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THE SIMPLE LIFE.

O how at times I wish for simple life; A little cot in pleasant garden ground 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 our scenes of strife,
While thoughts of peace in purity abound;
And beauty lies in fields and woods around;
And all with breath of summer blocm 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 the emptiness that haunts the heart;

And so on husks we prodigals are fed, But all the while is nature's whispered call! William Brunton.

The Eternal Now.

Dr. Geo. W. Careu.

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 proedure to the completion of certain phases of expression.

But in material thought there appear to be 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 la grippe 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

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 lody 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 de-

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 govern-

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 till up a hollow? Get married if single, or get a diworce 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, Temple of Truth divinely fair will spring Phoenix-like to take its place. Eyes shall then he 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 than. That the molecular composition of a jelly fish puzzles the greatest chemist and that the wisdom of a peaver 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 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 back-

When Babylon and Ninevah 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, queducts 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 Cheons were not reared "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 prentice 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 and if you value your soul's salvation you through the brain cells of the player. As Edison truly says the brain does not thinkit is an organism for the transmission of thought.

The word evolution means to unwind or unfold. It certainly requires as much foreeight, 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 imperfeet. It does not change, for in it is "no variableness nor shadow cast by turning,' . 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 any thing it does all things-therefore it is the

The evolutionary concept is based in the belief that the universe, or mind, has at some Mind, or Infinite Intelligence, continually operates, proceeds, vibrates or manifests, but never gets better nor higher. True, it mences 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 mani festation, or operation, with eternal self-existing material, they will intelligently use that

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 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 rimes, 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 Karnack 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

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 Paginini, or Mozart, or some other fellow ages agone turned to dust, you might as well go to plowing.

It you suggest a warm, live thought on po-Nitical 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 solemply 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 devinte 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 that which is manifested, and man and his relation to this power, or energy, you are assailed by myriads of angry men and womenbacks 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, 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 no about physiology and materia medica that bears the scent of the morning dew, or reflects the light of the noonday sun, the musty, illsmelling medical board want to know if it is in Dalton's Physiology, or the prescriptions of Hipocrates, 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 mummied 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 ac-

"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.

"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 untried domain awaits, denands you. Closed for aye the epics of Azia's, Europe's helmeted warriors; Callope's call forever closed—Clio, Melpomene. Thalia, closed and dead. Sealed the stately rhythmus which is at hand, instead of trying to evolve of Una and Oriana-ended the quest of the

Hely Grail. Jerusalem a handful of ashes blown by the wind-extinct. The Crusader's streams of slindowy midnight troops sped with the surrise.

"Awadis, Tancred, 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, embreidered, dazzling world, with all its gorgeous legends, myths, its kings and barous 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 rhynie."

Let the winds of unshackled thought sweep away the unpleasant odor of dead gods and decaying Pharnos. Let us stand in the unwalled 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 t 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 abysm of space, and reflects its halo up and upward still "on the cliffs of stars where watching Scraphs 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 Alcyone "that holds the swift heavens in their starry

And now, come nearer home and listen to the Ocean's song or the diapason of Ningara vitrating 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 Yellow Stone Park, or looked into the earth's centre from the Cliffs of Colorado's Canyon, or bathed in the rainbow mist above tumbling hunters ever heard of the existence of a greater wonder than Niagara, away out or 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 colls, attempts suicide by plunging into a gulf terrible as any pictured by Dante

These tourists may have read about Yose mite, and how it is wedded to the clouds by the "Bridal Veil" of falling waters, but they have no concention of its towering height or indescribeble 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 moun-

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 firs of the "continuous woods" full in the presence of its tutelar deity, Mt. Hood, or Magical Spokane, among the pines, on the cliffs, by the matchless stream where the hand and power that lives

tain range and opened a mighty canal

and moves unsee 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 pires 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 Mound 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 sait 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 palmist 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 Icelander and stranger races clad in skins from the farther 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 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 theenearer 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 orcanization and illustration of the Chemistry of God. There is the Tree of Life with its eaves 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 realize that the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand.

Now behold the divine telegraph systemthe 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 Piexus—vibrating life abundantly.

the Reasts 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 sodiacal signs

(Continued on page 4)

LAST NIGHT AFTER THE BAIN. (0.30)

Written by a colored bell boy in Hotel Empire, New York City, to his Sweetheart.

The laurels are wet on the mountains, The forests are jeweled with rain, Yet sweetness 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 E. 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-

Gibraltar, "everybody lies. Don't make a scene; one's enough for the family."

"He did it well, really," said Alfred Bossom. "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.

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, turn-

though the public was made up of Hottentots and Laplanders!"
She ripped her gloves from her hands, turning them 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 and distressed. "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.

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

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 Bossom 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. Al-

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. Altred, 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 gallantries with which he—has reguled us. The repose of home may restore to him some gleamings of common sense."

regated us. The repose of nome may restore to him some gleamings of common sense."

Bossom 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 fell on his wrist the warn.

himself as he felt fall on his wrist the warn

ing touch of his mother's gentle hand.

Nina made no remark; her accustomed sadness was more pronunced than usual; indeed, she seemed grieved even to the crying point, and a certain perplexed wonder was on and a certain perpected wonter 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 fleaf, 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 was recommended and waits cate 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, mouraful seas, 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 phantical. 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 sub-consciousness—she glimpsed it vaguely; baffled and wheney.

sciousness—she game, and unhappy, and unhappy, "Mother mine, what is it?" said Paul, coax"Hother mine, what is it?" said Paul, coax"Hother mine, what is it?" "Mother mine, what is it?" said rau, 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 malogany 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.

of a forest pool.
"My son, it was unfitting," she said,

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

"The rose, you mean, mother?" he asked, with besitation. 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 soulbut you shall know—"

"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."

outside myself seemed to possess me; an un-seen presence cast an arm around me, it gave me strength, it buoyed me up, I seemed to

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 fail 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 roamings 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 lackay, a mixture of superciliousness and bullyism; it 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

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

"My father; the more's the pity. Think of a father insulting his own son to amuse a cad like Bossom—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 nother 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. 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 recom-pense. 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 Berof 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 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 dis-

Paul rose and faced about, a good deal disconcerted.

Haskell had off his coat and was having a dry snoke. 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 cycs 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 Circe's."

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

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

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

Somewhat mollified by the turn the talk nad 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 Rololo 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 nost of the afternoon, died mysteriously, at a bout the same hour, it was thought. I have it now. That singer remireds me of Haskell had off his coat and was having a

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 different 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, engerly, 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 not been inside a theatre for years, not since you were have it now. That singer re-

stage. And where have you known intimately an actress? You, who have not 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 d—insolence."

"And if 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 spirited 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 drooplingly against it.

Haskell drew near his son; there was some-

Ingly against it.

Haskell drew near his son; there was something deadly in his calm, something almost taugible in the aggressive influence that breathed from every pore of his strong body, like the oncome 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.

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 fect. 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 cars of Bossom; he was a good fellow, a chap of level head. Such things are lest hushed up. And so, from rage, Haskell had passed to estimating results,

Soon Paul drew a long, deep breath and

Soon Paul drew a long, deep breath and

Soon Paul drew a long, deep breath and turned round to his father, the arm of the mulatte 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 her to bear alone the brunt of your indignities."

He then took his mother in his arms and

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

could not be happy separated from you and it 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 resist-

On the morrow, there came by mail to Nina

On the morrow, there came by man 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 sing home all our own, life would be sweet. A home—a place to rest in—unmarred by bickerings and the poisonous atmosphere of vindictive thought—a blessed island set in a charmed sea!

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 dole 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 songstress with all my heart. And mine she 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.)

Unset By the Sea.

Tuesday, Aug. 7. Conference in the Auditorium. Mr. A. J. Maxham, soloist. Mrs. Mears 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 know a great deal today compared with what I knew. I know very little compared with what I knew. I know very little compared with what I knew. I know very little compared with what I knew. I know very little compared with what there is to know. We should give credit to everyone and everything that enter into our 'ives."

Mr. A. J. Maxham gays 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.

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 all camp meetings 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. Wattins., "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. Commary of Illinois talked about our

a success, and we will have the grandest ever held."

Dr. Commary 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. Spragne 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 aliments 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

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 midmight for the amusement of the greats 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 plaisfortnue to have in his veins your blood. I merit your ill-usage, being as I am an off shoot 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, bruising his forchead on the sharp edge of the table, so that the blood spurted from the wound and began alowly to trickle down his clieck.

Nina, with a shriek, fiew 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!"

She was moaning over him, her face as white as that which lay on her lay, 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

olo.

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 aloft 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."

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 ciation, 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."

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 intrusted to him by vice-president, Mr. Hebron Libbey: Mr. Libbey sent his blessing to all present and wished the meeting would be a

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.

I'resident 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 ofttimes only want the position for the power and influence it will bring to them. There is a man in Chicago, a gentleman and a scholar, highly respected by all, who lias done good work in his State Association (Illinois), has been successful in his undertakings and this man is Dr. George W. Warne. I want to see him president of the N. S. A. I feel sure Massachusetts will Warne. 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 victors to wictors.

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 themand 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

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. Warne 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. Carrie F. 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

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. R.—A large audience was present in the Temple this morning to listen to the farewell lecture given by Mr. W. J. Colville. The band gave a concert at \$.30. 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

Road for Deality Tourn all glad to see equality of race marked: "I am glad to see equality of race hand sex fully exemplified at Lily Dale."

Mrs. Harriet T. Upton, a large, cenial look-news, and sex fully exemple of the National John of two faws water, hews wood, and cheers on the workers," and then she discanted upon the beauties T. Upton, a large ty Dale.

Mrs. Flora Dennison of Toronto, Canada, closed the foren

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 2 p. m. a good sized andience 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 come by every train and boat. Among those seen by the writer are John D. Haskell, Master Ben D. Haskell and Miss Esther Haskell from Kausas, Mrs. Dr. George Dutton, Mr. James W. Cormany, 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 and had a large audience 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 sparkles 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 humanity hung in the background, while 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.

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

genial, earnest face of "Susan B.," the voice and purpose are as firm and unwavering 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 begins a second of the seco 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 Irances 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 unflaggingly, 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 bass like that the men will have to surrender."

Miss Harriet M. Mills was the second speaker. The bright wit and earnest manner of this faithful young worker won her andience 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.

cach one has a man to represent and pro-tect her." she laughingly asked, "Will Mr. Abbott protect the 40,000 wonen who are in excess of the male population of the United

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 misallowance 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 Sloeum, president and manager Mrs. Jane Sloeum president and manager

Mrs. Jane Sloeum, 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, nor deposit our ballots. 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."

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

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 discanted upon the beauties and qualities of Lily Dale.

anti-suffragists, and converting them into wisps of straw, blew every one of them beyond the pale of rational recognition by the strong breath of her deductive argument. She spoke of the great affection, and generous good will always manifest at Lily Dale, as she had found it nowhere else; and said: "It makes everything else seem small in comparison."

parison."

In reply to "Susan B's" laudatory introduction of her, she laughingly remarked: "When people find fault with us, or censure in ever so small a way, we at once object, and consider ourselves abused; but when they praise us we don't care how much they say. They may even lie, and we accept it all graclously with the feeling that after all it's quite true, and we wonder we haven't seen it that way before, so I, now, am glad of all the good things you say of me, and will take more."

quite true, and we wonder we navert seen it that way before, so I, now, am glad of all the good things you say of me, and will take more."

She referred to her mother's regret at her alliance with the Methodist church, her mother saying: "Anna I'd feel much worse if you were enough of a Methodist coare."

"She was right. Today I am a woman without a country, without a religious belief; and I am glad, for now I can recognize the rights and aims of all countries allke; and, I think I can believe anything that makes another happy and content with life. As a nation we are one of the most boastful people under the sun. We make great statements, and draw splendid visions not in accord with the facts involved. This is because we perceive the coming of great spiritual truths which have not yet truly evolved. In our brains, our souls, we grasp fine ideals, then we go out into the world, grow irritable and fail, because we have not grasped them with a firmuess sufficient to make them real. But such ideals are good. Physically we are a brave people, yet we are not a moral people, because we do not strive to embody in our lives the ideals of our soul. We boast of being a Christian republic, but we are everything else. We began as a monarchy and are slowly evolving toward a republic, but we shall never get there till every citizen over twenty-one years of age has the right to a voice in the affairs of the nation. Even our women on noted state days pay great tribute to the memory of our pilgrim fore-fathers, and extol them for desiring 'freedom, and the ability to worship God in accordance with the dictates of their own conscience, yet they forget that these same 'fathers' were not at all careful to provide that the pilgrim foremothers should have the same prerogatives in matters to them of as vital import."

She dealt with the evolution of the voter's right as it had come through church membership, property-ownership, brawn and color, and related some laughable anecdotes of conversations with noted anti-suffragists, in whic

senson.

The speakers of week commencing Aug. 16, are Prof. Lockwood, Chas. Brodle Patterson, New York, Dr. Austin, Toronto, W. F. Janiison, G. H. Brooks. The speaker for Canal Day, 22nd, is not yet decided.

Julia E. Hyde.

A Fine Kidney Remedy.

A. S. Hitchcock, East Hampton, Conn (The Clothier), says if any sufferer from Kid-ney and Bladder Disease will write him he will direct them to the perfect home care he used. He makes no charge whatever for the

Campmeetings for 1903.

Lily Dale, N. Y., City of Light Assembly—
July 8 to Sept. 2.
Onset, Mass.—July 12 to Aug. 20.
Lake Pleasant, Mass.—Aug. 2 to 31.
Saugus Centre, Mass.—June 7 to Sept. 27.
Mowerland Park, Mass.—June 7 to Sept. 27.
Verona Park, Me.—Aug. 1 to 31.
Temple Heights, Me.—Aug. 14 to 23.
Etna, Me.—Aug. 28 to Sept. 6.
Madison, Me.—Sept. 4 to 13.
Queen City Park, Vt.—July 26 to Sept. 6.
Sunapec, N. H.—Aug. 2 to 30.
Niantic, Conn.—June 21 to Sept. 6.
Island Lake, Mich.—July 19 to Aug. 30.
Grand Ledge, Mich.—July 24 to Aug. 23.
Briggs Park, Mich.—July 24 to Aug. 30.
Forest Home, Mich.—Aug. 1 to 23.
Wonewoc, Wis.—Aug. 13 to 30.
Mt. Pleasant Park, Iowa—Aug. 2 to 30.
Marshalltown, Iowa—Aug. 23 to Sept. 13.
Chesterfield, Ind.—July 16 to Aug. 30.
Belmora Park, Ill.—July 1 to Sept. 1.
Maple Dell Park, Mantua, O.—July 25 to Sept 6.

A Constipation Cure That Actually

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Important Notice to N. S. A. Auxiliaries.

State Associations having individual members as well as subordinate societies are entitled to one delegate to the N. S. A. Convention on their charter, and to one delegate for every fifty individual members or major fraction thereof; also, to one additional delegate for each society in good standing with state association, provided the sum of two dollars has been contributed to the N. S. A. by said local society.

AMENDMENTS FOR CONVENTION OF 1903.

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

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

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.

As there will be several candidates for the office of N. S. A. president societies are requested to refrain from pledging their delegates to vote for any special person, although a preference may be expressed to the delegates by their societies. The election hour may present matters that will demand the exercise of the best judgment of the delegates

in easing their votes, that the business may not come to a standstill, or to worse confusion.

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

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The Majesty of Nature.

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Unity Camp.

Notwithstanding the stormy weather Sunday, August 9, there was a good attendance. Conference was held at 11, in charge of vice-president Samuel Merchant. An invocation was given by Mrs. Albert Lewis, a short address by Rev. James Smith and messages by Mrs. Smith. Singing by Mrs. Addle Day of Boston. Mrs. Carrie Twing took part in all three services, giving at the 4 o'clock meeting an interesting address on the subject, "Touched by the Angels." Others assisting in the exercises were Mrs. Nutter of Boston, Mrs. Sarah Westcott, dramatic reading, and J. O. Allan; president Caird being as usual in charge. A very enjoyable song service was held under the direction of H. C. Chase. Notwithstanding the stormy weather Sun-

To B. lieve Summer Weariness take Horsford's Acid Phosphate. It relieves

the languor, exhaustion and nervousness caused by summer heat. It strengthens and invigorates permanently.

Lake Brady, Ohio.

Sunday, July 26, through Mrs. Abbie Sheets of Grand Ledge, Michigan, much light was given to the Brady camp. Many of the great inventions of the world were given their proper place as being transmitted from the unseen to the seen. Thomas Paine gave a larger conception of liberty and Robert Ingersoil cut away error. It is a worthy fact to note this season more people are interested in the beautiful truths given from minds developed through higher stages of life than ever before. While this is true, the message has its niche in the proper place and there is a steady ignoring of the test seeker by the unseen life to teach people to use their reasoning powers.

Miss Edith Buchwald followed Mrs. Sheets with messages and tests.

August 2 the German Spiritualists' Society of Cleveland lead the meeting of the camp. The lectures, recitations, tests and music were of a high order and enjoyed by all.

Sunday, Aug. 9, Mrs. Amanda Coffman was very kindly welcomed by our people. Each recalled the ready and willing work given by Mrs. Coffman last season. In the lecture of the morning the same line of thought of previous lectures was pursued. From the first lecture there has been a line of thought revealing the martyrs of the world and telling why they all had to die for truth's sake. Truth has been given in all ages. She gave the same idea as was voiced in each lecture, only in different wording: "The people of this life make their own homes in the great future." In fact, there has been enough beautiful thought given in our six lectures to teach the entire earth to be true and kind, that is, to live the Golden Rule.

Mrs. Coffman remained one more Sunday and gave a test seance Aug. 11. She reads questions written upon slips of paper with closely bound eyes in order to convince the skeptic in the spiritual ranks. She sees with

questions written upon slips of paper with

questions written upon slips of paper with closely bound eyes in order to convince the skeptic in the spiritual ranks. She sees with the mental eye the writing upon the paper.

Mrs. Eliza McDowell of Franklin, Pa., is at the camp for a time and is giving life readings in so clear a way that he who runs may read. Mrs. McDowell is endowed with a bright mind that quickly interprets what is given to her at the other end of the line.

Lydie L. Curtis.

Summerland, Cal.

Summerland, Cal.

The yearly convention of the Progressive Spiritualists of this place convened in Liberty Hall, Sunday, August 2, and closed Sunday, August 9, week days inclusive.

Prof. W. S. Gray, inspirational speaker and psychometrist and Mrs. J. S. Lillie of San Francisco, were the regular speakers and Prof. J. S. Lillie, singer, with local talent furnished the music.

Much credit is due the committee of ladies who arranged the program. Mrs. Spring, the chairman, gave the address of welcome with her characteristic fervor and Prof. Gray lectured and gave convincing readings. Prof. Gray has been speaking for this society and the one at Santa Barbara the past four months and has succeeded in giving an impetus to the Cause in both places. He is a veteran soldier of the civil war and served the cause of freedom well and now is doing good work promulgating mental and spiritual freedom.

Mrs. Lillie's discourses are always eloquent and the one delivered Sunday afternoon was listened to by a large and interested audience.

and Mrs. David Davis. Mr. Davis is ninetysix years old; his companion eighty-six years
old; they enjoy very good health; their faculties are unimpaired. At the close of Mrs.
Lillie's lecture Mr. Davis spoke to the audience announcing that Sunday was his
ninety-sixth birthday and he was in hopes
he and his wife would be permitted to be
present again at the next yearly meeting.

Mr. Davis was a Baptist minister for years,
but now is a Spiritualist, a reader of spiritual
literature and is interesting to talk with on
any subject.

Mr. Lillie's mother has a beautiful home in
Monteseto Valley, near here, where he resides
the nost of his time, and where Mrs. Lillie
comes every year to recuperate, during her
vacations, from work as pastor of the First
Spiritualist Society of San Francisco, over
which she has presided the past four years.
Mr. Lillie has made his mother's home a
veritable paradise and light and cheer go out
from him and his mother to those who are
fortunate enough to be admitted into their
circle. The orange and lemon, fig and lime
trees that surround their cottage are rich
with ahade and perfume and the scent of
roses and mignonette and the tinted leaves of
the eglantine brighten the garden while the
twining vines embower the doorway with
flowers of red and white. Nowhere as in
California is nature so prodigal of her fruits
and flowers with an unvarying climate the
year round.

The Banner of Light makes its weekly

rear round.

The Banner of Light makes its weekly visits at the Lillies' home and is read with interest, as all were residents of Boston and members of the spiritual societies there in former years.

Bishop A. Beale.

Nominee for President of the N. S. A.

For four years it has been my good fortune to be a delegate from my state to the N. S. A., but owing to my great loss by fire and the mighty effort that I am making to get into shape a better place than ever for the sick and suffering ones, and in order to keep in shape the only mediums' home now open, it will be impossible for me to be in Washington at the coming convention.

Nevertheless, I feel like saying a word for the good of the Cause, and in justice to the one whom I feel should be the next president. The person whom I would name is one who had nearly fifty names ready to vote for him two years ago in Washington, yet for the sake of harmony, for the sake of the good of the Cause, and for the best good of the N. S. A., would not allow his name to be used, nor his friends to vote for him. This same person has always loved the Cause more than self and everywhere has hid self on the altar for the sake of Spiritualism and the N. S. A. Office he never has sought; when his name was announced, it came from that grand old veteran, Mr. Mayer. No one can question his honesty, his integrity, or his ability.

Now I hope every delegate from Michigan

ability.

Now I hope every delegate from Michigan and the majority of those who assemble at Washington will bear all these facts in mind and elect unanimously the man who is worthy, the man who is effittled by justice and the good of the Cause to the position. His name is E. W. Sprague of Jamestown, N. Y., the lecturer and missionary whose nanfe, work and character stand without a mark or a blemish in his whole work for humanity, mediums, and Spiritualism.

A. B. Spinney, M. D.

Waukesha, Wis.

Wankesha, Wis.

We are having an exceptionally good time at the Wankesha camp, and those who have not visited us are certainly the losers. Our workers have been doing excellent work, and are pleasing all who come to the grounds. The attendance has kept up to the average, and we feel that our efforts are bearing fruit. Test seances and lectures, with the came entertainments, etc., are filling the time, and affording all an opportunity for spiritual development, and a good time. Mrs. McCay of Marshaltown, has been with us two weeks and left this week, leaving many friends, and carrying with her the best wishes and esteem of all who met her. In her place we have Mrs. S. M. Lowell, who began her work Tuesday and pleased her audience both with lecture and messages. Mrs. Lowell is a fine, all round worker, and brings force and harmony with her.

Noses and Mattie Hull have been doing yeoman service, and have responded to every call in a most acceptable manner. Mr. Hull, becoming convinced that something must be done to disciplina a certain worker on the grounds, ordered the arrest of your correspondent, and-in behalf of friends punished him to the extent of presenting him with a very line history of America. It was the first time the writer was ever arrested, but he is willing to submit to the ordeal every day, if it would prove as profitable and pleasant.

Mrs. Clara L. Stewart, for years the president of the Wisconsin State Spiritualist Association, feeling it incumbent upon her to take some much needed rest, resigned from her official position at the close of the first two weeks and departed with the many hearty good wishes of all. Her action brought another worker forward, in the person of our vice-president, Rev. Nellie K. Raker, of Portage, who assumed the position of president of the association. Mrs. Baker is a most efficient worker, and threw herself into the work with a vim.

Our camp closed with the exercises of August 16. Among the mediums who have done some very fine work on the grounds are Prof. A. P. Ro

Briefs.

Mrs. Corn L. V. Richmond of Chicago, Ill., spoke in Corry, Pa., on three ruccessive Sun-days ending August 2. Great interest was manifested in this gifted speaker by the very large audiences assembled at each meeting.

manifested in this gifted speaker by the very grade one at Santa Barbara the past four months and has succeeded in giving an impetus to the Cause in both places. He is a veteran soldier of the civil war and served the cause of freedom well and now is doing good work promulgating mental and spiritual freedom.

Mrs. Lillie's discourses are always eloquent and the one delivered Sunday afternoon was listened to by a large and interested audience and elicited frequent applause. The interest was unabated until the close. The universe seems to be opened to her mental vision and in glowing words the heavers are led into intricate labyrinths of thought: mind and matter, soul and spirit. Her husband, J. S. Lillie, brings a harmonious force with his music, both vocal and instrumental, that vision is not core of the spirits have had the labor and anxiety to commune with earth children and markets in every heart and is a beautiful setting to her work as a speaker and fills a void in the public meetings that is much needed in some of our less favored societies.

At the first Sunday meeting we were pleased to welcome our venerable couple, Mr.

Caird, vice president, presided; Mrs. Pye and Madame Helyett of Lyan, Mrs. Pettengill of Malden and others gave most helpful advices and messages to those present. Mrs. Bemis, pinnist.—J. H. Lewis.

Commercial Hall, 694 Washington St., Mrs. M. Adeline Wilkinson, conductor. Sunday morning, Aug. 9, a spiritual conference, subject, "Opportunities of the Present." Mediums and speakers of the week: Mr. Simmons of Haverhill, Mr. Billings, Mr. A. F. Hill, Mr. Greives, Mr. Marston, Mr. Hersey, Mr. Marston, Mr. Hersey, Mr. Baxter, Mr. Mason, Mr. Clough, Dr. Frank Brown, Mrs. Nellie Noyes, Mrs. Whittier, Mrs. Clara Strong, Mrs. Mary Millen, Mrs. Morgan, Miss Sears, Mrs. Peabody-McKenna, Mrs. Hughes. At Tuesday Healing Circle, Dr. Geo. Clarke, Dr. Johnson, Dr. Brown, Mr. Marston, Mr. Bates assisted; Mrs. Reed, Mrs. Fox, Mrs. Morgan, Mr. Clough gave spirit messages. Meetings for phenomena only every Thursday at three. Mr. Clifford Billings, assistant; Mrs. Wilkinson, conductor.—Reporter.

Malden Progressive Spiritual Society, Sunday, Aug. 9. Services in Louise Hall, Brown building, 133 Pleasant St. 11 a. m., developing and, healing by Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Mosier. Silent prayer for the sick. Last Sunday evening we had Bro. Scarlett with us and his lecture was sublimely eloquent. He took his subject from the lesson of the resurrection, read by secretary, Mrs. Morton. August 16, Mrs. M. A. Bonney and Mrs. G. B. Mosier and Bro. Harvey Redding, all dear workers in this beautiful cause of truth, instructed us. Mrs. Mosier read a poem composed by her dear lather, who is now in spirit, closing with remarks and messages. Invocation, Mr. Redding. Mrs. M. A. Bonney and Mrs. G. B. Mosier and Bro. Harvey Redding, all dear workers in this beautiful cause of truth, instructed us. Mrs. Mosier read a poem composed by her dear lather, who is now in spirit, closing with remarks and messages. The meeting was interspersed with music. That beautiful dream song, inspired by angels, "The Lost Chord," was very sweetly rendered by Prof. Crane and Mrs

est in our works. Mrs. N. S. Noyes of Boston, inspired lecturer and astrologist, Sunday, Aug. 16. Among the audience were Mrs. Judge Pettengill, Mr. Kohen, Mr. Harvey and Mrs. Gutaris, visiting mediums. Banner of Light on sale at the door.—Per Sec'y Morton. Camp Progress:—About a thousand people braved the inclement weather on Sunday to listen to the services at this camp. In the morning conference M. A. Graham spoke and gave readings from articles belonging to different people in a very satisfactory manner. Mrs. Mabel Page gave a number of excellent tests and messages. In the afternoon the speakers announced were unable to be present—Mrs. N. S. Noyes, on account of the weather, Mr. White was ill. Mrs. H. A. Baker and Mr. Thomas A. Scott, who was sent in place of Mr. White, gave very clear and interesting addresses on Socialism and its aims. Next Sunday some excellent speakers and mediums will be present. Test scance Wednesday, 3 p. m., if pleasant. Good mediums will be present.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society of Springfield, Mass., has held meetings during the summer months. A large public circle for the demonstration of psychic phenomena is held every Sunday evening with excellent results. Many of cur own home mediums take part. Among our most earnest workers are Mr. Welman C. Whitney, Mrs. Charles Martin, Mr. Cornish, Mrs. Frank Nichols, Mrs. Carrie Weaver and others who have given welcome messages from our angel loved ones. We shall continue these circles Sunday evenings through August and resume our regular Sunday services the first Sunday in October, with Mrs. Katie. M. Ham of Haverhill for speaker and our regular weekday socials the first Thursday in September. On the evening of July 9 we were pleased to welcome our old friend and coworker, Prof. W. F. Peck, pastor of the First Church of Spiritualism. An informal reception was held in our hall, 535 1/2 McKinney Block, Main St., where his many friends gave him a hearty welcome, only regretting that he could not remain longer with us. During th

success and harmony of our society."—M. E. Proctor, cor. secty.

Rlodgett's Landing, N. H., Aug. 9. Lake Sunapee Camp Meeting:—Mrs. Effic I. Webster, at 2.15, called meeting to order in Harmony IIall. Music by the choir and tests by Mrs. Webster. Aug. 5, Conference at 2.15. Aug. 6, address and scance by Mrs. Webster and a scance at 7.45 p. m. Aug. 7, Conference at 2.15, and at 7.45 p. m. a scance by Mrs. Fannie H. Spalding. Aug. 8, meeting called to order by Mr. John Gage, the vice-president; music by the choir; interesting address by Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes. Sunday. Aug. 9. dent; music by the choir; interesting address by Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes. Sunday, Aug. 9, Mrs. Byrnes again interested the audience with a fine discourse. At 1 p. m. a test se-ance was given by Edgar W. Emerson to a full house; 2.15 p. m., address by Mrs. Byrnes, followed by Edgar W. Emerson with tests.—Alonzo Worthen, see'y.

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The Eternal Now.

(Continued from page 1.)

that join hands in a fraternal circle across the gult 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 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 Hymalian 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 with-In the temple that needs no outer Sun by day nor Moon nor Stars by night to lighten it.

And then the enrantured 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 cor-rectly, for it sees the Wisdom of Infinite Life in all men, in all things, all events and all

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

Let men 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 all make us do what we can."-B. W.

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

To ye, poor stricken ones, who sorrow much ; Who years and pray in silence for a touch Of loving sympathy, from Heaven there floats An argsi-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 Pitying Love e'en 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 pligrimage be past.

Hush; listen, deaf ones! From Immortal Bliss,
This very hour, is borne God's message—this:—
"Let there be Light."

Bydney, Australia.

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 Convention in Washington in Oc tober. He is able, fearless, carnest, honest and sincerely devoted to the cause of Spiritualism. He is an excellent parliamentarian and would reflect credit upon the Cause should be 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 M. 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 Cassadaga 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 al 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 may arise on the floor of the Convention that would not admit of the election of some per son already named to the position. It is well. therefore, that the names of all the candidates should be known, also their geo-graphical 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 electioneering 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 pres ent 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 camprecting 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 real ize, 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 ally supporting and sustaining it. This increase of interest is a most healthful sign, and indicates fenewed vitality in the body spiritualistic.

All annual conventions have been import ant 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 s a necessary one from our point of view 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 con-sideration, 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 be made a tower of strength to the or ganization 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 penalon 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 dele-gates will be guided aright in making their choice. The selection of the next place of meeting must also be settled at this Conven-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 vet-eran excursionist, J. B. Hatch, Jr., who, for years, has been a tircless and unselfish worker for Spiritualism and the N. S. A. This excursion will undoubtedly be composed of a much larger number than in any previons 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 comnendation 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 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 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 east orn University cortainly 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 upor 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-relt 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 criticise and to condemn the motives of others, but it takes honest toll 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 bsolute 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. R. 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 Cancied 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 "Lextalionis."

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 "go ing 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. dering their weird songs to professedly teach erroneous in so far as it applies to our move-ment as a whole. The fact that there are peace, harmony and good will while ho wells 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 dimb 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 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.

'Fallure? 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 autumns, 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

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 soaring sings.

I wish that I might so express
Thy beauty is my daily round,
That I at times near heaven be fo
And sing and feel thy blessedness:

Pen Flashes.

The Pugrim Peebles.

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 larkness 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 t 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 tr ing to cram this theory into the minds of thinking, reasoning, wide-awake Americans!

It is opposed to physical science, to mental cience, to the spiritual philosophy, to the harmonial philosophy, and to the direct testimonies of those exalted intelligences whose radiance makes brilliant the hierarchies of the heaven of heavens. That certain earthbound 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 Rakchasas, 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 chil-

HINDU BOOKS ON BE-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-Trumpet 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 enzoning 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 fatter 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 ren-The only heaven man can ever enjoy is in the music and tell of the blissful harmonies of

SPIBITISM 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 ower cimmerian spheres, and among these irrational teachings, reincarnation.

All pitris, and bhutas, with whom I conversed in India, pronouncedly taught rebirth, r future re-embodiments into the flesh. Ther 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 reincar-

(Continued on page 8.)

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Industrious Gum Chewers.

Half the world are chewing gum and I con-adentity believe that the other haif would, if the "good form" curtain could be safely drawn. It would certainly appear from the enormous factories which are being builded, that preparations were being made not only for mortals to chew but immortals as well. I am wondering if among the millions and millions who are chewing gum, there are a thousand we may say, who know what they chew.

thousand we may say, who know what they chew.

Now I have long since passed the age of "sweet sixteen," so long passed that the hair has lost its color, yet have I to chew my first plece of gum because I had always believed it a manufactured product. My ignorance was brought forcibly to my mind when I was handed a bit of gum as it was sent forward from Mexico to the manufacturers. I learn that the chief tree is tapped like the maple tree, the sap running therefrom. The natives, however, allow it to flow directly upon the ground to harden rather than catch it in a receptacle, wherefore the leaves and sticks which are found in the product when it reaches the factories. The odor from this hardened sap is pungent, strong and refreshing, and for the first time in my life I was tempted to taste gum, which is smooth after passing through the refining process necessary, therefrom acquiring the gumy properties which enable people to retain it in life I was tempted to taste gum, which is smooth after passing through the refining process necessary, therefrom acquiring the gumy properties which enable people to retain it in the mouth for chewing purposes rather than swallow it. The fruit juices, pepsin, etc., which are added naturally give a pleasing flavor to the product. Personally, I should prefer it without. As a child, I recall the long, rough sticks of spruce gum (which I believe was collected from spruce trees) wrapped in a very ordinary way in crimson paper, not in the least attractive, which formed a marked contrast to the artistic packages now presented in the market. I recall some fifteen years ago a man who is now prominent in rallroad circles, saying, "When the first gum was placed on the market for sale in this attractive way, the man who had thought out this method, having but small capital, gave me the opportunity of coming in as halt owner in the enterprise for \$250.00 cash." Many times since then he has said, "My opportunity, you see, I passed it by and knew it not." Like the poet who sang

. "My love, she must be wondrous fair,"

that when the sweet violet with its modest face and delicate perfume looked up into his face by the shady wayside, he passed it by and saw it not, but plucked from the city conservatory an orchid of perfection which lived within the confines of his world but never within the confines of his soul.

Card for N. S. A.

As the managers of the Delphos, Kansas, Camp Association, and of other societies, are advertising Mr. Geo. W. Kates as of Washington, D. C., our executive officers desire to have the mistake corrected in the spiritual papers, as it gives the impression that four of the N. S. A. officers are of Washington, which is not the case. At last accounts Brother Kates claimed Rochester, N. Y., as his residential home and so informed our Board.

Mary T. Longley, sec'y

The Soul's Song of Triumph.

Harrison D Barrett.

The editorials published on first page of

The editorials published on first page of Banner a few weeks ago have been printed in a neat sixteen page pamphlet enjifled "The Soul's Song of Triumph."—Price 10 cents.

We all need to keep our guiding star in view and these little printed helps are of infinite value in the hurry and push of "ye modern times," when the hour of meditation is often sacrificed in the scramble for fame and gold. Carry this inspiring pamphlet with you and read a line now and then that you may keep in tune with your Divine self.

Banner Hall Lectures.

The Sunday evening meetings, conducted by Mr. George A. Porter, in Banner Hall, 204 Dartmouth St., are closed for the rest of the sunmer, but will reopen the second Sunday in September. These Sunday evening gathering have been notable for the spirit of earnestness and sweet good will that has reached every responsive heart, so we are sure Mr. Porter will receive a sincere welcome when he returns from his vacation.

J. J. Morse

Is at present lecturing in San Francisco to good acceptance. His address is \$33 1/2 Sutter street, in that city, and those who wish to correspond with him can send their letters to that correspond with him can send their letters to that address, where he will remain until September 16. He then proceeds to Washing-ton, D. C., where he speaks during October, and he will be present and speak for the Na-tional Convention during its sessions. Mr. Morse's stay in the United States will posi-tively terminate in July next.

To the N. S. A.

Mayaguez, Aug. 9, 1903.

Haying organized in this island a Spiritualist association named "Federacion de los Espiritistas de Puerto Rica," we have the pleasure to offer our services to the "National Spiritualist Association" in all that can promote the progress of our Cause. At the same time we solicit your recognition and valuable aid, hoping that Spiritualism will be one of the most important factors in the relations between your country and this small possession.

Francisco Vincenty, President.

Minnesota State Convention.

The fifth annual convention of the State Spiritualists' Association of Minnesota will be held in the First Unitarian church, cor. 8th St. and Mary Place, Minneapolis, September 3, 4, 5, 6. A fine musical and literary program has been prepared. The speakers and mediums are J. S. Maxwell, Mrs. Ellen Whit well, Agnes Whitney Savage, Mr. Sanford Nilles, J. H. McDonald, Mrs. Talcott, Mrs. Woodbury, Mr. Louis Bjorkhind, O. F. Brand, W. J. Erwood, Mrs. C. D. Pruden, Mayor Haynes, W. F. Peck, Mrs. Talcott, Miss Alice Wickstrom, Mrs. Manniwell, Mrs. S. M. Lowell, Prof. Rush B. Ridges, Mrs. C. Tryon, Mrs. Mamie White, W. C. Edwards, Mrs. E. M. Sauer.

All persons interested in promoting the cause of Spiritualism are urged to contribute any money they are able to give, or become personal members of the State Association of Minnesota. Personal member's fee, \$1.00 per annum. This will entitle holder to all meetings during convention and one vote on each question before the house.

During business session of the convention a portion of the church will be reserved for delegates and personal members, who sire requested to present tickets to ushers, who will conduct them to their proper places.

Admission: Personal members, \$1.00; season tickets, 75 cents; evening meetings, 25 cents; Sunday afternoon, 15 cents.

We would specially call the attention of the friends of the Cause from out of the city and those of St. Paul and Minneapolis to the reception on Thursday evening at 8 p. m. Come, have a good time and get acquainted.

Explanation.

My attention has been called to an article in a recent issue of the Banner of Light regarding myself and my connection with the N. S. A. I desire to thank the writer and all of those whom he represents for their great kindness to me and for the good wishes they extend to me. I must, however, take this opportunity to correct any inference that I believe was unintentionally given in the article in question.

I have no fault to find with the treatment accorded me by the N. S. A. as an organization. All of its officers are my personal friends. The people everywhere have been kind and I have no feelings except of a most kindly nature to them one and all for their sympathy and good will during the past ten years. I make no claim to martyrdom, nor do I assume to be other than I am in connection with my work with the N. S. A. I have tried to do my duty. I feel my work has been appreciated, and I am taking leave of the organization as an official with the utmost good will toward it and every member of its official board, also everyone who has stood up and worked for its success. I am only one with them and am deserving of no special praise for what I have done.

The Cause is first, personalities always second with me. The time has come for a change in the office of the presidency and I recognize that fact. I simply cannot accept a re-election, and am not retiring from office in any feeling of resentment toward any one of my associates. The utmost good will end harmony prevail among us and I sincerely hope they always may.

I thank my good friends everywhere for their kindly thoughts and loving sympathy and ask them out of their love of the Cause to be as loyal to the N. S. A. and to my successor as they have been to me.

Harrison D. Barrett.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, the famous spiritualistic medium and lecturer, and her husband, of Chicago, are guests of former Congressman and Mrs. A. Gaston, on Chestnut St., for a short stay. Their presence in the city was improved Friday evening. August 7, by Mr. and Mrs. Gaston to invite in a few intimate friends to meet them, and to enjoy, informally, a couple of hours of Mrs. Richmond's work as an inspirational speaker and medium.

and medium.

While there were doubtless some present who were not so deeply impressed as others of the company with the fact of spirit communication, the interest was no less intense and the demonstrations were appreciated by all. Mrs. Richmond is a highly educated as well as a gifted lady, as pleasing in pernatural personality as she is remarkable in the demonstrations as a medium.—The Mendher demonstrations as a medium.—The Mead-ville Tribune-Republican.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.

During the past week the camp has been unusually lively, and lectures, conferences, seances, concerts, dancing and theatricals have provided attractions of instruction, interest or amusement for both old and young.

The Children's Lyceum gave one of the best concerts we ever witnessed on Friday evening, Aug. 7. Among those who participated, in addition to a chorus of thirty children, were the Schubert Quartet, Miss Gertrude Stockwell, Mr. George Cleavland, Miss Blanche Harriman, A. P. Blinn and Mrs. Dillingham Storrs.

Stockwell, Mr. George Cleavland, Miss Blanche Harriman, A. P. Blinn and Mrs. Dilingham Storrs.

Mrs. Hattie C. Mason was exceedingly amusing in a character song, "I'm only Ninety-five," and Miss Harriman's reading, "How Miss Smart Learned to Skate," convulsed the audience. Six tableaux were given: "Old Fashion School," "Flower of, the Family," "Mother's Delight, a Bad Boy," "Courting at Lake Plensant," "Killing the Rat," and "Rock of Ages." They were all good and Dr. C. L. Willis as schoolmaster was particularly noticeable, but the hit of the evening was made by Mrs. Alice S. Waterhouse and It. F. Churchill in "Courting at Lake Plensant."

Mrs. Effie I. Webster made many friends while here and her work as test medium was excellent. Every test given at the eight services was recognized, and many of them were remarkable evidences of spirit return.

Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing was good, as she always is, and her audiences were large.

Last Friday night the young men and women of the camp gave a vaudeville performance as a benefit to the association. The Temple was packed to the doors and a goodly

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L Personal Request to our Readers.

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As outlishers it you friends and acquaintances, we are do a publisher of the Magazine of Magazine of the property of the Magazine of the property of the Magazine of the constant of the control of triends has grown to be quite a fair sized circle, but we feel it our duty to bend every effort to constantly enlarge to at circle, and we ask you as a personal favor to send us the names and addresses of at least twenty five of your friends who would read "OUR MAGAZINE" with interest, and who require its cheering and hospful teachings, and we will send them a free sample copy of THE MAGAZINE, and who require its cheering and hospful teachings, and we will send them a free sample copy of THE MAGAZINE THE MAGAZINE WILLIAM STRINGS. We will send you as a token of our appreciation, five beautiful pictures by the world's most famous artists. These pictures are exquaitely finished, and their artistic reproduction entitles them to a place in the homes of the most refined and cultured people.

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DISEASES OF MEN

sum was placed in the treasury of the association. A special feature of the occasion was the presentation of five hundred dollars to the association by Mrs. Clarissa Bemis, one of the old time campers. Since the directors have arrived, and especially Director W. W. Lee, the result is manifest on every side. Improved sanitary arrangements, and better and cleaner roads, extensive repairs on bridges and buildings, and evergetic efforts to improve in all directions is the order of the day.

It has been said that "the poor we always have with us," and sometimes the management has felt that if the word "kickers" wers substituted for "poor" the saying would be particularly applicable to Lake Pleasant, but this season the "kicker" is a minus quantity, and the "helper," the worker and the encourager are with us, All hail to them and to friends like our good sister Bemis.

A. P. Blinn, Clerk.

Verona Park, Me.

The second Sunday of our campmeeting was a lovely day, and a large audience assembled. Mrs. Katie Horn of Haverhill, Mass., made her first appearance upon the grounds, and everybody was delighted with her efforts. Many of our campers pronounce her the best test medium they ever saw. Her genial demeanor, fine conversational powers, ready wit and excellent mediumship won the admiration of all. She is engaged for next season.

The music on Sunday was of a very high order. Mrs. Marshall Farnham, an accomplished singer, with Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Davis of Boston, were the principal performers.

plished singer, with Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Davis of Boston, were the principal performers. Their equals are seldom met in any of our campuectings. Thursday evening these same talented musicians, with other help, gave a fine entertainment in our pavilion. It was declared to be one of the most interesting we ever held.

Excursion steamers continue to land nearly every day. The accommodations in this direction are better than ever before.

Sunday, August 16, J. S. Scarlett lectured. The next two Sundays J. Frank Baxter and Edgar Emerson will speak.

Social meetings and entertainments continue through the week.

F. W. Smith.

F. W. Smith.

Lake Pleasant Speakers.

Thursday, Aug. 20, 2 p. m., lecture and tests, Mrs. May S. Pepper; Friday, Aug. 21, 2. p. m., lecture and tests, J. Clegg Wright; Sunday, Aug. 23, 10.30 a. m., lecture and tests, Mrs. May S. Pepper; Sunday, Aug. 23, 2 p. m., lecture and tests, Mrs. May S. Pepper (special); Monday, Aug. 24, 2 p. m., lecture, Roy S. Thompson; Tuesday, Aug. 25, 2 p. m., lecture and tests, Mrs. T. U. Reynolds; Wednesday, Aug. 26, 2 p. m., Mrs. May S. Pepper; Thursday, Aug. 27, 2 p. m., lecture, Mrs. Helen T. Brigham; Friday, Aug. 28, 2 p. m., lecture, Mrs. Helen T. Brigham; Sunday, Aug. 20, 10.30 a. m., lecture, Roy S. Thompson; Sunday, Aug. 30, 2 p. m., lecture and tests, Mrs. May S. Pepper.

The moments we forego Eternity itself cannot retrieve.—Schiller.

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Five volumes in one substantial cover. A grand book of songs with music for the home, or meetings of any kind. This new edition of Longley's beautiful songs contains the contents of his four volumes hitherto published in a series, with the addition of another—Vol. V.—of choice compositions; nearly all the songs of this later part have never been published; only two or three of the old established favorites of the author's productions are added to them, to satisfy the popular demand for these songs in a form that is convenient for congregation, as well as for home use. This entire book contains seventy-six beautiful songs, with music. Every one is a gem. They are bound in boards, also in cloth, and are neat and substantial. All who know Longley's songs will wish a copy of this sightly and convenient work. All who have yet to become acquainted with them, will find their money well invested in purchasing a copy, and in singing or listening to these rare melodies with their sweet and uplifting words. Longley's beautiful songs were publicly indersed by the N. S. A. Convention of 1902, and delegates from different sections stated that these compositions were entirely used in the meetings of their respective socicties. The Convention in Cleveland of 1900 had no other songs than Mr. Longley's compositions on its program for evening meetings. For sale retail, and to the trade, at this office. Price, boards, 40 cents per copy. 60 cents in cloth covers. Special prices made to societies or Five volumes in one substantial cover.

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OLD AND NEW PSYCHOLOGY.

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The author says in his introduction: "The writer lays no claim to having written a complete or exhaustive it eatise on Psychology, but simply has undertaken to present, in as popular a form as possible, some of the salient jeatures of the compendious theme.

Reports of twenty-four distinct lectures, recently de fyered in New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia and o ber prominent cities of the United States, have contributed the basis of this volume.

As the author has received numberless inquiries from a parts of the world as to where and how these lectures of Psychology can now be procurred, the present volume is the decided and authoritative answer to all these kind and easinest questioners.

decided and authoritative answer to all these kind and earrest questioners.

The chief aim throughout the volume has been of arouse increased laterest in the workable possibilities of a theory of human nature, thoroughly optimistic and, at the san etime, profoundly ethical. As several chapters are devoted to improved methods of education, the writer confident y expects that many parouts, teachers and others who have charge of the young, or who are called upon to exercise as pervision over the morally weak and mentally affilied will derive some help from the doctrines herewith promulgated."

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PRESS NOTICES.

It is a book to be not only read, but read and re-read, for it is full from cover to cover of all good things, charmingly expressed in excellent form, and conveying many sparkling gems of thought to those in search of Spiritual principles. It is a book that should be in the hands of the conductors of our Sunday services, for many of its chapters will form mo-t excellent readings at the opening of our meetings all over the land. The Spiritual Review, London, Eng.

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TO ONE WHO IS.

Dedicated to Henrietta 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

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.

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 your-

self."
"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.

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

"Can't say, mama; if there is trouble they "Can't say, mama; it 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 seek-ing in vain the needed rest, for she had slept

ing 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."

"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

"No, it was not inside out 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 yeu 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 hear strong firm one.

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."

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

lighted the gas. After that I did not "But how can that medium aid you? I think I can do more than she. Did you ear

"No, 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 cat 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 Nellier attempts.

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

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 dyeams 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

"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.

g back almost unconscious.

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

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

sage 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 till 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 rallroad 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. If accident. A collision in blinding sterm. 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 Anfin'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 e

"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 clair-toyantly 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 "Spiritual-ism" I should 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 pre-viously 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 com-pelled to brace myself in order to avoid do-ing 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 likely in the case the life of the case of his

First.—The theory that our questioner has lived in some previous life 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

awakened whenever he finds himself in a spot endeared by powerful old associations. The sense of faintness which our corre-spondent feels is not necessarily to be taken is an indication that such associations tragic or painful character; they may been extremely pleasant but of so de-and epoch-marking a 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 cerplaces owing to chemical affinity between certain 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 medimistic and the influences in the unseen

strangely affected are invariably highly mediunistic 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 spirifual 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 ex-

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-trence 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 meptally

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

Credo.

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 mind.
I believe in salvation through economic,

human mind.

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, Hosea, 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 there is no Devis ons of God and 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, do-

stic, mental, spiritual. believe in every man minding his own 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

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

Belief. Man's Real Inspiration.

Rev. F. A. Wiggin.

Rev. F. A. Wiggin prefaced his lecture by reading the Hubbard Credo with slight changes. He then answered two questions given by the audience, in a very satisfactory manner. The following are a few thoughts changed from discourses.

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

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

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 slape 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 a God-of-love 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

a fact.
"I believe in man and woman. Every man "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 apprised of this by Mrs. B. I asked if my guide was present. The table answered by a gentle swaying movement altogether differgentic swaying movement altogether differ-ent 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 im-

mediately.

I asked if the spirit would give its name.
Resorting to the alphabet, we received a
string of consonants impossible to pronounce.
For a moment we were nonplused, but a violent motion of the table warned us that more For a moment we were nonplused, 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 tepees 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 she 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

She answered no, but said a spirit was present who had, and that his name was Clement. 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 Picardy, where he had heard Peter the Hermit preaching the Crusade.

On this same evening Mr. and Mrs. A. were not present, having that night gone to a progressive enchre 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 hade our spirit guides and friends good night, each responding to our benison with their customary knocks and movements.

A Remarkable Book.

A Remarkable Book.

D. D. Home, a Freak of Nature. A modern "Legion." The photos of "Katie King," by J. Hawkins 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; the 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 lady and her young daughter and one servant girl. An account of these voices (actual names not being given) appears under head "A modern 'Legion.'"

(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. Hawkins Simpson, was personally acquainted with Daniel Dunglass 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 a vert 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 proved that these liands and arms, having grasping power (as certified by Sir W. Crookes), actually emanated from Home's shoulders, and melted away without his knowledge. The prenatal shock sused 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 book will be fully and scientifically discussed when it appears. In the Dundee Advertiser, of Feb. 7, 1889, there was an article on "Daniel Dunglass Home, the Spiritualist," to which Mr. Simpson alludes, but not in the book itself.—Dundee Advertiser, of July 6, 1903.

Clues to Character.

R. Dimedale Stocker.

The Modern Medical Publishing Co., 57-8 Chancery-lane, London, W. C., has recently and deeply instructive volume, written in easy popular style, and yet full of valuable scien-tific information calculated to prove of imnense value to all who will give themselves to the work of studying the manifest relations between character and physical structure 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 draw many useful and logical conclusions of con-siderable practical importance. derable practical importance.
The book is divided into twenty-three chap-

ters, each one of which constitutes a lesson which should be carefully studied and mastered by the student who aspires to become expert. The opening chapters deal quite exhaustively with the various temperaments, and show us how to differentiate them. Succeeding that the constitution of the constitution o ceeding chapters are devoted to special stud-ies of particular organs, while the closing chapters are occupied with interpretations of the significance of various kinds of handwrit-ing. 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 out-wardly, but these rare sensitives 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. ceeding chapters are devoted to special stud-

writing, coupled with original forms and heavy strokes. Backbiters indulge in small writing with short terminals; their writing is often torthous 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. Stead'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 gives of it, together with some deductions drawn from phrenology, is worthy of intelligent esteem. The Princess of Wales is also passed under review, and a very good, strong character is displayed as a result of studying both her physiognomy and callgraphy.

The book retails at 50 cent 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.

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 be 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

as man makes for himself." Mr. Wiggin gave his andience 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 to 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.

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, Drew 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.

Putman House: A. E. Hull, H. A. Rotut-

wife.
Putman House: A. E. Hull, H. A. Rotut-son, Joseph Baldwin, H. A. Norton, H. J. Hunt, Lizzig E. Putman, Mrs. M. A. Clay-

ton.

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. fn. 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.

coin, speakers, Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Guinford pinnist.

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 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."

Effle 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 13.

Monday, August 10, Conference at 10.30.

Monday, August 11 and 13.

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.

theme.

At 7.30 Mrs. Effic 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

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."

Aristotelian or inductive, because to him or the Platonic or deductive gateway seems not so readily to open.

Mr. Stocker has evidently been a deep student, a wide reader, 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 seemingly remain obscure. Palmistry is not neglected in this "self help" treatise; is 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 verity 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 in which We Live."

Aristotelian or inductive gateway seems not so readily to open.

Mr. Wright had a brain model he explained from. He said: "The larger amount of brain the greater the intelligence of the person. You have thoughts that are made in the brain. Ideas are things of the mind. A perceptive power speaks the power of the mind. A perceptive power speaks the power of the mind. A perceptive power speaks the power of the mind. A perceptive power speaks the power of the mind. The mind has the power of duplicating perception. Benevolence is an altruistic sentiment. Altruism produces reputition. There is a distinct difference between reputation and character. We receive more knowledge through the eye than the ear. Hate jealousy, envy, these qualities as benevolence are in the front of the brain. So relations ar Mr. Wright had a brain model he explained from. He said: "The larger amount of brain the greater the intelligence of the person. You have thoughts that are made in the brain. Ideas are things of the mind. A perceptive power speaks the power of the mind. The mind is made of a large collection:—perception, sensation, deduction, impressions, emotions, feelings. The faculties of the mind produce thought. The mind has the power of duplicating perception. Benevolence, is an altruistic sentiment. Altruism produces reputation. There is a distinct difference between reputation and character. We receive more knowledge through the eye than the ear. Hate jealousy, envy, these qualities are produced by faculties back of the brain and such qualities as benevolence are in the front of the brain. So relations are revolutionary. Collective results come to the brain by soul truths."

"People turn their minds to the material business of life too much. It is better to turn our thoughts more to our home lives, that we may understand our friends better. We sometimes think the term Love is not understood. If we better understood we would judge our friends more kindly. I wish you could see the beckoning hands the angels are holding out to you to come up higher and to live up to your better instincts. God is everywhere present. We ask you to study your own errors and you will find fewer errors in others." The Schubert Quartet sang the beautiful song of Prof. Longley, "Only a Thin Veil Between Us," in a pleasing manner. The Quartet is very popular here.

Entertainments: The Scalpers gave a free band concert at the pavillon Sunday evenings. Stratton's Orchestra furnished the music. A large audiende was in attendance. Everyone was pleased and expressed gratitude to the Scalpers and orchestra for their kindness. Stratton's Orchestra is ever enjoyed. Parties are given every week evening. The Ludies' Improvement Society held a fair at the Temple Thursday and Friday, Aug. 13 and 14. Lake Pleasant Comedy Company gave a dramatic entertainment Friday evening. The Old Folks' Concert under the auspices of the Children's Lyceum was a grand success in every particular under the management of Mrs. Waterhouse, Mr. George Cleveland and Mrs. Kimball. Mrs. Waterhouse, Mr. Cleveland and Mrs. Kimball. Mrs. Waterhouse, Mr. Cleveland and Mrs. Kimball. Mrs. Waterhouse, Mr. Cleveland, and the interest of this camp and are doing everything in their power for its benefit. More particulars of the concert later.

Wednesday, 9.30, the Children's Lyceum met at the Temple. There was a large attendance of children and many adults in the audience. There were sixty-nine in the march. Those taking part were Elsie Dudley, plano solo: recitations, Lillian Riscon, Eves Stratton, Reigh Boydon, Elsie Witherell, Mahel Murphy; Marie Distum, song; Elsie Witherell, selection on the plano.

The officers of the Lyceum are as follows: Conductor

Ocean Grove, Harwichport, Mass.

Thursday evening, July 25, the ladies of the camp held their annual fair and sale of fancy articles. The entertainment was enjoyable.

Music was provided during the week by Mrs. Megathlin, Miss Phenie Nickerson and Miss Ella Bassett. The caterer's stand is managed this year as last by Mrs. Geo. T. Bassett.

Friday, July 24, Mrs. Whitlock leatured.

Friday, July 24, Mrs. Whitlock lectured: Subject—"An Unseen Chord That Binds All Together."

Fridny, July 24, Mrs. Whitlock lectured: Subject—"An Unseen Chord That Binds All Together."

"There is quietness and there is activity, and there is a certain unseen something that connects these two conditions. A noble thought cannot be expressed or even entertained without helping all mankind, without making better the world; neither can an evil thought exist without being a detriment or drawback to the world.

"A yawn in company is contagious, and has its influence on all present, even if not witnessed by a single person. While traveling in a steam car one can feel the vibration of a yawn expressed three or four seats behind him. Even a spider's web affects the world, for from a spider's web grew all our suspension bridges. Who would have the ocean cable, the telegraph and the telephone abandoned and go back to the good old things we used to enjoy? There is an unseen cord that connects the mortal to the immortal."

Saturday, p. m., July 25.—Invocation by Mrs. Whitlock; lecture by Miss Lizzie Harlow—Subject, "Step by Step." She said:—"Step by step man has reached the Now. Man's efforts are ever towards the summit. Great truths are locked within simple things. Man is co-brother to the animals. An infant is helpless while the animal is able to helpitself. Man possesses an innate tendency to worship. It takes man sometimes forty years to procure a start, meanwhile two generations of animals appear and disappear.

"Fear and aggression are interlocked within to move man to action. Worship is the child of fear. Man has worshiped and still worships what he does not understand. It is step by step—fear, worship, then devotion. Man has worshiped animals, trees, fire and stars. He has worshiped substance which has caused him to have sensations. At Christ's advent men were worshiping objects. Jesus was called an infidel and the people declared him a dangerous man.

"The cause of our nation is t

declared him a dangerous man.

and the people were horrified. Hugh Miller read the rocks and could not reconcile their reading with the Scriptures, and because he could not, he committed suicide.

"When our friends die, we weep for our-selves, not for those who have gone. Our na-tion wept for herself, not for Lincoln, when he was assassinated."

S. L. Real

S. L. Beal.

Personal Magnetism.

A spiritual man or woman has tremendous power in what is called their "tone" or dignity; he who permits nothing to disturb his mind carries with him a psychic or occult power that is called "personal magnetism"—really character—which commands the highest attention and the greatest respect. Soul culture generates and maintains psychic-mental powers so fine that they penetrate the darkest and densest aura of undeveloped heings who unconsciously love and want to serve the possessor of them. That is the reason—we allways see a universal lover always full of health and prosperity. The Whole will always love to serve and help him who loves to serve the Whole. Herein is the secret of all prosperity and happiness. Personal magnetism or character comes, then, from the breadth and depth of our love for all—the amount of spirit that we hold. With fervent and persistent love for all we attract and hold the good wishes of all, which is a greater power than most persons imagine. Out of universal love come tone, dignity and tremendous character, which always make for health, prosperity and happiness.—Ex.

Cheerfulness.

The power of cheerfulness is open to confirmation every day. We can prove it every hour. We simply say it shall brighten the darkest experience; it shall overcome the gloom that is in another whom we have to meet. We will allow it to triumph.

There are difficulties in thus attesting its worth, but that is nothing to be afraid of, because we want it for just such occasions, and here is our opportunity of showing forth its sweetness and light. It is the music of maphood to face the frowns of the world with a smile, and so stir other souls to the cheer of conquest.

William Bruntou.

Transition.

Passed to the higher life, from the residence of her daughter in Mason City, Ia., Mrs. Esther Bartholomew, aged seventy-four years and six months, after several months of suffering from cancer. A native of Kent, England, but for many years a resident of this country, she crowned a long and useful life by embracing the philosophy of Spiritualism. Services were held in the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Whitney, Aug. 6, after which the remains were taken to Rockford, Ill., for interment. Services conducted by the writer.

How many, many youths suffer from the loving kindness of their parents in taking burdens from their shoulders? Responsibility is a valuable lesson, and should be learned early in life.—The Purity Journal.

Old past, let go and drop i' the sea, Till fathomless waters cover thee! For I am living, but thou art dead; Thou drawest back, I strive ahead The way to find.

- Sidney Lanier.

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STARNOS:

QUOTATIONS FROM THE INSPIRED WRITINGS ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

Cirist's advent men were worshiping objects, Jesus was called an indied and the people declared him a dangerous man.

"The cause of our nation is the cause of the world—Hussia sips nectar at our feet: Japan and China take lessons from us."

Sunday, July 28.—Mrs. Katle Ham. Mrs. Ham is a newcomer to our camp, nevertheless she was very favorably received. She spoke a few words on "The Sacredness of Spirit Return," and then proceeded with tests, nearly every one of which was recognized.—Subject. "The Soul of Man." "The soul of man expresses itself necording to its environment. We need more liberty. The soul is not an entity, separate from other entities. Life is motion and is eternally restless. We have outgrown the old thought of first cause. A Soul is a great poise. No Soul ever asked to come here; Nature's eternal Must produces offspring whether we wish it or not. A certain condition produces a child whether governed by love or last.

"In view han is a creator and can re-arrange and modify. Today women are not only mothers and ornaments, but bread winners and citizens as well.

"Cheap labor is a detriment to our government as fear is to our religion. Cheap labor was the cause of our civil war. It makes dollars but not men."

"In viewing the results and effects of death as not approached it as he has approached other subjects. Men have grown more corargeous as they have found larger liberty and they are beginning to reason a bout all things.

"We have tried missing links; we have tried missing likes; we have troughty than the mind, and the mind more rapidly than the min





National Spiritualists' Association RORPORATED 1884. Headquarters 600 Fannsylvanis I Avenne, South-Bart, Washington, D.O. All Spiritualists visiting Washington coordially invited to call. A few copies of the Reports of Conventions of '91, '94, '86, '94 and '97, 'still on hand. Copies up to '97 25 cents each '97 and '88 may be procured, the two for 15 cents; singly, 28 MES. MARY T. LONGLEY, See'y, Pennsylva nia Avenus, S. E., Washington, D. O. tiy Feb. 20,

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Come Angels.
Compensation.
Day by Day.
Going Home.
Guardian Angels.
It me of Rest.
Hope for the Borrowing.
Humility.
Happy Thoughts.
He's Gone.
Tan Called to the Better I'm Called to the highest transfer of the Land.
I Land. Thee, oh, Father. Jubiate. My Spirit Home. My Spirit Home. Nearer Home. Passed On. Reconciliation.

Angel Freence.

Reantiful Iale.
Come Angels.
Day by Day.
Geoing Home.
Guardian Angels.
Home of Rest.
Hope for the Borrowing.
Haspiy Thoughts.
Haspiy Made Double Hymn.
Home of Our Hearts.
Home of Our Hearts.
How will Guide My Spirt!
Home?
Whispir Us of Spirit-Life.
Waiting On This Bherr.
Welcome Home.
Bethany
Bethany
By Love We Arise.

Rest on the Freegreen Shore
Bethay
By Love We Arise.
Rest on the Freegreen Shore
Bethay
By Love We Arise.

Bethany
By Love We Arise.
Gone Before.
Invocation Chant.
Is Shall Know His Angel
Nearing the Goal.
No Weeping There.
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union of the Earthy and Heavenly—and while battling
union of the marthy and Heavenly—and while battling
bring to them the echo of "Angels" Songs."

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Pen Flashes.

(Continued from page 4.)

IS THERE A RESIDUUM OF TRUTH IN REINCAR

Most assuredly there is—and so there is in Parseeism, 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.

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.

chemically manipulated and precipitates, becomes matter, the subject of the sens-perceptions. And spirit interpenetrates, incarnates and perpetually relicarnates 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 carth, and vestures 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 odyllic 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, after 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. This 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 perility, speculation, ori

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.

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.

Eiselbe, Hindu reincarnation (a modified

Finally, Hindu reincarnation (a modified transmigration), using injecter 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 dews 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 denies the phenomena of Spiritualism today is not entitled to be called a skeptic—he is simply ignorant."

Notes from Lyman C. Howe.

MBS 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, I was back to my home and again at work, when Monday a. m. a wire call cut short my plans and started me for Grand Rapids, Mich.

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.





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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 Frinceton, Mass. For further information write to Charles B. Turner, Manager.



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Y., and the writer conducted the funeral and that without any special training, save

ites.

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 Hannaman school. Dr. L. D. Marvin of Grand Rapids, Dr. Le Roy Marvin, Muskegon, Mich., and Dr. Horace Marvin, Sloux City, Iowa, all Pepresentative 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.

BEED'S LAKE, MICHIGAN

On Friday, August 7, I visited the new camp at Reed's Lake. Bro. Andrews kindly acting as my guide. There I met Franklin Brown, fresh from the Pacific Coast, Dell Herrick, chairman of the Coast, Dell Herrick, chairman of the Coast, Dell Herrick, 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 salabrious 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

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

GRAND LIMOGE
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 works of welcome.

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

Farmer Riley gave scances one of which Bro. Austin attended, and recognized Giles B. Stebbins.

Tuesday morning several delegates went to

MRS DR. MATTESON.

I called at Mrs. Dr. Matteson's, 245 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 trunce 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."

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 Lowe, 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 nedicine 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 mature, 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 wh

Lyman C. Howe.

Children's Hook.

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.

Allce E. Dyar.

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 greek, 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,—nighty few thrushes. That long-tailed thrasher there hopped off quicker than scat. I didn't care if she did lose a few of her old eggs, but this 'un—"

Cautiously he extended his hand. The nest was in a low clump of hazel bushes, within casy 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 saubnosed face. Four perfect eggs, splashed with brown as finely as was the mother-bird's breast, lay in the grass-woven hollow. The Boy land with him a pasteboard box filled with cotton-wool. In the soft white was a

nosed face. Four perfect eggs, splashed with brown as finely as was the mother-bird's breast, lay in the grass-woven hollow. The Roy 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-swal-plow. 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 smilled 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? Thore'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 not awny thrushes round here. You fellers be all off."

He met their derisive gaze with one as derisive, but he realized its fallure 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 filtting silently from branch to branch over his head. As he watched her, he found himself wishing that she would add.

A lump swelled in the Boy's throat. He made a s

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Beven years ago the State of Illinois granted to the Physicians' Institute of Chicago a charter. There was need of something above the ordinary method of treatment for chronic diseases, something more than any one specialist or any number of specialists acting independently could do, so the State itself, under the powers granted it by its general laws, gave the power to the Physicians' Institute to furnish to the sick such help as would make them well and strong. Ever since its establishment this Institute has endeavored in every possible way to carry out the original purposes of its establishment under the benedicient laws of the State. Three years ago, the Physicians' Institute, realizing the value of electricity in the treatment of cortain phases of disease, created under the superincendence of its stan of specialists an electric bolt, and this belt has been proved to be of great value as a curative agent. From time to time it has been improved until it reached that stays of preference of its stan of specialists an electric bolt, and this belt has been proved to be of great value as a curative agent. From time to time it has been improved until it reached that stays of preference in the cure of rheumatism, implace, Jame back, nerrous exhaustion, weakened or lost vitaif functions, variococie, kidney disorders and many other complaints.

This "Supreme Electric Belt" is made in one grade only—100 guage—there is no better electric belt made and no botter bolt can be made. Whenever in the opinion of our staff of specialists the wonderful curative and revitalizing forces of electricity will cure you we send you, free of all cost, one of these Supreme Electric Belts. It is not sent on trial, it is yours to keep forever without the payment of one cent. This generous offer may be withdrawn at any time, so you should write to day for this free "Supreme Electric Belt" to the Physicians' Institute.

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.

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 Scadsby has enough. Why
does he not keep out of business and give
others a chance?

others a chance?

Jumpupp—But it is by going into business
that rich young men like him give smart
young men a chance to make money.—Life.

A Walloon 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 Spen-cer's case was really a faith cure? Browne—Yes, you see, the doctor and druggist both -trusted him.—Philadelphia

The Rev. John S. Lyon told of a brother clergyman who received a letter from a par-

"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: Pigeon Cove, August 20; Marlloro, 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.