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No. 13

THE LIGHT ON THE MOUNTAIN.

Where is the light that shone on the hilltops Away from all men? That tower of glory that guarded our dreaming While we camped in the glan.

The sounds of the night in harmony mingled As a musical feast, Even Silence brought out her harp from the thickets And chorused the rest.

The cricket her measure attuned to the others Piped loud over me,
While the meeting of waters a symphony offered
Singing down to the sea.

The kats-did came in her summer-green kirtle And drew her small bow,

Tho' what was her string and what was her viol,

We tever may know. The joy in our hearts made sacred the cadence

Of the small and the great;
The leaning stars smiled from Heavenly bastions On the fuliness of Fate.

Pueblo, Col.

. Someone had bung a lighted lantern on a tower hundreds of feet above our camp.

# The Psychology of Sin.

Salvarona.

AUTHOR OF "THE WISDOM OF PASSION."

Psychologically speaking, Sin has five distinct stages of growth. 1. The stage of passion. 2. The stage of sensation. 3. The stage of conception. 4. The stage of habit, or disposition. 5. The stage of pleasure.

The weird plant of Sin has therefore for its nutrition, and soil, self-deceptive pleasure. For its root, self-deceptive passion. For its stem, self-deceptive disposition. For branches, self-deceptive sensations. For its deadly poisonous flowers, self-deceptive con-

The self-deceptive stage of Pleasure may be chiefly characterized by a uniformly laughing, rollicking, jovial, epicurean, bestial and Bacchic desire for "swell" society. Or, by the more cunning and varied good humored modes of the expression of other more malignant passions. Anyway we take Sin, how-ever, it is always "a jolly;" or, the deceptive desire for "a good time." Annihilate the deceptive feeling that one can have "a good time" by sinning, and Sin would perish from the face of the earth. To be sinful, therefore, is the correct process for fooling one's self.

Those, who, like you and I, have lived to any sensible age, have long since bitterly realized how easy it is to be malignantly selffooled in this matter of the self-deception of Sin. Our buckets of sinful hopes are forever and forever springing false leaks. With Chatenubriand, we go from shipwreck to shipwreck, in our careers. Inasmuch, then, as Sin is caused by Desire for Change, Goodness and Virtue absolutely depend on the Equity of our Personal Desires. If every woman changed her desire for every other woman's furniture, and house, every time she went visiting, and every woman had the power to instantly get every other woman's furniture and house, women would very soon find themselves in a houseless and homeless world. If every man changed his desire for every other man's wife every time he into society, prowling and fawning, and aching to be courted, or to court; providing all men could gain their ends in this way, we should quickly see the universal dissolution of human society.

The animal and vegetable kingdoms based on the equities of hunger desires. For, if the special form, or equity of the fooddesire of all the vegetable eating animals was changed today into a carnivorous form, with a special taste for tenderly boiled babies, obviously the human race would have to begin its evolution all over again. Desire for change is therefore the primary cause of Sin, Uncontrollable desire for animal change i insanity; or, the erotic monomania of Bacchic lust, disguised under the name of Love.

The only time when change of Desire, and Desire for change is not a Sin, is when we desire to change the bad for the good; the fickle for the constant; brutality for spirituality; the uncertain for the certain; moral ugliness for moral beauty; the capricious for the uniform; man for God; the false for the true; ignorance for knowledge. Change of Desire, in this sense, is the cause of all Evolution, Uniform Happiness. The greatest joy of life therefore depends on the Equity of Desire. Hence, it is obvious, that the psychological origin of Sin is to be sought for in the secret moral nature of the Desires for Change of the Special Passion, whose deceptive pleasure gives us such a fierce desire for the perpetuation of Sin. If Sin never existed in our passions, sensations, and conit would never exist in our acts. sinful concept is a continuous line of thought which leads to sinful action. It does so, because it loves to live over again, in some imaginative, old, or new form, its experience of self-deceptive pleasure and passion. For, our Concepts are always the children of our Sensations, and our Passions.

with thoughts, or concepts. For, there is nothing in the child's thoughts or concepts, that was not to be found first in its sensations; and there is nothing in its sensation that was not first to be found in its passions. A sinful habit is created by a long series of self-deceptive and self-mistaken acts of passion, sensation, conception and false-agreeableness, and pleasure. In the terrible slang of the street, Sin is a Bunco Game.

The true philosophy of life, said a Greek, is to unlearn the evil: for the evil of selfdeception has been the secret of all our shame, suffering, sorrow, and sin. Every married woman who goes into society for the purpose of being courted and admired by another woman's husband is simply sowing the seeds of alienation in the other woman's home, as well as deceiving herself, and menacing the purity of her own home, and her own future happiness. Our fierce desire to be courted, and to be "swell," and to be admired, is the secret of our self-deceptions. A self-deceptive disposition to get money or to be courted at any cost is a sinful disposition.

Disposition, or temperament, is a word which means that the person is predisposed to be actuated all through life by some one special controlling passion. Thus we have a fearful disposition, a vain disposition, an ava-ricious disposition, an ambitious disposition, firting or courting disposition, an angry disposition. This means, that the thoughts, sensations and acts of the person of fearful disposition are always more or less colored, all through life, by the Passion of Fear. The vain disposition by the Passion of Vanity. The avaricious disposition by the Passion of Avarice. The ambitious disposition by the Passion of Power. The flirting or courting disposition by the Passion of Sex. The angry disposition by the Passions of Anger, Hatred, and Revenge. Disposition is therefore character. And disposition is character, because the acts, thoughts, concepts and sensations of the person will always express in life, phases of that special controlling passion which creates the special disposition. A sad and mor-bid disposition is one which has been made morbid by its own self-deceptive passions and thoughts; or, by long association with morbid persons, or by a long series of bitter treach-

To save our own Souls and the Souls of others we must therefore change our Dispo-The safety of American home life depends on it. As an instance, where the passion to be socially courted, or to flirt, or the fierce desire for social power, or the fear of poverty, is stronger than the Passion of Affection, then the poor wife or husband will always be cruelly sacrificed to the controlling passion. It is only a question of time. The home is already secretly ruined. Persons who are anxious to self-deceive themselves are sinners. Deception is falseness. "To thine own Divine Self be true." The saint can help to save the sinner. But a sinner can never save a sinner. A sinner may deceive a saint; but a saint never deceives a sinner. Mere church members deceive; but the ratio of saints to mere church members is probably as one to every five thousand. Salvation from sinful dispositions can only be brought suffering; and by the help of others, including Divine Ideals, and Persons.

Each man and woman has a Greater Psychological Self than they are aware of. To find this Greater Self is to find a deliverance. To take the hint of the illustrious Hegel, we must aim to realize our Absolute Self; or our Greater Psychological Self. With the immortal Fichte, we must become conscious of our own Sublime Spiritual Ego, which lies in the near background of our suffering, sinful, leceptive Non-Ego of natural disposition With the great, lamented Frederick W. H. Myers, we must realize in our actual conscious experience, the existence of our Subliminal Self, which lies unperceived by us, just outside the portiere of our Common With the founder of Buddhism, seek the Forgetfulness of the Mind of Earthly Desires, in the Nirvana of our own Divine Consciousness. With Zoroaster, we must realize, in our own psychological experience the difference between the Ahriman, viz. Darkness of Self-Deceptive Passion; and Ormuzd, viz., The Light; Reflected Light of Delty in ourselves. With the immortal founder of Christianity, realize, as a part of ur own consciousness, the yesterday, today and forever of the Eather's reflected Mind in us. With the modern author of "Introspection and Retrospection," may I ever practically realize (in the Reflected Immortal Mind of the Father within me) my own true Manhood; rather than in the Mortal Mind of my old disposition. Help us, O God, to find and within ourselves the Greatness of Ralph Waldo Emerson's "Oversoul;" for, we are tired of the self-deceptive, sinning, cruel, suffering dispositions of our Undersoul; for the Oversoul within us is the Picture of the Infinite Ideal of the Father. This I aver is the true path for Salvation from Sorrow, and

Life begins with Passions; not with Conceptions. The child at birth begins with Passions, vis., Hunger, Fear, and Anger; not of the mystic's personal consciousness; and to intolerable hells of suffering; and I, for

not the path of churches or organized religlous systems. It is the path of our Spiritual Passions versus our Selfish Passions. The latter only enslave, degrade, and ruin us; because they deceive us. Life, for thousands and thousands of us, is simply a cruel, malignant game of self-deception and the other's deception. So that, in the awful wicked slang of the society man we are told that we must do the other fellow or the other fellow will do us. Personally I am sick and tired of this method. My own disposition will help me to self-deceive myself horribly enough without the malignant self-deception and assistance of other men and women of self-deceptive impulsive natures to assist me into deeper suffering. But now comes an important question. Supposing, that, with Professor William James of Harvard my Mortal Disposition, or Mental Life, has been scientifically demonstrated to have, on the Other Side of it, a Greater Mental Life, on which I can draw for help; then in what practical, psychological way can I, in my own experience, know of the existence of My Greater Psychological Self?

I answer, through the personal proof of the self-consciousness of a series of Psychological Sensations. The difference between a physical sensation and a psychological sensation is this. Physical sensations are brought about generally, by physical causes; and their object is to teach us physical knowledge. Psychological sensations, on the other hand, are brought about (in the majority of cases) by Psychological causes; and their object is to teach us psychological knowledge. In Boston Ideas of October 10, 1903, and in a study of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy as a Great Sensitive I explained this law; also, first, in the "Wisdom of Passion," page 207. Thus, a change in our feelings and thoughts, or any physiological, nervous, or other change produced in us by the assumed telepathic action of any psychological influence; or, from the action of any of our own Passions, as of Sex, or Fear, or Benevolence, would be defined as a Psy-chological Sensation; because Psychological, and not Physical causes produced the change. God is a Psychological Cause. Not a physical one. A change in my feelings, produced by the fire in the grate, is a physical sensation; because it was produced by a physical cause

Now, it is obvious that in all experiences of moral and mental healing the effects are produced by a contrary or inverse action of The old classic method is never to admit that the psychological forces in man can be reached unless we first go through an established, objective, physical order, viz., first, of the physical. Second, of the vital. Then, through the vital to the psychological, as the third resulting factor. Now, in all ancient and modern methods of moral and mental healing, this process is reversed. It is claimed that it can be demonstrated, that when a greater psychological force is brought into play; first, that it will, and does, produce n change in the modes of the person's passions, sensations and concepts. That this can and does produce vital changes. And, third, that these vital forces in their turn produce changes in physical phenomena. In the old classic method, physical sensation is, therefore, always the first supposed cause of the change. In the psychological method, psychological sensation is always the first cause.

Now, in the psychology of sin, it is obvious that self-deceptive passion, arousing self-deceptive sensations, and self-deceptive thoughts, create the sinner, and his suffering. As an example of this form of self-deceptive passion as being a cause of suffering, I found that quite a percentage of the insane admitted during the year to the New York State Insane Hospital were there because of the selfdeception of the low animal pleasure, sought through Intemperance and Animal Flirting. Disciples of the Drunken Bacchus and Animal Silenus; to whom self-deceptive, sensual comfort, and libertine lust, are the highest ideals of Love. Very, very few went insane through the betrayal, or jilting, of mistaken, though lofty and honest and sublime affec tion. Dr. Arthur W. Hurd, the superintend ent, wrote me, saying: "Our percentage is very small of cases said to be due to the be-

trayal of the affections."

A sinner is therefore a self-deceived person She, or he, is therefore false. They are false; because, being mistaken, self-deceived by their own self-deceiving passions, self-deceiving sensations, selfdeceiving thoughts, or conceptions, and self-deceiving agreeableness. The deceivers are therefore always at trying to make us the prey of their own self-deceptions; and also of our own. This is the Serpent of the Garden of Eden. the Devil, the Tempter, the fountain of all sorrow, sin, and suffering, is self-deception. Therefore, the only remedy for Sin is to teach the elements of the Psychology of Sin, together with the Doctrine of the Greater, Divine Psychological Self. Let us learn the laws of our self-deceptive Passions; and the sublimer laws of the liberalizing Spiritual ones. Our self-deceptive passions and those

one, have suffered profoundly enough, through the delusion, to no longer be willing, either to be self-fooled, or to be fooled by another's self-fooling. To know the real basis of Sin in Life in its laws of passion is the great wisdom; for, with the great Mantegazza, I believe biology and psychology to be names for one and the same thing. Truth about ourselves is the basis of Spiritual Beauty; for with Plato, "Beauty is the splendour of Truth."

Perhaps after all there was a profounder, practical philosophy than we are in the habit of giving credit to, in the positive psychological advice of the Tarsus man, who advised us, so many centuries ago, in these words "Be ye transformed by the renewing of your Mind. That ye may prove what is that good and acceptable, and perfect will of God."

#### The Disadvantages of Order.

My brother is a country doctor. I rode with him one day while he made his morning calls. The appearance of the first place, a typical farm house, disgusted me. The front dooryard, the back door-yard and the side dooryard were filled with cats, dogs, chickens and dirt.

With some complacency I thought of my own neat home. I planted trees, bushes, flowers, and they stayed where they were put, decently and in order. Nothing tore or mussed them up.

A bored looking dog came slowly around from the side of the house and gave me a sympathetic glance, as much as to say: "Dull ole: isn't it?"

Just then a screen door opened, and out rolled three pretty well grown kittens. The dog squatted down by one of them and began chewing its neck. Kitten seemed to like it. She tumbled about and cuffed his nose with first one paw and then another in an

appreciative fashion. But the dog was not easily amused. He stretched his mouth, yawning out: "H-a-rgad, beastly place!" and shambled over to the chickens. In a spirit of pure deviltry he created pandemonium among them, chasing them all into a huddle, and then left them protesting indignantly.

With a sidelong glance at me he wrinkled his mouth into a grin, remarking: "It's deuced tame, I know; but I'm doing my best for you.'

The kittens appeared to be the best attraction, and he tackled another willing victim. Like her sister, she readily responded, and with graceful turns of her little body, boxed

her opponent like a professional. The chickens had returned quietly to their feeding and had apparently forgotten all about the disturbance created by the dog, when a mother hen, that was confined in a coop, gave the danger call. She had been giving fussy directions to her brood, without receiving any particular notice, but when she sounded the danger signal, every chick scudded under her wings, and every hen and rooster in the yard craned its neck and gave an answering cluck. The air in the chicken world was tense for a minute, but as nothing happened, they dropped their heads and made slighting comments on nervous mothers.

My brother hurried out of the house with word of apology for the length of his call. He had been forty-five minutes and it had not seemed ten.

The next place reminded me of home. There were flower beds, a clean lawn, shapely trees. Everything bespoke careful attention. Not a live creature was in sight. Even the trees had a dignified air of reserve that plainly said: "We know our place."

My brother remained in that house fifteen minutes. I swore he had taken up his summer residence there, and very meekly confessed to him when he did appear that I believed there might be advantages in dis-W. A. r.

# THE GLIMPSE.

Just for a day you crossed my life's dull track Fut my ignobler dreams to sudden shame, Went your bright way, and left me to fall back

On my own world of poorer deed and alm.

To fall back on my meaner world, and feel
Like one who, dwelling 'mid some smokedimmed town,
In a brief pause of labor's sullen wheel,
'Scaped from the street's dead dust and
factory's frown,—

In stainless day
Saw mountains pillaring the perfect sky;
Then journeyed home to carry in his soul
The torment of the difference till he die.
—William Watson.

When the spiritual man attempts work in which he needs the help of the whole world, the whole world always serves him.

We do not believe immortality because we have proved it, but we forever try to prove it because we believe it.-Martineau.

Work is for life, net life for work-

#### Comforting Influences of Spiritualism.

T. A. Bland.

Thomas Paine said: "I hope for happiness n a future life. That hope is based upon the immutable justice of God. I dare not go beyond hope in such a matter; yet that ope is a comforting one.

Some years ago, a venerable and dearly beloved friend, a minister in the Presbyterian Church, lost by death his only daughter. He was almost heartbroken, and I felt strongly impressed that I could comfort him; so I called on him. After listening to him with sympathetic interest, as he told me in words, full of pathos, how deeply he felt his bereavement, I said to him:

"My dear brother, do you know anything about a future life?"

"No, I do not know anything about it. I tope there is a future life. I believe there is. have preached it for more than fifty years, out I do not know it."

"Well, I do know that there is a life after death, and that it is a glerious life."

"For God's sake, tell me how you know it." In reply, I gave that venerable preacher a brief history of my experience in Spiritualism. I began by saying: "When a boy, my beloved mother died. I then believed, or thought I did, in a future life; but my faith gave me small hope that I should ever again see my dear mother. Years passed. I married and a beautiful boy came to give us joy. After a brief sojourn with us he passed from mortal sight, as your beloved daughter has. My wife and I were then members of an Orthodox Church, but in that hour of bereavement our religious faith gave us small comfort. It was based on testimony nearly two thousand years old, which was uncorroborated by personal experience or scientific data. I became an agnostic. I said, 'I do not know whether or not there is a life beyoud this.

"I was in this state of mind when through the influence of a dear friend, I began the investigation of spiritual phenomena. My first scance was with a trumpet medium. There my mother met me, and in audible voice said: +

"'My darling son, we have been separated for almost twenty years; for although during that long period I have watched over you with all a mother's love, you did not know it; hence we were practically separated. I have grieved in my spirit as I saw you wandering in the valley of doubt, questioning whether or not there was a future life, and I have tried, oh, so hard, to convince you of the beautiful truth, that the life you now live, and which I once lived, is but the incipient stage of life; that we do not begin to live in reality until we die; and now, thank God, I have reached you at last and am talking to you face to face, yet, my son, you do not believe it.'

"I said: 'I must believe that this is my dear mother who is talking to me.'

'No, my son, I read your mind and know that you are still in doubt; but I will con-You shall know this truth for a certainty.'

"My mother kept her promise. She gave through that medium and others, proofs so overwhelming that I could not have doubted onger if I had tried. For now more than twenty years I have not had a doubt of this glorious truth of a future life, and of spirit guardianship and communion. "The happiest moment of my life was when

at a seance, my beloved son talked with me. My mother closed a beautiful communication by saying, You are now about to have a most delightful surprise. Your own darling child will talk with you.'

"In the voice and manner of a child. boy addressed to me the first words I had ever heard from his lips, for he left us in early infancy.

'Papa, papa, I am so glad. Papa, when I left you and mama you thought I was dead, but grandma took me, and she has been to me all that she was to you when you were a babe; and she brings me to your home often. We sit with you evenings and listen to you talk. You are educating me just as though I was with you in the form."

On closing my recital, which occupied an hour, the dear old man, with tears rolling down his age-furrowed cheeks, said: "You cannot know how I thank you for coming to me as a brother, and laying your heart against mine in this time of my sorrow. You have comforted me greatly; comforted me, as my brethren of the church could not. May God bless you, and may I be permitted to

know as you know, this beautiful truth."

The hope of the Christian is a comfort him in proportion to his faith in the legen of experiences of Jesus and his Apostles in the Spiritualism of that far away time. How much greater comfort have we who have been privileged to enjoy similar and even greater experiences than were vouchasfed to those who founded the Christian religion on revelations that came through Peter and Paul and other mediums of that old time apiritualistic era.

#### GUIDANCE

Place thy hand in mine, my child,
Walk with me where I guide
And trouble not with anxious fear
Of what may thee betide.
For I am with thee night and day,
In rain or sunsing bright,
And if thou'lt list to what I say,
Thy guidance will be right.

What if the tempest shall descend
Upon thy naked head?
There's safety in the lightning's flash
If with me thou dost tread.
Let the storm beat upon thy brow,
My voice doth thee assure;
It is because the beating storm
Thou hast power to endure.

When thou hast learned my strength in thee I lead to shelter's side.
Then silent be and list my voice,
Bid thee in shelter hide.
Of this be sure, if thou wilt hear
I will not fall to tell,
Each moment of thy mortal life,
Which course for thee is well.

In silence thou shalt hear my voice. When thou dost guidance need.

If thou dost make belief in Me

A living, not dead, creed.

To fret with care for coming years
With grief thy head would bow.

My Love will lead thee through all time As it is leading now. E. J. Bowtell.

# Banker and Printer.

J Andy Wer's.

CHAPTER XII.

My past life came up before me like a panorama. The box was torn from under my feet and I felt a shock, then a choking seusation. Sparks of fire filled my vision, shoot-

sation. Sparks of are allied my vision, shooting hither and thither. There was an agony,
in torture indescribable; it lasted but a moment and I became unconscious.

Now right here something occurred, something very remarkable. When I regained
consciousness I was several feet away from
and, apparently over the heads of the people,
gazing complerently at my own body, which

thing very remarkable. When I regained consciousness I was several feet away from and, apparently over the heads of the people, gazing complacently at my own body, which was dangling at the end of that rope! I looked in another direction. A large brick structure was raised from its foundations and with a terrible crash and roar fell in every direction. I noticed that the people were in great consternation, the throng ran from the bridge in great haste, there were cries and great confusion. I also noticed Hamlet, with knife in hand, running rapidly in the direction of the suspended bodies.

I did not hidulge in speculation as to the cause that produced the explosion of that brick block mear by. I was not frightened nor disturbed. I simply looked upon the scene before me with little interest. I appeared to be an uninterested spectator. I had a vague recollection of what had occurred during the past two hours, but I was as screne as a June morning.

The scene faded away from my eyes by degrees until all was blank—blank as a dark room. I was not terror stricken, neither was I happy nor unhappy. I seemed to be in a sort of a stupor free from pain, free from care. The darkness, for I certainly was in the dark, began to vanish. A ray of light appeared here and there and I suddenly opened my eyes upon the most beautiful land-scape, a scene that I am unable to describe with words. Should I attempt a description I know that the poverty of the English language would preclude the possibility of my being able to convey anything like a correct idea of what I saw at that moment. There were beautiful groves and flowers and rivers and in the distance a beautiful city. Upon every hand there were magnificent, houses, country homes they appeared to be. Then there were small lakes and great tropical plants growing upon the margins of these bodies of water, plants and flowers of prodigious proportions. There were people everywhere, moving about conversing and all seemed to be in excellent spirits. I looked upon the scene with raptur

upon the scene with rapture, mingled with astonlshment.

Everything seemed new; wholly unlike anything that I had ever seen or heard of. I was spellbound with the grandeur of the scene. I was unable to move. From a beautiful canopy some distance to the left there came the grandest strains of music imaginable. The people under that canopy were singing. I was too far away to discern their dress or features.

I glanced at my side. I was astonished. For there were the loved faces of friends and relatives who had passed through the portals of death years before. They had been with me since my awakening and before. I was so deeply impressed with the scene which I beheld that I had not noticed their presence. I seemed to be weak and was unable to move. My friends held a consultation lasting several moments. Then they informed me that the cord which united my spirit with my body had not been severed and that I should soon be myself again.

The beautiful vision began to fade away. Dimmer, gradually dimmer, grew the scenery.

The beautiful vision began to fade away. The beautiful vision began to fade away. Dimmer, gradually dimmer, grew the scenery, and then all was blank. I seemed to open my eyes as if aroused from a deep slumber. I was in a room. There were several persons standing over a cot. I looked again. There was my body. The face was deathly pale. A physician took up the wrist and held it for some moments. He looked querulous." "Stand back! Put up that window! Let us have more air!" said the physician. Again he pressed his ear to the heart of the prostrate body.

trate body.

"It's all right; he's as good as two or three dead men," replied the doctor.

Then I felt drawn toward the form—my own body, and with a swaying movement I floated or seemed to float over the heads of those present. I was then drawn toward my body until I came in contact with it. There was a shock and the next instant I was looking through my eyes at those about me in the room.

"You had a close call, young man," said the doctor, "but you are all right now. But it will be several days before you will be able

My nervous system had received a severe shock—a shock from a cause experienced by but a limited number of human beings. I soon learned that there had been a natural gas explosion. A brick block had been blown to atoms and the remains of a man, a stranger, had been found buried in the debris. The mystery of the murder of old Billy Archdale was solved.

The explosion occurred within five minutes after the leader of the mob had given the fatal order. Coming as it did when the crowd had become awe-stricken by reason of the to leave your room.

fatal order. Coming as it did when the crowd had become awe-stricken by reason of the terrible crime which had just been committed the awful crash and roar produced an effect that can easily be imagined. The panic stricken spectators fied from the scene and confusion ruled supreme. Instantly a man holding a knife aloft ran through the struggling mass of human beings. He mounted a box. No one molested him. Our bodies were hastily cut down and removed to the farther end of the bridge.

The stranger taken from the ruins of the

ridge.

or taken from the rules of the
been instantly killed. A hasty
ad in the finding of Billy Archtogether with papers and a
money upon the person of the

that two men had been done to death for a crime they had not committed became apparent. Then it was that our bodies were hastily conveyed to the nearest hotel. It was found that Cy was alive and conscious; my case seemed to be hopeless, but that mysterious thread which links the spirit to its tabernacle of clay had not been severed.

It came to be understood that the dead stranger must have had an accomplice in the crime committed, since only about one-half of the money supposed to have been in possession of Mr. Archdale was found. It was believed that the murderer had concealed himself in the cellar of that building, which had become filled with natural gas. He probably struck a match, causing the explosion.

The dead man's confederate had evidently secured his share of the booty and left the city at an early hour that morning. He had rifled Mr. Archdale's pocket book and dropped it at the road side, where Cy found it.

The identity of the murderer could not be established and no trace of his pal could be discovered. In the case of the former retributive justice came swiftly and without warning. The latter, if he be among the living, carries with him a conscience forever demanding satisfaction, forever torturing him and all the while refusing to be satisfied.

The people were exceedingly kind to Cy and warned during the days of our convenescence.

ished:

The people were exceedingly kind to Cy and myself during the days of our convalescence. Cy jokingly remarked that never before in his life had he been so well treated or so

I slept little during the first week after my terrible experience. The night watchman, striking his heavy cane upon the paving, passed under my window at regular intervals. I could not imagine why he did this unless it was to warn night marauders of his coming and give them an opportunity to make their

A railroad passed through the centre of the A railroad passed through the centre of the city and the ringing of the bells of the locomotive and the screeching of their whistles grated harshly upon my shattered nerves. But the time came when I had reguined my usual strength. I was not much the

my usual strength. I was not much the worse for my late experience.

I have already noted the fact that the people of that place treated us with great kindness. When we were ready to depart these same people put money into our purses, and bidding adieu to the city in which we had escaped death by the merest accident, we boarded a train and were again in pursuit of employment.

But Hamlet, what of him? As I have be-But Hamlet, what of him? As I have before stated, he was a peculiar sort of a man.
He must have left the city immediately after
performing that extraordinary service for Cy
and myself. Leastwise no one could be found
who had met him. And stranger still, no one
witnessed the act which I have just named.
That no one should have seen Hamlet approach the dangling bodies of Cy and myself
may, however, be explained by the confusion
and excitement which prevailed at that particular moment.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

Six months later. It is now winter. We had spent the summer and autumn drifting about from one place to another, working a few days here and there. But in all that time neither of us were able to secure a permanent situation. The best that we could do in any place was to help the office bridge over a rush of job work or "sub" for printers who were fortunate enough to be in possession of "solid jobs," as they are known among the craft. the craft.

sion of "solid jobs," as they are known among the craft.

It was a cold, bleak day when we walked out of a town where we had vainly endeavored to secure work. Neither of us had a cent. We spent our last dimes for a breakfast and started down the railroad in the direction of a place about twenty miles distant. We expected to reach the town by two or three o'clock in the afternoon. We had been informed that printers were needed there, and, penniless though we were, we started upon our journey with light hearts, buoyed up with the hope that this would be our last tramp and that at last we would secure what we had looked for so long in vain—permanent situations. It was bad walking. Snow covered the railroad bed to the depth of several inches. A stiff wind blew all the while directly in our faces. Our progress was necessarily slow. It must have been near one o'clock in the afternoon before we thought of dinner. The sky was now overenst with dark gray clouds and soon after the air was filled with snow. The wind had increased to a gafe and the atmosphere had grown many degrees colder. We paused for a few moments on the leeward side of a lonely water tank. Cy's cheerfulness was at a low ebb.

"An awful day," said he, as he surveyed the gloomy prospect. "Still, I believe we can

lonely water tank. Cy's cheerfulness was at a low ebb.

"An awful day," said he, as he surveyed the gloomy prospect "Still, I believe we can pull through. We have had worse times."

Again we were upon the road. Slowly we trudged along, beating our way against the storm. We were now traveling in that part of the state where thousands of acres of low prairie lands abound and where hay stacks are the only marks of civilization.

The storm was raging furiously, the air was filled with fine particles of snow that well nigh blinded us. We were suffering from cold and hunger. To be cold and hungry, to be far from home and friends and penniless is enough to fill the stoutest heart with despair. I had become well nigh exwith despair. I had become well nigh ex-hausted and was ready to give up the un-equal contest, when Cy said:
"Cheer up. We'll get there all right, and

we'll get a good supper and a good warm fire to sit by, too. I weathered many a storm in my time fully as severe as this one."

He appeared cheerful, but his voice did not have the right kind of a ring. I knew that he had almost given up the hope of reaching

our destination.

Slowly we trudged our painful way. It is surprising what a human being can endure. I'was surprised to find myself on my feet after so many hours of travel in that terrible storm. It was now growing dark. The shades of evening enveloped the prairies and the storm showed no signs of abating. If was not long before it was pitch dark and it was with difficulty that we were able to keep inside the railroad irons.

Cy took my hand. "Do you see that, old boy? That's the switch light. We are all right after all." and he pointed toward a red light in the distance. It was a welcome sight.

At length we were in the yards of the rail-

aight.

At length we were in the yards of the railroad. Though shivering with cold we deemed
it best to steer clear of the station. We
passed through the suburbs and finally found
our way to a street which led to the business
district of the town.

our way to a street which led to the business, district of the town.

It was the day before Christmas—Christmas eve. We passed the homes of the well-to-do, happy homes they appeared to us, Bright fires glowed in the grates and the windows were ablaze with light. Children, happy children, romped about on the carpeted floors, while the master of the house, with his feet inclosed in comfortable slippers, was diligently scanning the evening papers.

At the next home perhaps, strains of music floated out of the parlor. A young lady was entertaining her beau. Delivery wagons rattled along the streets laden with Christmas presents. The church bells were pealing forth their glad tones of "peace on earth, good will to men." Now there was a slivery peal of laughter. It came from a party of happy young people who had just entered a sleigh for an evening ride.

"Oh, mama, mama, papa's tum—papa's tum," exclaimed a little tot as she ran out on the porch to meet her father. He had a grip in his hand and was evidently a com-

mercial traveler coming home to spend Christmas with his family. How I envied the happiness of that man!

At last we reached the public square. Bad luck again. There were no morning papers. The printing offices were closed. We walked around the square not knowing what else to do. We were just about to pass a drug store. I felt impelled to enter. I did not know why. I had no business in that place. I was about to pass the store when something told me as plainly as I over heard anything, "Go into that store."

I entered. Cr remained outside. I was soon in conversation with a stranger. He was a bright man and withal quite sociable. "Stranger here, ch?" inquired the man.

I presented my card. It read thus: "Albert Markley, editor of the S— Free Lance."

The stranger scanned it with evident interest.

"Looking for a location, are you?"

"Looking for a location, are you?"
I nodded an affirmative answer.
"Well, well, maybe I can make a deal with you. I am a real estate man. I have a printing office; got it in a trade a few days ago—don't know anything about a printing office."

I began to feel deeply interested in the man's conversation.
"Your office, where is it?" I inquired in a half careless tone, thus assumed for obvious

reasons,
"Let's see-let's see-number forty-two
Main street, up stairs. Come day after tomorrow and look at it." And my spirits went

morrow and look at it." And my spirits went down to zero.

I wanted to see the inside of that office that night. I hesitated a moment.

"You say it's down on South Main, number 42, up stairs?" I inquired.

"Yes, yes, that's the place. You'll be here tomorrow? All right. Here's the key. No, I don't believe I've got it. Wait—" and he began to explore his pockets.

By this time my heart began to beat at a lively rate. If he couldn't find that key—
"Yes, yes," said he, "here it is. Go and look at the outfit. Yon know more about printing offices than I do."

I took the key and clung to it with a firm grip.

"Stopping at the Grand? Best hotel here. Suppose they'll have a big spread there tomorrow. Glad I met you, very glad I met you. Good night," and the real estate man turned to greet a friend who had just en-

turned to greet a friend who had just en-tered.

The next moment I was out of that store

The next moment I was out of that store and beckoning to Cy to follow. I remember that we walked at a rapid pace. I was afraid the man would call me back and relieve me of that key. Just then it was excedingly valuable to me. What joy filled my heart! We dodged around a corner. "I've got it," said I.
"I know it," said Cy.
"Well," said he, "you are a good one for an immortal fact. Shake! Why, that man thought you were a man of no small consequence, didn't he?" Rut let's hurry up to that office right away. Yes, this is the street. Forty-one—forty-two. Yes, here is the stairway."

way."

And then we ascended. The door was unlocked in a jiffy. We lighted the gas and shook down the coal in the grate. Pretty soon a cheerful fire was blazing. The night was intensely cold, but the room had evidently been occupied by some one during the day, for it was quite comfortable even before we started the fire.

We found some tobacco in a cigar box and a counte of cold place were pressed into ser-

we started the fire.

We found some tobacco in a cigar box and a couple of cob pipes were pressed into service. A good square meal was all that was needed to fill our cup of joy brim full.

Hark! There were foot-falls on the stairway. Was the proprietor coming and would he drive us out into the storn? We waited with bated breath. The door was pushed open and in walked Hamlet.

"The great Caesar! If this isn't Cy and Bert!" and the next instant we were shaking hands with our old comrade. It was a joyful meeting, glorious, as Cy termed it.

"Hungry? Of course you are," said Hamlet. "Keep your seats. I will be back in five minutes," and he vanished down the Stairway. He returned carrying a coffee pot, a paper bag filled with hot rolls and a quantity of sausage, and immediately set about preparing the meal.

The odor of that sausage as it crackled and sputtered in the frying pan was far sweeter than the attar of roses, while that coffee pot sang the finest music I ever heard. Hamlet spread some newspapers upon a store box and we set down to a meal fit for the gods.

sang the finest music I ever heard. Hamlet spread some newspapers upon a store box and we sat down to a meal fit for the gods. How we talked and laughed and cracked jokes! That coffee was simply superb and we drankfit to our heart's content.

A happier trio of printers never met each other. When the meal was finished we fell to talking and it was past midnight before we thought of sleep. Then we lay down upon a pile of paper, and slept soundly until morning.

(To be continued.)

# Dreams that Came True.

The cashier of a bank went home one evening at his usual hour, ate his dinner, and, feeling rather tired, lay down on the sofa and dropped off to sleep. Suddenly he awoke with a start and said to his wife:

"I've had such an odd dream. I was back at the bank and two men came in. They had such an odd by the start and said to his wife:

paid no attention to me, but set to work to open the safe. They seemed to have diffi-culty in doing it, and one of them then said they must move it before they could do any good. I went up to try to stop them, but good. I went up to try to stop them, but they did not seem to see me. Just then I-woke up."

Instead and anything at him, his wife said

woke ut,"

Instead of Aughing at him, his wife said seriously that it might be a warning. The husband took a cab and went back as fast as he could to the bank. He found the door forced! Hurriedly calling two policemen, the three entered and found two men exactly resembling those the cashier had seen in his dream. They had pulled the safe out of its corner and were drilling it in order to blow it open!

In 1894 a wealthy publisher of Boston suddenly found himself to be the victim of a series of forgeries so large in amount that they threatened his credit. He set detectives to work at once, but all in vain. One morning his little daughter Ethel, aged 7, came running into his study and exclaimed:

"O, papa! I had such a funny dream! I dreamt that I saw Mr.—," mentioning a young man of 27, a great friend of her father's, "sitting in a room at No.— Maine Street, and trying to write your name!"

The child's dream was communicated to the police, who were at first inclined to ridicule it, but a watch was put on the proceedings of the young man in question. Evidence accumulated against him, and it was found that he had hired a room in another name at the address the child had given. The room was raided and copies of the forged signature and bank checks were found there.

At least as extraordinary is the case of a woman named Drew who dreamed that her

raided and copies of the forged signature and bank checks were found there.

At least as extraordinary is the case of a woman named Drew who dreamed that her husband, a retired sailor, had been murdered by a peddler in a saloon at Gravesend. In the morning came the news that her husband's dead body had been discovered in the identical place where she had in her dream seen the murder committed. When the poor wife had calmed down a little she wrote out an exact description of the peddler whom she had seen in her dream, and, saying nothing about her vision to the officers of the law, merely told them that this was the person she suspected. Two days later a man answering the description was arrested at an

inn six miles from Gravesend, and, on being taxed with the crime, confessed that he was

taxed with the crime, confessed that he was
the murderer.

Here is another instance. A certain farmer
conceived a desperate attachment for a young
girl who lived in a town eight miles from his
house. But the girl mistrusted him from the
first, and, after a short courtship, wrote a
note to him on which were the words:

"I shall never see you again."

The farmer, roused to fury, waylaid and
murdered her in a lonely part of the heath
one night soon after and took away her body
in his cart.

A few days later he visited her house to
see her and feigned great surprise when informed that she had disappeared from home.
While there he managed to secure an opportunity to slip a note in a wase on the muntelpiece.

But the next night the mother dreamed that her daughter lay murdered beneath the farmer's barn. On the strength of this the police searched the building to find that her dream had been true.

The "stuff that dreams are made of," ac-

cording to the foregoing, occasionally gives proof of an occult world around us.—Star of

#### The Revelation of the Divine.

n Address by the Guides of Mr. J. J. Morse, of London, England, Sunday October 11. 1903, before the First Association of Spiritualists. Washington, D. C.

#### (Stenographic report.)

Two men, working at the same problem from opposite points of view, reach identi-cally the same conclusions. Two men, deal-ing with different sets of operations, reach the same reason for the operations that they are severally considering. One man says Matter; the other says Spirit. One man says the unknowable; the other man says the indescribable and undefined. Where is the difference?

describable and undefined. Where is the difference?

Would it not be better, if you will pardon
the phrase, if those two were to "pool their
issnes," realize the value of their several assets, and both make the astounding discovery
that they were pursuing the same object, but
using different terms to explain the results.
You would then be measurably nearer to the
abolition of that dangerous distinction which
has divided the universe into two sections,
one the natural, material, mechanical, the
other the supernatural, and altogether mysterious. When you can co-ordinate these opposite views of the manifestations of the divine existence and bring them into mutual
harmony you will find the truth of Pope's
contention that

All being is but one stupendous whole, Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.

Then you will have a realization that nature includes the natural and spiritual manifestations which seem to be opposing, but are only differing forms that manifest the one divine existence. Now here let us return to the main body of our argument.

existence. Now here let us return to the main body of our argument.

Science—physical and material—has realized the existence of this unknown something which is at the bottom and basis, in and to all things. What is, then, the revelation of the divine, and where do we find it? In musty tomes of ancient literature recording the reflections and thoughts of men of ages past who did not know as much as you know, who had not the acquaintance with the laws and order of nature—the operations of the human conscionsness—the phenomena of human existence—who were not as well informed oil those points as yourself today? Do not cite to us, if you please, so-called civilizations of thousands of ages ago. Do not speak of "golden ages" that have passed away. Do not ask us to believe that the art, science and literature of the dead and gone nations, exceeded in beauty, spirituality and intelligence the art, science, literature and beauty of the present day, because we cannot hold with you if you do. It is contrary to the possibilities of human development. We grant you that there have been nations and empires, civilizations, arts and sciences, that reached very high points of perfection in certain directions, but when taking the general average of culture and of educational development we are certainly inclined to assert that in no previous period of perfection in certain directions, but when taking the general average of culture and of educational development we are certainly inclined to assert that in no previous period of the history of the world was mankind generally possessed of such advantages as, generally, mankind is possessed of today. Do you not pride yourselves upon the diffusion of education, comfort, development, social evolution and unfoldment, art, science and literature. Do you not claim, in this broad land of yours, that the world was never so well conditioned—that is, that the universal happiness of the people was never so complete, as it is among yourselves?

The law of progress works through the ages as well as through the limited experiences of any particular nation or race, and the law of progress-presupposes a commencement—presupposes an initial starting point—which is always a lower point of progress than the ultimate that is finally achieved. The history of the human race begins in animalism, traverses through savagery, and borbarism, and eventuates into civilization. You are standing on the plane of civilization.

You are standing on the plane of civilization Civilization must be higher than animalism Civilization must be higher than animalism and it must be higher than savagery or barbarism. Civilization contains within itself all the virtues of the preceding conditions of human progress and it unfolds possibilities of infinitely greater virtues yet to be achieved. So, then, in the very nature of the case, the progress of man has been an evolution along the lines of his physical, mental, moral, spiritual and religious unfoldment, and that evolution has been the unfolding of the divinity within his nature. Now, similarly, the constitution and development of the world proceeded along similar lines.

Chaos marks the earlier stages. From chaos to order follows, and as natural consecusors.

ceeded along similar lines.

Choos marks the earlier stages. From chaos to order follows, and as natural consequences the evolution of universes and the creation of independent worlds belonging to their primary centres, their solar centres, their solar. Those worlds throw off from themselves their dependent related worlds, sof which, for instance, the world on which you live today is one—create other children—and those children go through the processes of growth just as your children do. They have their measles and whooping cough, their paroxysms, cataclysms, their storms and earthquakes, thunders and lightnings—fearful electric shocks—chemical explosions—and all the ills and evils that effect the young; but gradually they triumph over them and become healthy. The clouds and vapors dissipate, the sun breaks through the steaming darkness, and little by little order and organization are manifested, and finally the possibilities of vegetable and sensitive life, and altimately organized life, are unfolded.

Now the question we put to you is this, and it is a very serious one: Inanimate forms, animal life, fruits, flowers, vegetation, trees, shrubbery, all organic nature existing upon the world today, or beginning its first devel-

animal life, fruits, flowers, vegetation, trees, shrubbery, all organic nature existing upon the world today, or beginning its first development in the millions of ages past—where did the possibilities of these come from?

There was a curious theory promulgated by an eminent English scientist some years ago to the effect that the germs of life were brought from distant planets in space and deposited upon this globe; that the soils of this world thus formed the matrix for the development of the evolutionary possibilities of these germs, and so vegetable, animal and human life is accounted for. But that is too absurd for very serious consideration. Rather

let us ask: Did the world contain within itself the possibilities of all that has been developed and now exists when it first became a world—when it was first cut off from its primary—or were these possibilities put into it afterwards? The latter seems to us to imply the miraculous. God does not work miracles, whatever priests may say. The established order is never varied. No matter how men may pray, the purposes of nature are absolute: they are the manifestations of the will of God: therefore our contention must be, and is, that not only the world—not only the primal sun from whence the world came—not only the supreme primary from which the sun came—the supreme cosmos—all contained within themselves, latently, all the possibilities that a re manifested in them today, or that ever will be manifested in them today, or that ever will be manifested in them today, or that ever will be manifested in them today, or the produces; if it is not, then it will produce results and exhaust itself. If it exhausts itself by production it will weaken its controlling power and the thing produced will become greater than the produced will become greater than the produced will become greater than the thing which produced it.

Suppose we admit the existence of God. It is somewhat unfashionable with some kind of Spiritualists who do not like the idea. Why? Because they consider themselves to be fully as good as Almighty God. They do not wish to admit the existence of a supreme power. That power, if supreme, must be infinitely greater than all other things combined. It must be greater in capacity, greater in executiveness, greater in apacity, greater in executiveness, greater in apacity, greater in executiveness, greater than your bodies is shown by the fact that you control their movements and do as you will with them—and just in proportion as you develop your will and ability to control your organism are you able to accomplish the best results by the direction of those organizations. This supreme power, them—for nature, is superi

the past, or in the creeds, utterances, beliefs or theologies of bygone ages. Transcendental speculations will not help us.

When we find the revelations of God laid down in authoritative phrase, unrelated to nature; or, to put it in other words, when we find that the facts under investigation, material and spiritual, contradict the alleged revelations of God, then we can be perfectly sure that such are not revelations of the divine but due to the ignorance and erroneous conceptions of those who thought they were receiving the revelations of divinity itself.

Look into the starry heavens, read the mathematical laws governing the operations of the huge bodies swinging in the deeps of space, and there you will see law and order, persistently operating in every direction. Turn your gaze to the world on which you live and watch her proceedings, physical, chemical, organic. Note how all is unfolded in order and harmony and symmetery. The beautiful sky is spread above you, the sun is shining in her golden glory, the flowers blooming in their beds scattered over the landscape yielding their sweet perfume, and there we see fruit ripening on the trees. And human creatures, instinct with intelligence, manifesting grace and glory, read the story of the progress of the earth as written upon her rockribbed leaves, of the wonders of evolution as traced by modern science, and see there only these things—order, law, principle, system, organization, association, sensation, intelligence; consciousness ultimately manifesting itself through the order of development and evolution. You will see all these things, and you will note the hand of the Master Workman behind them all; the skill of an intelligence greater than human thought can conceive, controlling and directing. You will see the operations of the divine working in the development of nature, in the orders of existence, and in the constitution of man you will find the revelations of divinity.

Now on the revelations of divinity in the constitution of man there is room for di

uneducated, untrained, undeveloped, improperly equipped for the purposes of life, that therefore the manifestations of what you call his evil nature are considered as indications that he is, essentially bad—wicked? If so, then your reasoning must be revised.

You must realize that as all nature is the manifestation of divine newer and the property of the property

then your reasoning must be revised.

You must realize that as all nature is the manifestation of divine power, so all consciousness is the manifestation of the inherent divine consciousness. But as nature has her explosions, her cataclysms, her catastrophies which do not destroy the universe, showing there is a divine energy behind all these things, so the human creature has his ills, evils and distempers, belonging to the external conditions, which tend to establish the fact that he, himself, the enduring, the everlasting, the reality is divine, and the everlasting, the reality is divine, and the everlasting in the everlasting of consciousness, the development of reason and intellect, the unfoldment of graces of body and sentiments of soul are the manifestations in the human being which constitute the revelations of the divine. You could not manifest these greater and better parts of you if their possibilities were not inherent in you. You do manifest them, your possibilities are therefore inherent, and you—the real, enduring self—are the revelation of the essentially divine. This is the only explanation that will cover the ground. You will be ever capable of evolving the latent goodness within you, which is the outward and visible attestation of the interior divinity of your being.

Now, what we have offered you may be

ness within you, which is the outward and visible attestation of the interior divinity of your being.

Now, what we have offered you may be really and truly considered as the essential philosophy of Spiritualism. We absolutely assert that the spiritual philosophy is all-inclusive and in harmony with the highest scientific research in every department of life, physical, personal, moral, social, or what not. This philosophy will lead to the regeneration of human thought, will help men to realize that the old ways along which the race has been led are but stepping stones in the path of progress, and that God, spirit, immortality, the reality of spiritual forms, all are parts and parcels of the great realities of life and must continue to be accepted. When this is realized it will be perceived that the spiritual philosophy is the light on the path of human progress today, showing man the road that he must follow and illuminating this road as he proceeds in unfamiliar directions. Then will modern Spiritualism regain her former prestige, become rehabilitated in importance, and stand forth once more a

SWAMP-ROOT

CURE.

ay take one, two or the monfuls before or al

This great runnely often all kidney, liver, bladder and Urickeld troutless and disorders into to weak kidney, such as attert of the bladder, gravel, fecunatism, immage and rights Dissess, which is the worst form of kidney dissess.

DR. KILMER & CO., sold by all De

(8wamp Root is pleasant to take.)

es the

pioneer in regard to religious progress, over-turning the evil and crude dogmas of days gone by and giving the philosophical and scientific conceptions of truth in the material world helping men to realise the latent di-vinity within themselves, within the consti-tution of nature and of the cosmos, and to understand that God and man are the oppo-site poles of the great scheme of being and that all that lies between and all that oper-ates within the consciousness of humanity is the outworking of the purposes of God—the revelation of the divine—which stamps di-vinity upon the character of human life and links it to the eternal truths of being.

### When You Are All Bound Up

when You Are All Bound Up and are suffering from indigestion, lack of appetite, foul breath, headache, dyspepsia, catarrh of the stomach, kidney and liver complaints you need a tonic laxative, something that will move the bowels quickly, easily and without leaving hurtful effects behind. Never use a purgative or cathartic. They weaken the bowels and system and make the disease worse. Use instead Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine. It tones, builds up, gives new strength and vigor, not alone to the bowels, but to the whole being. Only one small dose a day will cure any case, from the lightest to the worst. That means cure, not simply relief only. Most obstinate cases yield gently and easily and the cure is permanent. Vernal Naw Palmetto Berry Wine is not a patent medicine. A list of ingredients is in every package with explanation of their action. Write us for a free sample bottle. Vernal Remedy Co., 120 Seneca Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

All leading druggists sell it.

All leading druggists sell it.

#### False and Pernicious Teachings.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

That distinguished scholar, the late Rev.
Dr. Isaac M. Wise, founder of that great
paper, The American Israelite, and for many
years its editor, a few months before his
death wrote of the Nazarene as follows:
"Jesus' teachings were unpalatable to the
average man of the nations, so they distorted
them until they have po semblance to the
original. To make amends for neglect, of his
lessons they deify the teacher, hoping, we believe vainly, that faith and blind worship
will atone."

will atone."

In spite of the overwhelming evidence and statements of the Nazarene that he was a prophet, belated and bigoted theologians continue to discredit, the laws of the Eternal Equity and teach a demoralizing cuft subversive of righteousness and justice. In the words of the rabbi "they will vainly hope." "Justice only justice shalt thou pursue in order that thou mayest live," is the dictum of a great Hebrew prophet.

Ludker.

#### Is Cancer Hereditary?

Dr. Bye, the Eminent Specialist, on the treatment of cancer, Kansas City, Mo., states that in his long years of extensive practice in the treatment of carcinoma has proven beyond a doubt that the disease is hereditary, having successfully treated as many as four or more members of one family suffering from the disease. The Doctor has printed a valuable book, profusely illustrated, which is sent free. Parties afflicted or having friends afflicted should write him. Address Dr. W. O. Bye, Kansas City, Mo.

# An Appeal to the N. S. A.

There is a small country town way up in the New Hampshire hills called Candia, celebrated for nothing in particular, but it might be notable if the "N. S. A." would kindly cast its benignant eye in Candia's direction—it might be a spiritistic (spiritualistic later) community with only a little missionarying cast in.

Here the "N. S. A." could have an abund-Here the "N. S. A." could have an abundant harvest, in the bye and bye, if only a trifle of initial money could be judiciously advanced to hire suitable mediums to put the phenomena in an easy, costless way before the people. Of course we Spiritualists—few of us Candia people—have hired at our own expense a medium of whom New Hampshire Spiritualists are justly proud—Edgar Emerson.

This gentleman adds a grace to fine mediumship by being an honorable citizen and to him is due the little awakening we townsfolk have to the knowledge of the continuity

of life.

From time to time, as we can, we hire him.

Nov. 2 he was with us again, giving unusually brilliant tests that aroused a real interest in Spiritualism. So now, if at this point of our struggle, Edgar Emerson, or any other equally able psychic, could hold a few consecutive meetings in this town with the help of us willing ones and the co-operation of the N. S. A., a rich fruitage would follow.

Please give us a thought.

Sincerely,

Julia A. Bunker.

Julia A. Bunker.

Candia, N. H.

# A Fine Kidney Remedy.

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock, East Hampton, Conn. (The Clothier), says if any sufferer from Kidney and Bladder Diseases will write him he will direct them to the perfect home cure he used. He has nothing whatever to sell.

# The Angel of Death.

I do not dread to pass through the valley of the shadow of death. Why should I? Death has lost its sting, and the grave its victory, and the loved ones who have passed through the valley are beckoning me.

Oh, lovely angel, called Death, whose loving fingers close the eyes in sleep, thou art beautiful to behold! Thou leadest souls on to divine heights; thou clothest them in the garments of Eternal Life. The way has oben strewn with flowers, pressed by the feet of noble men and women, sages and poets of every age, interblended with the patter of little feet and sweet baby voices. Why should I dread to follow?

Mrs. Martha A. Stone.

Mrs. Martha A. Stone. Lynn, Mass.

# We Build Our Temple.

Boston Spiritual Temple, New Century Building. As is well known services for the season of 1903-1904 commenced on the third of October in the new hall which eclipses all preceding ones. The society, from its leader, Rev. F. A. Wiggin, its officers and congregation, after a summer's rest, returned to once more assume their obligations to present the truth as it is found in Spiritualism; to present the fact that a communion with our loved ones is the last, best gift that mortals have ever received. We not only build our Spiritual Temple for ourselves, but for the community who will be honest and earnest seekers after the Truth.

We would dedicate our work to God—that Eternal Life and Soul that is over all, through all and in all. We would all unite in the study of the problems of life and duty, Larger than all creeds, nobler than sfl personal views, are the truths of Spiritualism. We

have an abiding knowledge in the ministrations of our spirit friends; we know they find it their duty and pleasure to labor for the uplifting of humanity.

We call ourselves Spiritualists, as our experience has brought to us absolute knowledge of the interblending of this life and that which is to come.

We know that beyond the tomb lie the fair, bright fields of sternity, where families, sundered by the hand of Death, are once more united in the bonds of Love, where the wrongs of earthly life are righted by the hand of Eternal Justice.

The Ladles' Auxiliary connected with this society gave its first sociable on Thursday eve, Oct. 29. The halls and parlors were all that one could wish. The Schubert Quartet rendered selections which were pleasing to all. Miss Grace Bailey gave fine recitals. Progressive whist was indulged in. Ice cream and cake were furnished and last but not least dancing, that pleases all, concluded the pleasures of the evening. These pleasures will be given many times in the months to come. This society with its Sunday services, its Tuesday evening communions with arisen ones, deserves to be placed before the public as proclaiming the religion of the future, for that religion will carve its temple out of human lives and place itself in the midst of humanity.

Alonzo Danforth.

### The Spiritual Chautauqua.

Spiritualism in this section has like a charcoal pit been burning and purifying. It has broken out warmer and stronger than ever. The believers in a broader and more progressive religious thought, which includes many Spiritualists, will be pleased to learn that the proposition to build a large Spiritualist center on the shores of Chautauqua Lake has materialized a religious organization under the laws of New York. The Executive Committee consists of F. B. Chase, President of the Jamestown, Chautauqua Lake & Lake Erie R. R. Co., Rev. J. G. Townsend of Jamestown and G. F. Lewis of Cleveland. It is named The Spiritual-Chautauqua. It has been located at Chautauqua Point, only a few rods from the educational Chautauqua.

The object of the association is to demonstrate continued life. A plea for the union of the moral forces for practical progress. The Center will be accessible via The Lake Shore, Nickel Plate, Chautauqua & Westfield, The Erie, The Fenna. Lines, The Trolley Ry. being completed by Mr. Broadhead, and boats on Chautauqua Lake. The idea was first started by that veteran Spiritualist, Hon. A. Gaston.

The Spiritualists are much like the Wesleys, who learned their most important lessons through their sister Hetty, a good me-

The Spiritualists are much like the Wesleys, who learned their most important lessons through their sister Hetty, a good medium. Though they inaugurated a most spiritual uplift, they remained clergymen of the Church of England. No one obtaining a larger knowledge of spiritual communion need leave his church, hence Lyman Abbott—Henry Ward Beecher's successor—Minot J. Savage, Dr. Funk, and others of advanced and growing knowledge remained beacon lights in their several churches, like the great and good Wesleys. The world is their parish, and to do good is their religion.

So it is with this Association.

Cleveland, Ohio, Nov. 10, 1903.

Cleveland, Ohio, Nov. 10, 1903.

# Waltham Spiritualism.

Waltham Spiritualism.

The ladies of the Waltham Spiritualist Progressive Union church gave their monthly supper last Wednesday evening in Armory Hall, Spruce St. About two hundred were seated at the tables. Twenty from the Boston Ladies' Ald Society came out to supper and the following made remarks: Mr. Alberty P. Blinn, Mrs. Waterhouse, Dr. Willis and Mr. Hatch. They all stayed in the evening to hear the ballot and test medlum, Mrs. Katie Ham of Haverhill, Mass. To close our exercises, Mr. Geo. Cleavland of Boston sang one of his beautiful selections. We would be very happy to have other societies come and get acquainted with us. Our suppers are the second Wednesday in every month; 25 cents for supper and entertainment.

Last Sunday, Nov. 8, we had with us Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn of Stoneham, Mass. A large audience was present to hear her grand lecture. Sunday, Nov. 15, Mrs. Sadie L. Hand of Roston lectured; Nov. 22, Mrs. Annie Jones of Lowell; Nov. 29, Mrs. M. A. Bonney of Boston. The Lyceum is growing. Two new children came in last Sunday. We should be happy to have any of our sister Lyceums come and make us a visit. Lyceum convenes at 11 a. m. at Armory Hall. Spruce St. Mrs. Emma Boothby, conductor; her address is 113 Taylor St., Waltham, Mass.

Bronchial Troubles are often permanents.

Bronchial Troubles are often permanently

# Statement from Newport, Ky.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Will you kindly give the following a place in your valuable paper to correct statement of Mr. G. H. Brooks in his report to the N. S. A. as one of the missionaries in reference to his work in Newport, Ky.?

Mr. Brooks says: "During my stay of nine months, I paid the salary of janitor, coal bill, gas bill, organist and finished paying on gas fixtures (a bill of seventy-five dollars) and my own salary. All this by Sunday collections, Wednesday night circles and entertainments. Not one person was ever asked to

tions, Wednesday night circles and entertainments. Not one person was ever asked to put his hand in his pocket for one cent, and when I left there was over one hundred dollars in the treasury."

Now let us see how the receipts and expenditures compare with Mr. Brooks' statement: On Sept. 1, 1902, when Mr. Brooks commenced his last engagement of four months, there was in the Treasury General Fund \$16.60. Receipts during September were:

Sunday collections (including	Founders'	1
Day),		\$43.1
Wednesday Circle,		8.8
Donation Ladies' Aid,		20.2
Entertainments,		6.3
Members' dues,		12.0
Total receipts,	a salahat	\$90.4
Expenses,	\$16.10	
G. H. Brooks' salary,	75.00	
X46000000000000000000000000000000000000	\$91.10	
Expense over receipts, Receipts during October:		\$1.30
Sunday collections,		\$18.94
Wednesday Circle,		17.10
Donations,		-25
Members' dues,		10.50
Total receipts,		\$46.79
Expenses,	\$27.55	
Brooks' salary,	75.00	1390
	9109 EE	

Expenses over receipts, Receipts during November: Sunday collections, Oircle,

Orreic, Donation Ladies' Aid, Social and supper, Brooks' Dramatic Club, Members' dues,

Expenses over receipts, Receipts during December: Sunday collections, Circle, Social and supper, Members' dues, Net proceeds of Fair,

Expenses, Brooks' salary,

\$184.62 \$38.30 \$66.32

296.00

\$12.63

Receipts over expenses,

Receipts over expenses,

It will be seen from the above that Mr. Brooks did not pay the running expenses of the society during Lis four months' work, and how could he pay an old bill for gas, fixtures of \$75.00? I will also state for the benefit of Mr. Brooks that when our Temple was dedicated in September, 1901, every bill owing by the Temple was paid, except a balance on purchase money, which is owing to the Crawley Heirs. Instead of Mr. Brooks leaving us a balance of \$100 in the treasury we had to borrow from the Building Fund to pay his salary.

Regarding The Brooks' Dramatic Club, it is true he organized such a club, and it was understood the club was to give entertainments in the Temple, and the net proceeds to go to the society. The society has received \$15.40 from their entertainments. The society furnished "Light," "Fuel," "Janitor," the use of the Temple and purchased all the books for the use of the club. The members of the club were mostly young people not Spiritualists, and when they found that the club was organized for the benefit of the spiritual society they disbanded.

We desire Mr. Brooks to have all the praise and benefits that he is entitled to for his work while in Newport, Ky., but the Ladies' Aid of our society certainly are entitled to some credit for their work. As you will see, the amount realized from the fair and entertainment is exclusively the work of the ladies. Hoping you will publish the above statements in justice to the First Temple Society of Newport, Ky.

By order of the First Temple Society of Newport, Ky.

H. F. Schrader, sec.

## Lake Pleasant, Mass.

The report has gone out among the Spiritualists that the convocation that closed August 31 was the most successful that this camp has ever had, and during the past two months many inquiries have been received by the writer asking further information as to Lake Pleasant's progress and projects.

One year ago the officers felt that a crisis was coming, or had already come, that threatened to stop Lake Pleasant's continuation as a spiritualistic camp grounds. Its affairs were in litigation in the courts, fits funds were conspicuous for their absence, there being no money in the treasury; its property needed repairs that would cost hundreds of dollars, and those who had benefited from it the most and should be its strongest supporters were found among its opponents and detractors. The way looked gloomy indeed, but we hoped for the best, thought for the best and willed for the best.

way looked gloomy indeed, but we hoped for the best, thought for the best and willed for the best.

In February came our first encouragement, the litigation was decided in favor of the association. Our officers were jubilant, the lukewarm ones (on the fence) paid up their back water and assessment bills and as usual exclaimed: "I told you so; I always said the association was in the right," and the detractors went into a state of innocuous desuctude. Let us hope they will remain there.

We went on with renewed vigor and the camp opened with a splendid list of psychics, lecturers and musicians, and a good attendance. Soon old cottages whose owners had not visited them for several seasons were opened. Rooms, tents, boarding places were in demand. The hotel proprietor was turning away prospective guests, unable to find accommodations for them, and best of all, harmony, good feeling, and cordial relations were manifest everywhere.

Then came our first big surprise, a donation of \$500 from Mrs. Bemis: Mrs. Amidon owned four bonds of \$50 each, she wanted to sell two and we bought them thus lessening our debt by \$100, then she donated the other two. The Ladies' Improvement Society followed with a donation of \$100, others followed, Mrs. John W. Wheeler subscribing \$50, Mrs. Milton Rathbun \$25, and when the season closed our subscriptions and donations showed a total of \$1,250. What are we doing with it? Well our capital debt is \$400 less than a year ago; a visitor to our grounds will find our hotel and annex and Association—Hall standing on new foundations with new roofing to cover them; they will find the old bridge that connected the Highlands and old grounds taken away and all the foundations laid for the new one, and the contractor will tell you that the timber is at the mill waiting to be sawed, and as soon as it is done, probably in four weeks, the new bridge will be finished. This is some of the work that is being done and though all who subscribed have not paid up their subscriptions yet, still we shall receive

# Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Nourishes, strengthens and imparts new life and vigor. Cures indigestion too.

# Briefs.

First Association of Spiritualists, New York. Meetings opened as usual, on the first Sunday in October, and have continued with unabated success. Miss Gaule's beautiful mediumship was never finer, and the faithful work she does for the spirit-world is beyond all praise. What more precious gift can anyone possess than the power of comforting sorely stricken hearts by proving beyond all doubt the possibility of communion between the seen and the unseen through the loving messages those arisen ones are only too glad to volce for the dear ones left on earth. Meetings are held on every Sunday at the Tuxedo, Madison Ave. and 59th St., at 3 and 8 o'clock.—Marie J. FitzMaurice, sec., 688 El. 128th St.

688 E. 183th St.

The Boston, Spiritual Lyceum met in Friendship Hall, Odd Fellows' Building, corner of Tremont and Berkeley Sts., Sunday, Nov. 3, at 1.45 p. m. The regular time of meeting is 1.30. We had a very fine meeting, with quite a number in attendance. Readings and recitations were given by Misses Florence and Neille Bonney; remarks, Dr. Hale, R. R. Packard, Mr. J. R. Hatch and Mr. Alonso Danforth. There was an excel-

# NOT RECOMMENDED FOR EVERYTHIN

But If You Have Kidney, Liver or Bladder Trouble, You Will Find the Great Remedy Swamp-Root, Just What You Need.

It used to be considered that only urinary and bladder troubles were to be traced to the kidneys, but now modern science proves that nearly all diseases have their begin-

ning in the disorder of these most important organs.

Therefore, when your kidneys are weak or out of order,

Therefore, when your kidneys are weak or out of order, you can understand how quickly your entire body is at fected, and how every organ seems to fail to do its duty. If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking the famous new discovery, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, because as soon as your kidneys are well they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince anyone.

# Doctors Prescribe Swamp-Root.

Gentlemen:—"I have prescribed that wonderful remedy for kidney and bladder complaints, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, with most benefit is effect and know of many cures by its use. These patients had kines trouble, as diagnosed by other physicians, at directed without benefit. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root effected a cure. I am a liberal man and accept a specific wherever I find it, in an accept as school or out of it. For desperate cases of kidney or bladder complaint under treatment with unsatisateory results. I turn to Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root with most flattering results. I shall continue to prescribe it and from personal observation state that Swamp-Root has great curative properties."

S. Beritoro Snich M.D.

276 9th St., Borough of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Weak and unhealthy kidneys are responsible for more sickness and suffering than any other disease, and if permitted to continue much suffering with fatal results are sure to follow. Kidney trouble irritates the nerves, makes you dizzy, restless, sleepless and irritable; makes you pass water often during the day and obliges you to get up-many times during the night. Unhealthy kidneys cause rheumatism, gravel, catarrh of the bladder, pain or dull ache in the back, joints and muscles; makes your head ache and back ache, causes indigestion, stomach and liver trouble, you get a sallow, yellow complexion, makes you feel as though you had heart trouble; you may have plenty of ambition, but no strength; get weak and waste

The cure for these troubles is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the world-famous kidney remedy. In taking Swamp-Root you afford natural help to Nature, for Swamp-Root is the most perfect healer

and gentle aid to the kidneys that is known to medical science. If there is any doubt in your mind as to your condition, take from your urine on rising about four ounces, place it in a glass or bottle and let it stand twenty-four hours. If on examination it is milky or cloudy, if there is a brick dust settling, or if small particles float

about in it, your kidneys are in need of immediate attention.

No matter how many doctors you may have tried—no matter how much money you may have spent on other medicines, you really owe it to yourself to at least give Swamp-Root a trial. Its stanchest friends to day are those who had almost given up hope of ever becom-

ing well again.
If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at the drug stores everywhere. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root.—Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

# Sample Bottle of Swamp-Root Sent Free by Mail.

EDITORIAL NOTE-If you have the slightest symptoms of kidney or bladder troubles, or if there is a trace of it in your family history, send at once to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., who will gladly send you by mail, immediately, without cost to you, a sample bottle of Swamp-Root, and a book containing many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women cured. In writing be sure to say that you read this generous offer in the Banner of Light.

lent pianist present who rendered good music for singing.—B.-B. Packard, clerk.
Fitchburg, Mass.—Mrs. S. C. Cunningham of Cambridgeport spoke for the First Spiritualist Society. Sunday, Nov. 8. There was a large attendance at both services. Nearly all the time was given to convincing spirit messages. Miss Howe, pianist, finely rendered several selections.—Dr. C. L. Fox, pres.

messages. Miss Howe, pianist, finely rendered several selections.—Dr. C. L. Fox, pres.

Commercial Hall, 694 Washington St. Spiritual meetings, M. Adeline Wilkinson, conductor. Those taking part in the Conference at 11, subject, "Marriage and Divorce," were Messrs. Hill, Brown, Greives. Hathaway, Ferguson, Brewer, Bukerstram, Emerson, Hall, Goddu, Baxter, Foster, Prof. Henry, Mesdames Cooper, Ferguson, Hall. Mediums assisting at the spiritual services during the day were Mesdames Whittemore, Wood, Wilkinson, Blanchard, Goff, Carbee, Fox. Solos, Lillie Harris; Mrs. Grover, organist. Meetings for healing every Tuesday at three; for phenemena, Thursdays at 2.30. Mrs. Katie Ham, the ballot test medium, will be present Thursday, Nov. 19. Mrs. Wilkinson's twelfth anniversary of public work will be held Sunday afternoon and evening, Dec. 6. A fine program is being prepared.—Reporter.

Christ's First Spiritual Church of Hartford.—An interesting and instructive discourse was delivered by Mr. Chas. E. Brainerd of this city. His subject was, "Progress of Man and his Relationship to God." He said: "We can all become sweet and pure and holy. Spiritualism teaches us harmony. The Divine law of the Brotherhood of Man

weeks, the new bridge will be finished. This is some of the work that is being done and though all who subscribed have not paid up their subscriptions yet, still we shall receive the full amount and have money on hand to do further work next spring that shall make Lake Pleasant blossom as the rose.

We are already securing our speakers. Mrs. May S. Pepper, Carrie E. S. Twing, Hon. A. H. Dailey, Rev. F. A. Wiggin, Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds, Albert P. Blinn, J. Clegg Wright and a number of others will be upon the list. Efforts are being made to have more extended excursion rates and altogether the Thirty-first Annual Convocation which will open Sunday, July 30, 1904, bids fair to exceed the one of this year, which was the most successful that we have ever had.

Albert P. Blinn, clerk.

61 Dartmouth St., Boston.

GPPaicst of all Tonics.

Hopeford's Acid Phosphate

Inder a cover. Come and join us.—Robert B.
Rateliffe, sec.
The Ladies' Lyceum Union met in Dwight
Hall, Wednesday, Nov. 11. Whist party as
usual. Business meeting called at 5 p. m.,
the president, Mrs. M. J. Butler, in the chair.
Supper served at 6.15. Evening meeting presided over by the president. The speakers
and mediums were: Mr. Shaw, Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Sadie Hand, Mrs. Knowles and
Mrs. Butler, Regular meetings are held
every Wednesday. Whist from 2.30 to 5 p.
m., with prizes. Wednesday and Thursday,
Nov. 18 and 19, occurs our regular fair, in Red
Men's Hall; supper served both nights.—
Laura F. Sloan, cor. sec.

Nov. 18 and 18, occurs our regular fair, in Red Men's Hall; supper served both nights...

Laura F. Sloan, cor. sec.

Armory Hall, 67 Warren St., Roxbury...

Nov. 8 services were held by the members of the Sunshine Club, Mr. Mason presiding as Mrs. Clara E. Strong was away to keep an engagement previously made with the First Spiritual Church at Fall River. Morning circle was held at 11 a. m. and those who stayed to the Sunday School at 12.30 thoroughly enjoyed the study of the Scriptures. Afternoon and evening services were held and many interesting communications were given. Mrs. Geo. Cutter, Mrs. Morgan and Miss Strong assisted... A. M. S., sec.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Ald Society met in Appleton Hall, 9 Appleton St., Boston, Friday, Nov. 18, the business meeting in the afternoon; supper at six o'clock. A large audience was in attendance at the evening meeting, which opened at 7.45 with congregational singing led by Mr. George Cleavland, Miss Gertrude Sloan presiding at the

piano. The speakers were Mr. Osgood Stiles, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, Mrs. M. A. Chandler, Mrs. E. M. Shirley, Mrs. Stiles, Mrs. Hattie C. Mason and Mrs. A. S. Waterhouse. Each meeting shows a decided increase in attendance and the committee on entertainments is planning a number of social occasions in the way of concerts.

house. Each meeting snows a quedeu increase in attendance and the committee on entertainments is planning a number of social occasions in the way of concerts, entertainments and special events that will be interesting and pleasant for both old and young. Friday evening, Nov. 20, Mrs. Wm. S. Butler and her talented children will give an entertainment as a benefit to the society, and we expect from the large sale of tickets that the hall will be filled. We invite all well wishers of our society to attend. A special supper will be served at six o'clock.—Esther H. Blinn, sec.

The exercises under the auspices of the Lyan Spiritualists' Association were of an unusually interesting nature. The children's lyceum, under the direction of J. O. Allan, had a large attendance and did most excellent work, the marches, calisthenics, singing and recitations by the children forming an entertainment that was greatly enjoyed by the elder people as well as the little folks. At 2.30 President Caird presented Mr. and Mrs. George D. Kates as the speakers for the day. The exercises consisted of a lecture by Mr. Kates and communications by Mrs. Kates. A song service was held at 6 o'clock and concert by Chase's Orchestra from 6.30 to 7.30. The evening lecture was by Mrs. Kates, subject, "Outward Bound." The communications were remarkably accurate. The same speakers will be present next Sunday and they will also assist in the exercises at the Ladies' Social Union, which meets Wednesday in the lower hall.

# For Over Sixty Years

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

# A "Sunshine Boy."

Billy is a "sunshine boy," explained his mother one day. "He always sees the bright, happy side of things, and shuts his eyes to all the rest." This was easily proved that very day, Baby brother had, in some unaccountable way, got hold of Billy's much-prized picture books, and had almost wrecked them.

prized picture books, and had almost wrecked them.

"Poor Billy! What a pity your beautiful books are spoiled!" said a sympathizing friend. "Of course I am sorry that they are torn," answered Billy. "but they are not entirely spoiled. Just look, there are lots of pictures left."

"But one side of the book you have in your hand has the picture torn off entirely. Doesn't that spoil it for you, Billy?"

For an instant the sunshine in Billy's face darted behind a little cloud; then it came out again brighter than ever, and he said, "No, that doesn't spoil it. I'll just shut the eye on that side, and that will fix it all right."

Virginia Farley, in The Youth's Companion.

EFAn excellent cabinet photo, of "The Poughkeepsie Seer" (A. J. Davis) for sale at this office. Price 25 cents.

A most important source of happiness is decision. It is the foundation of success in any undertaking. Its lack betrays weakness of will; a negative character; a leaner; a nobody. Happiness has its centre in self-trust and self-respect. Only decision can give this, and the converse is true that indecision destroys self-trust.—New.

## BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE. SPECIAL MOTICE

OARH.—Orders for Books, to be sent by Express a accompanied by all or at least half cash; the ball and made to made 0.0 D. Orders for Books, to be fall, that investibly be accompanied by each to the of sets order. Frestman parts of a dellar cas

ntion is paid to anonymous communications ress of writer is indispenable as a guaranty We cannot undertake to preserve or return Newspapers sent to this office containing matter for aspection, should be marked by a line drawn around the

# Banner of Bight.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1903.

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Irving F. Symonds Treas, and Bus. Man.

Harrison D. Barrett Editor-in-Chief.

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enca insertion.

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The BANNER OF LIGHT cannot well undertake to vouch for the honesty of its many advertisers. Advertisements which appear fair and honerable upon their face are accepted, appeared in a made honers that dishonest or improper persons are using our advertising columns, they are at once interdiction. Wereyeast patrons to notify us promptly in case they discover in our columns advertisements of parties when they have proved to be dishonerable or unworthy of confidence.

# "The Great Psychological Crime."

This remarkable book continues to hold the attention of the reading Spiritualists of America. It is being discussed from week to week in the columns of our esteemed contemporary, "The Progressive Thinker," the ablest minds in our ranks, and many excellent, instructive thoughts are presented for the consideration of those who are really seeking for the cause of things. The question is, Does mediumship demoralize the ones who exercise it? If it does, should it be cultivated? Another interesting query follows: Does not control weaken the will, and is not conscious psychic state the one to be

Many there are who have been benefited by their submission to their angel guides, and some there are who have been rescued from lives of degradation and shame by these same heavenly visitors. On the other hand, there are many wrecks along the shores of the psychic sea, made such by their failure to rightly use or understand the psychic powers with which they were endowed. It may be urged that the germs of immorality and decadence were inherent within them, and developed under the stimuli of the excitement of public life and their love of approbation. Mediumship in that case would only be the indirect cause of their downfall-not the primary, or immediate one.

aim of the book is not to repudiate spirit intercourse, nor to do away with the study of psychism. It is rather to develop the cious psychic state in all human beings and to acquaint them with their own soul-The soul is the all in the thought of the author, and his book does not in any way seek to overthrow the fundamentals of the higher Spiritualism in which all progressive people should be interested. It does ask Spiritualists and occultists to declare against shoddy goods, and to take steps to protect sensitives from their own innate weaknesses through the development of the conscious psychic state. Such a book cannot fail to benefit all who read it, for it compels every one who peruses even one page to do some

careful, independent thinking. We may not be in full accord with all of the arguments advanced by the able author, yet we do recognize the merits of the work ad are desirous of according it its full meet of praise. It is well written, logical, and consistent, from start to finish. Admit the author's premises, and his conclusions must be accepted, as each step leads to the next, and the arguments are so subtly interwoven as to make any other result impossible. We welcome this work as a valuable text book in the occult world, and an authority in its clear definitions of the terms of psychism. What-ever its faults may be, it can neither be laughed nor sneered out of court; it must be met, tested, and refuted, if possible, or ac-cepted, if Spiritualists have nothing to offset its carefully prepared and convincing statements. Abuse and satire are not arguments, and this book deserves courteous treatment at the hands of all Spiritualists.

#### Tribute to Frederic G. Tuttle.

As a friend of our most faithful and active brother who has so recently passed on to join the great majority, I must add my mean mere word to the glowing tributes to his genuine worth. From the very first time when I was introduced to the Banner staff in Boston to the very last visit I paid to that great, historic city. Frederic G. Tuttle has always been prominently associated with my work.

It is indeed pleasing to be able to look back twenty-five years and say of a man with whom one has had innumerable business dental ings what I can most solemnly and truthfully record of that indefatigable worker who has now gone to join the countless hosts who have been faithful on earth and are now working in states of existence where robes of flesh constitute no portion of the soul's equipment: Mr. Tuttle was always kind, faithful, true to his word in every particular and indeed a model man of business as well as a genial friend and a truly noble citizen.

I have been privileged to visit him in his delightful suburban home and to lecture within its hospitable walls as well as to partake of the gracious hospitality accorded to an honored guest. The publication and circulation of many of my largest and most widely distributed literary efforts have been directly due, in large measure, to Mr. Tuttle's efforts and I have, indeed, numberless reasons for remembering him always with profound respect and gratitude. Our business relations were always perfectly harmonious, and I cannot recall a single instance where he and I had the slightest difficulty in adjusting anything.

The community has indeed lost a truly noble member in the departure of this good man, but as Banner readers KNOW death (socalled) is not annihilation of individuality, we can still realize the presence of our friends who have vanished from mortal vision and still feel that they and we are comrades on the road of life.

W. J. Colville.

# Good Reading for Winter.

Every progressive thinker in America should make an effort to plan a systematic course of reading for the coming winter. There are long evenings and many stormy days ahead for him, and with several volumes of choice literature in his home, the hours of his enforced idleness can be profitably spent. Now is the time to order his books. Crops are harvested, and, for the most part, marketed. No better opportunity for investing in good reading for the winter will ever present itself. Every Spiritualist and Liberalist in America should be abreast with the times in science, philosophy and religion. By a careful study of the twenty-nine volumes of Andrew Jackson Davis, every reader will become a well informed, perfectly equipped, and spiritually illumined being. These books are for sale at the remarkably low price of twenty dollars for the entire twenty-nine volumes. Every one of them is worth its weight in gold, and no Spiritualist can claim to be well informed in regard to the basic principles of Spiritualism until he has made a thorough study of the works of Dr. Davis. He is one of the wise souls in full control of a mortal body, and he has given his fellowmen words of wisdom that will be grasped in full after the passage of the centuries. "He is a thou-sand years ahead of his time," said a careful thinker the other day, "and he will take higher rank when men grow up to him than Buddha, Jesus, Swedenborg and Channing. Dr. Davis is the greatest man that has ever lived on earth." Buy his works!

# Compulsory Vaccination.

doing its deadly work in the logging camps of Northern Maine. The Board of Health (?) of the State issued its ukase that all of the vorkmen must be vaccinated or quit work. Many of them resigned their positions and sought their homes to escape the evils of vaccination. Twenty-six men were vaccinated in one camp, and of that number twenty-one were made seriously ill, and recovery in several cases was and is now con sidered doubtful. Some of the men have lost the use of their left arms, perhaps for life, while all of them have lost their wages for the entire period of their incarceration in the hospital. The authorities did guarantee them free medical treatment in case they were nade ill by vaccination.

If such outrages are to be continued under the guise of the law, the State should compensate every man for the time he loses through illness caused by vaccination. No progressive man in medical circles today claims that vaccination is a sure preventive for the small-pox. There is ample evidence that it renders the victim, in many instances, more susceptible to its attacks. The danger to those inoculated is now far greater than the ravages of small-pox upon their systems The only possible help that vaccination can give is along the line of suggestion. The vaccinator assures his victim that he will be come immune to the small-pox if he submits to his demands, and this suggestion allays the fear of the individual, whose dread of the dis

ease made him receptive to it. Why not extend the influence of suggestion to the disease itself? Let each man make himself positive to it in thought and he will not take it. He should make his physical form healthful and cleanly in every respect and cultivate a cheerful mind in regard to all matters that are brought to his attention. Health can made as catching as disease, and there is no one who can say that the one

is not far more profitable, as well as desirable, than the other. Individual rights are being flagrantly violated throughout New England at this time because of the pseudo small-pox scare that is now everywhere apparent. The Anti Vaccination Society, through its able attorney, Hon. Geo. Fred Williams, is trying to take a test case to the Supreme Court of the United States to determine the rights of a citizen to preserve the integrity of his physical form. We hope that sufficient money will be forthcoming to make this result possible. Let those be vaccinated who wish to be, but let us cease forcing it on those who do not believe in it as a principle, in the name of the law. People have long been taught to believe they must have props upon which to lean, and have hypnotized themselves into the thought that they cannot get along without them. Vaccination is one of these props and when the psychic impress of the idea is changed to one of self-dependence, self-immunity, there will be no danger of any further trouble, either from the smallnox as a disease or from vaccination as its deadly ally.

#### The Meaning of Love.

Life and love-who can define them? They are two spiritual things that cannot be gainsaid. We live and have being. O, wonderful life, who shall tell me what you are? Love, O, love divine, who shall describe you to me?

Jesus says, "I come that ye might have life more abundantly." Was it that He could give us more life? Ah! no, for life already was, and is now. This life we "live" and 'see" is only, in our dim sight, a shadow of what really is: and, living as He would have us live, more and more of this divine life unfolds to us.

And love (men play at love) is the grandest emotion that plays upon the harp of life; and, because of its grandeur, every soul longs for its expression. Men have misunderstood. God's kingdom is the kingdom of absolute right; and, if man errs from that, it is as if an angel had fallen from Heaven, the bliss of which he can but dream. O, then, let us be true! If we make mistakes, they are made in error; and, of themselves, they come to naught.

"Every plant which my Father has not planted shall be rooted up." Not that we are to root them up, but they shall be rooted up. If men would only remember that and be faithful to themselves and their God, the greatest love for which God created them (male and female) would come to them in its fullness.

Love is not love that seeks anything but absolute right. It descends to passion and is soon consumed: but that love is everlasting that can make a man lay down his life for love's sake and live on, saying, Thy will (the will of absolute right) be done. Not my human will of Self Seeking.

Well could God say of any man like that: "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." . E. H. May.

# Cold Water Fosters Vitality.

"Habitual colds are due to an ill-kept skin on the outside and dyspeptic mucous membranes on the inside, the result of indigestion, coupled with carelessness," said a well-known physician.

"Cold water, proper food and common sense are the foundations upon which a cold cure must rest. A cold sponge bath, one to three minutes long, with a brisk, dry rub down im-mediately before and after, is excellentusually all that is necessary to keep the cutaneous circulation alive and the skin reactive to sudden changes of temperature.

"Cold water intelligently used does not stea vitality, but fosters it. It stimulates the nerves that control the expansion and contraction of the blood vessels, and regulates the cutaneous circulation. A dry rub is a fair substitute for those who cannot take a cold sponge.

"Hot water may be employed once or twice week when a full bath is taken and soap used. This bath should end with a cold

sponge.

"For cold feet, wading ankle deep in cold water in the bath tub for one or two minutes This great American scourge or plague, as before retiring will be found effective. If reed with absolute propriety, is action does not set in after wrap the feet in flannel; they will soon thaw out. Do not use hot water bottles or other debilitating forms of heat."

# Acquired Weakness.

Many persons, naturally inclined to moral strength and integrity of character, often acquire weaknesses through the suggestions of their associates. This is especially true in the case of children, and parents cannot be too careful in regard to what they say, to them, or of them, in addressing visitors in their presence. A case in point: A caller at a certain western home remarked to the wife and mother, "You have two noble hearted, manly boys here, Mrs. Brown; you should be proud of them!" "Oh," exclaimed the mother, "they are well enough now, but I don't know what 'they will make of themselves. I am worried to death every time they go to town for fear they will come home drunk, or get into some mischief!" The boys faces fell and they plainly showed that they felt the injustice of their mother's words,

That mother, by her unkind, thoughtless words, suggested the very thing she wished her sons to avoid. They felt that she doubted them, and that she expected them to de wrong. Under this feeling it would not be strange if they acquired the weaknesses named, or learned to distrust themselves. Too much care cannot be given to the psychic side of a mother's words. She can make or mar the lives of her children, and her responsibility toward them and the world is great. This is true of all persons, fathers, mothers, friends and neighbors. They should measure their words that their effect may always be for good upon all to whom they speak. Murder, spicide, theft, arson, and all other crimes, are often the direct result of suggestion. The cardinal virtues of life are ptible to the same law, and may be

worked from its constant application.

Many children are reared in an atmosphere or doubt, distrust and cruel pessimism. They hear nothing good said of any one, and when their own capabilities are mentioned, they are met with the idea that they cannot do this, that, or the other, or, if they try, that something will happen to thwart their plans. Parents often threw cold water upon the am-bitions of their children by refusing almost daily to give them a chance to prove their abilities in various fields of endeavor. Some are met with a curt refusal, generally prefaced by an oath, when asking the simplest and most innocent favors. Constant repetichildren, and they become self-distrustful, morose, and pessimistic. They doubt everything, and become old even before they are young. Innocent pleasures stimulate the higher natures of all children, and, under the restraint of love, become incentives to noble deeds. Let the thought be what they can do, not what they cannot do, and our young people are safe. Let them be told that they have too much self-respect to drink, carouse or gamble, and they will never yield to these temptations. Goodness, not evil; strength, not weakness. "I can," not "I can't," should be the psychic and mental suggestions given to all human beings. When they are given in place of their opposites, this will be a happier and better world.

### A Popular Book.

The Best selling book on the literary table at the recent National Convention in Washington, D. C., was "The Gentleman from Everywhere," by James Henry Foss. The chapters in that work that are devoted to spiritualistic phenomena attract the investigators, as well as old time Spiritualists to whom the phenomena are as sacred as is the Bible to the Christian. These special chapters are decidedly interesting, but they are by no means the only points of value in the work. The author's experiences as a preacher, teacher, traveler and politician are so cleverly told as to fascinate the reader from the very first. His descriptions of the scenery of the different States and localities visited by him are worth three times the price of the book. It is for sale at this office. Price one dollar per volume.

### Words of Commendation.

Imogene C. Fales on "Discovery of a Lost

I rejoice to know that one by one the Illuminati are leading mankind on to the heights of a higher civilization.

The author has soared high and dived deep in the mysteries of life and has brought to the world gems of thought of "purest ray se-

From Andrew Jackson Davis concerning 'Discovery of a Lost Trail:"

This beautiful and brave book is like a box of the most imperishable gems. Every word— owing to its living associates—is a seed germ. What a harvest is stored up between the coverst

Let him who will and can eat freely of this "bread of life."

# "The Soul's Song of Triumph."

This little pamphlet by H. D. Barrett has been well received by the reading public, and we still have a few copies of the first edition on hand. We can fill all orders on short notice. Let us hear from all who have not yet secured a copy of this work. It is only ten cents, plus a two cent postage stamp. Send in your orders before the first edition is exhausted.

EF"The melancholy days are come," according to the poet Bryant, yet no day is of itself melancholy. All days are what people make of them, and even the days of rain and snow have behind them the promise of warmth and genial sunshine. Melancholy has no place in the economy of the soul. Every man owes the world a sunny optimism by means of which he can cheer and ennoble the lives of others, thereby making the world better, and himself happier.

ta"He loves God best who best serves his fellowmen." These are golden words of truth, and when all mortals remember them. pessimism, with its sombre robes of despair, will vanish forever from the earth. A good deed, a hearty laugh, a sunny smile, are worth more than all the tears, sighs, and groans the race has ever known. The former make for progress and happiness-the latter chill and destroy the soul's best offerings.

The suicide of H. L. Green and wife, the able, fearless and progressive editors of "The Free Thought Magazine," struck a chill to the hearts of their thousands of friends throughout the world. That they were in need of sympathy, good cheer, and the sunshine of practical friendship there can be no doubt. They were the friends of liberty for body, spirit, soul, under the restraints of conscience, and have made the world better for their having lived in it. They could not withstand the psychic and planetary infinences of an adverse nature, that swept over the earth a few weeks since, so they were hurried out of life by their own hands. They were kind, honest and sincere. Peace to their

Every Spiritualist in America should extend a helping hand to John W. Ring, our able and efficient National Superintendent of Lyceum work on this continent. Mr. Ring labored against heavy odds last year, but he accomplished wonders. The Lyceum movetook on new life, and signs of promis are many for the coming year. Let us rally around him, hold up his hands, and cheer hi on in his work. He is the right man in the right place, and deserves the loyal support of every true Spiritualist. Send him a letter of cheer, and place a substantial pledge of your world's greatest worthles in their respective

of a generous bank note to aid the Lyceum work. Our children should not be neglected. Let us make the Lyceum in Spiritualism what the Sunday school is to the church—its main support. We can do it if we will but loyally sustain Supt Ring in his noble work

III should not be forgotten that the N. S. A. is pensioning several worthy speakers and mediums who are now unable to care for themselves because of ill health. Its fund for this noble purpose is far too small to enable it to do the work that should be done in this special field. There should be an endowment fund of generous proportions from which our sick and needy, who are worthy of aid, can be supported. We do not need "Mediums' Homes," but we do need a "Pension Fund" of generous proportions. Let us take care of our own, and thereby earn the respect of the world at large, and of our own consciences. Fill the treasury of the N. S. A.

The Morris Pratt Institute has entered upon the second year of its work, with a larger attendance than was recorded last year. The same teachers, with the exception of Mrs. Johnson, whose place is filled by Mrs. Jahncke, are in charge of the school. All Spiritualists who believe in an educated ministry and a higher education spiritually for the masses, are interested in the success of the Institute. We trust that the attendance will increase throughout the year, and bespeak for the school and its patrons the good will of all Spiritualists. We trust that the work done will redound to the good of our Cause, and be made a tower of strength to our platform everywhere.

#### Of What Good Is It?

George A. Bacon.

Making an informal, friendly call the other evening upon an amiable, intelligent, motherly lady and her two grown-up daughters, the social converse took on not only several of the more prominent questions of the day, but also specially considered one of a past generation. Exchanging views as to the respective merits and demerits of certain branches of religious thought, the conversation soon drifted to the generally tabooed subject of spirit phenomena, spirit influence, etc.

During the hour, we were personally called upon to relate several exceptional experiences of our own, which, because of their intensely vital significance and import, proved to be of unusual interest, and which were given, perhaps, with more than ordinary warmth of

One of the younger ladies whose opportunity, or rather inclination, had led her to defer making any personal investigation of the. subject, and who, like every one else, was thus naturally less hospitable, if not more prejudiced than the others against accepting the theory that the manifestations, both physical and mental, proceeded from those who were once related to us in the flesh, with perchance, others who from various causes were attracted to us through the subtle law of relationship. Quite unable for the moment, at least, to realize the full significance of the spiritual facts as rehearsed to her, while equally unable to divest herself of the notion that an accepted belief in anything that bordered on mysteries that baffled one's limited knowledge of Universal Nature to adequately explain-she felt convinced that such acceptors were to be pathetically regarded as fatally afflicted with a superstition that was the surest indication of mental weakness.

Finally she asked, as naively as seriously, what good was there to be found in all these marvelous doings and revelations? To her it was cause for disquietude. To us it was cause for gratitude. We simply suggested that words could not express our sense of obligation and indebtedness; that it had given us a peace that passeth worldly understand-ing; that it had displaced fear with courage; gave certainty for doubt; rejoicing for sadness; inspiration for stagnation; that it had substituted knowledge for traditional belief. and blessed reality for blind faith; that it had brought back to our heart and home againfrom whence the dearest of earth had visibly gone-and "Paradise Restored" had become a realization.

In reality, we could but feebly hint at its goodness to us personally, at the radiance it had shed on our otherwise darkened pathway. the comfort it had been to our wounded heart the inspiration it had been to our brain and life. Measuring the blessing it had thus proved to one, and multiplying it by the countless thousands to whom it had likewise been a saving grace, some faint conception of its good to the human family might possibly be imagined-it could not be expressed.

The Bible believer should naturally welcome, with profound thankfulness, any authentic spiritual revealments of today, as all verifiable facts of this character corroborate those of apostolic times which, as every one knows are, as related, incapable of being proved. Logic and reason have gone to seed when spiritual phenomena reported as occurring thousands of years ago, are readily accepted, while those of today at our own firesides and at the homes of our friends, are contemptuously rejected. But prejudice is no substitute for the multiplication table. That which is a matter of doctrine, a question of faith with the churches, is to the Spiritualist a matter of daily experience. To the belief of the Christian, the Spiritualist supplements knowledge. Hope becomes fruition, and faith merges itself into consciousness.

How pitiful those specialists in Physics, professionals in Evidence, and Scientists generally, who are clamorous for a new experiment, who fight for a new fact, act like half lunatics over a new bug, grow half crazy over an alleged new discovery, yet have here facts innumerable at their command, of the grandest import to mankind waiting to be tested which these ignoble students of Nature as they are allow their deep-rooted prejudice to prevent them from studying. Not a few, however, of those who are recognized as the

dependence to investigate these spiritual facts, have recorded theif acceptance of them as being beyond the ken of physical laws.

Of what good, forsooth, is it to be in possession of the greatest fact in the universe? It makes you rich immeasurably. Demonstrated immertality!

The knowledge of the continuity of human fite, the perpetuity of human love, over death and the grave—who can justly estimate the raine of this fact?

Washington, D. C., Oct., 1903,

#### Spontaneous Testimony.

Mrs. A. B. Severance, the veteran worker, ever true and faithful in the front rank of mediumistic service, will long be held in grateful remembrance, not only on account of far ever helpful psychometric readings, but also her Good Health Tablets, which are acknowledged to be one of the greatest achievements of spirit power. Mrs. D., of Greenwich Park, Boston, says: "Your Good Health Tablets are the best laxative I ever tried. They are wonderful! I shall recommend them whenever I have an opportunity." See Mrs. Severance's "ad" on our 7th page.

#### Mrs. Minnie M. Soule to Her Friends.

A CARD.

Dear Editor:

Please be so kind as to say in your esteemed columns, that I will be at home to my friends, on Sunday evening, November the twenty-second, from seven till nine o'clock.

Most sincerely yours,

Minnie M. Soule.

79 Prospect St., Somerville, (Spring Hill

#### Mr. J. J. Morse. Important Notice.

Owing to entirely unexpected circumstances Owing to entirely unexpected circumstances Mr. Morse's plans for December of this year, and January and February of next year, have fallen through. Consequently, our friend will return to Boston, and is desirous of filling engagements in and around this city, or at any other points more distant if required. Miss Morse is also willing to accept engagements for New England points, for any Sunday up to the end of April next. Friends who desire to secure either of these capable workers can address them care of this office.

#### Testimonials.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Sept. 30, 1903.
Having in use one of Mr. Perry's Gas Extracting Syringes, I can cheerfully recommend it. An article calculated to benefit the general public, and think a more general use of such an article would be a great promoter and preserver of health.

DR. W. H. ROTHERMEL,
No. 30 West Market St.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Oct. 17, 1903.

This is to Certify, That my daughter was taken very sick last May with what the doctor called appendicitis. He said that an operation would be necessary, and that if the case did not improve by the next day, he would call in a surgeon. We then heard of Mr. Perry's Gas Extracting Syringe, and were advised to get one, which we did, and operated it according to directions, which brought immediate relief. When the doctor-called next day, not knowing what had been done, said it was typhoid fever, as all the bad symptoms had disappeared. In a few days she was fully recovered from the fever and soon got well.

A short time afterwards my sister-in-law was very sick after confinement, and the doctors, not being successful in relieving her, I advised the use of my Gas-Extracting machine, which was used with good results. I can speak from my own experience and recommend it to the public as a valuable instrument, and that it will do all that is claimed for it.

MRS. H. J. PHILLIPS. Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Oct. 17, 1903.

MRS. H. J. PHILLIPS, No. 21 South Sherman St.

Dr. J. M. Peebles of Battle Creek, Michigan, an old and successful healer, says of the Perry Extracting Syringe as follows:

Battle Creek, Mich., June 12, 1903.

Mr. J. R. Perry,
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

My Dear Sir:—Your letter with enclosed circulars at hand. This apparatus which you have seems to me to be a most useful and valuable addition to the surgical and other instruments which we now have. It, ought to prove invaluable in a great many difficulties.

Wighing you subcycled.

Wishing you unbounded success in the introduction of this instrument, I remain,

Very truly yours,

J. M. PEEBLES,

37 Beach St., Battle Creek, Mich.

# Wedded.

It gives me great pleasure to state that Mr. J. Rassmussen, the president of the Society of Spiritual Truth, Crosby Hall, 423 Classon Ave., Brooklyn, and Mrs. Carrie Gerlach were married Wednesday, Nov. 4, at the home of Rev. Frank Mason.

The society is in a flourishing condition and the audiences are intelligent and appreciative. Dr. Wyman occupied the platform Sunday, Nov. 8. His subject was, "Why I Am. a Spiritualist." Mrs. R. J. Henderson of Jersey City and Mr. Rassmussen gave a number of tests.—Aug. Recht, sec., 21 Conselyea St.

ing large audiences. Circles are held every Sunday from 4 to 5, song service at 6, concert by Chase's orchestra at 6.20.

Mrs. Clara E. Strong holds public meetings at 67 Warren St., Armory Hall, Sundays. Morning circle, 11 a. m.; Sunday school 12.30 p. m. All mediums invited. Home circles, 30 Huntington Ave., Room 420, on Tuesday and Friday evenings, Mrs. C. H. Chapman, planist.—A. M. S., sec.

sec.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1 of Boston meets in Red Men's Hall, 514 Tremont St., Sundays at 11.30. A cordial welcome to all mediums and strangers in the city.—Mrs. M. J. Butler, pres., Mrs. M. E. Stillings, sec.

The Boston Spiritual Lyceum meets in Friendship Hall, Odd Fellows' Building, at 1.30 p. m., Sundays. Subject, November 22, "What Do We Mean by Death?"

Dr. George A. Fuller will lecture for The Worcester Association of Spiritualists, Sundays, Nov. 22 and 29.

Worcester Association of Spiritualists, Sundays, Nov. 22 and 29.

Mrs. Effie I. Webster of Lynn will serve The First Spiritualist Society, Lowell, Mass., Sunday, Nov. 22.

Frank T. Ripley, speaker and platform message medium, is serving the First Society, Peoria, Ill., for November. He goes to Anderson, Ind., for the month of December. He can be engaged for January, February and March. Address, during November, 106 Glen Oak Ave., Peoria, Ill.; December, Anderson, Ind.

Oak Ave., Peoria, Ill.; December, Anderson, Ind.

Mrs. A. J. Pettengill of Malden, test medium, will address The First Spiritualist Society, Fitchburg, Mass., Sunday, Nov. 22.

Miss Susie C. Clark will address The Cambridge Industrial Society, Friday, November 27, at 7.45 p. m. Business meeting at 5; supper served at 6 p. m.

The members of The First German Spiritualist Society of Greater New York have rented a cozy hall in New York, where they will hold meetings every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock. These meetings will be conducted in the German language, to give the Germans who are not able to understand English sufficiently, a chance to investigate. This society was organized three years ago and held forth in Brooklyn until now it is branching out and will hold two meetings a week, one in Brooklyn, every Wednesday at 8 p. m., in the home of the president, Mrs. Elise Stumpf, 127 Putnam Ave., the same as heretofore, and one every Sunday in New York, 168 W. 23d St., near 7th Ave. Occasionally we will have English speaking. All are welcome,—Mrs. Elise Stumpf.

#### Iowa State Convention.

Elise Stumpf.

The third annual convention of the State Spiritualists' Association of Iowa is to be held at Clear Lake, Jan. 21 to 24, inclusive. Great preparations are being made to make this one of the best conventions ever held in the state. Rev. Moses Hull and Mattie E. Hull of Whitewater, Wis., Will J. Erwood of I.a Crosse, Wis., and Mrs. Eva McCoy of Marshalltown, Iowa, are among those who have promised to be present. We should like to see every Spiritualist that can possibly attend present through the entire meeting, and we promise them a hearty welcome, and a feast of grand truths.

E. H. Vandenburg, sec.

## A Correction.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: The following Resolution, as submitted and unanimously passed by the late Convention, was so erroneously printed as not to be recognizable. It is again reported, properly corrected:

Whereas, the foundation stones in Whereas, the foundation schools in the temple of our religious structure are authenticated facts in the realm of phenomena, and Whereas, one of the main purposes of this Convention is the maintenance of a Scientific, Philosophical and Religious Spiritualism,

therefore
Resolved, that the delegates, members and
friends in attendance upon this Convention be,
and hereby are instructed to forward to the
Board of Trustees a full and correct account Board of Trustees a full and correct account of any unusual or rare spirit phenomena of which they may have personal knowledge; and that the Board be requested to have these authenticated reports properly edited and published in furtherance of the principles of the N. S. A.

Respectfully submitted,

George A. Bacon.

# In the World Celestial.

Mrs. Mary T. Longley, Secretary of the N. S. A. and one of the best and most famous mediums of the world, writes that she has read Dr. Bland's book, "In the World Celestial," with much real pleasure, and that the descriptions of the spirit world given in it are in substantial accord with those given by Rev. John Pierpont and other exalted spirits through her mediumship. She pronounces the book "interesting, instructive and helpful; its philosophy good, its descriptions excellent and its trend of spiritual thought uplifting." She says, "That spirits (still in the flesh) can leave the mortal and travel to the spheres, I well know, and that they can bring back memories of their experiences for the instruction of their mortals, I am assured. I hope the book may have a large sale. The introduction by Rev. Dr. Thomas is alone worth the price of the work."

# Arcana of Spiritualism.

A MANUAL OF SPIRITUAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Nov. 8. His subject was, "Why I Am. a Spiritualist" Mrs. R. J. Henderson of Jersey City and Mr. Rassmussen gave a number of tests.—Aug. Recht, sec., 21 Conselyea St.

Union Meeting.

The Lynn Spiritualists' Association will entertain visitors from neighboring societies at Cadet Hall, Saturday, Nov. 28. Services will commence at 2 p. m. and continue through the afternoon and evening, conducted by Mr. and Mrs. George D. Kates and other good talent. Exercises by children from the Lycum. Concert by Chase's orchestra. All members of chartered societies will please apply to secretary for free tickets. Public cordially invited. Visitors can remain through the entire services and go home on the regular Saturday night theatre trains.

Announcements.

Announcements.

Announcements.

Announcements.

Announcements.

On Friday, Nov. 20, at 7.45 p. m., Mr. B. O. Flower will repeat that marvelously fine address, given before the Emerson Union, on Sunday last, viz. "Parsifal, its Spiritual Significance." Students, whether of music, or Spiritual Significance. Students, whether of music, or Spiritual Significance. Students, whether of music or Spiritual Significance. Students, whether of music or Spiritual Significance. Students, whether of Spiritual Significance. Students, whether of Spiritual Significance. Students, whether of Spiritual Significance. Students, whether

subscription, as in this way it can be fur-nished at less price to those who pledge their

nished at less price to those who pledge their assistance.

As mediumship is now being held up to execution as the great and hideous "Psychological Crime," and there is a constant promulgation of crass and fanciful theories under the name of Spiritualism, the time seems propitious for the appearance of this book, which is a refutation of the libelous defamation, and advocates a Spiritual Universe controlled by law.

Those who desire to assist in its publication, will oblige by sending address. The price, one dollar, post paid, is not now desired. As proposed the book will contain 350 octave pages, finely bound. Price after publication, \$1.50.

Hudson Tuttle.

Hudson Tuttle. Berlin Heights, Ohio.

#### The Century

Will publish during the coming year a daring and unique piece of historical writing, namely The Youth of Washington, told in the form of an autobiography by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, LL. D., author of "Hugh Wynne."

author of "Hugh Wynne."

Dr. Mitchell, in whose famous "Hugh Wynne" General Washington appeared as a character of the novel, with general acceptation, and whose address in Philadelphia on February 22, 1903, showed strong imaginative sympathy with his subject, has made an exhaustive study of the heredity, circumstances, and events which fitted the son of a Virginia planter for one of the greatest careers in history. Dr. Mitchell imagines Washington sitting down at Mount Vernon in his old age and recording, solely for his own eye, the story of his "youthful life and the influences that affected it for good or ill." The author has so fully entered into the habit of mind of Washington that it is impossible for the ordinary reader to separate in the text the passages taken out of his actual writings from those which Dr. Mitchell imagines him to write. No one oan read this record without obtaining a new and vivid sense of the personality of Washington and of the remarkable experiences which made him the man for the hour and for all time.

#### A Kurdish Dane on the Bosphorus Shores.

With extended arms and hands resting on with extended arms and indus resting on the next man's shoulder, the line follows the movements of the leader, who, with waving handkerchief of generous proportions, directs the mazes of this clumsy imitation of the au-cient Ionic dance.

WAN'ED. — Faithin person to travel for well established fouse in a few counties, calling on retail merchants and agents. Local territory. Salary 220.60 per week with expenses additional, all payable in cash each week. Money for expenses advance d. Position permanent. Business successful and rushing. Standard House 210 Dearborn St., Chicago.

WANTED. — Miss Mabel Frances Keight, We who spent last year in Germany and France, would like some pupils in German and Freech. Terms moderate. Apply to 18 Hazel Park, Everett, Mass.

# DO YOU NEED SPECTACLES

and better Eye Sight. I can help you. I will fit your eyes by Clairvoyance and Spirit as-latance, at your own home, with my improved MELTED PEBBLE LENSE, to see near and at a distance. Write for 'llust ated circular showing styles and prices, also my spirit method of treating that restores lost vision and impaired eye-sight. I guarantee to fit your eyes, and safe delivery by mail.

B. F. POOLE:

B. F. POOLE:

Dear Sir—Your Magnetized Melted Pebble
Speciacles received. I am delighted, they are
perfection in every wav.

E. A. Pirrson, Gebo, Mont.

# COULSON TURNBULL,

Author of Divine Language of Celestial Correspondences semanands; Threshold Memories, Etc.
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A short distance back of Kabatash we catch a glimpse amidst the trees of the whitewashed "New Mosque of the Validel Sultan"—not so new, after all, as, it was completed by the mother of Mohammed IV. in 1665.—Emma P. Telford in November Pilgrim.

#### PATIENT DAYS.

O patient days. That bear me past to other sun, That part the curtains of the Hidden One; The pace I tread is marked on all thy brows, Thy records kept where Time to Silence

Augusta Adams.

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

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#### PATE.

"Lo! as hid seed shoots after valuless years, Bo good and evil, pains and pleasures, hates And loves, and all dead deeds, come forth again Bearing bright leaves or dark, sweet fruit or

Fate is the lever pushing the world along,
Fate is the music set to each song.
Fate is the emblem on every shroud,
Fate is the anchor of which men are proud,
Fate wields the sceptre, the plough and the
hoe,
Points out the currents through which all

must go.

Fate breaks relentless the hearts of all men,
And binds up the bruised "of the least
among them."

Fate conquers all obstacles in its degree,
Fate lifts up the fallen and makes the blind

Fate governs, emancipates, leads by the hand, It crushes a nation or bids it to stand, Fate governs all rulers and kingdoms and Powers.

Fate stands at the throne-side and tots off

the hours,
Fate limits the sun and the stars of all skies,
And tempers the wind or bids it to rise.
Fate smiles in the features and stamps on all Fate's seal with its message of Destiny im-

Fate covers with pall the caress of false friends,

Fate conquers all obstacles, casts them aside, Fate lives through the waters of death it

abides, lightens all sorrow, lends ofttimes a charm, It comforts the spiritual and protects such

from harm.

Fate lifts up the fallen and in its decree
Fate conquers all storms on life's mystic sea.

Fate triumphantly marches to the tune of
the spheres.

the spheres. Fate bathed in the dew of misery's tears Fate yields not her sceptre, is never abashed, But holds in abeyance, till all checks are

M. Josephine Cruikshank, 184 So. 8th St., Brooklyn. May 4, 1903.

The above was written in silent reply to a lengthy editorial in a New York evening paper, entitled "If."

The recent effort of a woman to point out the condition of the little textile workers again created the desire to publicly suggest what perhaps may be reason for the existence of the conditions, altitude and depths of human experiences, and I therefore offer same.

M. Josephine Cruikshank.

#### Pen Flashes.

The Pilgrim-Peebles.

NO. 23.

Greatly did I always admire these stirring yords of song from Emerson:

"United States! the ages plead-Present and past in under song; Go put your creed into your deed, Nor speak with double tongue.

"Be just at home; then write your scroll Of honor o'er the sea,
And bid the Broad Atlantic roll,
A ferry of the free."

I am just in receipt of the official report of the Lake Mohonk Conference on International Arbitration, and of which I have been honored with a membership. The purpose of this organization, of which ex-Secretary of State, the Hon. John W. Foster of Washington, D. C., is president, is to create the sentiment of universal arbitration and peace throughout the world—to induce the sovereign heads of all nations to an agreement for the maintenance of general peace: to promote the friendly settlement—of all international disputes; to show the unreasonableness and injustice of all wars; to strengthen the sentiment of international justice, and an International Court to hear all grievances instead of the barbarism of war.

One of the finest speeches, and briefest also, made at this Conference, was made by the Japanese Consul-General. He said there were but three ways of settling international disputes: "First by arbitration (moral intelligence); second, by political diplomacy (civilization); third, by war, which is only the savagery of barbarism. The eyes of all reformers are turned towards the peace tribunal at the Hague."

The great-hearted, if not inspired, Albert K. Smiley of the Lake Mohonk House, was the founder of this International Arbitration movement. All honor, as well as peace and prosperity be unto him and his excellent family. His liberality is only excelled by his spirituality.

We, the lovers and promoters of peace, al-I am just in receipt of the official report of

We, the lovers and promoters of peace, always remember the good and royal-souled Alfred H. Love, of Philadelphia, whose personality is a practical revelation of fraternity and good will, and whose handshake is nity and good will, and whose handshake is a benediction of "peace be unto thee." Speaking of Friend Love, and the Quaker City of brotherly love, reminds me of what the Edinburgh Review said of the peace treaty between William Penn and the Indians. It was this: "Such indeed, was the spirit in which the negotiations were entered into and the corresponding settlement conducted, that for the space of more than seventy years, so long indeed, as the Quaker retained the chief power in the government." What an example was this by a Quaker What an example was this by a Quaker often considered a heretic by orthodox sec-tarists, and by an Indian chief considered a savage! I repeat,—what an example to the

often considered a heretic by orthodox sectarists, and by an Indian chief considered a savage! I repeat,—what an example to the Christian world!

In the face of the above-referred-to Mohonk Arbitration movement, and the Universal peace society, and peace unions, Christian denominations are forming in their churches "Boys" Brigades," and "Church Cadets," and training them in the use of fire-arms. Morally speaking, this is absolutely loathsome! And to make this matter worse, if possible, some of these churchlanic sectarists quote in justification of their boybrigade organizations, such Old Testament texts as these, "The Lord is a man of war" (Ex. xv., 3). "There fell down many slain, because the war was of God" (I Chron. v., 25). Some missionary should furnish these Old Testament fighting Christians with copies of the New Testament containing the words, "put up thy sword," "return blessing for cursing," "overcome evil with good," etc.

Some materialistic spiritists quite astonish me with their belief in miracles, such miracles, for instance, as the evolving of Shakespeare, Emerson and thousands of avants out of the La Place fire-mist; out of a rolling mass of intensest flaming, fiery first, a finid that after ages cooled down into igneous rock-formations. Tell us, O Solon spiritists, as nearly as you can, how this miracle was done, and about how long it took matter and force to accomplish the astounding feat. It seems a long way from thoughties fire and force to Emerson. Tell us about if—be specific.

This poem of "Vespers," appearing in the New Orleans Picnyune, is far superior to many of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's efforts. These from the Picayune are easy-flowing, musical lines:

Softly rings the evening vespers, Softly, from the tower old, Comes the tendrest, sweetest story That the world was ever told.

Faintly through the twilight splendor, Like a dream it comes to me; And again my soul is kneeling, Kneeling at my mother's knee.

Like a hymn of praise it rises, Like a song of peace it dies; Playing on the harp of feeling All the hymns of paradise.

Every note is deep and tender With a something strange and vast, With the grieving and the glory And the pathos of the past.

Far away the tones of beauty Into silence disappear; But the soul of music lingers, And I know that God is near.

"As long as I am an American citizen, and so long as American blood flows in my veins, I shall hold myself at liberty to speak—to write, to publish whatever I please on any subject—being amenable to the laws of my country for the same." Such were the stirring burning words of Elijah P. Lovejoy, touching the freedom of the press. Killed by mob violence, later these words were chiseled upon his monument in Alton, Illinois, "A Martyr to Liberty."

The brave, grand-souled Lovejoy would

Martyr to Liberty."

The brave, grand-souled Lovejoy would write and print in the Observer whatever his conscience considered right, and for the exercise of this right, this American citizen's right, five bullets were buried in his body and he fell a corpse in Alton, Nov. 7, 1837.

Edward Beecher, one of the celebrated Beecher family, and president of the Illinois Jacksonville College, in speaking of this murderous act, said:

"Though Lovejoy be dead, he still speaketh

Jacksonville College, in speaking of this murderous act, said:

"Though Lovejoy be dead, he still speaketh and a united world can never silence his voice. Ten thousand presses, had he employed them all, could never have done what the simple tale of his death will do. Up and down the mighty streams of the West his voice will go. It cannot be checked by sword or plume. It will penetrate the remotest corners of our land. It will be heard to the extremities of the civilized world."

Yes, it was heard, and slavery, American slavery, died in the smoke and blood of six hundred battlefields. That voice, a martyr's voice, still reverberates from occident to orient. Remember that Lovejoy slandered no one—libeled no one through the press; but he did contend for justice, for a great principle, for the right to be heard as an American citizen, and for the exercise of that right he died,—died into monumental immortality on earth... It is the narrow-minded tyrant, the time-serving oppressor, that dies, and not the martyr.

Ouoting Lovejoy's undying words: "As long

martyr.

Quoting Lovejoy's undying words: "As long as I am an American citizen, with American blood coursing my veins, I shall hold myself at liberty to speak, to write, to publish whatever I please upon any subject, being amenable to the laws of my country for the same."

amenable to the laws of my country for the same."

This right I have exercised for more than half a century, and never was an essay or an article of mine written for the press refused publication by secularist, liberalist or Spiritualist, except one, the last named, and be this journal nameless for the time being. The declined article was upon the existence of Jesus Christ, and was the key to my book, "The Christ Question Settled."

Like William Lloyd Garrison, "I am in earnest. I will not equivocate. I will not excuse, and I will be heard." I was heard, and am being heard upon the undeniable proofs of Jesus' existence in all enlightened lands through this book, "The Christ Question Settled."

Tell me not that the world does not move—and upon the whole, upward. Here comes a paper from England with these head lines: "A Criminal Sanatorium in France, with electric lights, shower baths, gardens and a lecture course!" And why not—why should not criminals have all these intellectual and moral advantages? Does not evolution apply to criminals and prisons? In my opinion, there are worse criminals out of, than in penitentiaries, such as land-grabbers, speculating robbers, and political grafters.

"This criminal sanatorium is situated about eight miles from Paris. There in the largest prison in the world, covering over half a square mile, over 2,000 offenders are lodged. Restoration of health and character are sought, and absolute isolation is enforced. Thus, it is contended, after release, the prisoners go forth better prepared to battle with the world for an honest livelihood and without having formed associations for future depredations....

"Lectures are provided largely by the Tell me not that the world does not move-

often turned out hardened criminals through association and communication with incar-cerated desperadoes."

The intellectual defaulters, the intellectual bank embezzlers, the intellectual syndicate organizers, the intellectual forgers, the intelorganizers, the intellectual forgers, the intellectual war-implement manufacturers, the intellectual mob-leaders and the intellectual bank robbers, by electricity, are pretty strong proofs that knowledge is not "the world's savior." Knowledge, unless guided by wisdom, and governed by a high moral purpose, is dangerous. One of the thieves that blew open Joseph Becker's safe in Chicago, using the electric motor to accomplish the robbery, was a college graduate. No, no! knowledge is not the world's savior, but justice, goodness, and purity, inspired by the Christ-spirit of love—these constitute the foundation forces of the world's salvation.

.

The older I grow in years, the more mirth-provoking fun I have when conversing with a certain class of sophists about nature and the origin of the human spirit. Listen:

Nature—material nature is too stupid to give any intelligent history of itself. It has no explanation of its own origin. Did it just grow without any purpose, as did the novelistic "Topsy"? Though chemical elements, physical agencies, and polarizations may possibly account for mountains, whirlwinds and destructive and murderous earthquakes, it is absolutely unimaginable that a world of intelligences and moral beings grew up out of mud and gravity, something as do mushrooms from a pile of compost. To derive intelligence from non-intelligence, and profound wisdom from the foolishness sof the fool is the cuintessence of foolishness stelf. From whence came that inspiring, upward-pushing potency in protoplasm? Even the cell in embryology implies the parent cell, or some adjusting cause; and so the savant rests upon the towering, final thought that God is the uncaused Cause.

And now, "Who made God?" shouts some flippant sophist. As well ask who made space, or who made axioms. Axioms are, and require no demonstration. In a series of inductive reasonings, all causes must finally rest in the incomprehensible, uncaused Cause, Whom Jesus called Spirit, and Proclus four hundred years afterwards pronounced Causation.

"Have you got religion?" was the common inquiry when I began my public work over sixty years ago. The inquiry seemed to indicate that religion was a "thing"—a thing that people could get through a preacher, a mourner's seat, or a prayer altar. How un-

mouner's seat, or a prayer altar. How un-reasonablei

The word religion was not derived from religare, as many theologians following Clicero and Lactantius taught, and meaning "binding back"; but it was derived from religere, to think, to reflect deepig, etc. Take down your New Testament, reading blow the dust off from the cover, and see how religion is defined by St. James, first chapter, 27th verse.

"The Pook of Books," to which I briefly

"The Book of Books," to which I briefly referred in a previous Pen-Flash, merits, because of its eccentricity, a further notice.

It is a book of 147 pages, uniquely gottenup, the ink blue, and lavish in waste of paper. C. W. Dean, once a member of the Board of Trada of Chicago, was the spirit medium through which the contents of this book were tunneled from the people above to the people below, and pronounced, "The Spirit Government of Love—the 'Millennium."

This book, richly bound, I take is but preliminary to others forthcoming. These will have communications from nearly all the great (?) men of the world. This volume has a communication from the patriarch Abraham, onmencing thus: "I, Abraham, in compliance with the commands of Mary Baker Hadden, the Supreme Ruler of the Heavens and controller of all things on the earth, declare unto the people of the earth that it was I who gave to the mind of Moses the vision of the burning bush; and-that it was I who commanded him to-speak to the children of Israel," etc. This Government of Love is to be located around the southern portion of Lake Michigan, taking in Chicago. It is all mapped out in this book, with express directions how to make the side-walks, pavements, sewer pipes, etc. Descriptions of and commands how to fix the break-water harbor, how to make bridges, pumps, street cars and flouring mills, and other mechanisms seemingly much more human than divine are fully explained. Schools and social matters cars and nouring mins, and other mechanisms seemingly much more human than divine are fully explained. Schools and social matters are described as they are to be in this "Spiritual Government of Love." Here is the marriage ceremony that is to be (verbatim):

"Data 10th day, 3d month year, one one

"Date, 10th day, 3d month, year one.

"Place, City of Hadden.

"Names of persons, John Good and Mary
Stuart, of the City of Hadden.

"Do you, John Good, declare that you want
Mary Stuart to be your wife during mortal
life? Yes.

Mary Stuart to be your wife during mortal life? Yes.

"Do you, Mary Stuart, declare that you want John Good to be your husband during mortal life? Yes.

"I, public lecturer, William True, then declare you, Mary Stuart and John Good, to be husband and wife during mortal life,—for it was so to be." Is not this ceremony both brief and unique.

This book certainly contains some good things about railroads, river-boats, estates, mints, baths; and rugs are advised to be used in place of carpets. This is practical.

Among the officers well known to Spiritualists I notice the names of Belva A. Lockwood, Abby W. Gould, Mary E. Lease, and Marion Tod. I doubt if they knew that they were officers. The book will generally be considered by scholarly Spiritualists as a huge diakka joke. Other volumes are to follow. The price of the book is \$2.00. Address room 42, 95 Washington St., Chicago.

# Psychic Science.

Psychic Science is the new psychology; new because in every essential it is the antithesis of the old, that conducted investigation on metaphysical lines and emphatically ignored the modern methods of research. The spiritual side of the universe was considered entirely distinct from the material, and not subject to law or order. The existence of spirits and their condition in the life beyond were entirely speculative, and the dreams of the philosopher were of equal value as those of the book. The innumerable volumes on the subject are valueless inasmuch as they are speculations without an attempt to demonstrate by facts, or to gather and co-ordinate the facts pertaining thereto.

# SPIRITUAL BETTER THAN PSYCHIC.

SPIRITUAL BETTER THAN PSYCHIO.

I do not think anything is gained by the use of psychic in place of spiritual, which is the more emphatic and preferable word. Spiritual is the correlative of material, not the opposite.

For indefinite thousands of years the material universe had been studied speculatively, and yet scarcely a century ago did it first dawn on the minds of the more advanced thinkers, that facts were more fundamental than fancies, and the methods of science displaced those of philosophy and metaphysics. Not until the advent of Spiritualism was there a suggestion that the same methods of investigation were applicable to its mysterious domain. Before this an impenetrable fog hung darkly over the Reyond. Religion held sway over ghost-land. All that was known was taught by the priests, who held the keys to the gates thereof. Ghosts came and went fortuitously. Hell, heaven, tarturus, paradise, the homes of the blessed, were rewards for bellef in dogmas bestowed by priests on devotees, from the gods.

#### SPIRITUALISM CAME TO DEMONSTRATE A FUTURE EXISTENCE,

which had formerly been received by blind faith and made the foundation of countiess religious systems by which priesthoods gained control and made slaves of mankind. religious systems by which priesthoods gained control and made slaves of mankind. The Psychic Research Society was formed for research in this field: to sustain the claims of Spiritualism or disprove them. Biased by the materialism of the age in reaction to theological tyranny so long dominant, at the beginning, probably not a member of the society expected to find anything but delusion. Its members were among the foremost scientists of the world. Its object, to gather all facts relating to the subject; all stories of ghosts, of haunted houses, of trance, of double-appearance, of thought-transference, of spiritual manifestations through mediums, and by careful examination discard the questionable and preserve the residuum which withstood the tests demanded of material science. Probably not a member expected that there would be a residuum and many were determined that there should be none. Yet after everything which could be accounted for by material explanation had been eliminated, there was an astonishing remainder. Volume after volume of accepted facts were published and many of the members came out boldly and accepted the conclusions to which these facts inevitably led.

# A SUDDEN CHANGE.

Spiritual Science suddenly became, not a ranch of material, but the fundamental clence of existence. Its first problem, to live which all the sages of the world have hich all the sages of the world have thempted and the lips of the sphins o assistance, was that of the con-xistence after the death of the physi-y. On that existence all religions

have built their temples and on their altars acrificed to their gods.

Then came the question of origin of spirit, and the sweeping away of the speculations on pre-existence, reincarnation, salvation by belief and all the dogmas which had amused the past.

The theory of Evolution had been considered as forever settling the question of spirit-existence. Man being a direct evolution from the animal forms below him, gained the summit as the last term of the series, and nothing was possible beyond. Spiritual science selzed the work of the evolutionists and said, "Your conclusions are drawn in contradiction to your vaunted scientific methods, for you have not waited for all the facts. You have built well as a foundation and on it I rear my temple."

What means this evolution from the protoplasmic cell of the primal age, through countless forms, to man? What means this travail through endless ages, if when man is reached, he returns at death to the elements, as returns the protoplasmic cell and all intermediate forms? Is it not fallure when to climb so high, means falling to the same level? Do we not find in the beings of one age the prophecy of those of the next? Does not the line of nerve, matter in the lowest foreshadow the brain of man? Is not instinct in the animal the dawn of reason? In man is not a prophecy made of a future existence, which shall carry forward the promises made in this life?

A COSMIC MIND.

#### A COBMIC MIND.

Is it not as maintainable that there is a spiritual, as that there is a material universe? Is it possible that matter is all and mind not the most important factor? Is it more assumptive to claim that there is a self-existent mind or spirit than that there is a self-existent matter? Is it not patent that these two factors make up the dual unit of the cosmos?

#### EVOLUTION OF SPIRIT.

EVOLUTION OF SPIRIT.

Evolution is the method by which the physical body is detached and individualized from the material world, and by the same process as a part thereof, is the Cosmic mind or Spirit, given an instrument through which it can manifest itself.

As the aim and purpose of all progress to man, is for the perfection of his type, so the indication in the type of man is the purpose through him to evolve a spiritual entity which shall have the possibility of existing after the scaffolding by which it is reared, the physical body, falls away.

To demonstrate these sublime problems, the most vitally important that can be presented for the consideration of a human being, to prove that spirits of those called dead, return

prove that spirits of those called dead, return and hold direct communication with those in this life, is the task of the new science. It carries with it the destruction of old beliefs and destruction of the accumulated rubbish of ages of ignorance, credulity and decep-

We are standing on the threshold of this unexplored realm of spirit. All the study and investigation of the past have been given to the physical side. The key to the door of the psychic was given by Spiritualism scarcely more than fifty years ago. As yet the door has no more than been unlocked and the vestibule entered. As yet the explorers have not shaken off the fetters of old beliefs; the prejudices of tradition and education. What splendid achievments await future investigators who go forward with clear, unbiased minds into the trackless fields of the spiritual universe! We are standing on the threshold of this

## SPIRITUAL SCIENCE FUND AMENTAL.

Physical Science may devote itself to physical things; it may stretch its arm across the abysses of space and weigh the stars; it may calculate the oscillations of remote suns through countless years; it may harness the may calculate the oscillations of remote suns through countless years; it may harness the elements, and bridle the fierce energies of the lightning and make them slaves to do the work of the world, yet for man, the one being through whose sensitive brain thought is the master of all this achievement, it has no word, no hope, no reward, more than for the worm, which after its brief day, returns to dust!

Spiritual Science takes for its task the inrestigation of the spiritual side of the Cosmos, which includes the study of the past, present and future of man, the crowning glory of evolutionary energy.

Hudson Tuttle,
Editor-at-Large of N. S. A.

### From the N. S. A. Office. TO THE SPIRITUALISTIC PUBLIC.

Dear Mr. Editor and Friends at Large:
It gives me pleasure to again address you from this Home office of the National Spiritualists' Association, and to extend to you one and all the hearty fraternal greetings and expressions of good will of our Board of Trustees, and of all connected with this organization. We acknowledge and highly appreciate the grand work of our spiritual press and the ever-ready and kindly courtesies extended by the editors in our ranks toward the N. S. A. and its constituents, and it is with much satisfaction that I hereby publicly announce that at the last N. S. A. convention in Washington, the president and secretary each made special mention of the help constantly received from the spiritual papers, and that the delegates with one accord passed a specific vote of thanks to the editors of each of the spiritual papers for efficient and unfail-Dear Mr. Editor and Friends at Large:

the delegates with one accord passed a specific vote of thanks to the editors of each of the spiritual papers for efficient and unfailing service to this Association.

It is now my duty to notify the public that the N. S. A. has appointed as special missionaries for the year, under salary, Mr. and Mrs. Sprague, and for a specified time, which will probably be extended, Mr. Max O. Gentzke, the able editor of the good German spiritual paper, Licht-Strahlen. Mr. Gentzke's missionary work will be principally among the Germans, and his addresses are to be mostly delivered in that language. We trust that all who are interested in such work will aid our German missionary in every possible way; he can be addressed in care of the N. S. A. office.

Mr. and Mrs. Kates, who have for two years ably served this association as special missionaries, have decided to abandon that particular line of work for the present, but they may again take it up at a later period. It is quite possible that President Barrett may do much missionary work during the year, under the auspices of the N. S. A. Mr. George H. Brooks of Illinois, and Mrs. C. E. S. Twing of New York, have been appointed general missionaries, without compensation from this organization.

# MASS MEETINGS.

From all we can gather from different points there seems to be a demand for mass meetings in some of the larger cities, and especially where State associations exist. We therefore desire that all societies where there are State associations, that think it feasible to arrange for one mass meeting or more in the State during the year, to correspond and co-operate with the managers of the State organization to the end of holding the meetings mentioned. The N. S. A. will assist in the work, through the State Board. In cities where no State association exists, where there seems to be enough enthusiasm and energy to unite in getting up a mass meeting, the friends are invited to correspond with the N. S. A. Secretary at this office,

stating their grounds for believing a mass meeting, or more, could be held in their lo-calities, and pay its expenses, when, and what place, also what talent would be pre-ferred.

#### ARTICLYS ON SPIRITUALISM

formed.

ARTICLYS ON SPIRITUALISM

from the secular and religious publications should be sent to our able Editor-at-large, Mr. Hudson Tuttle of Berlin Heights, O., that he may reply to or consider the same, if he deems best. Our friends everywhere can largely assist Mr. Tuttle in his grand work by acting upon this suggestion. The work of the Editor-at-large last year extended far and wide and was productive of great good to our Cause.

With the opening of the New Year of work for the N. S. A., we find much to be accomplished, the officers are united in thought and action, and stand as a unit for effective humanitarian work. Our Vice President, who is widely known for his grand works as President of the Illinois State Association, Dr. G. B. Warne, is one who can be trusted to follow only the lines of the higher spiritual works; our new Trustees, Mr. Grimshaw and Mrs. Twing, are also an honor to the Cause, and will be great helpers in our la\_ors for humanity. The new year opens auspiciously for the N. S. A. Too much in praise cannot be said of our retiring officers. Our late Vice President, Hon. T. M. Locke of Pennsylvania, ever stood nobly ready to lend aid and influence to every good work. His part in the labors of the N. S. A. cannot be overestimated; Trustees Pruden and Kates did their parts always for the good of the Cause, acting with conscientious integrity upon each question that arose for their consideration. We trust that the best of good things may come to them.

With fraternal regards to all,

Mary T. Longley,

N. S. A. Secretary.

600 Penn. Ave., S. E., Washington, D. C.

#### W. J. Colville in California.

On Sunday, Nov. 1, W. J. Colville opened his present season of engagements in Callfornia by lecturing at 3 p. m., in Flood building, Market St., San Francisco, and at 7.30 p. m., in Loring Hall, 11th and Clay Sts., Oakland. The subject of discourse in both places was "Ideals and How to Realize Them," and each lecture was followed by an improvised poem on a combination of subjects suggested by the audience. Both halls were well filled and the speaker was cordially welcomed by many friends of former years as well as by many friends of former years as well as by many friends of former years as

welcomed by many friends of former years as well as by many new acquaintances.

On Monday, Nov. 2 at 8 p. m. in Flood building, W. J. Colving gave an address on some of his experiences on and off the platform during the past twenty-five years. The announcement which appeared in the Banner of Light concerning a projected celebration of W. J. Colville's twenty-fifth anniversary, was largely the cause of drawing together not only a large audience in a hall three thousand miles distant from the Banner's home, but also a number of kind congratulatory letters from friends in all parts of the United States. Many of these epistles contained donations to the Testimonial Fund which has now reached decidedly handsome proportions and one of the pleasantest of its features is that it is made up of small offerings from a very large numup of small offerings from a very large num-ber of appreciative friends with here and there a good-sized donation from some ex-ceptionally wealthy or particularly generous contributor.

A pleasant feature of the evening's interest-

ing exercises was the speech of Mrs. R. S. Lillie who reviewed the past in most felicitous sentences and spoke of the old days in Bostom-twenty-four years ago—when she first met W. J. Colville and started out upon in Boston—twenty-four years ago—when she first met W. J. Colville and started out upon her own successful public ministries from Boston as a centre. Mrs. Mayo Steers also spoke pleasingly and several other friends testified in glowing language to the benefits they had received through the written as well as spoken words of the much traveled orator who was again among them. Mrs. Francette Webb-Leveridge who welcomed W. J. Colville to California in 1886 made the presentation address in blank verse of her own composition. The closing number on the well-filled program was an impromptu poem in alternate stanzas by Mrs. Lillie and W. J. Colville, which was enthusiastically applauded. During the evening Miss Bertha Wadham sang two singularly beautiful soprano solos. The hall was tastefully adorned with an abundance of flowers and evergreens amid which immense yellow and white chrysanthemums held the most conspicuous place. On Tucsday, Nov. 4, W. J. Colville commenced in the same hall a course of lectures in Spiritual Science, when there was again a good attendance. Numerous questions were propounded and there seems much desire on the part of many to learn all they possibly can concerning the relation of the unseen to the external universe.

Miss H. M. Young is prominent and active as ever and disposes of a great amount of literature. She is working indefatigably to make the present season of lectures a success and her efforts are being well appreciated.

make the present season of lectures a success and her efforts are being well appreciated. On Wednesday, November 6, W. J. Colville gave another reminiscent lecture in Loring Hall, Oakland, where another section of the Testimonial was presented. As Oakland was the place where this popular speaker first addressed an audience in California it was considered fitting to have a special commemoration there, as near as possible to the site of the famous camp meeting of 1886 held on the borders of Lake Merritt. The attendance at Oakland was fully as large as in San Francisco and much enthusiasm prevailed. Opening of the course of lectures took place at 3 p. m. At 6 p. m. a Tea Meeting was held, to which as many were invited as the banquet room could well accommodate. At 8 p. m. W. J. Colville's lecture and poem were given to a crowded audience in Loring Hall, which was beautifully decorated. Mme. Florence Montague made a charming speech at the time of the presentation. Oakland, where another

decorated. Mme. Florence Montague made a charming speech at the time of the presentation. Mme. Katherine Nellson rendered delightful vocal solos.

The amount raised for the testimonial fund has reached \$609.15. A curious and mirth-provoking episode was the opening of letters from kind but facetious friends who had sent locks of dogs' and cats' hair and parrots' feathers as tokens of kind remembrance. Several distinguished authors sent copies of their latest books with dedicatory inscriptions.

tions.
W. J. Colville's address until further no-tice is Room 11, Flood Building, Market St., San Francisco, Calif.

# Transitions.

Passed to Higher Life from Wrightsville, Vt., Thursday, Oct. 8, Charles K. Gray, aged 68 years. Mr. Gray was born in East Montpeller, March 4, 1835, at which place he resided until about eighteen years ago, when he moved to Wrightsville, where he has since lived. His wife passed to the Higher Life seven years ago. He leaves one son and two granddaughters to mourn his loss as well as a large circle of friends. Mr. Gray was a stanch Spiritualist, always ready and willing to assist others to receive the light and truth of spiritual knowledge which he so faithfully lived. His familiar and pleasant face will be missed at all spiritual assemblies, where he was always present, eager to assist in the promotion of the Came he so truly loved. The funeral service was held at the Universalist house of worship, East Montpelier, Oct. 10, 2 p. m.

## Boston Spiritual Temple.

During the entire season, at the Sunday morning services, Rev. Mr. Wiggin, pastor of the Boston Spiritual Temple, has been delivering addresses appertaining directly to the subject of Spiritualism. The general public as well as members of the congregation have certainly evinced an unusual interest in these services as the increasing number in attendance clearly demonstrates. Last Sunday morning Mr. Wiggin spoke interestingly upon the subject. The 'Recredness and Secularism of Spiritualism," and said:

Teachers of all religions lave so emphasised a distinction with reference to man's living according to certain prescribed rules governing conduct upon certain days and under the control of the control of

### A Visit to the Morris Pratt Institute.

I believe that I fully realize the great ad-antages we have in these times in the edu-ational institutions that have been estab-

I believe that I fully realize the great advantages we have in these times in the educational institutions that have been established, but there is nothing so good in this world designed to ald the evolution of the higher powers of mankind that it may not be improved. No artist, sculptor, or ingenious mechanic ever yet finished a chosen task upon which he expended his energies, that when he came to lock upon his work, did not say to himself, "If I had it to do over again I coult yery greatly improve it." I have been a very close observer and student of the work of teachers, in universities, colleges, academics and our public schools for severil vears, and I will concede that great improvement for the better, compared with the order of this class of work in the past; yet, there are many-cumbersome features in all these institutions that are a real hindrance to progress along practical lines, that the generation now coming forward is sure not to conform to, encourage or sustain.

The Spiritualist identified with the N. S. A. by what they have done for the Morris Pratt Institute, and place. As an old worker accepting the philosophy and phenomena of Spiritualism, which I believe will ever furnish the well developed powers of intellect and human reason, a religious outlook whose horison will ever glow with an active moral and spiritual force, I rejoice, at the recognition by this body of national representatives, of this institution. Having read with much care several articles that have been written, some for, and some against, education of the well-developed by spiritual induced, and others who from other qualities have an ambition to engage in the propaganda work of Spiritualism, during the past rew months, and particularly the criticisms upon the Morris Pratt Institute, at White Water, Wis., I recently visited that place for the purpose of finding out all I could about it. I had no correspondence with any one at the Institute about visiting it. I just dropped in to see it.

The section of the could about it. I ha

solidly from basement to roof; well provided with heat and water conducted te all fix rooms, so as to insure a healty temperature at all seasons of the year, and maintain the proper sanitary conditions, extrainly attainable by the free use of plepty of water and good soap. And the management has been equally thoughtful in providing light when daylight cannot be had. The conveniences also necessary for the preparation of food are ample, both for those who wish to board themselves and for those who may prefer to have their food provided for them by the management. I was through all parts of the building, and especially invited to ask all the questions that might arise upon which I might desire information. I found it neat, clean, and every reasonable provision in it for the comfort of its students; thus insuring environments for their bodies that should enable them to concentrate every faculty of their minds upon the purpose for which they may assemble there; namely, that of fitting themselves better for the life work which each proposes to take up, by being in contact, for whatever time may be necessary, with well informed, good, palastaking teachers, and considerate guardians of their welfare, that when they go forth to their chosen work they may be a credit to the institution.

The studies are elective. A youth, man or woman may commence, and any subject such as may be directly practicable to fit them for usefulness as teachers of the advanced thought of our times, that is in accord with science, either to aid individual students, or as speakers for the rostrum or pulpit. Starting in at 8 a. m. I sat in the following classes: Physical Culture, Evolution, Physical Geography, Oratory, Bible Exegesis. There are classes in other subjects, but I did not get time to attend. At every class the students were on hand promptly in response to the bell, and the teachers had their undivided attention from the opening to the close of the lesson. The work in every particular was well and the teachers had been faithfully stud

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# **LISBETH** A STORY OF TWO WORLDS.

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# Children's Rook.

### "The Feast of Cherries."

Hamburg was besieged. Wolff, the merchant, returned slowly to his home one morning. Along with the other merchants of the city he had been helping to defend the walls against the enemy, and so constant was the fighting that for a whole week he had worn his armor day and night. And now he thought bitterly that all his fighting was useless, for on the morrow want of food would force them to open the gates.

As he passed through his garden he noticed that his cherry trees were covered with ripe fruit, so large and julcy that the very sight of it was refreshing. At that moment a thought struck him. He knew how much the enemy were suffering from thirst. What would they not give for the fruit that hung unheeded on the trees of his orchard? Might he not, by means of his cherries, secure safety for his city?

Without a moment's delay he put his plan into practice, for he knew there was no time to be lost if the city was to be saved. He gathered together three hundred of the children of the city, all dressed in white, and loaded them with fruit from his orchard. Then the gates were thrown open and they set out on their strange errand.

When the leader of the army saw the gates of the city open and the band of little white robed children marching out, many of them nearly hidden by the branches which they carried, he at once thought it was some trick by which the townspeople were, trying to deceive him, while preparing for an attack on

by which the townspeople were trying to de-ceive him, while preparing for an attack on his camp. As the children came nearer he remembered his cruel vow and was on the point of giving orders that they should all be put to death.

But when he saw the little ones so close at

But when he saw the little ones so close at hand, so pale and thin from want of food, he thought of his own children at home, and he could hardly keep back the tears. Then as his thirsty, wounded soldiers tasted the cool, refreshing fruit which the children had brought them, a cheer went up from the camp, and the general knew that he was conquered, not by force of arms, but by the power of kindness and pity.

When the children returned, the general sent along with them wagons laden with food

When the children returned, the general sent along with them wagons laden with food for the starving people of the city, and next day signed a treaty of peace with those whom he had vowed to destroy.

For many years afterwards as the day came round on which this event took place, it was kept as a holiday, and called "The Feast of Cherries."

Every age of the world's history has its tales of war and bloodshed and cruelty, of wild struggles and of great victories, but nowhere among them all do we find the story of a more beautiful victory than that which was won by the little children who saved Hamburg.—The Peacemaker.

# The Singing Lady.

"Jennie, dear, do you want to be mama's brave little woman?"

The child nodded eagerly and squared her bits of shoulders ready to bear the weight of the world. Jennie was eight, and small for her age.

"Well, dearie, sister May is sick—so sick that she must have a doctor. Will you be good and brave and not cry if mama leaves you for a while? You know the doctor lives 'way down the track ever so far, and mama can't be back for half an hour."

Jennie's cyclids distended just a bit with fear, but she nodded her curly head with all the more vehemence.

Jennie's cyclids distended just n bit with fear, but she nodded her curly head with all the more vehemence.

"I'll be good—honest, I will."

With a murmured "Dear little thing! I hate to do it, but there's no other way," Mrs. Moore cast a hurried glance at the tossing figure on the bed in the corner, and with a shawl over her head sped swiftly out the door into the night.

For a moment after the door closed behind her mother Jennie did not stir; then she looked furtively over her shoulder at the queer shadows that the firelight cast on the wall, jumping nervously as the wood on the hearth snapped sharply.

"Pooh! Who's 'fraid!" said she, loudly. "Te-he-ha-ha!" she laughed, mirthlessly, and a big tear splashed down on her apron. Then she ran to the door after her mother and looked out into the dark.

The little house stood all alone, a tiny black speek beside the railroad track that stretched to the northward and again to the southward in long, uncurving miles. For two days and nights now it had been raining. Jennie could hear the creek that flowed through the gorge just above the house raging angrily and beating its black swollen waters against the rocks and the piers of the railroad bridge. Suddenly the child sprang back into the room and shut the door with a bang.

"Pooh! Ain't no one 'fraid!" she declared valiantly, with her shall back forcibly pressed against the closed door. Then a voice from the corner startled her into trembling attention.

"Come here, little girl."

Was that her sister speaking? How queer she looked, too, with those fiercely gleaming eyes, and her hair streaming down over her shoulders!

"Come here, little girl," commanded the shrill voice again.

Jennie advanced to the middle of the room.
"I want to hear the lady sing," said the
voice from the bed, coaxingly.
Jennie opened wide her cyes, but said nothing. "I must hear the lady sing," insisted the

"I must near the may some, of the place in louder tone.

Jennie retreated to a far corner.

"Well—can't you?" she queried timidly.

The girl on the bed shook her head mourn-

fully.

"She won't stop. She'll go right by the house." Then her plaintive tone changed to one of eagerness. "Little girl, won't you please stop the train and tell her I want her her than the stop of the stop o

one of eagerness. "Little girl, won't you please stop the train and tell her I want her to get out and come and sing to me—please?"

"Why, I—I can't, May," said Jennie, timidly. "What are you talking bout?"

A look of horror passed over the wan features of the other.

"Little girl—you'll have to stop her! Oh, oh!—the singing lady—she'll be killed! The bridge—the bridge! Stop the train! Oh-h-h!" she screamed, ending in a long wall that startled Jennie from her corner, and sent her with a white, scared face out into the night. The little girl had no clear idea of what she was doing, but she meant to reach mama and hurry that doctor—something must be very wrong to make sister May talk like this! Up the track she sped, in quite the wrong direction, but that she did not know. The rain had ceased, and the moon showed as a faintly luminous mist far in the sky above.

A few steps from the house Jennie, with a sharp cry of terror, came to an abrupt stop just on the edge of a yawning black chasm—the bridge was gone! At that moment she heard, far behind, the faint whistle of the midnight express.

Like a fissh came to the almost crazed brain of the child her sister's words: "The direction of the child her sister's words: "The direction.

aldnight express.

Like a flash came to the almost crazed brain the child her sister's words: "The singing ady—she'll be killed—the bridge—stop the

But how?

But how?

Buck to the house flew Jennie, her heart eating almost to suffocation. She remembered that she had seen her mother rush out rith a lantern one other night like this, and he mighty engine had stopped, panting, at heir very door.

When the child reached the house, the faraway rumble of the train was in her ears. Up the steps she stumbled, dashed open the door and gave a hurried glance around the room; then, with a cry of joy, she caught up the old broom in the corner and trust it into the brightly blasing fire on the hearth. In another moment, with the flaming torch held tightly in her two small hands, she was rushing straight down the track toward the oncoming train. Short, quick shrieks of the whistle, and a series of shivering jerks told that the engineer had seen and understood. Then the little feet stumbled against a wooden tie, and the blazing broom hissed and sizzled into blackness in the wet brown earth.

When the engineer and fireman tumbled hastily out of the cab they found a curly-headed child prone on her face not two feet from the nose of the cow-catcher, her fingers tightly clasped around the handle of a blackened broom. She was dazed, but not unconscions. They lifted her with tender hands and looked eagerly into her face.

Jennie opened her eyes and saw the hugo engine towering above her. A look of intense satisfaction showed on her countenance at once.

"You did stop, didn't you? Now I want the

once.
"You did stop, didn't you? Now I want the

"You did stop, didn't you? Now I want the singing lady."

"The what?" ejaculated the engineer in amazement. Then he asked, "What'd ye stop the train for, little girl?"

"Sister told me to; the singing lady—she'd get killed. The bridge is down, you know!" said Jennie, a little wearily.

With an oath the fireman started hastily up the track, and the engineer turned to the gathering crowd that was pouring from the cars to learn the cause of the sudden stop.

"There's somethin' kinder queer here," said the man, relinquishing the child into the hands of the conductor. "This baby's talkin' about the 'singin' lady gettin' killed. By George' it made me creep. You know we've got them opera folks aboard, and—"

A shout from the fireman up the track in-

it made me creep. You know we've got them opera folks aboard, and—"

A shout from the fireman up the track interrupted him.
"She's right! The bridge is gone—clean swept away! Go, see fur yourselves!"

Ten minutes later Mrs. Moore's eyes looked upon a strange sight. Down the track a little way below the house the long, lighted train stood motionless. Crowds of men and women made shadowy spots of blackness here and there. At the threshold of her home Mrs. Moore paused in speechless amazement.

Her young daughter, Jennie, sat in placid contentment upon the knee of a blue-coated conductor, who was feeding her chocolate drops with keen enjoyment. In the far corner of the room a being in a cloth traveling gown was singing with the voice of an angel to May, who lay in rapt eestasy, listening.

Men at their breakfast tables the next morning read this item in their newstapers:

"The Imperial Express was saved from certain destruction last night, ten miles north of Groton, by the bravery of an eight-year-old maid who, with a blazing broom, stopped the train just in time to prevent its going over the edge of an abyss where the bridge had been washed away. The engineer and the fireman cross themselves whenever the thing is mentioned, for there is an uncanny story mixed up with it somehow, about a 'singing lady' and the premonitions of a sick girl. Just what the story is, no one seems to know; but lady' and the premonitions of a sick girl. Just what the story is, no one seems to know; but it is a fact that the train-bore the Blaux Opera Company, and that a certain prima donna—who usually lifts her glorious voice to the tune of a cool thousand dollars a night—on this occasion visited the invalid, and warbled entrancingly in munificent abandonment, to the supreme delight of the sick girl as well as to that of the golden-haired midget of eight-before whom the entire company bowed the knee in adoration as the savior of their lives."—Eleanor H. Porter in Magazine of Mysteries.

# The Cost of Delay.

Painting costs more than necessary when repainting is too long delayed. The moral of this is that repainting should be done too soon rather than too late. If a building is-properly painted with good paint in the beginning and a fresh coat is applied before the old coat is "done for," there is scarcely any limit to the durability of the protective coating.

Paint is held in place by linseed oil. Linseed oil, in drying, oxidizes and becomes tough and elastic: but as time goes on the oxidation continues, the toughness changes to hardness, the elasticity to brittleness. Then the paint begins to break away and to flake off. The only way to prevent this letting go of the undercoat is to keep it protected from the oxygen of the air by applying fresh oil paint. That is all there is to the cracking and peeling of paint—keep the oil alive. A good combination zinc paint applied to a dry surface has been known to hold well for twenty years. But whether five years or fifty years, the time comes when the oil is dead and the paint breaks its hold on the wood.

It should be repainted before this time arrives to save the life of the oil beneath and enable it to maintain its hold. Loss of lustre is the sure sign of decay in the-oil, and when the lustre disappears, or in painters' parlance, when the paint "goos dead," the time for repainting is at hand. If allowed to proceed

when the paint "goes dead," the time for re-painting is at hand. If allowed to proceed too far, repainting will only hasten the calam-ity. The fresh paint will pull off the dead paint.

paint.

It is economical to use a paint like those based on zinc, which carry much oil, because they go far and hold their lustre for a long time; but it is the height of folly to allow deterioration to proceed to the breaking point; because that means the expense of removing the old paint. The wise property owner will save on something other than paint. Stanton Dudley.

# Tonic.

#### THE DETECTIVES AND THE ANTICIPATED BEVIVAL.

"How is the work progressing in Dakota?" one minister asked of another at the late Baptist anniversary.
"Pretty well, but rather discouraging," was

"Pretty well, but rather discouraging," was the answer.

"Is there not any religion out there?" the questioner enquired. "Can't you awaken it? Or won't the people come to meeting?"

"No," said the other, "It isn't that. The first week I went to Dakots, I had big congregations. One day there were over one one hundred and fifty on their knees weeping and praying. A man came in and said there were two detectives coming down the road, and then every blessed person got up and skipped."

# WHY NO PREE PASSES IN FRANCE.

"I see," said one legislator to another, "that it cost France \$120,000 to send President Loubet to England."
"Well!" said the fellow-member, "I guess the railroad and steamboat companies over in those countries can't think of any more laws they'd like to get passed."

The little girls living on one of the streets of Newark, N. J., have composed a chant to commemorate the nocturnal guest. Of an evening they may be heard in chorus declar-

"New Jersey musketoes!"
Ten cents a piece!
They'll ent you up tonight!"

# A DISTINCTION AND DIFFERENCE.

An indulgent parent who is prouder of his little girl than she seems to be of him, tells this story:

She had made a saucy remark to her father and her mother rebuked her accordingly.

"I am surprised, Mary; you never heard me talk so to him."

The little girl thought a moment, and then replied:

"Well, mother, you see you choosed him, and I didn't."

The train had stopped to take water.

"What is the name of this place?" a passenger asked of a native.

"Turnipville," was the reply.

"What is the population?"

"Well," answered the native, "you can count for yourself. They are all here at the denot."

# CATABBH CAN BE CURED.

Catarrh is a kindred ailment of consumption, long considered incurable; and yet there is one remedy that will positively cure catarrh in any of its stages. For many years this remedy was used by the late Dr. Stevens, a widely noted authority on all diseases of the throat and lungs. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Catarrh, Asthma, Consumption, and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847-Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

### The Sunny Side of Life.

#### SNOW IN THE AIR.

Let us make the best of everything, and Let us make the best of everything, and that which is constantly near us and before us—surely let us make the best of that—as one of the lessons we can work on every day. The weather, whether or no, might be a ceaseless source of delight to us, as with its changes, we have changing views of the same thing, the pleasure of it in different colors, yes, and of form—so that it is wonderful—if we will only so see it.

But is there anything we waste so much useless, thoughtes, silly grumbling on as the

But is there anything we waste so much useless, thoughtless, silly grumbling on as the weather? It is a foolometer to measure the stature of those who have got to stand up straight to be up to the standard. There is no pleasing those who have not the right spirit of appreciation, but with that it is easy to be done. It is not the grumbler who improves things even in his speech, for when it is hot, he wants it cold, and when cold he wants it hot, and that without any reference to the needs of the world and the growing to the needs of the world and the growing of man's food, the golden grain and the fruits. He is thinking of his little pampered feelings of selfishness and wishes to bring the ocean of divinity into his little bottle of pride. And so it goes.

We follow in the beaten path of conversa

of divinity into his little bottle of pride. And so it goes.

We follow in the beaten path of conversation and are continually saying things are out of joint. But even New England weather might have its defenders, and find them in the people who have to live in a climate that is rich in its variety of change. Why, it is wonderful! I care for nothing better than Boston, and a hundred miles more or less, north or south of it. Certainly it is the gem of all the earth, according to my way of thinking, and I am satisfied with its good. I like the spring when it comes stealing in like a tide over all the land, it is the miracle of mirth and goodness. I like the summer that smiles on the work of its toiling sister, and who takes hold with it, as kindness ever does, to make it more. Then begins the work of the brother, and the man spirit of Autumn turns the beauty into use and abiding blessing, and gathers in the harvest home so that the world can take a rest. And then comes in the burly King of the North with his gruff ways but kindly, and I consider him the white poet of the year. They are all full of the grace of growth, silently and sweetly going on in spite of all disturbances that might seem to hinder. Even winter is busy that way. But if you look on it right it is marvelously interesting to think of the forces at work to produce the pride of the first three seasons—then comes in winter that seemingly wipes from the face of the earth these great results, only to show, however, that it can all be done over again just as well or even better. The ever renewing quality of nature is the mystery, the marvel, the blessing. It fills the soul with gladness to see it. The forces are unfailing and ever beneficent, and man may trust that what seems an end is the taking a new lease of power and beauty. This is a great parable. This is a rich suggestion of comfort, and should last us through all the days. We have a certain assurance and satisfaction that all is well. And thus fortified, we are able to meet changes in the right

to give us this sense of travel—even while we stay at home. The whole landscape has new enchantment.

The Autumn days are called the melancholy days of all the year. The poet has thrown a pathetic spell over the fading grass and the falling leaf. He has given us pity for the flower that is called out of the dust and that is so beautiful and yet that so soon must die. His imagination controls our vision and fills us with sadness as if ye felt it all. But that is not to be the outlook, it has a certain appearance of truth, which might deceive the very elect unless they would keep their eyes open and see beneath the seeing. He might just as poetically appeal to our sense of gladness in the wealth of the world and show how the divinity of love doth hedge us about and provide richly for the change. It is not that we are bereft of good but that we are taught to see all fulness in the Power that fills the urn of day with light and the earth with food pleasant to our sight in its growing. Man might have been a clay-eater and had a barren world; but he has his table provided with the fruits of the earth that make it a paradise, new every year, and the trees are the trees of life and knowledge.

a barren world; but he has his table provided with the fruits of the earth that make it a paradise, new every year, and the trees are the trees of life and knowledge.

There are days in Autumn that are simply perfect; even the grumblers, the growlers are held in check and forget their indigestion when the warm Indian Summer comes. It is an ideal state of content and blessedness. From morn to eve and all night long we have the music of the eternal years; out of the silence comes the voice of God saying that all is good. One day like this of sunlight warm and tender with just the touch about it of snow in the air perhaps—one day of this fineness, when taken in by the soul, is evidence and conviction of grace to that soul of the divineness of all the days. When Lynew a friend to be a friend, I build on that reality. I can have no fear or doubt after I have looked into the eyes of love and recognized the love. It is for once—and then it is forever. And when 'I touch God's right hand in the darkness, I am lifted up and strengthened." I have no more doubt or question of eristence, I can trust it and believe in it where I cannot trace ft. The same Wisdom and Love that made Summer made Winter; the same Heart of Joy that scattered the apple blessoms of Spring on the grass brings a touch of mow in the air.

The snow is beautiful in its time, and when it comes let us welcome it. What we call trouble is good in its time if we will

brace up to it and be brave and wise to meet it. We are to look at it from the sense of inward power to meet it. We are in no Sunday school world, sitting on little chairs with our feet just touching the floor saying words of one syllable, and a verse of a few words at that. We are men and women in the great house of time, whose rooms are worlds, infinite in number and spacetousness, and we are getting the iron of strength and resolution and patience in our bones. We must have snow in the air and down on the ground to come up to this. We must have the silly weak baby thoughts driven out of us, and we must be put down on our feet so that the crash of worlds will not trouble us. It is just grand to feel this potentiality of conquest in us—and we want a chance to manifest it—and we have it day by day.

Stop crying little girl if your doll is broken—it was only a training of the mother instinct, and the smilling babe may be yours in the coming day. Stop that noise boy of weeping, you have to learn to be a man of the soldier spirit and you can't afford to show the white feather now. Men and women, cease your lamentations and conserve your strength for duty; hold to the bright side of life by using your forces of resistance to evil till it disappears, and let the new occasions of trial teach you new duty of valor and hope and you will rejoice and have a tingling pleasure in your blood when there is snow in the air!

Brother Sunlight.

#### Radium—Is It an Element?

Radium belongs to the alkaline group,-such

Radium belongs to the alkaline group,—such as calcium, strontium, barium, and thorium,—coming between barium and thorium, and having a special affinity for the former.

At the International Chemical Congress in Paris it was proposed by Mr. Gramont and agreed that no new substance could be described as an element unless its spark-spectrum had been measured and shown to be different from every other known form of matter. This was considered to have been one of the most important transactions of the inter-

ferent from every other known form of matter. This was considered to have been one of the most important transactions of the international congress. It is remarkable that the application of this rule was first illustrated in the recognition of radium as a new element. It rested with Demarcay to find that radium was characterized by a special spark-spectrum of fifteen lines, with no lines of any other element. Radium, as a metal, belongs to the alkaline group of elements, and its place in the table, according to Mendeleef's periodic law of atomic weights, is between barium and thorium, as carefully determined by Madame Curie, who makes the atomic weight of radium, by chemical methods, to be 223 (harium being 136.4, and thorium 230.8). Prof. W. N. Hartley, however, from a remarkable study of the spark-spectra of these and related elements, assigns to radium a weight of 257.8, considerably above thorium. As to its truly elementary character, however, and its close relation to barium and the other members of this group, Professor Hartley's spectrum results yield full confirmation.—From "Radium and Its Wonders," by George F. Kunz, in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for November.

When shall we be like them, When understand that whether we grow Upon the topmost bough of that great tree, Or be so lowly placed as to kiss the daisies

One origin is ours, one aim, one work."

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