mental Science has benefited me in every way and I wish all would try it."

Saturday, Aug. 8, The Massachusetts State Association had charge of the exercises. The platform was decorated with bunting and flowers. President G. A. Fuller opened the meeting, and the friends and thanked them for their loyalty to the association. He also told of the purposes of the association and what it wished to do. Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn followed: "I thoroughly believe in organization, notwithstanding it has been reported otherwise. I was an active worker in the first State Association when Dr. Gardner was alive, and have been a believer in it ever since. I know the power of unity is the power of strength. I believe there is no expression of life with intelligence that does not mean organization. I believe all Spiritualists should work together."

Miss Perry, of Providence, R. I., sang a solo.

Dr. George W. Carey said: "California has a heart as large as the Pacific Ocean and arms long enough to reach out and clasp hands with good old Massachusetts, and I come forward to say to you that I see the word success written for you. I find Spiritualism permeating everything, politics, churches and homes, and you who have carried the banner of so many years may well feel proud of the advancement of the work."

Mrs. A. L. Jones of Lowell continued: "I am a Spiritualist all through and I say to you one and all, let us be true to ourselves and we will not be false to others. We are all children and should be willing to learn every step of the way."

Mr. F. A. Wiggin spoke of the work of the State Association and said he wished it was equipped with the necessary implements to do what it purposes to do. "I am not a carpenter, but I think I could build a fairly good house, providing I had the tools to work with. We need plenty of people with warm, tender hearts and with the interest of the Association at heart. Then we, as an association, can build and build well. Our Spiritualists need to grow. You old Spiritualists for over fifty years should learn there is something more beside that test. You stand still and open your mouths wide for the test now as you did when you first became interested. We should settle our speakers so they can work and build up a society. In the years gone by it was necessary for the itinerant speaker, but now we should realize the worth of settled speakers."

Dr. Fuller announced that while Mr. Wiggin was speaking he had been thinking of the places he is to lecture this season and found he is to speak in eleven different places in nine months, and of course it is not possible for him to do his best work for the societies while traveling around in this way.

Mr. J. B. Hatch delivered a message entrusted to him by vice-president, Mr. Hebron Libbey. Mr. Libbey sent his blessing to all present and wished the meeting would be a success and benefit in many ways to the friends assembled. Mr. Hatch spoke of the N. S. A. and of the change of the office of president. "As long as Mr. Barrett cannot take the position again, I hope it will go to the West." He also spoke of the financial standing of the Association and urged all to join and strengthen the hands of the officers.

President Fuller then expressed his opinion in regard to the president of the N. S. A. He said: "If Mr. Barrett could run, he would be my first choice, but Mr. Barrett has stated he will be unable to take the office again on account of his health. There are many candidates in the field for the office, men who desire the position, but the ones who are most desirous for office and seek it so zealously are not always the ones the people want, because these candidates oftentimes only want the position for the power and influence it will bring to them. There is a man in Chicago, a gentleman, a scholar, highly respected by all who has done good work in his State Association (Illinois), has been successful in his undertakings and this man is Dr. George W. Warner. I want to see him president of the N. S. A. I feel sure Massachusetts will stand by him, and I believe with this man at the helm, in connection with the other capable officers, the N. S. A. will go on from victory to victory."

Miss Margaret Gaule followed: "I am interested in organization and I was pleased to listen to the different speakers. I notice that the Spiritualists who preach and talk the higher Spiritualism, when they are bereaved and lose their loved ones, do not shut themselves up in their homes and read their papers upon higher thought. No, they go and hunt up some good medium that can bring them a loving message from their dear ones. I would gladly stand side by side every Sunday with some good lecturer, but our society cannot see the way for it at present. We should work together and in harmony, and I do not want you to grow away from that which made you a Spiritualist."

Mr. C. Payson Longley sang one of his spiritual songs which was well received. Mrs. M. T. Longley spoke in her usual forceful and entertaining manner and said in reference to the nomination of Dr. Warner of Chicago, Ill., for president of the N. S. A.: "He is a good man and would do credit to the office. I think it is the voice of New England calling to the West for a president."

Mrs. Harriet Loring, treasurer of the M. S. A., said: "From the day of its birth this organization has grown, until it is now a power in the state. It was destined to live for grand and progressive work. It seems to me we must place a higher premium upon the message and all that comes to us from the higher life. If we appreciate these messages more, we would have an organization of over a thousand, because we would want to do something for those loved ones who have blessed us. I would gladly lift you all out from darkness and strife, but I cannot. Each one has got to work out his own destiny. I hope we will have many join with us today so as to make it possible for a broader and wider field of labor."

Mr. W. J. Colville closed the meeting with an improvised poem on organization which was well received.

A vote of thanks was extended to the Onset Bay Grove Association for its courtesy in giving the use of the Auditorium for the meeting of the Massachusetts State Association, to all speakers, mediums, musicians and to those contributing flowers for the platform and to all who have in any way assisted to make the meeting a success.

Sunday, Aug. 9.—A large audience was present in the Temple this morning to listen to the farewell lecture given by Mr. W. J. Colville. The hall was packed at 10:30 meeting opened. Mr. Maxham, soloist. Mr. Colville read an inspirational poem. Subjects for discourse were given by the audience. The subjects were all in accordance with topics spoken upon at his classes during the week. As usual, Mr. Colville gave an interesting and instructive lecture. Only a verbatim report would do justice to Mr. Colville

and space will not allow a report of this kind as so much matter is sent from this camp. At 1 o'clock the band gave another fine concert. At 3 p. m. a good sized audience gathered in the Temple to listen to the first lecture given here by the Rev. F. A. Wiggin. After musical selection by Miss Alice Holbrook and Mr. Maxham, Mr. Wiggin gave a grand lecture on "Belief, Man's Real Inspiration." See report of same in another column. Mr. Colville closed the meeting with a poem, subject taken from the audience.

Many new arrivals came by every train and among those seen by the writer are John D. Haskell, Master Ben D. Haskell and Miss Esther Haskell from Kansas, Mrs. Dr. George Dutton, Mr. James W. Comany, Ill., Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Loring.

The ball held Saturday was the largest of the season. Sunday evening Mr. Wiggin held a seance in the Arcade and had a large audience and a successful seance.

Miss Margaret Gaule gave her last and best seance in the Arcade Saturday evening and had a very large audience.

Hatch.

At the City of Light.

A leading feature in the season of 1903 at this assembly ground was the Woman's Congress of Aug. 5, when the auditorium was filled to overflowing by people desirous of catching the brilliant sparks that cintillated from the rostrum where, seated in a large semi-circle was a notable array of talent, representing some of the brightest minds of the day, who are working for the emancipation of woman, not only for political enfranchisement, but for freedom along all social and economic lines.

The stage was draped in white and yellow, signifying temperance and equality, and pictures of prominent workers for human rights hung in the background, which scattered about appeared a profusion of palms, ferns and flowers, and a real orange tree, containing several specimens of the ripe fruit. The numerous mottoes about the auditorium, significant of charity, peace and good will are bearing fruit, and people who had grown lukewarm in the work here are again taking it up with renewed zeal.

While years may have whitened the hair and slightly deepened the wrinkles on the genial, earnest face of "Susan B." the voice and purpose are as firm and unshaken as of old, and ring forth with no uncertain sound. She opened the morning symposium with a ten minutes' talk on the present outlook of the woman's movement. She said:

"We have worked earnestly for fifty-five years, and have accomplished much, yet we have only gained standing ground. The race problem and sex problem are still at fearful odds in public recognition. Here at Lily Dale these questions seem settled. You all seem free and equal, but at Boston, that noted historical and intellectual centre, at a recent educational convention of some 3,500 people, there was not a woman representative. At the first woman suffrage convention at Rochester so long ago, only one beside myself was represented, and that was Frances Willard. I followed these conventions for years, and finally got the right of speech for women, and hoped the battle was won, but no! We have not yet the right of ballot or equal wage. Women, you must all work unflinchingly, unyieldingly, must act at every opportunity, and demand your own if you would win."

After her address she took her place as chairwoman of the day, and announced a song by the Stevens quartet of Jamestown, her face beaming with joy as four young ladies stepped on the platform, and she said "I'm so glad you are girls." After hearing them sing—the second alto is an especially deep, powerful voice—she remarked, "When girls get so they can sing like that the men will have to surrender."

Miss Harriet M. Mills was the second speaker. She bright wit and earnest manner of this faithful young worker won her audience at once. She gave some laughable anecdotes relative to the ignorance existing among very many male voters concerning the political issues of the day. In referring to Lyman Abbott's statement, "the ballot is a last resort, but women do not need it because each one has a man to represent and protect her," she laughingly asked, "Will Mr. Abbott protect the 40,000 women who are in excess of the male population of the United States?"

She was followed by Mrs. Charlotte P. Gilman of New York, a woman of marked personality, straightforward manner and clear, firm voice, who said:

"Women act as women, not as human beings, because they have never been allowed full freedom in the field of human action. Woman's life has heretofore been so narrow through misalliance and misconception, she has never been expected to think outside herself and her home. This has crippled the sphere of her activity. Women have so many trials they grow used to them and cease to look beyond them. Men work best together, in great co-operative industries, and when we women learn to do the same we shall be able to lift our families to higher planes of thought and activity."

Mrs. Jane Slocum, president and manager of the Woman's Industrial school of Weiser, Idaho, where woman suffrage has recognition, described methods of suffrage in her state: "We do not meet at saloons, groceries nor street corners to discuss our rights. Women are in our poll room is a picture of the Madonna, and other refining evidences of art. Our people do so especially desire woman's rights, as equal rights, and above all we demand that our candidates, male or female, be of excellent moral character, with a record of honest, earnest lives."

Mrs. Elizabeth Mason, of New York, dealt with the question from a mental science standpoint, and urged women to "do right for right's sake, and not from party prejudice or political purpose."

Noting Baba Bharati and chairman Brooks in the semi-circle upon the rostrum, she remarked: "I am glad to see equality of race and sex fully exemplified at Lily Dale."

Mrs. Harriet T. Upton, a large, genial looking woman, who is treasurer of the National Association of Women Suffragists, said, "I am one who draws water, hews wood, and cheers on the workers," and then she dwelt upon the beauties and qualities of Lily Dale.

Mrs. Flora Dennison of Toronto, Canada, closed the forenoon symposium. In the afternoon, just preceding Mrs. Shaw's lecture Mrs. Leplongue came to the front and stated:

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The Eternal Now.

(Continued from page 1.)

that join hands in a fraternal circle across the gulf of space.

And now we wonder and adore in the presence of that pulsing orb—the heart. Tons of water of life made red by the chemistry of Love sweeps through this central throne every hour and flows on to enrich the Edenic Garden until its waste places shall bloom and blossom as the rose.

Now will you take my hand and go up with me to the home of the Soul—the wondrous brain. Can you count the whirling, electric, vibrating cells? No, not until you can count the sand grains on the ocean's shore. These rainbow-hued cells are the keys that the fingers of the soul strike to play its part in the Symphony of the Spheres.

At last we have seen the "Travail of the Soul" and are satisfied. No more temples of the magi now, but instead the temple of the Soul, the glorious human Beth. At last we have found the true church of God, the human body. In this body, or church, spirit operates like some wizard chemist or electrician. No more searching through India's jungles or scaling the Himalayan heights in search for a master—a mahatma—or ancient priest dwelling in some mysterious cave where occult rites and ceremonies are supposed to reveal the wisdom of the past. But instead, you have found the kingdom of the Real within the temple that needs no outer Sun by day nor Moon nor Stars by night to lighten it.

And then the enraptured soul becomes conscious that the stone has been rolled from the door of the tomb of material concept where it has slept, and it now hears the voice of the Father saying: "Let there be Light," and feels the freedom that comes with knowing that Being is one.

And now soul also realizes the meaning of the "Day of Judgment." It realizes that Judgment means understanding—hence the ability to judge. The Soul then judges correctly, for it sees the Wisdom of Infinite Life in all men, in all things, all events and all environments.

Thus does the new birth take place and the Kingdom of Harmony reigns now.

Let man stand upright and splendid,
Let woman look up from the sod.
For the days of our bondage are ended
And we are at one with God.

Lecture delivered at Onset, July 30.

"Our chief want in life is somebody who shall make us do what we can."—R. W. Emerson.

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

To ye, poor stricken ones, who sorrow much;
Who yearn and pray in silence for a touch
Of loving sympathy, from Heaven there floats
An angel-voice of peace in silvery notes:
"Let there be Light!"

Though storms or trials have swept your years of life,
Have courage, weary ones; pray 'mid the strife,
And Answering Love shall bear from yonder shore
The sweet command to each:—"Ope wide the door—
"Let there be Light!"

Prayer makes the soul with music overflow,
And sends a shaft of sunshine through each woe.
Listen, beloved, to the comforting strain
That Flaming Love's own now doth voice so plain:
"Let there be Light!"

Even when Doubt's encroaching waves inroll
To weaken faith and terrify the soul
With Persecution's storms that rage and foam;
A conqueror's voice rings from the heavenly dome:
"Let there be Light!"

"Let there be Light!" The years are flying fast;
Soon will the earthly pilgrimage be past.
Hush! listen, deaf ones! From Immortal Bliss,
This very hour, is borne God's message—this:
"Let there be Light!"

Sydney, Australia.

Devotion.

The N. S. A. Again.

A private letter from the Hon. Charles R. Schirm of Baltimore, Maryland, informs us that he is not a candidate for the presidency of the N. S. A., and that he cannot accept that office under any circumstances. Mr. Schirm has many friends throughout the country who would be pleased to see him elected to the position in question, but this withdrawal of his name may prevent them from presenting him as a candidate at the coming Convention in Washington in October. He is able, fearless, earnest, honest and sincerely devoted to the cause of Spiritualism. He is an excellent parliamentarian and would reflect credit upon the Cause should he be chosen, but he has withdrawn his name and it is probable that his friends will respect his wishes in the matter. He takes a deep interest in the N. S. A. and is solicitous that its official board should be composed of men who are loyal in heart and soul to the religion of Spiritualism.

Three other names have been suggested by letter to us in connection with the office in question in the order named: Mrs. A. L. Pettengill, Cleveland, Ohio, the present efficient president of the Casadaga Camp; Rev. E. W. Sprague, well-known missionary of the N. S. A., Jamestown, N. Y.; and Dr. J. M. Peebles, the venerable "Spiritualist Pilgrim" of Battle Creek, Mich. Omitting Mr. Schirm, there are eight names in all. They are all of them true and tried friends of the Cause and certainly have proved their interest in Spiritualism by their earnest devotion to it.

We suggest again, however, that it is not good policy to pledge delegates so far in advance for any one candidate. Conditions may arise on the floor of the Convention that would not admit of the election of some person already named to the position. It is well, therefore, that the names of all the candidates should be known, also their geographical locations. It is also important that the personnel of the board should be taken into account as well as the person who is to fill the office of president. To our mind it would be bad policy to make a complete change in the membership of the board. A majority at least of the present board should be re-elected. This is essential for the success of any well organized and regular corporate body, and the N. S. A. is no exception to the general rule. It is not safe to entrust to the hands of people who know nothing of business duties the interests of the N. S. A.

While we are not pioneering for any one candidate or body of candidates, we appeal to the Spiritualists of the country to see to it that at least a majority of the present officers be retained for the year next ensuing in order to obviate any future danger of a complete change in the board. The Banner of Light is in favor of an amendment, as stated in our previous article, to the Constitution, providing for the election of only a portion of said board each year. We trust these matters will be duly considered by all of the societies and their delegates ere the Convention is called to order.

The Eleventh Annual Convention.

The campmeeting season is rapidly drawing to a close, and the Spiritualists of the nation are eagerly discussing the coming National Convention in Washington, D. C. They realize, as never before, the importance of the N. S. A., and feel interested in its work to a greater degree than ever. They now recognize it as the great central body or working force of the spiritualistic movement in America, hence perceive the necessity of loyally supporting and sustaining it. This increase of interest is a most healthful sign, and indicates renewed vitality in the body spiritualistic.

All annual conventions have been important gatherings, but the one of the present year is exceptionally so. It must pass upon matters of vital interest to all Spiritualists in and out of societies, and take steps to push our great movement more and more to the front. The proposed change in the Constitution through which only one-third of the officers are to be chosen each year hereafter is a necessary one from our point of view, but it is a very important matter to all friends of organization, hence should receive the thoughtful attention of every delegate, as well as of every Spiritualist in America.

Missionary work must also receive due consideration, and be planned with the utmost care to the end that there may be no waste of vital and financial energy at any point, or in any place. This branch of the N. S. A. work can be made a tower of strength to the organization when rightly carried on. Good work has been done in the past, and better work can be done in the future, when the system is properly organized. The pension fund is also an important issue, and requires a special article to set forth its merits. It should not be put aside for any other matter, but should be kept constantly before the mental vision of all Americans.

Of course the election of officers is an item

of importance. The multiplicity of candidates offers abundance of good material from which to make selections, and we believe the delegates will be guided aright in making their choice. The selection of the next place of meeting must also be settled at this Convention. This is also an item of importance, and should be determined with due care. In addition to these issues there are many others of equal moment to which we cannot call attention in a brief article like this. They are sufficient in numbers and importance to make it

THE PARAMOUNT DUTY

of every Spiritualist to attend the coming Convention in Washington. Every true friend to Spiritualism owes it to himself and to his religion to attend the Convention either as a delegate, or as an interested friend.

Our Western brethren now have a splendid opportunity to show their strength at the Convention. Michigan can, if she will, send seventy-three delegates, and Indiana, ninety. Iowa, Illinois, Minnesota, California, Ohio and other states are entitled to generous representation. If the friends in those states do not send their full quota of delegates it will be their own fault. They can go to Washington, if they will to go, and if they do go, their strength will entitle them to everything they will to have. There are Spiritualists in all states who are abundantly able to attend this Convention, and defray their own expenses. They should consider it a duty, a pleasure, a real privilege to do so. It only requires the will to make the effort to take them to the Washington Convention.

The New England Spiritualists, as usual, will make up a large excursion party for the Convention. It will be managed by that veteran excursionist, J. B. Hatch, Jr., who, for years, has been a tireless and unselfish worker for Spiritualism and the N. S. A. This excursion will undoubtedly be composed of a much larger number than in any previous year, owing to the greatly increased interest in the work of the N. S. A. Inquiries are already being made from all sections of New England, and we feel that a jolly party of Spiritualists will rally around Manager Hatch to take in the Convention. Our New England readers would do well to write him at once in regard to the excursion. They should also see to it that their societies are chartered with the N. S. A., and that every delegate is regularly chosen, so that no vacancy will be found in the New England delegation upon reaching Washington. Western Spiritualists, get up an excursion to Washington, and come there by the thousands! Eastern Spiritualists, join the New England excursion under Manager Hatch and meet the West with equal numbers!

The Morris Pratt School.

No little discussion has been carried on of late in the columns of the Spiritualist papers with regard to the institution named at the head of this article. Some of the writers have attacked the school vigorously, claiming that it was unnecessary and a wholly useless appendage to our movement as at present known. We have refrained from engaging in this discussion, from the fact that the Banner of Light has ever been in favor, so far as its present management is concerned, of a higher education for all workers upon the spiritualistic rostrums, and from the further fact that the controversy was not started by any contributor to our columns. Personally the writer has been in favor of psychic schools for at least twenty years, and hailed the advent of the Morris Pratt Institute as a step in the right direction.

It has never been claimed that the Pratt School has been all that has been desired, or that its curriculum has been the best that could have been established for students of our thought. It has been a beginning, however, and so far as can be determined each branch established has had many meritorious points that should command the hearty commendation of those interested in a more cultured ministry.

The writer has also favored a high standard on the part of each candidate in intellectual qualifications as a test of admission to this school. Perhaps this thought has been erroneous in so far as it applies to our movement as a whole. The fact that there are less than twenty speakers on our platform today under forty years of age, is an index that something should be done to increase our talent from sources that will give us a cultured spiritual ministry.

It cannot be denied that the first year's work of the Pratt Institute shows most excellent results. Fourteen students have been present throughout the year, with a few transients at different periods, who have also taken an interest in its work. One of the leading Universities of the east, the first year of its existence, had only one student, and now, after fifty years of effort numbers its pupils by the hundreds, if not thousands, and has endowments of more than one million of dollars. As compared with this eastern University, certainly the Pratt Institute shows remarkable vitality.

We do not share any of the fears of those who have stated that the school is in danger of a narrow sectarianism, nor do we sympathize with the severe criticism passed upon the present instructors. They have done their best, and their work must stand upon its merits. We submit in all candor that they have had a trying ordeal through which to pass in their efforts to build up a course of study that would best serve the purpose of the school. They had no precedents in Spiritualism upon which to draw, nor aids from college professors who were in sympathy with their work. They virtually had to create something from nothing, and then endow it with life. This is hard work, and only those who have had it to do in other fields can appreciate the fact.

We do not claim that the school is all that it should be, and far from being what it is desired it should become. It is a centre toward which the thoughts of our people can be directed to establish the power that will inspire the followers of Spiritualism to greater and nobler efforts.

The law of supply and demand always governs all kinds of markets. This is true in mental and spiritual things as well as in the sale of material products. If the school has come to meet a long-felt want, it can never be overthrown; if it has been established to aggrandize individuals, with the hope of adding emoluments of fame and ultimate pecuniary gain, it will meet with defeat, as all such efforts deserve to meet. We have no apprehension that such is the case. Until evidence to the contrary is presented, we shall feel that all of the workers there have been unselfish in their efforts and honestly devoted to the high purpose of aiding their fellowmen.

It is easy to criticize and to condemn the motives of others, but it takes honest toil and earnest endeavor to build up any worthy cause. Criticism in the direction of bettering conditions at the school, and of aiding it in its work, cannot be otherwise than helpful, but that criticism, given for the sole purpose of finding fault, or of condemning those who are engaged in a work as needed as is educational effort in our ranks, has no place in the economy of Spiritualism.

A frank comparison of ideas always evolves wisdom along lines of progressive instruction. A discussion in that direction should always be welcome, no matter what the subject may be. But the Pratt Institute and its purposes should be thoroughly understood before any attempt to judge it or its officers should be made. Its faculty has always maintained that the Institute must rise upon its merits or fall because of its innate weakness.

If Spiritualists desire a ministry that shall be acquainted with the simple rules of grammar and rhetoric, and even the rudiments of science and philosophy, then a school in which these branches can be presented from a spiritual standpoint, is an absolute necessity.

The cause of so many of our scholarly men and women going into other denominations and forsaking our platform, is not hard to find. Dr. Hillis, Rev. R. H. White, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Dr. H. Heber Newton, Rev. Henry Frank, and others of like calibre, have something to say to their hearers and the courage to say it.

Cultured men and women will not listen to platitudes when they can have instruction simply by going to places where instructors are employed. We have scholarly men and women upon our platform, but they are given a Sunday here and then a Sunday there, at a pittance of \$10.00 or \$15.00 per Sunday. Such speakers can never do their best, nor obtain inspiration under conditions like these. Let us have an educated, spiritual, cultured ministry, with settled pastorates, through which our truth in all its purity can be presented to the whole world.

It is far better to endure injustice in silence than to lower one's self to the level of the attacking party by attempting to strike back. "Suffer wrong rather than do wrong," is a divine precept and it should be obeyed by all men.

Malice and revenge are the weapons used by little minds in an attempt to "get even" with their fellows because of some real or fancied wrongs. If real, then one wrong never justifies another; if fancied, then the sin of falsehood is added to the sin of hatred, hence there is no excuse in the economy of the Soul for the Roman doctrine of "Lex talionis."

Peace and Love are twin angels, born of the union of Truth and Wisdom. They walk the earth unseen, but their work is manifest in the results obtained. The one overcomes warfare in the souls of all finite beings who listen to her voice, while the other redeems those who have fallen victims to Evil, from his cruel talons, and gently leads them back to heaven.

Many mortals are forever talking of "going to heaven," and are much concerned lest they miss their way thereto. The future heaven is only a dazzling mirage cast upon the sky of Fancy, and in their eager endeavors to find it, multitudes of human beings lose all that is sweet and beautiful in life. The only heaven man can ever enjoy is in the life that now is. If he creates a condition of peace, harmony and good will while he dwells on earth, his life in the spheres of the spirit will be an exact counterpart thereof. Cease, then, this meaningless talk about "going to heaven," and begin to create a heaven around about you on earth.

Good deeds are stepping stones, set in the hill of difficulty, upon which men may climb unto their Souls. Yet those very stones must be hewn, drawn and set by the hands of the one who is to stand upon them in his effort to reach a higher altitude of thought and a nobler expression of life. Nothing is ever done for any individual that he needs to do for himself. Self-help is the only true aid man can have, and growth proceeds from the same source.

"Failure? Each year, as doth the wheat-seed, dies;
Thus Allah harvests His Eternities!"
Arabic Proverb.

Only the husk of the wheat-seed perishes. Within is the tiny, vital spark that produces the green blade, followed by the golden grain of autumn, multiplied a thousand fold. Thus each failure has within it the vital spark that shall yet yield a bountiful harvest of Success. Let the shell perish, and be resolved to earth again. Each seeming failure is a step upward—a seed that shall yield millions of golden grains of fruition.

A WISH.

My God, I ask but simple things,
The while thy world such splendor shows;
I love the beauty of the rose,
I love the lark that soars and sings.
I wish that I might so express
Thy beauty in my daily round,
That I at times near heaven be found,
And sing and feel thy blessedness!

William Brunton.

Pen Flashes.

The Pilgrim-Peoples.

NO. 11.

This Oriental reincarnation dogma having been the popular belief of India for thousands of years has sunk the Hindu masses into an almost hopeless condition of soul-paralyzing apathy. To this end Col. Olcott thus wrote: "The best friends of India, her most patriotic sons, have deplored to me the moral darkness and degradation of her people. Native judges... have lowered their white heads in shame when they said that the vice of lying and the crime of perjury prevailed to a fearful extent. And the worst part of it was that the moral sense was so far gone, that people confessed their falsehoods without a blush, and without an idea that they were to be pitied." What a comment upon the fruits of reincarnation! And how sad the thought that there are dreamy, imaginative Englishmen, and a few of our own countrymen trying to cram this theory into the minds of thinking, reasoning, wide-awake Americans!

It is opposed to physical science, to mental science, to the spiritual philosophy, to the harmonical philosophy, and to the direct testimonies of those exalted intelligences whose radiance makes brilliant the hierarchies of the heaven of heavens. That certain earth-bound souls and unprogressed Hindu spirits teach this deplorable, depressing dogma, is admitted. They will outgrow this delusion in time, for "upward all things tend."

It is scarcely necessary to state that reincarnation, re-embodiment or re-birth abound in Hindu magical hymns, in their incantations, and are especially prominent in one of their old books called "the book of the Pitris." These doctrines are also taught by the lower disembodied spirits, the Rakshasas, Pisatohas, Nagas, Souparnas, Bhutas, and other influencing evil spirits that are clamoring for reincarnating attachments to, or a re-birth into animals, babes and small children.

HINDU BOOKS ON RE-BIRTH.

In a work entitled "The Occult Science of India" (p. 124), the writer states that "some people are naturally inclined towards evil, and do not care to improve their conditions; other still feel the effects of their previous lives which they have spent in forms of animals. And the only means left for these bad spirits to regain the desired degree of purity is by thousands of reincarnations into plants, animals and babes about to be born." Max Muller says in substance that the Hindus, especially of Southern India, believe that some are "born again into human beings, some as mere living beings, and others into stocks and stones, during short cycles, Kali-Yuga periods or Maha-Yuga, this latter period consisting of 4,320,000 years."

OBSESSING SPIRITS.

The old school Universalists of the Boston-Triumphet Whittemore kind, denied there being any evil spirits, perpetually quoting the text, "He that is dead is freed from sin." Some few among modern spiritists take a similar view of the after-death life; while New Churchmen, quoting Swedenborg, have emphasized the fact all along from the eighteenth century, that en zoning our planet were multi-millions of ignorant, selfish, scheming, ambitious, immoral, vicious spirits. Their dwelling places may be denominated the first sphere. They as naturally reside in this sphere as a stone by the law of gravity clings to the earth. This sphere is the plane nearest to physical life. It is the temporary home of earth-bound spirits. It is spirits of this moral status or level that constitute a majority of spirit controls. They often assume great names. They utter their mediums. They clairvoyantly present themselves in gaudy oriental robes. They show their forms in the "astral" to Theosophists, and talk of reincarnation. It is as natural for these infernals to teach reincarnation as it is for groups of plantation negroes while rendering their weird songs to professedly teach music and tell of the blissful harmonies of the celestial spheres.

SPIRITISM AND REINCARNATION.

It was unfortunate for Spiritualism—the antithesis of materialism—that in its early days a very few headstrong spiritist writers taught that all was sweet summerland just over there—that all the bad habits of life, appetites, passions, impulses, hateful jealousies and murderous intentions were through some miracle-potency of death, changed, transformed in the twinkling of an eye into justice, charity, purity, peace, love, benevolence, and that tenderest mercy ascribed to the ascended gods. This sort of miracle-spiritism was in perfect accord with the old Hosen-Ballou Universalism.

At present all clear-headed, philosophical Spiritualists admit that death is no savior—that it does not transform the gambler, the debauchee, the slum-demons of the underground liquor dens into saintly souls, or in any way instantly change their moral status; hence, the diverse teachings from the lower climmerian spheres, and among these irrational teachings, reincarnation.

All pitris, and bhutas, with whom I conversed in India, pronouncedly taught rebirth, or future re-embodiments into the flesh. They had not yet outgrown the superstition. It clung to them like the nightmare of desolation, and it necessarily retarded their progress, as do all degrading thoughts and false theories in any stage of existence. But evolution is law. As spirits progress, and as mortals advance in science, culture and soul-unfoldment, they drop their dreamy superstitions and accept up-to-date, scientifically established facts, the legitimate results of reason, the divine voice of intuition and the proud decisions of the highest, maturest judgment. These all deny—and re-deny—the undemonstrated theory of oriental reincarnation.

(Continued on page 2.)

TO ONE WHO IS.

Dedicated to *Honorable M. Young, the patient and faithful spiritual worker.*

Be ye a thinker of great thoughts which nurture soul and body.
Be ye a planner of great plans which build for all humanity.
Be ye a singer of sweet songs to soothe the grief of many.
Be ye a worker of good deeds to lift cares from the needy.

Be ye all this and truth shall raise a temple fair and holy
With ladder to celestial skies by which ye'll mount serenely.
And good, eternal good shall smile and bless in life's fruition,
A child of earth who righteous is in love of all creation.

Mysteries Explained.

Dictated by spirit guides to Mrs. May A. Price, Clair-audient Medium.

"Where are you going, Anna? You look excited," remarked Nellie Armstrong as her friend hurried past without noticing she was standing in the door.

"Oh, Nellie, the strangest thing happened last night! I am somewhat excited."
"Tell me what it was. Can't you come in? Why are you in such a hurry?" asked Nellie. "Is any one ill? You are looking pale and anxious as if worried to almost illness yourself."

"No, I am not ill. I can't stop now, but if you will go over, mother will tell you all about it," and Anna Newton hurried down the street.

Nellie Armstrong deliberately walked into the house. Breakfast was served and her friend's troubles, whatever they were, could not disturb her quiet deliberation. After the meal was over she said to her mother:

"I am going over to Anna's; she passed quite early looking excited and almost too ill to be out. Did not say where she was going, but spoke of something that had happened and said her mother would explain."

"Will you be gone long?" Mrs. Armstrong asked.

"Can't say, mama; if there is trouble they may need me. They both get so terribly excited and Anna looked shocked. I am quite interested to learn what can have happened."

A few moments later she started for Mrs. Newton's home. There she found the delicate lady trying to compose herself and seeking in vain the needed rest, for she had slept little all night.

"I am so glad you have come, Nellie," she said, rising from the couch.

"Lie right down, Mrs. Newton," Nellie said, "and then tell me what is the trouble. Anna said you would explain; she had not time. Where was she going so early?"

"To see the medium we were told of last week."

"I don't understand; she said something had happened," said Nellie, a sound of relief visible in her tone. "What is she going to the medium for?"

"Only to get a solution to the mystery, if any can be had," Mrs. Newton replied. "I know you will laugh as usual, but I am really worried. Last evening Anna and I sat here and there was an awful crash; it sounded as if it was on the mantle. We both heard it, and it was apparently loud enough to have been heard all over the house, but Jane coming in just after said she heard nothing."

"Probably a brick loosened in the chimney and caused a cracking."

"No, it was not inside but outside of the chimney, on the mantle, yet not a thing seemed to be jarred. We did not retire till late, for we were so puzzled about it."

"Did you find the cause?"

"No, for nothing seemed to cause it."

"But that surely has not made you almost ill?" said Nellie stroking the trembling hand with her strong, firm one.

"No, but I had such a night. Anna slept with me, has since her father went to Denver two weeks ago. He will start for home tomorrow, so he said in the letter I received yesterday, or perhaps tonight if he gets through with the business in time to take the train."

"Did you hear any more noises?" laughed Nellie. "The cat was not left in the house, was she?"

"No, dear; I can't laugh it off as you are trying to have me do," said Mrs. Newton. "As soon as I closed my eyes I am sure I was quite awake. I saw a blinding snow storm, then a wild scene of confusion. An engine tipped over—people lying around—some being taken away on stretchers. I can't tell all I saw, it was so real!" and she trembled and grew paler.

"Don't try," said Nellie. "It was a bad dream. Did not Anna keep you company? She usually does when you can't sleep."

"Yes, she was awake and I told her. It was no dream, and I kept seeing such visions all night or till near three o'clock, when Anna lighted the gas. After that I did not see them."

"But how can that medium aid you? I think I can do more than she. Did you eat any breakfast?"

"Oh, I could not," sighed the lady.

"That is as I thought," said Nellie. "I will have you in a better condition soon. You are to eat what I bring."

Nellie in her usual masterful way produced from the kitchen a very tempting breakfast. But no, Mrs. Newton could not eat, but lay almost fainting. Nellie hastened to bathe her face and coax her to swallow a little tea. She had seen another vision while waiting for Nellie's return.

"I saw a strange room," she said, "and on a bed my husband. A cloth lay over the temple and he seemed unconscious, if not dead."

"Another dream," Nellie said. "If anything was the matter you would have heard. You said you received a letter yesterday?"

"Yes, and he was to start tomorrow for home, or possibly tonight if he could get the business settled in time to take the evening train."

Just then Anna came in looking as white as her mother, but with a firm, set expression on her face as if braced to bear some terrible trial.

"Now don't frighten your mother more with anything a Spiritualist tells," Nellie said. "She is not able to bear this teaching. You ought not to have left her alone. She came near fainting. I think it is the cause of these bad dreams she thinks are visions."

"What did the medium tell you, Anna?" the mother asked. "I wish to know, even if Nellie does laugh at us."

"It may not mean anything, mother," Anna said, "but this lady explained to me that the visions are clairvoyant—seeing a mental conception of some passed or coming event. Said you are mediumistic; that some of our ancestors dwell in our home as spirit influences, and through the spiritual laws they operate on your brain, as you are of a highly psychic nature, and when under their mesmeric influence you see what transpires at a distance, or what may come at some future time."

"Then father is dead," she exclaimed, sinking back almost unconscious.

"No, no, don't say that!" cried Anna.

"But the noise—did she explain that?" asked Nellie, hoping to direct Mrs. Newton's thoughts to a different subject, and take them from her latest vision.

"Yes," said Anna. "She said it was a message received by these spirit friends here, from some others at a distance, through the higher laws. These here receive the vibrations of thought and transmit it in mental pictures to a psychic or make a manifestation of physical spirit powers. A crash was intended to be conveyed in the noise, as if coming with a shock, as she said she got the impression of two engines coming together. But, mama dear, you are making yourself ill before we know there is anything the matter to cause us trouble. We are to believe these things as they are proved. Perhaps Nellie is right. You are not to credit these demonstrations as of importance to them as they are proved as such."

Just then the bell rang and Nellie stepped into the hall to see who it was, and save Anna and her mother from seeing any one just then. She did not return at once and Anna, seeing a messenger boy leave the house, hastened into the hall. Nellie held a telegram in her hand, and even she looked startled, for the boy had told her a terrible railroad accident had occurred the night before and some one was hurt who lived there.

With trembling fingers Anna opened the envelope and read: "John W. Newton injured in R. R. accident. A collision in blinding storm. Mr. Newton is unconscious."

Nellie had no word to say; she too was excited at last. She had laughed at all the talk of higher laws of mind and spirit powers working together. She felt for the first time a belief in spirit life around her, for some influence seemed to say to her, "Hide the telegram! She is coming!" She snatched it from Anna's hand, concealed it as Mrs. Newton opened the door.

"Who was it, girls?" she asked.

Nellie hastened to say, "Only a note from mama. She wishes me to come home for a short time. A caller is there. I will be back after a little."

With a look of warning which Anna understood, she left hurriedly for the telegraph office, while Anna proceeded to care for her mother, and try to think of some way to break the news.

Nellie learned by telegram that Mr. Newton had started the evening before; that a short distance from Denver a collision had occurred; many were injured, and Mr. Newton was sinking fast; had only been unconscious a few moments and could not live till night.

She returned to Mrs. Newton accompanied by the family physician, and as easily as possible the revelation was made, which prostrated the invalid. For weeks she did not leave her room. Before night the message came telling of Mr. Newton's death, and as soon as arrangements could be made the body was brought home, but the poor wife lay in the darkened room alone, realizing the little save the awful soul agony she endured.

The first violets of spring were brought to her as she once more lay on the couch in the little parlor where the mysterious warning was manifested by a sound given by spirit power. One night she woke Anna telling her she had seen her father.

"I felt a strange electric vibration through my whole being, as I always did when I saw a vision, and that vision was my father standing before me. He looked down at me with a smile of joy and said, 'Dearest, I am not dead, but I am invisible to the mortal sight of mortal man. I dwell here in your life; will be beside you always till you leave the mortal robe and open your eyes into immortal condition. I love you just as truly, and you must realize I am with you. When you feel the magnetic touch of my hand on yours, think of me with loving thoughts. Then he bent down and kissed me and vanished in a gray mist."

"Were you really awake, mama?"

"Yes, dear, and it has comforted me so, for I am sure it is he beside me, and I shall always believe he truly appeared to me clairvoyantly and spoke so I could hear him. If I cannot always see or hear him, I shall believe he is beside me as he said, 'Not dead, but invisible to mortal eye.'"

Questions and Answers.

W. J. Colville.

Question.—As an enquirer into "Spiritualism" shortly esteem it a favor if you will explain the following:

On two occasions while touring in a part of Wales where I am positive I had never previously visited, I have been struck with a particular landscape, recognizing it in every particular, and feeling at the time a peculiar sensation as if about to faint and was compelled to brace myself in order to avoid doing so.

Charles Crompton, Manchester, Eng.

Answer.—There are only three replies to the above question which seem at all likely to fit the case and these three answers we present as feasible explanations.

First.—The theory that our questioner has lived in life previous or that some of his ancestors from whom he has inherited some decided tendencies have lived there and in consequence a vivid ancestral memory is awakened whenever he finds himself in a spot endeared by powerful old associations.

The sense of faintness which our correspondent feels is not necessarily to be taken as an indication that such associations were of a tragic or painful character. They may have been extremely pleasant but of a decided and epoch-marking character as to have left an extremely strong impression in the sub-conscious state of the visitor to the scene where some very important acts in a former life-drama have been enacted.

Second.—There are often powerful magnetic relations subsistent between persons and places owing to chemical affinity between their organisms and localities, and when this is the case an overpowering sense of relationship is felt between certain people and certain districts. When such is so markedly the case as in the instance of our present questioner, it generally happens that in addition to this natural affinity there is also some strong spiritual bond between the place and some friend or guide of the one who is so strongly influenced in and by it.

People sensitive enough to be strongly and strangely affected are invariably highly mediumistic and the influences in the unseen realm who are in closest relations with them are still attached to those earthly scenes which have been most intimately associated with their earthly existence. There is usually in such cases a strong bond of affectionate interest uniting the unseen spiritual entity with people yet living in the neighborhood where the sensitive feels so powerfully and mysteriously affected.

Third.—Very often in our sleeping life we form attachments to places and come into rapport with dwellers in localities unknown to us when awake. When such is the case it usually occurs that there is some definite work awaiting us in connection with the place which thus powerfully attracts us.

Such very decided feelings should be examined as closely as possible with a view to discovering what they actually mean. Sit as quietly as you can in the district where you feel this singular fascination, and if you feel drowsy allow yourself to pass into a semi-trance condition there and instead of bracing up and refusing to "faint," allow yourself to pass into the condition of entrancement in which you may discover the reason for your singular experience.

We should strongly advise any one who experiences such sensations to face the situation boldly and intelligently by reclining on the earth (if weather permits) and mentally

inquiring into the cause of the remarkable experience, thereby giving opportunity for an explanation to be conveyed psychically.

Crédo.

I believe in the Motherhood of God, I believe in the blessed Trinity of Father, Mother and Child. I believe that God is here. I do not believe He started this world a-going and went away and left it to run itself.

I believe in the sacredness of the human body, this transient dwelling place of a living soul, and so I deem it the duty of every man and every woman to keep his or her body beautiful through right thinking and right living.

I believe that the love of man for woman, and the love of woman for man, is holy; and that this love in all its promptings is as much an emanation of the Divine Spirit, as man's love for God, or the most daring hazards of human midp.

I believe in salvation through economic, social and spiritual freedom. I believe John Ruskin, William Morris, Henry Thoreau and Walt Whitman to be Prophets of God and they should rank in mental reach and spiritual insight with Elijah, Moses, Ezekiel and Isaiah. I believe we are now living in Eternity as much as we ever shall.

I believe that the best way to prepare for a future life is to live one day at a time, and do the work you can do the best, doing it the best you can.

I believe there is no Devil but Fear. I believe that we are all sons of God and it doth not yet appear what we shall be. I believe in freedom—social, economic, domestic, mental, spiritual.

I believe in every man minding his own business. I believe that men are inspired today as much as men ever were.

I believe in sunshine, fresh air, friendship, calm sleep, beautiful thoughts. I believe in the paradox of success through failure.

I believe in the purifying process of sorrow, and I believe that death is a manifestation of life.

I believe the Universe is planned for good. [Read by Rev. F. A. Wiggin at Oakes.]

Belief, Man's Real Inspiration.

Rev. F. A. Wiggin.

Rev. F. A. Wiggin prefaced his lecture by reading the "Crédo" with slight changes. He then answered two questions given by the audience, in a very satisfactory manner. The following are a few thoughts gleaned from discourse:

"As soon as you say so and so they turn a deaf ear to you. Why don't you tell them what you know? I like to see people who believe something. I like to find Spiritualists who are Spiritualists even if they have not had the life of a Spiritualist."

"The average Christian tells you he believes so and so. The Bible says: 'He that believeth, etc., shall be saved.' I believe that is true. The curse of the hour is the lack of faith and I have in our brother man. We have no confidence in each other."

"Spiritualism should lead in everything. It is wrong for a man to stand up and say 'Spiritualism is leading the world when he is in the wrong of everything. You can never have knowledge without belief. There are no two faces that are alike, no two leaves that measure exactly the same size, no two blades of grass that are the same shape and shade. When God makes a thing he cracks the mold. There are no two minds alike. A man will never be larger, nobler, greater than the God he perceives. If you believe that God is God-of-faith and believe in that God, you will be a merciful man. Your thought in your web of life will be as you believe in God."

"It makes a vast difference how a man believes. You often hear Christians say, 'How do you like your new pastor?' You should say what do you suppose our new pastor thinks of us Christians? If you deceive your child you will in five years see your deceit demonstrated in your child. His ability is cut out just the size of your belief in him. Men are thinkers no larger than the belief of themselves. We encourage man by our belief in him. A man believes in immortality. Why? Because for centuries man has entertained this belief. This cultivation has amounted to a faculty in the human family. There could be no such thing as a faculty without a fact."

"I believe in man and woman. Every man and woman has some good in them. If so what shall we do with them? You are thinkers. Now you do not know what you will be thinking about tomorrow. Suppose you are thinking about your neighbor; think about the good in that neighbor. What you think of your neighbor will be thrown back upon yourself. I believe this to be Spiritualism."

Seance Held November 14, 1902.

No. 3.

I had now a guide. In all our party mine was the only female guide. When first I was guided by the spirit, B. I asked if my guide was present. The table answered by a gentle swaying movement altogether different from any motion yet received. In fact, all of our spirit friends had so distinctive a way of rapping, and moving the table, that we were not put to the necessity of inquiring who it was. We recognized the presence immediately.

I asked if the spirit would give its name. Responding to the alphabet we received a string of consonants impossible to pronounce. For a moment we were nonplussed, but a violent motion of the table warned us that more was coming, and we received the following:

"It is almost impossible to give you my name in my native tongue, but I will give its meaning in English and by that meaning you can hereafter address me. I was, many years ago—before the pale face men came to my father's country—born daughter to a mighty Huron chieftain. The tribes of my tribe were pitched close to the waters of the great fresh sea. My people planted great fields of maize, and slow was it to ripen in this northern country. But the Great Spirit had in his munificence sent, well into the middle of the moon you call November, fifteen days of friendly warmth, when the sun gave forth a golden yellow glow, and a breeze from the South came blowing northward, laden with the ripening influences of the summer season past. It was this benign condition which you call Indian Summer, that made the corn ripen, and from this wind my father took my name. I am called Sacred Wind."

And truly, it did seem to us that the movement imparted to the table was caused by a gentle zephyr.

I asked her if she had any message for me. She answered no, but said a spirit was present who had, and that his name was Clement.

I did not know this spirit, but he told me that a man I knew, and with whom I was at one time quite intimate, had passed over, only three days before. I asked his name, and he gave it. I was much perturbed, and can here say, that five days after this, I was made acquainted with the fact that on Nov. 11 my friend had died in London.

Brother Clement then told us that in life he was a monk in a French monastery at Ploerd, where he had heard Peter the Hermit preaching the Crusade.

On the same evening Mr. and Mrs. A. were not present, having that night gone to a progressive euchre party. About 10.30 I asked if Gray Eagle, the guide of Mr. A., was present. The answer was yes. I then asked if Mr. or Mrs. A. had won a prize. He said he would go and see. This we all regarded as a test. In a short space of time Gray Eagle returned and told us that out of twenty games so far Mr. A. had eleven to his credit, while Mrs. A. had fourteen, and that Mrs. A. would win the first prize and Mr. A. the first gentleman's prize.

We noted the time, and at our next meeting found it correct in every detail, and that a beautiful brass clock had become the prize of Mrs. A. and a tobacco jar that of Mr. A.

We then bade our spirit guides and friends good night, each responding to our benison with their customary knocks and movements.

A Remarkable Book.

D. D. Home, a Freak of Nature. A modern "Legion." The photos of "Katie King," by J. H. W. Simpson. Is the title of a book soon to be published by the Winchester Publishing Co., London. For many years the public mind has been divided respecting the photos of "Katie King," which were taken by Sir W. Crookes, F. R. S., in his own house in 1874. Mr. Simpson here states his firm belief that this fugitive figure was a genuine instance of materialization, but he does not regard it as the materialization of a disembodied spirit. In 1874, Sir William was so good as to give him twenty-two different photos connected with this materialization; three of these prints being transparent prints on glass, which afforded brilliant pictures (scale of life) when inserted in a magic lantern. He now gives a concise description of each one of the series of photos, and says that careful study of these affords complete proof that Sir W. Crookes sufficiently guarded against hallucination, mistake or imposture; that medium having resided in his own house during the three weeks he was engaged in his tests and experiments. The author propounds a theory accounting for the production of this fugitive figure, of which Sir William, in 1874, published a vivid description. The same theory, a little modified, covers the astounding production of many loud voices of male and female invisibles, which he often heard and minutely tested in a lonely cottage, amongst hills, occupied only by a private medium and her young daughter and one servant girl. An account of these voices (actual names not being given) appears under head "A modern 'Legion.'"

What promises to be an interesting book is announced by the Winchester Publishing Co., London, as in preparation. Its title is "D. D. Home, a Freak of Nature; a Modern 'Legion.' The Photos of Katie King." The author, J. H. W. Simpson, was personally acquainted with Daniel Dunglas Home, the famous Spiritualist, and he thus explains the remarkable phenomena exhibited by Home:

I discuss no beliefs based on Home's most astounding physical phenomena (all of which I carefully observed and tested in 1868). I simply show how they can all be traced up to a prenatal shock; his mother having, in bright light, shortly before his birth, sustained a prolonged and dangerous accident, during which she had to strain every nerve and muscle of hands, arms, back and legs to avert death, which caused him to be born a freak of nature. When I was a mere youth, Sir David Brewster told me all about his and Lord Brougham's interview with Home at Cox's Hotel, how much they had been surprised by the appearance of hands which Home said "I believe were the hands of spirits disincarnated,"—a statement which he and Lord Brougham scouted. I have now seen these hands and arms, having gripping power (as certified by Sir W. Crookes), actually emanated from Home's shoulders, and melted away without his knowledge. The prenatal shock caused his figure to be unnaturally elastic; hence the elongation and contractions, hence structural alterations which permitted levitation of his person, and other phenomena.

Mr. Simpson's explanation has at least the recommendation of novelty, and no doubt his work of studying the manifest relations when it appears. In the Dundee Advertiser, of Feb. 7, 1898, there was an article on "Daniel Dunglas Home, the Spiritualist," to which Mr. Simpson alludes, but not in the book itself.—Dundee Advertiser, of July 6, 1903.

Clues to Character.

R. Dimdale Stocker.

The Modern Medical Publishing Co., 57-8 Chancery-lane, London, W. C., has recently issued the above, which is a highly valuable and deeply instructive volume, written in easy popular style, and yet full of valuable scientific information calculated to prove of immense value to all who will give themselves to the work of studying the manifest relations between character and physical structure.

The author is quite an expert in physiognomy and graphology, and from a combined study of countenances, handwriting, etc., he draws many useful and logical conclusions of considerable practical importance.

The book is divided into twenty-three chapters, each one of which constitutes a lesson which should be carefully studied and mastered by the student who aspires to become an expert. The opening chapters deal quite exhaustively with the various temperaments, and show us how to differentiate them. Succeding chapters are devoted to special studies of particular organs, while the closing chapters are occupied with interpretations of the significance of various kinds of handwriting.

There are no doubt gifted clairvoyants, psychometers, and highly intuitive people who do not need to go by rule or pay much heed to facts which can be observed outwardly, but these rare sensitivities apart, the average man and woman will find it very helpful to study into character through the Aristotelian or inductive, because to him or her the Platonic or deductive gateway seems not so readily to open.

Mr. Stocker has evidently been a deep student of the subject, and an acute observer; he knows much of Swedenborg's theory of correspondence, and he is by no means unacquainted with many of the tenets of Theosophy, but such information as he has gleaned in various fields of research he does not force dogmatically upon the reader, but uses it illustratively, making it serve to emphasize and clarify many statements which, without some insight into psychical causation, might seem to remain obscure. Palmistry is not neglected in this "self help" treatise; is not exalted to the supreme place, but treated as one out of many means for reaching a true judgment as to character.

The chapters devoted to a study of handwriting are intensely fascinating, and it ought not to prove difficult to verify many of the statements made. We are told, for example, that people who have architectural ability make graceful angular capital letters, and that dramatic talent is shown by dash and originality of style in writing. Musicians are given to forming curved sloping letters. Poets delight in irregular, graceful

writing, coupled with original forms and heavy strokes. Backbiters indulge in small writing with short terminals; their writing is often tortuous and abounding in complicated flourishes.

Numerous examples are given of many characteristics, far too numerous to quote, and what adds great interest to the whole is the graphological study of several well-known people. W. T. Stend's writing comes in for favorable comment; it indicates nervousness of a certain kind, which is not timidity by any means, combined with great individuality and imagination. Even the writing of King Edward VII is held up for examination, and the reading which Mr. Stocker draws of it, together with some deductions given from phenology, is worthy of intelligent esteem.

The Prince of Wales is also passed under review, and a very good, strong character is displayed as a result of studying both her physiognomy and calligraphy.

The book retails at 50 cents and can be obtained through The Banner of Light agency. Personally, I have known the author for several years, and am aware of the excellent work he has done in London and Brighton. I therefore feel special confidence in recommending his able literary effort to the enquiring public.

W. J. Colville.

Lake Pleasant Notes.

Tuesday August 4, conference opened with singing by the Schubert Quartet. Rev. F. A. Wiggin spoke on "The Great Power of Silence." While the quartet sang the Lord's Prayer the audience bowed heads in silent prayer for our loved ones. J. Clegg Wright who has been absent two years, was listened to with interest. Mr. Wiggin followed.

Among other things he said: "It makes little difference what a man believes as long as he is honest. Most men believe in a God. There are just as many gods as man makes for himself." Mr. Wiggin gave his audience a great many truths. May he live long. He is fearless and is not afraid to speak the truth from the platform. A seance followed the lecture. The Rev. Mr. Wiggin spoke in the afternoon at a very large and appreciative audience. His evening seances were largely attended; communications were recognized and very remarkable. Everyone was delighted and sorry he could remain no longer. The Schubert Quartet sang several selections.

Wednesday morning, August 5, was Lyceum Day. A good audience. There were sixty-seven in the march.

Friday evening there was an Old Folks' Concert at the Temple under the auspices of the C. P. L. The children sold the tickets. One little tot, little Horace Ripley, two and a half years old, sold the first five tickets in a short time.

Recent hotel arrivals: Mr. and Mrs. Amedon, Conn.; Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Leonard, Central Valley, N. Y.; Miss Annie C. Pitcher, Easthampton, Mass.; Miss M. Knowles, Dorchester, Mass.; Mr. D. W. Knowles, Dorchester, Mass.; J. P. Chase, Boston, Mass.; William C. Sampson, Florence A. Sampson, Washington, D. C.; S. B. Thompson, Drev N. Whipple, J. S. Mann, Eva O. Hartwell, Martha C. Fleming, C. Bosont, T. E. Haxley, Mrs. F. A. Hathaway, Mrs. A. L. Pickett, S. C. Reekly, W. B. Woodruff, E. S. Kibby and wife, L. C. Kelly, Harry John Jones, J. Lucy Clark, F. R. Robinson and wife.

Woman House: A. E. Hull, H. A. Rotson, Joseph Baldwin, H. A. Norton, H. J. Hunt, Lizzie E. Putman, Mrs. M. A. Clayton.

Friday afternoon, August 7, Rev. William L. Hutchings occupied the platform. Subject of the lecture: "The New Mount of Pisgah." Three years ago, he was a conservative Orthodox. He now believes in psychic evidence of life. His lecture was along the line of progression. The Schubert Quartet sang "Hark what sweet voices do we hear" and other selections which were beautifully rendered. Mr. J. Clegg Wright's class lectures at the Temple are very instructive, especially for our young people and are listened to by good audiences. Mr. Wright is a remarkable man and possesses a wonderful brain.

Saturday, 2 p. m. Conference, conducted by Mr. H. A. Budington. Mrs. Hall spoke, followed by Mrs. Mason. "Habit" was the subject for consideration. Mr. William, Mr. Waite, Mr. Blakely, Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Lincoln, speakers; Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Guilford pianist.

Sunday morning, August 9, Invocation by Mrs. A. H. Daily; lecture by Mr. Blinn, subject, "There are Angels Hovering Around." Mr. Blinn prefaced his lecture by reading poems by Longfellow and I. M. Courlis. He said: "We Spiritualists should be more aware of the presence of spirits. Realizing this, let us go forth and do our work and live lives that will reap credit and not discredit to our Spiritualism. We can so live as to make ourselves more spiritual and develop ourselves to live good spiritual lives and to work more for ourselves and not visit mediums and make them do all our work. Death does not change the character of people. They carry their own personality, but spirit friends can and do help us in our distress and trouble. We realize they are also obliged to work in order to progress, in order to go higher."

Effie Webster of Lynn followed Mr. Blinn with remarks and communications which were very clear and specific. Mrs. Webster occupied the platform Sunday evening, August 9, and gave convincing tests to every one. She was here August 11 and 12.

Monday, August 10, Conference at 10.30. Mr. Staples opened the meeting by reading selections from the life of Lincoln. The subject for consideration was "Religious Science." Mr. Budington, Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Lincoln, Mr. Willis and others discussed the theme.

At 7.30 Mrs. Effie Webster gave a test seance. Mrs. Webster is doing fine work here and is very popular.

Tuesday, Aug. 11 at 10.30, Mr. J. Clegg Wright lectured. A few thoughts from his lecture follow:

"I can never think of power but that I am human. I used to think when I was a boy there was a floor in the firmament and that the earth was flat. A sailor three hundred years ago thought if he sailed long enough he would get to the end of the earth and tumble off."

Mr. Wright had a brain model he explained from. He said

FOR SALE BY BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING

Pen Flashes.

(Continued from page 4.)

IS THERE A RESIDUUM OF TRUTH IN REINCARNATION?

Most assuredly there is—and so there is in Parscelism, Quakerism, and Mormonism. Joseph Smith was a clairvoyant. He had and exercised spiritual gifts. Yes, there is a germ of fact in reincarnation, because spirit is ever incarnating and reincarnating itself into matter.

1. Enlightened minds well know that the Gibraltar rock of Spiritualism is Spirit—all pervading and all-energizing Spirit. Substance, invisible in its finer gradations, when chemically manipulated and precipitated, becomes matter, the subject of the sense-perceptions. And spirit interpenetrates, incarnates and perpetually reincarnates itself into matter.

2. A conscious spirit disrobed of gross materiality, dwelling in some spiritual sphere afar, of rich-blazoned splendors, re-embodies, or in a sense, reincarnates temporarily when it descends into the atmosphere of our earth, and vestsures itself in such invisible atoms, ions, molecules and refined elements as it can manipulate for materialization, for the accomplishment of some great purpose, something as the university professor may descend from his collegiate chair, and donning the foot-ball suit, teach the necessity of exercise and the graces of muscular motion.

3. The aural emanations extend from persons from one to five and even twenty-five feet. This is especially true of psychics. They are enveloped in an odyssey cloud. Now, then, when a spirit approaches from some higher, brighter sphere into the radius of this human aura, attaching itself thereto and mingling therein, it in a sense incarnates and reincarnates to impress for some end, unworthy or praiseworthy, depending upon the degree of the spirit's unfoldment.

4. Again, an illustrious spirit intelligence, seer, or sage, afire with love and beneficence, looking upon this world of struggle, competition and crime, may earnestly desire to enlighten and uplift humanity to a higher spiritual plane of truth and purity; accordingly in the sacred impregnating-planting of the pre-existing spirit, he projects a current, a thrill, a thought-ray of light from himself into the sensitive life-germ. The magnetic molding ray purposely willed and psychically perpetuated by this heavenly benefactor, be he musician, mathematician, artist or poet, energizes, and measurably molds the foetus, the infant, the child—the heaven-impressed child, which is often pronounced "a great genius." Here is the golden key, that unlocking, rationally explains reincarnation without puerility, speculation, oriental fable, or dreamy, devachanic romance.

It is needless to say that I hold in high esteem my Aryan brothers of the Orient. Many Hindu reincarnationists are liberal, high-minded men. They are deductive reasoners. They are docile, trusting and aspirational, and those that know them best love them the most. One of these gentlemen, English-educated, wrote me recently from Calcutta, averring that "Spiritualism was old in India." My prompt and pertinent reply was that India, since the historic period, has not had nor enjoyed so much as a shadow of genuine, philosophical Spiritualism, but it has had in profusion crude spiritism, necromancy, obsession, occultism, Yogi-juggling and black magic, all of which are as distant from true, rational Spiritualism as are the Mohammedan helms from the brilliant heavens of seers and savants. Hindu and French reincarnation, though the pronounced "vital doctrine" of Theosophy, has no necessary relation to Spiritualism. Neither has it any necessary relation to original modern Theosophy, as founded in New York.

It is opposed to science as studied and elucidated by all German and great English-speaking scientists.

It is opposed to the only legitimate inference derived from the accumulated facts of psychic phenomena.

It is opposed to that philosophy which is the attainment of truth by way of reason.

It is opposed to psychology, which is the analysis and classification of the functions and faculties of the mind as revealed to observation and induction, and sanctioned by deduction.

It is opposed to that rigid logic, the inferences of which are based upon solid premises and the fixed principles of nature.

It is opposed to those axiomatic principles which show that things existing with the same thing coexist with one another; and that whatever is true of a whole class, is true of whatever belongs to and is brought under the class, and the class series; the races of human beings, come under the class, the law—the law of evolution, which in its mighty, majestic sweep, lifts all conscious human souls through methods inverse, diverse and often mysterious, upward and onward, through the eternities, one grand purpose, one law, one life, one brotherhood, and one destiny, and that soul-unfoldment, ever aspiring, yet never reaching absolute perfection and power.

Finally, Hindu reincarnation (a modified transmigration), being injected into American thought, is only a hypothesis, a baseless dream, a hazy speculation that as necessarily fades away before the ascending stars of science and philosophy, as do the moistening, quivering dew before June's golden sunshine.

The late Dr. Thomson Jay Hudson, author of "Law of Psychic Phenomena," often quoted by sectarians against Spiritualism says: "The man who deprecates the phenomena of Spiritualism today is not entitled to be called a skeptic—he is simply ignorant."

Notes from Lyman C. Howe.

MRS DR. MARVIN.

After a Sunday feast at Lily Dale, my second visit for the season, and hearing the "Silver-tongued Orator," A. B. French, sharing the hospitality of Bro. Damon of Dunkirk, whose son edits and publishes "The Occasional One" (which is rapidly gaining public favor), meeting and visiting fast with many friends, when Monday a. m. a wire call cut short my plans and started me for Grand Rapids, Mich.

There I met at the home of Dr. L. D. Marvin, many friends of the family who had gathered to honor the memory of Mrs. Dr. Aurelia Marvin, widow of Dr. Harvey Marvin, one of the first physicians in America to adopt the Homeopathic system of medicine. He passed away at Muskegon some twenty-five years ago. Mrs. Marvin has been a most successful healer for forty years, and has accomplished many remarkable feats as a psychic, curing without medicine many cases that the regulars could not cure with any means known to them. She was eighty-three July 5. Her only daughter, Frankie, died of consumption thirty-seven years ago, near North Collins, N.

The Effervescent always reliable Morning Laxative

cures sick stomachs and aching heads.

The Tarrant Co., 21 Jay St., New York



Mountain House, Mt. Wachusett, Mass.

Change of scene is the first requisite to complete rest. The Mountain House furnishes a panorama of the most splendid scenery to be found in the State, if not in all New England. On a clear day, the visitor, seated on the veranda of the Mountain House, has a view of the hills and valleys all the way to Boston, and with a good field glass, he can extend his range of vision even to Maine.

Then if this grand view palls, a walk of half an hour, or a ride of ten minutes, gives a sweep to Monadnock in one direction and to Twin Mountain in Goffstown, in another, both across New Hampshire's solid granite hills and valleys. What better can be asked? The Mountain House is four miles by stage from Princeton, Mass. For further information write to Charles B. Turner, Manager.



The Regent, Washington, D. C.

Headquarters during convention will be The Regent, corner Pennsylvania Ave. and 15th St., near Treasury Building. The rates at this hotel for delegates and all visitors to convention will be special—\$2.00 per day, large room, two persons in a room. Single room, for one person, \$2.50 per day. These rates include first-class board. Those taking advantage of the same are expected to remain during full

convention, while all who travel on certificate tickets must remain till noon of the fourth day. As a certain number of certificate tickets must be guaranteed to the railroads, delegates and visitors are requested to come by them. The N. S. A. reception to delegates and visitors, to which all friends are invited, will be held at The Regent, Monday, October 19, at 8.30 p. m.



Hotel Empire.

Hotel Empire, Broadway and 63d St., N. Y. City, has long been the favorite hotel for tourists visiting the metropolis. It has a fine library of choice literature for the exclusive use of guests. The restaurant is noted for

the excellence of its cuisine, its efficient service and moderate prices. Table d'hôte dinner \$1.00. Rooms are \$1.00 per day and upward. Each room is provided with telephone.—W. Johnson Quinn, proprietor.



Splendid dining car service helps to make the trip to mountain and lake resorts on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway

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

W. W. HALL, N. E. P. A., 309 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

Y., and the writer conducted the funeral rites. Mrs. Marvin was a remarkable medium, and George M. Taylor was associated with their circles and experiences in his first development forty-six to forty-eight years ago. She was married to Edward Holmes—then of Laona, N. Y., about a month before her transition. Three sons remain, all physicians of the Hannanman school. Dr. L. D. Marvin of Grand Rapids, Dr. Roy Marvin, Muskegon, Mich., and Dr. Horace Marvin, Sioux City, Iowa, all representative Spiritualists and an honor to their profession.

The services were held at Grand Rapids, and the body taken to Muskegon, where we laid it beside her earthly husband amid the flowers, evergreens, and bowers of beauty—not to wait for the "last trumpet" to sound, but to return to the elements, while the real self continues to advance from glory to glory.

BIRD'S LAKE, MICHIGAN

On Friday, August 7, I visited the new camp at Bird's Lake, Bro. Andrews kindly acting as my guide. There I met Franklin Brown, fresh from the Pacific Coast, Dell Herrick, chairman of the camp, Mrs. Morrell, a new and highly promising speaker, who according to the estimate of the most competent critics, bids fair to stand as a peer of the best of our platform speakers,

and that without any special training, save that of good common sense, a common school education, and spiritual inspiration.

Miss Gibbs was speaking when I arrived, and I was entertained by her choice diction, and high ideals, permeated with consistent logic. This new camp seems to have promise in it. Situated on a beautiful lake, on dry ground, and a salubrious feel in the air, it has natural advantages not found at Briggs Park, and I was informed that a millionaire is behind it.

On Sunday, August 9, I left the pleasant home of Bro. Chas. Potter and wife, who entertained me most pleasantly, and lit down at

GRAND LEDGE

surprising all, and in time to hear a very impressive discourse by Rev. B. F. Austin. Mrs. A. E. Sheets presided and made all strangers feel at home, by her words of welcome.

Dr. Seedman and wife put in an appearance Monday morning, and in the evening did some work in developing medial gifts.

Farmer Riley gave seances one of which Bro. Austin attended, and recognized Glib B. Stebbins.

Tuesday morning several delegates went to Lansing to attend the State meeting, so I had good company thus far on my way to Buffalo. There, E. W. Sprague came on the train to greet me a moment, and I had his blessing to brace me all the way to Buffalo.

MRS DR. MATTHESON.

I called at Mrs. Dr. Matteson's, 248 North Division St., Wednesday a. m., and found a room full of patients as usual, waiting for her clairvoyant examination. She goes into a profound trance in a few seconds, after the patient is seated before her, makes the examination rapidly, without asking a question, and surprises the patient with the accuracy of the diagnosis. She examines many at a distance by a lock of the patient's hair, and never requires "one leading symptom."

The demand for "one leading symptom" implies that clairvoyance, or spirit control is not relied upon by the doctor. I have known some remarkable cases of diagnosis and cure by Mrs. Matteson's spirit doctor, one of which was that of Moses Love, oldest brother of Mrs. E. L. Watson. He was cured by her remedies after physicians had given him but six or eight months to live. But she is not a magnetic healer, and it is not Christian Science, nor faith cure; but the effect of specific medicine prescribed by one who sees the conditions of the body and the remedies needed in each case. This, however, is no disparagement of other methods of cure. I have witnessed many astonishing cures without any medicine except what was imparted by laying on of hands, and the psychic sphere of the medium and operating spirit.

As all nature has a Soul, and every organism its own Soul, there may be as much psychism in the action of well chosen drugs, as in any other method, only differently applied; and the kind of treatment adapted to one case, may fail in another; and roots, herbs and fruits may reach some by the same psychic law, and laying on of hands may cure others—by the same law—and well directed thinking may reach others, after drugs have failed. Hence each class has a place in the economy of nature, and all are useful, if not indispensable, in the amelioration of human suffering and the cure of human ills. I would like to see each class multiplied a hundred fold, under the wise direction of qualified spirits and the whole medical fraternity compelled to acknowledge, respect, and counsel with seers, psychics, and hygienic reformers, and all prospective legislation in the interest of medical monopoly prohibited by the constitution of every State and the District of Columbia.

Arriving home Wednesday, August 12, I found things much as I had left them and a little more so.

Lyman C. Howe.

Children's Book.

BABY'S HANDS.

Delicate sun-kissed rosebuds pink—
This I'm sure is what you'll think
When you see the Baby's hands.

The perfume of the summer air
Is sweet, but does not quite compare
With that of Baby's hands.

No music's most inspiring flight,
E'er filled the soul with more delight
Than Baby's clapping hands.

Of all the fruits of Eden's trees
None were so sweet, the taste to please,
As are the Baby's hands.

As tender as the violet's dress,
Smoothed by angel's soft caress,
Is the touch of Baby's hands.

Hugh Glenn Murray, in Mind.

The Boy and the Nest.

Alice E. Dyer.

The Boy lay back and chuckled appreciatively. He could see the soft, brown breast of the mother-bird quiver. Her bright, beady eyes were looking straight into his. She was prepared to flutter off the nest at the slightest threatening movement, but the Boy kept very still. He only squirmed a little in comfortable satisfaction, and dug his bare toes into the rich, black earth. His blue eyes were as intent as her black ones.

"My, but she's a brave 'un," he thought admiringly. "Taint many 'ud do that,—mighty few thrushes. That long-tailed thrasher there hopped off quicker than seat. I didn't care if she did lose a few of her old eggs, but this 'un—"

Suddenly he extended his hand. The nest was in a low clump of hazel bushes, within easy reach. The speckled-brown mother panted and opened her bill, her bright eyes grew liquid-clear, but just before the scrubby little boy's hand touched her, she was off, and lit silently on a twig a few feet away. The Boy chuckled again, and peered into the nest with a satisfied glow on his snub-nosed face. Four perfect eggs, splashed with brown as finely as was the mother-bird's breast, lay in the grass-woven hollow. The Boy had with him a pasteboard box filled with cotton-wool. In the soft white was a cat-bird's egg of greenish, opaque blue, and the tiny, clear-white speck of the bank-swallow. The egg of a tawny thrush was a much rarer find, but the boy seemed in no hurry to make it his own. He glanced at the silent brown form only the few feet away. "You're a cute 'un," he smiled at her.

Suddenly he heard the cracking of twigs at the edge of the thicket. He made a grab for the pasteboard box, and scurried off. He effected an elaborate detour, and came up to the two other boys from the opposite direction. These two boys had pasteboard boxes also. When they caught sight of the first boy, they yelled, "Hi, there!"

He sauntered leisurely up, with apparent carelessness, but on a keen watch. He was met with an excited:

"Say! oh, say! Got a tawny thrush's egg? There's a pair of 'em around here, and betcher there's a nest."

The Boy twisted his wide mouth into a provoking grin.

"Aw, now," he drawled, "there ain't no tawny thrushes round here. You fellows be all off."

He met their derisive gaze with one as derisive, but he realized its failure as, after a minute's profound meditation, the two in one accord started away, perilously near the direction of the hazel clump. They winked at him over their shoulders, as he followed at a discreet distance.

A very little while after, and a prolonged whoop of triumph sounded in his ears. Realizing that now another encounter would not be entirely agreeable to him, he got rapidly away. But when he decided that they were safely out of the vicinity he hurried back, with something tugging at his heart.

He drew apart the hazel branches, and looked in at the nest. It was empty. A slender brown bird was sitting silently from branch to branch over his head. As he watched her, he found himself wishing that she would squawk and make a fuss, as the bluejays did.

A lump swelled in the Boy's throat. He made a swift dig at his eyes with his fists,—very dirty fists. Then suddenly he threw his pasteboard box upon the ground. He kicked it and jumped upon it until it was smashed into the dry leaves and soft earth.

"There!" he said, and looked up at the quiet brown mother-bird.—E.

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Some Clergymen's Stories.

An English Bishop was examining scholars in a girls' school. The Continental or Dutch method of pronouncing Latin had been adopted. Suddenly he started.

"We kiss him," a maiden pronounced.
"What, what?" demanded the bishop.
"We kiss him," the girl repeated.
"Spell it," his grace breathlessly exclaimed.
"V-i-c-i-s-s-i-m."

"Oh! I understand," the bishop replied.

The Rev. Bishop Potter paid a visit to a Sunday school where a staid young rector presided. He was requested to question the children. The topic was the Virgins. The bishop asked a little girl who seemed to beam with intelligence:

"Who were the foolish virgins, my dear?"

"Them as did not get married," was the prompt answer.

The Rev. Dr. Van Dyke was examining a class of boys as to their knowledge of Bible characters.

"Who was Esau?" he asked.
A young lad answered:
"Esau wrote a book of fables and sold the copyright to Mrs. Pottage."

A World of Good sense.
Jaspeh—Young Sandsby has enough. Why does he not keep out of business and give others a chance?
Jumpup—But it is by going into business that rich young men like him give smart young men a chance to make money.—Life.

A Wallon peasant going to law with a neighbor suggested a present to his lawyer of two fine ducks.

"Not for your life," said the lawyer. "If you do, you'll lose the case."
Judgment was given in his favor. Turning to his lawyer, he said:
"I sent the ducks, but," he added, "I sent them in my neighbor's name."

At the School for Nurses in Orange, N. J., hash is classically termed, "The Review of Reviews."

"I did not know," said he "that you cared so much for your uncle."
"I did not," said he. "But I was the means of keeping him in an insane asylum the last years of his life. Now he has left me all his money, and I have got to prove that he was of sound mind."

Towne—I understood you to say that Spencer's case was really a faith cure?
Browne—Yes, you see, the doctor and druggist both trusted him.—Philadelphia Press.

The Rev. John S. Lyon told of a brother clergyman who received a letter from a parishioner:

"My dear Pastor: I have been sick for two months and have not been able to hear your excellent sermons which has been a great comfort to me."

Announcements.

G. W. Kates and wife have been serving the camps at Franklin, Nebraska, and Delphos, Kansas. They are also engaged to serve the camp at Vicksburg, Mich. They desire to hear from societies for engagements during 1904. Address them at Thornton, Delaware Co., Pa.

The annual campmeeting of the Central Iowa Spiritualists' Association, Marshalltown, Iowa, commences August 23 and closes September 13.

Among the Onset arrivals for August 10, were Mrs. S. A. Hoffman, Miss A. L. Lamson and Mr. L. A. Belliveau. (We did not receive names in time for Onset report.)

Mrs. Juliette Yeaw has the following engagements: Elgon Cove, August 30; Marlboro, November 15 and January 10, 1904; German Spiritualist Society, Lawrence, December 6; Manchester, N. H., Jan. 24; First Spiritualist Association, Worcester, last two Sundays in April, 1904.

What is so universal as death must be a benefit.—Schiller.