

BANNER LIGHT.

VOL. 94.

Banner of Light Publishing Co.,
204 Dartmouth St., Boston, Mass.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1903.

\$2.00 Per Annum,
Postage Free.

NO. 1

TWO VOICES.

Thus saith the world, the life of man—
Is mostly care and toil and pain,
A struggle for some worthy plan—
That meets at last with death's disdain;
'Tis still to suffer day by day,
To labor long and fret and mull,
Receiving ever little pay
For its adventure and its toll;
The merchant hopes for riches great,
Content to make his little more,
And some perchance, like kings of fate,
Attain what most in heart implore;
But then at last it matters not,
Since they must leave the best success;
Death claims what'er the hand has got,
Erasing out the more and less;
This life is mainly toil and care,
A sadness to the great and small,
An insult to the good man's prayer,
A tolling and a funeral!

Thus saith the soul, I cannot hold
A creed of doubt, a word of fear,
Life is not meant to gather gold,
Or have its all in things here;
'Tis good to live the passing days,
To breathe the air and see the sky,
E'en toll itself has beautiful praise,
As stars in depths of darkness lie;
And to my hope a prospect beams,
As clear as things the eye can see;
Love has an answer for our dreams,
And saith in sooth that they shall be,
For God abides in time and space,
To guide his children where he wills,
He teaches them to seek his face,
And so his purpose true fulfills;
And all the trouble by the way,
Is but the heart's incessant call,
To reach through darkness to the day—
Where love has no'er a funeral!

Thus saith the world, such words are wise,
And men have said them ages long,
But others think them only lies,
More fit for sermon or for song;
The dry, hard fact, the real thing,
Is what we suffer and endure;
The winter spoils the work of spring,
And makes man's labor insecure;
Think you the selfishness of wealth,
Is made of any angel's stuff?
It only cares for its own health,
And never counts its life enough;
'Tis always thus a few to thrive,
While many millions slave and fret;
A queen-bee rules each busy hive,
And other powers the honey get;
O, 'tis a vanity to dream—
Of greatness from a thing so small;
Life is a meteor's fading beam,
'Tis toll and then a funeral!

Thus saith the soul, I am ashamed
To hear such words of dark despair,
The thing is true that you have named,
And yet a greater thing is there;
From smallest seed a tree may grow,
From drops of rain a river rise,
And May from April flowers will show—
Because the sun is in the skies;
And back of all the toll and strife,
And all the selfishness and sin,
Is promise of a higher life,
That man by hope doth surely win;
Love grows in power thro' ages long,
It whitens like the lily pure,
It makes our manners, trade, and song,
And must forever so endure;
And through the gates of death and sleep,
Man hears the angels sweetly call;
This is life's meaning grand and deep—
A victory not a funeral!

—William Brunton.

The Light of Hope.

William Brunton.

It was after midnight, once upon a time,
When I arrived in the country at a little de-
serted station. I had set out to see a friend
unexpectedly, and therefore had no one to
meet me—and there were five or six miles to
walk over the hills. It was in fall, and a
very dark night, but I bravely set out on my
journey, as the best thing for me to do. It
is very strange when you are away from
dwellings under the shadow of night. Natu-
rally you feel lonesome, not being accustomed
to facing the world without the support of
companionship, you feel how insignificant you
are in one way. But I was filled with joy at
the prospect of my visit, and trudged along
till I had left the village and was out on the
hills and winding my way through the
black woods. Every once in a while I was
startled by some creature that dashed over
the road and sought hiding from me. After
a long time I came where in the distance I
could see the farmhouse perched on another
hill and in the window was a light burning
according to their custom. It was very wel-
come to me to see the end of my labors in
sight, and when I came to it and had awak-
ened the good people of the house, I knew
what the light of Hope was and the greeting
it receives.

Hope is the passion of longing in good
directions. We are creatures of wants and
we have to send out roots that demand sup-
ply and this outreach of need we call Hope.
The expectation of good from those we love,
the thought a child has of the kindness of its
parent, that is the light of Hope to make it
glad and give it good cheer. What rain and
sunshine are to the seeds, so is Hope to the
powers of man, they are quickened by it and
brought to their beauty. The light may be
no stronger than that of a glow-worm, or it

may burn only like a star over us but it is a
beautiful and blessed light, and is dearly to
be loved and prized.

Earnest-Heart was deeply interested in
Hope. He must have been born with a large
gift of it, it seemed so natural for him to
enjoy it. He went along like a cork in the
water. He might be tossed to and fro, but
he was on the surface ever and was none the
worse for the drenching he got. Trouble he
shed as the duck water. He had little the
matter with him, which was a source of
marvel to many, especially so to Mr. Slow-
faith, he wanted to know the practical side
of everything and not carried away by any
false Hope.

Certainly, be sure of your Hope, said
Earnest-Heart to him on a time. Be sure
that Hope grows out of your life deep and
strong; be sure it has relation to your needs
and then trust it, trust it as the light from
God, for it cannot deceive you.

Slow-faith led an uncomfortable sort of a
life, because he was out of tune with himself
and the world. He had to live in a narrow
circle because of the blindness of heart and
the slowness of his hope. He was right in
the midst of great things and lived as if he
was on the outer edge of nothing and could
not get back. I call that pitiable.

Well, he could not live in sight of Earnest-
Heart for years without being persuaded that
somehow or other he had not got the right
idea of things and he had better go into the
business of finding out what the other man
had to make life more interesting and pleas-
ing. And so this very thing came to pass.
He determined to find Hope and enjoy it as
much as another. There is no reason in the
world why I should not, said he. Riches are
hoarded, but the virtues are for the asking,
and I mean to have my share.

It was a strange undertaking to look round
in the world for Hope, but for the life of
him he could not help himself. He was
pushed into it by circumstances of need and
inward longing that might not be gained.
For he was in trouble all the time. He was
half afraid to enjoy himself fully lest some
power was spying upon him and would sud-
denly snatch his joy away. He hardly liked
to follow the bent of his own happy feelings,
to sing of a morning with the brightening of
the day. He dared not follow the example
of the sunlight lest it should bring misfor-
tune. And then there was loss, the loss of
friends that makes the tragedy of our exis-
tence. This comes as the shadow to the day,
and the heart demands to know something for
its strength and sustenance. But where is
the knowledge? that is the question. Who
has found out anything about this? You hear
high claims, but what do they amount to?
Who ever came from the land of silence to
tell us what lies beyond the seeing of our
eyes? Nobody ever came—and the whole
thing is a mystery.

That is what everybody said that he asked.
And therefore I say it was very strange that
he set out in search of the hidden Hope—he
was bound to find it, and he was not at all
deterred by what he heard others said of the
fruitlessness of the endeavor. They discour-
aged him in every way, and everything was
as unfavorable for the pursuit as could well
be conceived.

I would not dare to mention the town he
lived in, for there is no telling how near you
may be to it, but I am sure that the proper
name for it would have been Don't-Know, or
Don't-Believe-Anybody-Knows. The latter
name is rather long, but that is what was so
constantly given as the reply to the question,
What is at the back of trouble? and,
What is it that follows death? They said it
laid beyond man's power to tell.

For a long time, I say, he accepted the com-
mon verdict, he did not feel the full force of
the inadequate reply until he himself came to
the door of death with a dear one, until he
himself was right in the midst of suffering
and sorrow; then the protest came from him
of the absurdity of knowing nothing, it
seemed ridiculous for the heart and mind to
receive in any place such a stupid make-believe
of an answer. A stock or a stone, a
heathen idol could do as poorly as that.

So Slow-faith was awakened out of his
sleep of ignorance, and hearing of a hidden
Hope, he determined not to be satisfied
until he found it. Hope, he was told, had
a light that shot its rays like a star in
darkness, and it pointed out ways that
were else invisible. It was the grand reveal-
ing power, and in former ages men had been
guided by it, so that they had been led past
the valley of grief and shame into a strange
land filled with the beauty of summer; they
had somehow passed the portal of death and
had come to a world as new as the beauty of
the day in June. This had all really been the
reward of those who found Hope and fol-
lowed it. If there was any help in life it lay
in this priceless jewel of the heavens. It was
worth venturing far to find, it was worth
any time or toll or expenditure of means.

So in sadness one day he went out into the
fields to meditate. Truly there were many
pleasant things for his seeing. It was sum-
mer, and the earth looked as it might have
done in the dream of creation on its last day.
Behold, everything that his eye saw was

good. It was good in form and color and
sound. It formed picture after picture, and
in a way he could not but admire, and yet he
did not; rather it seemed to give him pain,
for why should there be such splendid power
and order and he here only a few days or
years to see it all?

He said I cannot find the hope hid as a star
in the sky; I do not see it as a flower in the
soil. Where can the hope of life be?

Then as it were in a flash there came to him
that the hope must be within, and until he
had recognized it there it could not cast any
light upon the world without.

So he asked his own nature about life, and he
paused to hear it reply. In the sunlight there
of the summer it whispered that it was of the
Power which thought out the starry splendors
and the beauty of the fields and the forests.
It was of that infinite fullness of life, and,
therefore, how could life fail? Who dreamed
of the ocean being drained dry? Who thought
of the sands of all the shores being
blown into space and lost? And the Voice
whispering this said, I am Hope, the hidden
hope that lies in the heart of man as a rose
lies in the bud on the stem, and if you will
hold me in the light of the sun of Love then I
open as a perfect flower.

Then Faith spoke and said, I am the
friend of Hope and must needs be with her.
I am the instructive principle of love for
things good and grand in hope. I am in a for-
eign speech at first, but you quickly learn my
vocabulary and then you see that what I say
is true. I tell of great principles—like progress—the slow and sure unfolding of native
powers and gifts and I am to be believed,
for I strengthen Hope, and then there comes
Love along with us and she crowns all with
grace that makes reality of blessing in life
and of immortality in the presence of death.

Slow-faith talked for a long space, with
these powers of consolation, and they became
more convincing in their sentiment and assur-
ance; they made him live constantly with
them, so that there was quite a change in his
bearing and thought. He had to move from
that town of Don't-know and Don't-Believe-
Anybody-Knows, and he went and had a
home by the river of Peace in the land of I-
Think-I-Can-See. He lived there in great
blessedness, for the Hope of life was his.

Life began to assume richness and reality
that were ineffably sweet. And he studied
his own heart and learned much from that in
its sorrow of loss. It said plainly to him now
he knew the language of faith that life was
the reality, nevermore to lose itself, but to
keep its own bright assurances and all the
treasures that had been given to it.

Then Slow-faith received a book that had
many pleasant words in it, and this fed his
Hope as oil feeds a lamp. And he learned of
one there who was all that he desired to be
of trust and joy, and this gentle one became
the companion of his life to guide him.

And then there was a breathing of grace
from the heavens that stirred him as the
South Wind stirs the vales of Spring. So by
Hope he was led away from care to cast
his burdens upon the All-Good, and he was
taken through the Valley of Shade with a
light above him that was more wonderful
than the light of the stars. And Slow-faith
has been able to lead many others into these
paths of peace and by the still waters—where
Hope is, and where it still shines like a star
into the hearts of those who desire its hidden
treasure!

Luck.

Elta Wheeler Wilcox.

What is luck?
It is working with God's plan of progress.

Luck is the turning of your inmost thought
To chord with God's great plan. That
done, ah! know
Your silent wishes to results shall grow,
And one by one shall miracles be wrought.

Some souls set forth in the world with
wealth and position as their portion who
prove far less "lucky" in life than many a
waif and orphan. The optimistic and ambi-
tious disposition is a lucky possession, but it
can be cultivated if we do not chance to in-
herit it.

The optimist swims with the current, the
pessimist against it, and then declares he is
"unlucky."

Almost invariably the lucky man is the man
of a happy, hopeful temperament and a re-
sponsive nature.

If your thought reaches out to shake hands
with good luck, it increases the chance of
closer intimacy.

Luck passes unseen by many a man who
stands with his face dropped moodily upon
his folded arms.

It is a comfortable belief to lay your fail-
ures upon "ill luck." But the man who be-
lieves he has within himself all the elements
to create good luck is the really lucky one,
just as he will prove to be the successful one.

The editor of a delightful San Francisco
magazine called "Now" has written a treatise
on financial success, telling people to assert
"dollars want me" every day, and to live in

the thought that shining ore and rustling
greenbacks are hurrying to find them.

Any other desired object or aim may be
treated in the same mental manner, while we
also use all practical methods to obtain it.

All the opulence of God belongs to His
children. All the happiness, peace, health
and usefulness belong to us!

We are not meant to be sick, wretched or
poor.

God made no such thing as ill luck. Man
has made it by false conditions, false ideals,
false thoughts and deeds.

Push through the chaos and, in spite of all
you see and hear and feel is wrong and un-
fortunate in your environment, assert your
possession of whatever you want and work
on toward obtaining it.

And luck will be yours.—N. Y. Journal.

MINISTERING WOMEN.

Heaven bless the hands that hourly tend the bed
Whereon doth lie
The old and feeble one with snow-white head,
Waiting to die;

Blessing and blest, a thousand fold is she,
Who smooths the aching, fevered brow and whispers
lovingly.

God lends the smiling glance, and cheering voice,
That breathes a calm
Into the pleading eyes. Ah, sweet the choice
To throw the arm

Of sheltering pity round the frightened breast.
A saint is she who, praying, glides the dying hours
with rest!

From Heaven is sent such womanhood as this!
Such noble, true
Earth souls are waited to the realms of bliss.

On royal blue
These words are traced in gold by Ore above:—
"The hands that soothe the dying, are the hands of
Ministering Love!"

Devotion.

Reincarnation or Successive Em- bodiments.

Dr. Helen Denmore.

In the "Banner of Light" for August 22
are some "Pen Flashes" from Dr. Peebles,
which amount to a quite savage onslaught
upon the doctrine of reincarnation as taught
by Alan Cardee and Oriental writers or the
doctrine of successive embodiments as taught
by Mrs. Richmond, Mr. Colville and others.
In speaking of this doctrine, Dr. Peebles
says:

(1) "It is opposed to science as studied and
elucidated by all German and great English-
speaking scientists."
(2) "It is opposed to the only legitimate in-
ference derived from the accumulated facts
of psychic phenomena."
(3) "It is opposed to that philosophy which
is the attainment of truth by way of reason."
(4) "It is opposed to psychology, which is
the analysis and classification of the func-
tions and faculties of the mind as revealed to
observation and induction, and sanctioned by
deduction."
(5) "It is opposed to that rigid logic, the
inferences of which are based upon solid
premises and the fixed principles of nature."

I beg the readers of the "Banner" to bear
in mind that assertion is not argument. Until
the time of Luther, no argument was needed.
All that was necessary was for the Pope to
assert that such and such a doctrine was
true, and to threaten excommunication if his
followers did not accept it as true, and there
was an end of it. But we have got beyond
that. We should always remember that we
have been given no infallible standard of
belief. Each individual must finally deter-
mine for himself what is true. It is this
that distinguishes the freethinker from the
slave to authority. Mrs. Richmond, Mr. Col-
ville and some other writers affirm the doc-
trine of successive embodiments. These
affirmations do not demonstrate the correct-
ness of the doctrine nor prove the contention,
Dr. Peebles and many other earnest
and valiant workers in Spiritualism affirm the
contrary; but their affirmations, as before-
said, are no proof. We must call on Dr. Pee-
bles for some argument, some explanation,
some reasoning, some proof of his assertions.

Dr. Peebles further says: "Finally, the
doctrine of reincarnation being injected into
American thought, is only a hypothesis, a
baseless dream, a hazy speculation that as
necessarily fades away before the ascending
stars of science and philosophy, as do the
moistening, quivering dew before June's
golden sunshine." It might be said in pass-
ing that this affirmation is florid, rather than
scientific and philosophic; but it will be seen
that Dr. Peebles appeals to science and
philosophy. I must earnestly beg of him to
show us any facts of science or any tenets of
philosophy that prove his assertion or dis-
prove the doctrine of successive embodimen-
ts. Perhaps that which is nearest an
argument on his part is given at the begin-
ning of his essay. He quotes from Col. Ol-
cott as saying: "The best friends of India,
her most patriotic sons, have deplored to me
the moral darkness and degradation of her
people. Native judges... have lowered
their white heads in shame when they said

that the vice of lying and the crime of per-
jury prevailed to a fearful extent. And the
worst part of it was that the moral sense was
so far gone that people confessed their false-
hoods without a blush, and without an idea
that they were to be pitied." Upon which,
Dr. Peebles remarks: "What a comment
upon the fruits of reincarnation! And how
sad the thought that there are dreamy imagi-
native Englishmen, and a few of our own
countrymen, trying to cram this theory into
the minds of thinking, reasoning, wide-
awake Americans!" We are led to infer by
this that the masses of people in India cen-
turies ago were intelligent, earnest-minded,
elevated people, and that the doctrine of re-
incarnation has brought them to their pres-
ent degradation. If we investigate this sub-
ject, we will find that, on the contrary, the
ignorant classes in India are less ignorant
and degraded now than hundreds and thou-
sands of years ago, and, secondly, even if it
were true that a deterioration has taken place
during the time that the doctrine of reincar-
nation has been taught, it does not follow
that it is simply the doctrine of successive
embodiments that has caused the degradation.
It is taught by modern political economists
that the greatest hindrance to man's eleva-
tion is the erection of distinction and caste
barriers between different members of society.
There is probably no people on earth that
are so caste-ridden as the people of India.
The doctrine of successive embodiments as
taught by Mrs. Richmond is, on the contrary,
a perfect representation of pure democracy.
It is taught by her that every soul that has
an existence—from the South Sea islander to
the most advanced philosopher of Greece or
Germany or England—eventually goes
through every experience possible to the em-
bodied human spirit. It will be seen that
this is the absolute opposite of the conditions
that inhere in the structure of India society,
and, although I have no space to reinforce
the assertions of the political economists, it
is easily seen that the doctrine of caste leads
to the degradation of the lowest orders and
that the doctrine of democracy leads to the
elevation of all classes. I can only repeat
that no assertion is adequate to prove any
doctrine; and if belief in reincarnation has
brought about the degradation of the lower
classes in India, which I deny, we have a
right to ask Dr. Peebles to explain how this
has been accomplished.

Until I am favored with a response from
Dr. Peebles, I will only refer to the first
assertion which he makes, namely: "It (this
doctrine) is opposed to science as studied and
elucidated by all German and great English-
speaking scientists." It is a favorite teach-
ing of modern scientists, both English and
German, that there is nothing lost in the
universe, and that whatever exists now in
the universe—of course, I am speaking ex-
clusively of matter—always has had an exis-
tence in some form or another, and, in the
nature of things, is indestructible and will
always exist. We are taught in this conser-
vation of forces that light, heat and motion
are different expressions of the same energy.
According to the teachings of Mrs. Richmond
and Mr. Colville, no new souls are created.
As science teaches us is the case with mat-
ter, there is constant change but there is no
creation and no destruction. According to
Mrs. Richmond's doctrine, there are just as
many souls in the universe today as there
ever have been, and that there never will be
more and never can be less; that these souls
are uncreate, self-existent, and eternal in
their nature. It can easily be shown that
the doctrine espoused by Dr. Peebles, by
Andrew Jackson Davis and by the average
Christian is in direct conflict with this teach-
ing of science. According to the current
thought on the part of those who accept im-
mortality, and who believe that the immortal
spirit has arrived at consciousness by a grad-
ual progression, and that each spirit is a
creation, we have the unscientific teaching
that something has been made out of nothing.
I say something, because a conscious im-
mortal spirit, heir of everlasting existence, is
certainly entitled to that term; and yet,
traced back through the evolutions that
brought it into existence, as set forth in
Davis's "Divine Revelations," there was a
time when not the least vestige of this im-
mortal soul had an existence; and if it had
no existence, it was nothing; and if it is an
eternal existence now, we have, as I said be-
fore, the unscientific assertion of the crea-
tion of something out of nothing. On the
other hand, if we accept the teaching of suc-
cessive embodiments, we find that the doc-
trine is directly in accord with, and the
exact counterpart of, the teaching of science
as to matter and energy. These forces al-
ways have existed and are always subject to
change; but the Mosaic doctrine of the crea-
tion of something out of nothing, according
to the consensus of all scientists, is absurd.

So much for the first assertion. It will be
seen that there are four others, to which I
will be glad to address myself when I hear
from Dr. Peebles.

The easiest and best way to expand the
chest is to have a large heart in it.

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

IN THE NIGHT.

Sitting in darkness, fearing the night,
Groping in blindness, hopeless of light.
Always a star-ray pierces the gloom,
And an unseen angel opens the tomb.

THE WAY.

Follow the light the star reveals,
Ask the bright angel to break the seals.
Lo! 'tis the Savior anointing thine eyes;
'Tis love's sweet ministry making thee wise.

IN THE LIGHT.

Once I was blind, but now I can see;
The City Celestial has opened for me.
No more in darkness; always the light;
No more in blindness; but glorious sight.
Oriana in Fibre and Fabric.

Was It the Same Woman?

Mary E. Blanchard

CHAPTER III.

SIMON BROWN.

Everything was in readiness for the departure of the Bossons from Berlin when, one morning at an early hour, Alfred opened his eyes and found himself in the clutch of his old enemy, scintilla. "Physicians were summoned and the martyr given over to their mercies; and it was not until the next day that his poor wife, as she called herself, and that she was in more senses than one, escaped from the torture chamber and went off by herself to look the situation in the face. 'How opportune! It absolves me from my promise to go home; it is God's mercy,' and she plucked her plump body into water and donned sweet-smelling garments and thrust a knot of ribbon in her hair and went forth with a pleasant countenance. On an upper landing she found the one she sought.

"Well?" she said.
Simon shook his head, his face forlorn.
"Have you tried the police yet?"
"No."
"What think you has become of him?"
"Dead—he took his pistol with him."
Angie turned pale under her rouge, then she laughed a little. "Fiddlesticks! every man, knowing what a brute he is himself, is afraid of every other, and so goes armed, accordingly."
"Yes," said Angie, submissively.
"First, see the police; search everywhere; stop at nothing; and if by tomorrow night you can fetch me the slightest clue to the whereabouts of your master, you may have this for your trouble."
She held a gold coin to the light.
The mulatto regarded it without interest.
Misunderstanding him, Angie drew forth her purse. "How many, then?" she questioned.
"None, madam."

The woman raised her eyes in keen disappointment. There was something childlike in their expression, and the valet, regarding them, watched for the cooing look which he knew would come. He was certainly handsome and, at that moment, there was a determined look in his own bright, shrewd, morose-lidded eyes, that struck her unpleasantly, as she waited to hear what more he might have to say, instinctively casting into her manner a certain hauteur that became her well. She liked him and had made of him from the first, as one might make of a sleek, good natured dog, clever at tricks. Once she had placed a bouquet in his button-hole and thought no more of it. What ailed him now, she wondered. "What may I do for you, in case you will grant this favor?" she asked, finally, seeing he did not speak.

She had the grand dame air, one of those people who can bestow an apple with all the urbanity with which a sovereign might grant knighthood to a favorite; and now as she stood before him, well-groomed, wide-awake, magnetic, smiling, like one who is sure of not being gossiped, she looked every inch a lady.
"Promise me," said the man and stopped and caught his breath.
She looked at him inquiringly. A bangle on her wrist had become entangled with the trimmings of her skirt, she strove to disentangle it. "Promise what?" she asked, listening absently to the sound of hammers that were being plied by workmen in a room further along, in which repairs were speeding. The carpenters had hauled out of their way and into the passage a large wardrobe, and left it stranded there, a roadblock by the main wall. It looked astray, like Cleopatra's Needle in America. It partly screened a window and Angie, still fretting with the bangle, made towards it, the better to get the light. Simon followed, naturally enough, but in hand and with the grave look on his face he had worn ever since Paul's departure, two weeks ago.

"What promise?" repeated Angie, showing some impatience with the bracelet. Simon dropped his hat on the sill and, sinking to one knee, he essayed to clear the pendant from the lace working with his swift, deft fingers. She gazed down on the glister of his hair, which was jet black and wavy and without that woolly look belonging to the African. Immaculate in person, graceful in all he did, fairly well educated and as proud as Lucifer, it seemed a pity that nature had enshrined his soul in ebony (he was darker than most mulattoes) as though that mattered so long as the gem shone clear! Something of this flitted through her mind.
"Thank you," she said sweetly, as he rose. She turned to the cabinet and mused over the carvings, which were elaborate and elegant, the work of some gifted hand in the years that were dead and gone, when men wrought with fervor and devotion, as did Michael Angelo, as did Raphael, giving their lives to its service. Men whose pleasures came to them through striving, men who were humbly great.

Angie drew open the tall doors and took a peep inside; much, if not mortal, was hidden away somewhere in the wood, like echo in the rock, and sent forth a faint greeting for her nostrils, a pathetic reminder of some departed vanity. She thought of that fair lady who, on her bridal day, in gladness, stepped into that fatal chest which Rogers has immortalized in verse, hapless, sweet Geneva.

"She wondered what such a cabinet would be worth in the Mecca of New England."
"Promise me that, in case I find your friend, you will permit me to kiss your hand twice over. I ask no other recompense," said Simon.

Mrs. Bosson swept the doors together with a clasp. "I will not trouble you further with the matter," she said, coldly; "when my husband recovers he will confer with the police, who should have been consulted in the first place. That is the way to find him, the only way."

"Your husband?" said Simon, and there was a word of sarcasm in his voice.
Angie's face threw out three signal flags, red, scarlet, then white, then again, red, in quick succession. She stood behind the wardrobe, which was too near the main wall to admit of a dignified exit of a buckskin lady, clad in garments gay, with a glimmer of gold chain on her rich bosom. Simon barred the way.
"Let me pass, please," she said, quietly.

The mulatto stretched forth his hand and, placing his fingers against the diamond buckle of her belt, gently thrust her back against the window. His touch thrilled through her like the tang of wine. She turned her head aside and gazed through the glass onto the square below; there was a barrel there having broken staves; a six-legged toddler was kicking stumps of paper through the opening; in the embrasure of a door, with three wooden steps betwixt him and the paving, stood a small lean dog, watching the proceedings with that laughable interest which dogs exhibit in whatever is being done by those they love.

Said Simon, "Why are you so worried about Paul? What is he to you—and Mr. Bosson?"

It would be difficult to define the sarcasm which the mulatto contrived to cast into the last two words, as he stood there, so relentless as Apollon, his watchful eyes taking in every change of her comely countenance. She felt the gaze and was determined to ignore it but, despite her proud resolve, she felt impelled to glance in his direction, her gaze slipping past him to the space beyond, to where lay freedom; she wondered if by any ruse she could escape; and now, despite herself, her eyes, in obedience to his will, crawled up, over him, with the agility of spiders, and rested on his own, in a strange gaze of appeal and wounded pride.

"Answer," he demanded.
"He is our friend; we are anxious to learn his whereabouts; he may be ill."

"Indeed! and is Bosson aware of his own anxiety with regard to this handsome gentleman?"

Disconcerted, Angie looked at her watch, a treasure set with diamonds, that had drifted out of France one pleasant Yuletide and was the last and most costly of the gifts bestowed upon her by the lost eccentric lover of her girlhood. On the outside of the case, entwined with gems, were these words, quaintly lettered, "Wait! and all things shall come round to thee." She had held it out to Simon one morning that he might read the motto and be comforted, he looked so sad. Well, it was two o'clock and she must away and lay hands on the good old wheel of duty—for the doctors were now due and a wife must not be missing from the sick room when doctors call.

"Your husband should be informed, before he sends detectives after you, that his father has forbidden us to consult them."

"The authority of Mr. Malvern does not extend to me," said Angie, with tranquillity.

"Unhappily! if you had a stronger hand over you you would be a better woman than you are. You need a master."

This was insufferable. Angie, her face burning with indignation, advanced to leave the trap, gathering her skirts about her with that proud air an empress might have envied for its disdain. She would not remain another moment longer.
Simon stepped in front of her, not gently this time, but with every line of his strong, straight shape drawn to its utmost tension of resistance. His face was as hard as flint. With a gesture of authority he ordered her to remain. Angie hesitated, glanced into his face—and went back to the window. Again she looked into the court below, as she leaned against the casement, and saw that the child had disappeared; the dog was in the yard, with a wad of wall paper in his mouth, shaking it as though it were a rat. The sound of hammers still rung from behind the wall; now and then there came a crashing noise made by a falling tool or a fragment of timber shielded across the room by the noisy workers, as they talked in friendly tones to one another.

A vague curiosity as to what Simon would say next and how this would all end took possession of her as she kept her face averted, feeling his eyes the while boring her cranium like gimlets.

"You love Paul Malvern, do you not?"

There was a strained note in his voice, as though with all his might he was holding himself in check, lest he slay her outright.

"Love!" she echoed, in a sharp recoil, as though he had struck her in the face. How dare you even think of such a thing? Let me pass, sir, instantly."

An expression of unutterable rage flamed on the dark visage, as though some Medusan vipers in his blood had suddenly bestirred itself. He ground his teeth together and, lifting his foot, brought it down on the marble of the floor with the stamp of a savage king. "Dare! I will strangle you where you stand unless you answer—the truth—the truth!"

Angie's face grew wan and was overcast with that look of tumult that is seen on the moon through the flying clouds of storm.

"Yes—laugh!" she said. Her lips were dry and trembling.

As her words, scarcely audible, fell on his listening ear, a change even more awful than that of unbridled wrath settled on the countenance of the negro; it was as though a corpse, with all the livid hues of death upon it, had suddenly materialized before her; the sweat dropped from his forehead and he closed his eyes as though a lightning stroke had smitten them to blindness. For some moments he remained with bowed head, in utter silence, then, lifting himself erect, he allowed her to pass on.

Angie flew straight to her own room, many emotions sweeping through her mind like a rush of winds. How had it all happened?

It is not to be supposed that this woman, a free-born American, who, all her life, had done much as she chose, and who was not a fool, was actually afraid of this man's violence. Not so; what she feared was scandal. To be catechized by a servant—a mulatto—in the hall of a hotel—and to have him wring from her such a secret, would be a disgrace to have entrusted with her dearest friend, and to have the ridiculous situation come to the knowledge of her infernal majesty, Mrs. Grundy, forbid it, heaven! She had answered him at once, hoping thereby to quiet him, and with utmost truth, believing that prevarication would be futile and lead to no good ultimately. She had acted from policy, calculating her chances in a twinkling. To summon help must call for explanation. To show faintness! Not for the world would she have the Malverns know of this affront.

Then, too, so strange is the human heart, she was conscious of some wonder-chord of sympathy within her which had rung like an "iron string" responsive to the tempest of his passion. For let love come to woman in whatsoever guise he may choose to wear, she knows him at a glance; whether he be garlanded with flowers, a song on his lips, or clad in a coat of mail, wreathed with hell-fire and wielding the sword of vengeance; to her love is always love, the king of her heart's kingdom. It was not his rage that had shaken her to the depths, but the might of love within him, which had sprung up with a bound over conditions, asserting itself with courage. In his eyes, blazing with rage, she had seen that divine fire intermingled; and it is this combination which the ancients have embodied in their fable of the heart that was part a god. "Oh!" she thought, "if Alfred was like that he would not be so tiresome!"

And again she was reminded that the Alfred aforesaid still had an existence. What time was it now?—3:30! She must away. The doctors were now on hand to consult further with regard to that gruesome thing called complications. She must lie to the sickroom, her wifely solicitude in evidence. She looked at herself in the little round mirror, set in a silver frame, she had brought with her from Boston. Rose water was in order, also, smelling salts; the hair, out of the deep, a Sarcenet, odorless with sachet, she jerked a precious budget of worsted skeins,

a pair of rosewood needles inlaid with steel, she had picked up in her roomings, to go with it. Ready!

She made a pretty picture a while after as she sat by her husband's bedside, fashioning from the many colored threads one of those works of art, which at least serve the purpose of keeping my lady's hands from further mischief while it is a-making.

Left to himself, Simon stood staring at the floor with that look of supreme suffering intensified, scorn and anger swallowed up in desolating loss. With his own hands he had shut the door between them and their intercourse was ended for good and all, as though it had never been. It had been so kind on her part and so gay—the sweetest joy that had come into his life. And now they must be strangers to each other; even though she forgave him, the old relations could never be restored, there would be always between them the memory of this hour to spoil it all. He recalled her words in the rustic of her skirts as she swept by, that brief look of appeal. Oh! why could he not die and be at rest? She had urged on him the mission—and with what gay insistence—of searching for Paul Malvern—whom she loved. And the keenest thought that stung him in that hour of bitter trial was the reflection that, had he been of her own color—perhaps—perhaps—who knows? But even though she was free and no one stood between them, she still could not be his, never his. Would a proud, dainty lady like Angie Bosson demean herself by wedding with a negro? Surely not. Nor would he have her do so. The barrier of her marriage which divided her from Paul was nothing, nothing compared to this wall of adamant reaching to the skies and having its foundation deep in earth—which nothing could ever shake or ever alter—which kept his own sad life from touching hers. He was of a race accursed and though he prayed till the last drop of his blood ebbed out in agony, appealing with humblest talent to the throne of God, nothing could ever change this awful fact. Even though she was free it must make no sort of difference to him. Lost in the profound of mental pain, his listless eyes ranged over some white object on the floor and rested on it, but without perception, as a wounded bird might cling to whatever it chanced to fall on. After a time, however, he became conscious of what it was, a knot of ribbon that had slipped from Angie's hair. He leaned and picked it up and held it in the hollow of his hand; and somehow, out of that bit of finery there stole a healing influence. The tension on his brain loosened; he breathed like one awaking from a nightmare. With that trifle in his clasp he once more went forth on his weary search for his lost employer, the very thought of whom turned his heart sick with jealousy. He who was a servant, a mere nobody, would seek this man, though the search stretched out till doomsday.

(To be continued.)

A Challenge.

Annie Knowlton Hinman.

"There are more things in heaven and earth,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

My soul will make obeisance to truth in whatever form it may appear. The mind shadowed by an ignorance of facts, is unable to judge fairly of what an unfettered heart may appropriate as a divine truth and because of this fact I am prone to exonerate some critics. Possibly with their fingers upon the public pulse they have deemed it wise not to admit a truth, but they are not skilled physicians or they would have noted that in this age of progress some of our greatest minds are becoming earnest investigators of the occult sciences, and the time has come for independent thought and action and the man who is a slave to an ignorance of facts is frowned upon by the livelier minds who dare to enter the avenues of progressive thought which must ultimate in spiritual unfoldment.

Let us claim an interest in the great tide of love, of hope, of aspiration, of incentives to labor for higher, nobler spiritual conditions that are engendered by the study and acceptance of these hidden truths.

Some who criticize adversely the profound truths of the spiritual philosophy may never have read the works of some of the boldest grandmasters of the present century and accordingly may not be quite equal to weighing the quality or quantity of truths unveiled to them. When we are reminded that the telephone, phonograph, photophone, and cinematograph were the impossibilities of yesterday but the realities of today we may be led to recent past statements, and thus be placed in a condition wherein we may be enabled to more thoroughly appreciate divine prerogatives and privileges.

I trust my words will not be construed into dangerous thrusts, aimed toward a personality, for I am simply assuming to deal with that portion of the unthinking public that has squared itself intentionally or unintentionally against truth. When we consider that Liebauld, Bernheim, and Charcot of Paris, the critical observers, Paul Richer, P. David, Professor Lays, and Reginald of Paris, also many leading physicians and other scientific investigators of France and other continental nations have given the subject of Hypnotism their time and attention; when we know that the Belgian Parliament once passed a bill making Hypnotism a legal offense, we can but endorse the words of a progressive thinker who once wrote, "If this kind of sporadic legislation against Hypnotism is attempted with a view to confound all exercise of mental power over others with fraudulent and criminal design, then a struggle is coming which it will be well to live, and to share in."

This is only one of many vital and profound questions of the age, and to be swayed hither and yon by the fitful breezes of superficial living, a condition transitory and unsatisfactory is in the ultimate a state of soul crucifixion. Today, upon these very grounds, are noble men giving us new presentations of truths, beyond our narrow limitations. Because we are pinioned by old rats we have traveled in, and perhaps fallen heir to through the law of heredity, and we despise or account as empty dreams these same advanced thoughts? Because my wings are too closely clipped for me to soar into the same atmosphere does not prove there are no higher conceptions of life than I have known. Let us join Camille Flammarion's assertion when he says, "Every gigantic step in modern science changes our perspective, and immediately enlarges the sphere of our knowledge."

Am I to sneer because Madame Guzman bequeathed to France one hundred thousand francs to be awarded to the person who should, within ten years from the date of her bequest, establish a means of communication with any star (planetary or otherwise), and am I to continue to sneer because Flammarion has approved and admitted the possibility? I do not consider a rash conceit, conclusions fixed upon a basis I cannot fathom. Am I to join him in saying, "We have but entered the realm of our acquaintance with the universe."

Let us not complain too much! It is glorious to already have our eyes opened toward immensity, and to be able to throw a glance along the avenues of space and time. We are beginning to spell out the first pages of the grand volume of the universe.

Am I to scoff at the ancient Hebrews, who believed that the soul lay in the blood, and

also at Henry Wood who, in the "Solidarity of the Race," says, "Evil being negative and having no God, has no real basis, the real basis of its vitality by the third or fourth generation, while good goes on even to the thousandth?" Let us broaden through each evolutionary step until, if we cannot behold truth in its varied forms, we can at least acknowledge the possibility of its existence even if we are forced to confess our inability to comprehend it.

All times should have allowed free speech, but man in the past has made it otherwise. In the present century there are no martyrs except those who entertain a pessimistic view of life, no fugitives except those levers from the sin of introspection, and thank heaven no where-withal to light even them, for the condemnatory word or thought of another may only prove a lamp unto our feet.

(The above essay was read at Onset, Mass.)

The Higher Aspects of Spiritualism.

An inspirational address delivered in Welcome Hall, Odd Fellows' Building, San Francisco, Cal., on Sunday evening, August 9 by J. J. Morse, London, England.

After an absence extending to nearly seven years Mr. J. J. Morse, the widely known English lecturer made his reappearance before a San Francisco audience in the above named hall. A very satisfactory audience was in attendance and the lecturer's remarks were followed with the closest attention. Prior to the lecture Miss Florence Morse sang "The Better Land" with much taste, and was heartily applauded for her rendering of this ever acceptable composition. Congregational singing, a poem, read by the lecturer, and a truly spiritual aspiration, constituted the preliminaries. Mr. W. T. Jones, secretary of the State Association introduced Mr. Morse in a few hearty and well chosen sentences, after which the speaker proceeded to elucidate his theme.

Mr. Morse first called attention to the divisions into which Spiritualists might be resolved. He suggested three grades—the Phenomenalist, the Philosophical, and the Mystical.

The first class did not fully realize that there was an advocate for the necessity of a more communion with the unseen realm. Nor would they admit that such communion had any necessary relations to the great problems of religion, morality, mental culture, or social evolution. Such an attitude militated against establishing the movement on really sound ground, tended to eliminate spirituality from the question, and to subordinate the use of intercourse between the two worlds to merely material interests, and those of not too exalted a nature.

The lecturer urged that he would yield to no man as an advocate for the necessity of a more communion with the unseen realm. While millions had been convinced of the truth of the communion, more millions remained unconvinced and, for their sakes, phenomena would remain necessary for many years to come. Primarily, the result first arising from a certainty of the communion was consolation to the bereaved. Not the consolation of faith, alone, but that of knowledge, also. Neither religion nor science could accomplish such results as intelligent thinkers of today. But, said Mr. Morse, we must be remembered that the accumulation of isolated facts is not the only end of scientific researches, their mutual relationships, and their relation to the laws of nature and human life, must be sought if any substantial purpose is to be served through the adding of facts to our knowledge. Truth unapplied is practically useless.

The phenomenalist who sees no other aim or end in his intercourse with spirits than his own advantage, or morbid pleasure, regarding the power of the true science and philosophy of Spiritualism.

Had the value of the phenomena been more clearly grasped and had the necessity for rational rather than emotional methods of enquiry and presentation been acted upon in the past others, said the speaker, would not have set the example of how to do those things which Spiritualists should do, and are able to do, for themselves. A true psychic science founded on the laws of nature, the constitution of man, and the actual relations between the natural and spiritual universe was the foundational element in the evolution of the higher Spiritualism.

Dealing with the second class, the speaker considered that it was not impracticable to build up a sound body of spiritual philosophy based upon a study of the facts in our possession. These must correlate with all other facts, otherwise the old bad divisions of natural and supernatural must be continued. Science had advanced with wonderful strides, culture had advanced and the world needed a philosophy of life which shall include all of man's nature and the possibilities of the universe in one systematic and orderly arrangement.

Accepting the teachings of those in the higher life it appears that consequences is the key note of the happiness or otherwise of man immediately after death. A positive morality was therefore possible. As mediumship disclosed susceptibility to the psychic influence functioning on the spiritual plane, so, also, it revealed the similar susceptibility upon the human plane and the philosophy of the influence of thought and the transmission of psychic heredity were elements in the true philosophy of Spiritualism. The outcome of the movement, if it is to survive must be a science that is spiritual, a morality that is rational, and a religion that finds God in man.

It was wasteful time, the speaker urged, to prepare man for the next life by teaching him to condemn the things of this world. Communion here, give man a fair start here, strive to establish on earth the order, honor, fraternity, and beauty of the Summerland. Go into the world and preach a spiritual gospel of social regeneration, personal uplifting, strive to remove ills and evils, such work is needed, education reformation, the living of the life daily before the world, are needs at this time.

Creeds and dogmas, hell and its devils, miracles and revelations, these have been slain. No one wastes time upon them for they have passed away. Spirit return is admitted: our facts established. A Spiritualist is one who is convinced of his intercourse with the other life otherwise he has no right to the title. If he be truly such then will he ask what does his experience point to? The higher aspects of Spiritualism show us the rights of man, of mutual duty and service, the creation of the brotherhood on which the brotherhood of man can alone be established.

Mysticism had cast its baleful light upon the Cause. Emotionalism had overridden reason, the wildest absurdities had been promulgated in the sacred name of Spiritualism. Mediumship had been misunderstood, its development made a mystery, its phases exalted into semi-divine functions. To eat or not to eat was not the question, to cut out self off from the world and in spirit, a distal conclusion cogitates on mystic themes without the corrective influence of practical life was not the way real Spiritualists were made. Mediumship was a normal possibility, the spiritual life was a human life lived humanly. There need be no mystery over our relations to the other world, for mystery and superstition had ever stood in the way of a

Onset News.

Monday, Aug. 10, conference. Mr. W. W. Sprague told of his experiences. Mr. Nickerson expressed his views on spirit and matter. Mrs. Elsen of Chicago said:

"I wait truth. It is the most sacred thing. How much truth have you inside your soul? That is the question. I say to you, one and all, follow the light within just as you see it, and you will come out all right. To me mediumship is the most sacred thing in the world next to fatherhood and motherhood, and I cannot conceive why it will not make a man or woman better."

Mrs. Mears told of experiences that came to her thirty years ago. Mrs. Myron Kling also related experiences as did Dr. Corman of Illinois, who closed with a recitation, "The Darker's Prayer." Prof. Magoon spoke of the efficacy of prayer. Mr. Colville closed the meeting with a poem.

Tuesday, Aug. 11, the meeting was held in the Arcade. Mr. Barrett, speaker of the day, prefaced his lecture with a poem entitled, "My Creed," and greetings to Onset from five different camps. He said in part:

"I will not deal with the phenomena today because they are too well established; but I wish to demonstrate the fact that the loved ones who have experienced the called death; the real test comes after this knowledge. We may have phenomena all our lives and yet be no further advanced than when we first received this knowledge. Suppose a scientist who is seeking and searching after some fact finds it, is he satisfied with that knowledge? No, he analyzes the phenomena and proves them to the world and finds out the reason of the same. It should be the same with us. After receiving the demonstration, it behooves us to go on and analyze, as does the scientist. When we understand the phenomena we can use them as stepping stones to something higher.

"The test of any religion is its effect upon the individual life and character of those who profess the religion. If our religion does not uplift us, make us more charitable to others' faults and teach us to look within, what better is it than any other religion? If Spiritualism means all we claim for it, then it is the thing we need now more than anything else at the present time."

"The problem of spirit communion is answered thus: We have got to face every mean thing we have ever done, and it behooves us to turn to and do as many good things as we can to offset the mean ones. Spiritualism is the supreme religion and it will stand all tests. If we will live up to the teachings of Spiritualism, it will lift us up. We must not call the angels down, but aspire to rise to them. The Soul is the Real, the All."

Wednesday, Aug. 12, was conference day. Mr. Maxwell sang "Stand Away," which inspired Mrs. Stiles to relate many experiences of the past. She then said: "We must come into touch with the spirit. We should have a Psychic Circle here for the development of mediumship."

Dr. Weeks spoke briefly on the subject "Truth." Mr. J. H. Foss continued: "I do not keep eloquence on tap, but I could not resist the persuasive voice of the president. It was a great surprise to me to be called upon to speak. Years ago, I registered a vow to heaven that I would never torture an audience again with preaching, because I had suffered so when in the Baptist church. Onset to me is sacred ground. It was here I was taken out of darkness into the light of Spiritualism. We need the old-fashioned phenomena to lead us to the philosophy."

Mrs. Hinman of Worcester related an experience and closed her remarks with an original poem. Mr. W. W. Sprague told of happenings in a penal institute where he is employed. Dr. Fuller also told of his experiences in the mental phenomena.

Thursday, Aug. 13, a large mid-week audience was in attendance to listen to an address delivered by Harrison D. Barrett. Mrs. M. T. Longley offered a soulful invocation. Subject of discourse: "The Common Ground or the Democracy of Death."

Friday, Aug. 14, conference. Mr. Barrett read a paper written by Mrs. Annie Hinman of Worcester entitled "A Challenge," which is printed in another column. Mrs. Alyn commented on the paper and said: "The realities of tomorrow are the impossibilities of tomorrow. I am a thorough believer in this thought and I am glad the thought is being presented in such a beautiful manner from our platform." Mrs. Curtis read a poem "The Old Soldier's Funeral," by Dean Clarke. Mrs. Delia Smith of Providence made brief remarks and closed with an original poem "Why?" Mrs. Mears, Mr. Sampson, Mr. Barrett made pertinent remarks. Mr. Barrett referred especially to Andrew Jackson Davis and the children in Spiritualism. He said: "I heard a little girl say she was just as anxious to get a message from her papa and mamma as her auntie was to hear from her husband. I believe that occult phenomena can be grasped by all minds when it is presented in simple language." Mr. James Young followed with interesting experiences.

Friday evening, Aug. 14, a joint reception was given to Mr. and Mrs. C. Payson Longley of Washington, D. C., and the Hatch Brothers, who had just returned from an extended tour, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Simon Butterfield. The host and hostess had their cottage prettily decorated with national colors and flowers. During the evening a musical program was given by Mr. and the Misses Holloway and the Hatch Brothers. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Holloway, Miss Ethel Holloway, Miss Leona Holloway, Mr. and Mrs. C. Payson Longley, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hatch, E. Warren Hatch, Charles L. C. Hatch and the host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Simon Butterfield. During the evening a bountiful spread was served. The evening was one of the many happy times that are spent at this cottage. It was among the late hours before the party broke up.

Sunday, Aug. 16, The beautiful weather allowed the meetings to be held in the auditorium and one of the largest audiences was present. The Bridgeview Band gave three concerts during the day. At 10:30 Mr. Harrison D. Barrett was the speaker. The audience joined in silent prayer followed with a soulful invocation. Subject of lecture: "What Came Ye Out Here to Seek?" Mr. Barrett, as usual, gave an able and interesting discourse, permeated with high spiritual aspiration. It was a pleasure to witness the reception which Mr. Barrett received from his audience. All were sorry that he was to leave for other fields. We would like to have him with us during the balance of the season, but others are waiting for him and he must go on and do his good work in other parts of the country.

In the afternoon the Rev. Frank E. Mason was the speaker and he had the largest audience of the season. It looked like old times

at Onset when free meetings were held, notwithstanding the admission to this lecture was ten cents, it being a special lecture. When introduced Mr. Mason received a grand reception. He gave an address that should have been heard by thousands. Notwithstanding Mr. Mason had given this lecture, it was well received and will bear repeating many times.

At 8 o'clock Mr. Wiggin held a wonderfully convincing seance in the Arcade before a large audience.

Among the many new arrivals are Mrs. Nettie Holt Harding, Dr. Watkins, Geo. A. Bacon, Dr. H. H. Prentiss and Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Mason.

Hotel Empire, New York. Ladies without escort will find the Empire a desirable hotel at moderate rates.

Campmeetings for 1903.

Lily Dale, N. Y., City of Light Assembly—July 8 to Sept. 2.
Onset, Mass.—July 12 to Aug. 20.
Lake Pleasant, Mass.—Aug. 2 to 31.
Saugus Centre, Mass.—June 7 to Sept. 27.
Mowland Park, Mass.—June 7 to Sept. 27.
Verona Park, Me.—Aug. 1 to 31.
Etna, Me.—Aug. 28 to Sept. 6.
Madison, Me.—Sept. 4 to 13.
Queen City Park, Vt.—July 26 to Sept. 6.
Rutland, N. H.—Aug. 2 to 30.
Niantic, Conn.—June 21 to Sept. 6.
Briggs Park, Mich.—July 4 to Aug. 30.
Wenow, Wis.—Aug. 13 to 20.
Mt. Pleasant Park, Iowa—Aug. 2 to 30.
Marshalltown, Iowa—Aug. 23 to Sept. 13.
Chesterfield, Ind.—July 16 to Aug. 20.
Belmont Park, Ill.—July 1 to Sept. 1.
Maple Dell Park, Mantua, O.—July 25 to Sept. 6.

For Over Sixty Years

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

Queen City Park, Burlington, Vt.

The Park has assumed its oldtime activity. The wet and cold weather at the opening, caused some of the usual regular visitors to be late. The regular speaker for the opening days was Rev. William T. Hutchins of Springfield, Mass. His lectures gave much satisfaction, and regrets were expressed that he could not remain longer.

W. H. A. Simmons, of Haverhill, Mass., a new speaker here, has given brilliant service as speaker and helped at the conferences and entertainments and made many friends.

Several of the home speakers are here rendering good and willing service.

Mrs. Emma Resch of Brooklyn, N. Y., as test medium, was very successful, and made many friends.

Mrs. Katie M. Ham has arrived and was gladly welcomed by many friends. Large, anxious audiences are at all the lectures when followed by her tests.

Mrs. Helen P. Rousseau and Rev. B. F. Austin are to arrive this week to remain to the close of the season.

Queen City Park, one of the oldest camps in the United States, still holds the Banner aloft and sends happy and fraternal greetings to all sister camps.

Newman Weeks, secy. pro tem.

For Loss of Appetite

Take Hensford's Acid Phosphate.

Excels in treatment of women and children, for debility and loss of appetite. Supplies the needed nerve food and strengthening tonic.

Onset Wigwam.

An open air meeting was held Aug. 12, 1903, by the Onset Wigwam Co-Workers on the grounds near the wigwam as a memorial service in the interest of the G. A. R. veteran soldiers and sailors and the Woman's Relief Corps. There were goodly numbers of these organizations present representing many different posts from near-by towns and cities. The decorations were tasteful and in full keeping with the patriotic occasion.

The exercises opened with a salute to the "Star Spangled Banner" by the Lyceum children directed by Mrs. C. Fannie Allen. Comrade C. D. Fuller made an invocation. Mrs. M. C. Weston, president of the Onset Wigwam Co-Workers, delivered an address of welcome and after a selection by the Wigwam quartet, called upon Mrs. C. Fannie Allen, who made one of her usual eloquent addresses which was well received and loudly applauded. Miss Mary E. Davis gave a reading entitled "Daddy Fifth." Mr. A. J. Maxham sang, "Who Saved the Left?" "Yankee Doodle Dandy O," which put the audience in good humor. Mr. Harrison D. Barrett made an earnest and stirring address which was well received and much applauded.

The other speakers taking part in the exercises were Mr. Thompson of New Bedford, Mrs. S. D. Frances, Dr. Geo. W. Cary of San Francisco, Cal., Comrades J. H. Young, C. D. Fuller, Mr. Tribune, Mrs. F. A. Curtis, Mrs. S. A. Bryant read poems. Mrs. M. C. Weston recited a poem. Selections of music were interspersed. The closing hymn, "America," was joined in by all present. The services were concluded with an inspirational poem by Mrs. Allen from subjects given from the audience, and was pronounced a masterpiece.

E. A. Blackden, secretary.

Unity Camp.

Sunday, August 16, Rev. W. T. Hutchins was the principal speaker. This was the first visit of Mr. Hutchins to Unity Camp, but we certainly hope it will not be the last. The subject of his discourse was "Psychic Phenomena in Universal Religion."

The lecturer touched upon the radical revolution of thought through which the speaker had passed in the last three years. The outlook of the new and larger vision of truth was delineated. What Spiritualists are doing to establish freedom of thought and bold welcome of evidence was appropriately told. The opportunity which now opens for those who have the courage to move out into the territory of reconstructed truth was urged upon Spiritualists who are no longer hampered by orthodox superstition. The inevitable decline of the churches will soon turn loose a multitude of people who will look elsewhere for a new basis of faith, and if Spiritualism is to grow it must provide an adequate basis of evidence to satisfy the religious craving of this great multitude. The speaker believed that the field of psychic evidence would more than make good the collapse of orthodox mythology.

Others participating in the exercises were Rev. James Smith and wife, Fred de Bos, Arthur Shedd, J. O. Allan, Mr. Dr. Caird

and Mrs. Nellie Noyes with Dr. Alex Caird presiding.

The music was as usual in charge of H. C. Chase and formed a very important part of the exercises; the congregational singing being especially enjoyable.

Monday, August 17, will be opening day of the Bazaar and Symposium. All friends are cordially invited to visit the camp during that week; the attractions being varied and many.

An Inspirational Wonder.

A sepiol or black and white copy of the inspirational picture, "The Majesty of Nature," ready for framing, sixteen by twelve inches, together with a copy of the hieroglyphical verse will be forwarded postpaid to any part of the world by R. H. White & Co., or Banner of Light Publishing Co., Boston, Mass., on receipt of twenty cents in stamps, coin, or postal note.

Important Notice to N. S. A. Auxiliaries.

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

AMENDMENTS FOR CONVENTION OF 1903
Unfinished business—Cons. Article 10; change the word "thirty" on fifth line to "sixty."
Amend—That a quorum for the transaction of business shall consist of a majority vote of duly accredited delegates.

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.
As there will be several candidates for the office of N. S. A. president societies are requested to refrain from pledging their delegates to vote for any special person, although a preference may be expressed to the delegates by their societies. The election hour may present matters that will demand the exercise of the best judgment of the delegates in casting their votes, that the business may not come to a standstill, or to worse confusion.

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

A Birthday Celebration.

A very pleasing occasion to all interested was the celebration of the seventy-fifth birthday of Mr. Peter Black of New Bedford, when many of his friends from New Bedford, Boston and Onset made merry at Sunbeam Cottage, Highland Ave., Onset, the home of Mrs. V. R. Kiff.

Mr. Black is an old time Spiritualist and was well known in Boston circles many years ago. He is engaged in the rigging business at New Bedford working side by side with the youngest of his gang. Well preserved in years, he is the envy of many who at his age have ceased to perform most of the harder kinds of labor, leaving them for rising generations. For this reason he enjoyed to the fullest this gathering which extended into the small hours of the night. Refreshments and music mingled with the well wishes and jollifications of the hour and those who embraced the opportunity to congratulate and cheer their friend along life's pathway went away with lighter hearts, and fully appreciating the benefits of well living.

Onset is "Home" to Mr. Black and his place was more homelike than Sunbeam cottage where indications point to the possibility of many more like gatherings as each year brings the month of August into line. All will join in wishing Mr. Black many happy returns of the day and many pleasant reunions like the one just passed, and his friends who were not permitted to gather at the ceremonies of the day, owing to the miles that separated them from our shores, will be pleased to know that he withstood the ordeal as he has withstood the knocks of time through the journey of seventy-five years.

Mr. A. E. Tatlow read an original poem, appropriate to the occasion.

Briefs.

Waverley Home, Aug. 16. There seems to be an ever increasing interest in Spiritualism. The wonderful ability to bring the unseen world's into communication through the glorious gift of mediumship, fills the mind of the thoughtful person with awe and reverence, no matter whether he be a believer or no. Human nature is alike, whatever the religious belief. All hope to meet the dear ones over there. But the Spiritualist has this added comfort, he can commune with his loved ones, here and now. This is exemplified each Sunday at our meetings and at Spiritualist meetings all over the land. This is why we see so many strangers at our meetings. They long to hear from "a voice that is hushed" as well as we, and so long as love and sweet memory of dear ones find lodgment in the human heart, just so long will we see the believer, and unbeliever, side by side in our meetings, breathing an inward prayer that our Heavenly Father may guide and direct our loved ones to draw nigh unto us. It is now that the office of mediumship becomes most sacred, for they are the interpreters of those in spirit life that we hold in sacred memory. Our good sister, Mrs. S. E. Hall, presided today. Alonzo Danforth gave an address; remarks and messages by Mrs. Cutter, Mrs. Hughes, Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Fisher and Mrs. Reed; Mrs. Bemis, pianist.—J. H. Lewis.

Progressive Spiritual Society, Malden.—Aug. 15, Mrs. N. S. Noyes, lecturer and astrologer of Boston, lectured. Her work was very instructive and entertaining. She was ably assisted by Mr. Harvey Redding and Mrs. G. B. Mosier. Mrs. M. E. Bonnie, assisted by Bro. Harvey Redding lectured August 23. Although we have had many drawbacks, this society is still on the upward march of progress. God and the angels are with us as we march along and our motto is "Truth." God bless our workers. Banner of Light for sale at the door.—B. Morton, secretary, 11 Pleasant St., Malden, Mass.

ton, Mr. Hinkins, Rev. G. Brewer, Miss Seay, Mrs. Wilkinson. Mediums assisting at the service at 12 and 3 and 7.45 were: Mrs. Reed, Mrs. Fox, Mrs. Anna Morgan, Mrs. Annie Whittemore, Mrs. Nelly Grover, Anna Strong, Prof. Holland, Mr. Hersey, Poem, Mr. Webster. Large attendance at the healing circle every Tuesday. Meetings for phenomena Thursday afternoons at 2.30.—Reporter.

Blodgett's Landing, N. H.—Aug. 11, 2.15 p. m. lecture and tests by Edgar W. Emerson. Aug. 12, 2.15 p. m. conference; seance in hall, 7.45 p. m. by Mr. Emerson. Aug. 13, 2.15 p. m. lecture and tests by Mr. Emerson. Aug. 14, 2.15 p. m. conference; seance in hall at 7.45 p. m. by Mr. Emerson. Aug. 15, 2.15 p. m. lecture and reading by Mrs. Edith Lloyd Browne. Lynn, Mass. Aug. 16, 10.45, meeting was called to order by Mr. John Gage, vice-president; the speaker, Mrs. Edith Lloyd Browne; 1 p. m. a seance in hall by Edgar W. Emerson; communications were recognized; 2.30 p. m. lecture by Edgar W. Emerson which was listened to by a large audience. Mrs. Fannie H. Spalding is doing good work.—Lorenzo Worthen, secretary.

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 to the cure. Vernal Saw 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 Saw Palmetto Berry Wine, 120 Seneca Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

All leading druggists sell it.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.

Wednesday, Aug. 12, 2 p. m. A large audience greeted Mrs. Webster. Susie Clark made the opening address. Mrs. Webster gave evidence of the continuity of life. The Schubert Quartet sang "There is a Dear Little Font of Sweetly Sleeping" and other selections. Mrs. Carrie Twing closed the meeting with a benediction. We were all very sorry to have Susie Clark take leave of us so soon. We hope to hear her before the camp closes.

Thursday, Aug. 13, 10.30 a. m. Lecture by J. Clegg Wright. Mr. Wright said in part: "There is always something pleasing in nature. There is always something sublime in the fields of the heavens. How beautiful is life!" Mr. Wright's lessons are scholarly and instructive and one may be printed in a future issue.

Thursday, 2 p. m. Mrs. Tillie Reynolds, president of the Ladies' Improvement Association, gave the opening address. Mrs. Webster made remarks and gave spirit messages. Mrs. Webster's ministrations here has brought cheer to many a sad heart.

Friday, Aug. 14, 10.30, Mr. J. Clegg Wright gave the second lecture in the series. It was a masterly discourse which should be reported in full to many who do justice to the speaker.

Friday afternoon Mrs. Carrie Twing addressed a large audience. Mrs. Webster gave her closing seance. All her seances were very convincing and every communication she has given has been fully recognized. Singing by the Schubert Quartet closed the meeting. Mrs. Twing lectured and gave tests Saturday.

Saturday morning, Aug. 15, lecture by J. Clegg Wright. Subject, "The Planetary System." His audiences are large and appreciative.

Saturday afternoon conference opened by song service led by Mrs. Tillie Reynolds. Mrs. Carrie Twing read the poem, "We Are Lovers Still," from Mrs. Leonard's book of poems. Mrs. Twing addressed the meeting in her happy way. Then "Leobol" controlled her and gave many messages which were all recognized and the friends receiving them were made happy. Mr. Corliss greeted Judge Daily. He said: "I am so pleased to be here at the camp. It was all right, my going home. I will help to carry on the work. My interest is here just as much as it was in the form. I am with my loved ones. Don't feel sad, for I am and shall be with you to comfort and direct you."

Sunday morning, Aug. 16, the rostrum was beautifully decorated with flowers and ferns arranged by Mrs. A. S. Waterhouse. A large and appreciative audience greeted Mrs. C. E. S. Twing. She prefaced her lecture by reading a fine poem composed by Mrs. Leonard entitled "Sometime." "Inasmuch" was the subject of her discourse. She said in part: "Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of us, you have done it unto our little ones. When you are burdened, your soul hungers for some kind of love and sympathy. The soul goes reaching out for food, for knowledge that we may know the future existence. We thirst for appreciation and the soul life thirsts for art. We see people clothed in desire; but that is not what we desire; we want the inner man, the unseen world's into communication through the glorious gift of mediumship, fills the mind of the thoughtful person with awe and reverence, no matter whether he be a believer or no. Human nature is alike, whatever the religious belief. All hope to meet the dear ones over there. But the Spiritualist has this added comfort, he can commune with his loved ones, here and now. This is exemplified each Sunday at our meetings and at Spiritualist meetings all over the land. This is why we see so many strangers at our meetings. They long to hear from "a voice that is hushed" as well as we, and so long as love and sweet memory of dear ones find lodgment in the human heart, just so long will we see the believer, and unbeliever, side by side in our meetings, breathing an inward prayer that our Heavenly Father may guide and direct our loved ones to draw nigh unto us. It is now that the office of mediumship becomes most sacred, for they are the interpreters of those in spirit life that we hold in sacred memory. Our good sister, Mrs. S. E. Hall, presided today. Alonzo Danforth gave an address; remarks and messages by Mrs. Cutter, Mrs. Hughes, Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Fisher and Mrs. Reed; Mrs. Bemis, pianist.—J. H. Lewis.

Sunday evening, Mediums' meeting in Association Hall. Those taking part were Mrs. Tillie Reynolds, Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Lincoln of Boston, Mrs. Withers, Miss Fanny Moody. Meeting conducted by G. M. Budington. Monday, Aug. 17, the children of the Lyceum, accompanied by the officers, leaders, parents and friends, were given a trolley car ride, visiting Montague, Turner's Falls, Montague City and Greenfield. Having arrived at Greenfield, Mr. George Cleveland prepared a nice spread for the children, being invited by Mr. Winn to use his grove for the repast. The children were delighted and were very thankful to Uncle George for the fruit, confectionery and other goodies as there was a very liberal supply. Our special car was decorated with flags presented by Mr. Churchill of Greenfield. Conductor Wood of Turner's Falls and Motorman Buzzell of Montague City were very kind to the children, looking after their pleasure in many ways.

Mr. Cleveland loves the children and the children love Uncle George. He shall give the children another car ride before the camp closes. When we arrived at Lake Pleasant, the children gave Mr. Cleveland, Conductor Wood and Motorman Buzzell three hearty cheers. They made the woods ring with their sweet voices as they did all along the way. They sang, laughed, chatted and said: "We did have such a good time, Uncle George."

Some of the leaders were Mrs. Waterhouse, Miss Laura Sloan, Mrs. Belcher, Miss Grace Southard, Mrs. Jordan, who looks after the finances, and Mrs. Boyden. We also had with us Mrs. Sarah H. Ross, S. Isabel Ross and Mrs. Thomas Rose, guardian, and Mrs. Kimball, surrounded with her group of nine little children, was a pleasing picture.

The Schubert Quartet gave their annual concert Thursday evening, Aug. 20, at the Temple. Stratton's Operatic Orchestra gave their annual concert and cake walk (by the children) Tuesday, the 18th, at the pavilion. The young people and children are very much in evidence here and are enjoying themselves heartily.

Mrs. Sawyer's materializing seances are well attended; she is giving general satisfaction as to the truth of materialism. All that have attended her seances and have seen and talked with their friends say they did see them and clasp their hands. Mrs. Sawyer is put under test conditions by being stoutly tied so that it is utterly impossible for her to free herself. I do hope that all skeptics will attend her seances and be convinced.

Recent arrivals: S. A. Bradbury, Winsted, Conn.; Mrs. Effie I. Webster, Lynn, Mass.; Mrs. Jacob Nicholson, Lowell, Mass.; Mrs. C. W. Cunningham, Boston; Mrs. F. A. Smith, Camden, N. J.; A. B. Williams, Camden, N. J.; Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Watkins, Boston; M. Jove, New York; K. O. Keller, Jr., Winsor Lock, Conn.; Forest Chamberlain and wife, Springfield, Conn.; Mrs. C. Johnson, Brooklyn, N. Y.; L. J. Bennett, New Jersey; Mrs. Fletcher, Lowell; Mrs. Olive Reynolds, Mr. Edward Gilbert, Mr. William Evans, Mr. Fay, Mrs. Carrie Twing, Susie Clark, Mr. Fowler, Mrs. Tillie Reynolds, L. C. Flagg, William R. Culver and wife, Miss Newhouse, J. F. Taylor, Miss A. N. Almond, John E. Willis, H. T. Strout, Mrs. W. J. Johnson, T. S. Remesbic, Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Thompson, Providence; A. Phillips, Killyingly, Conn.; Mrs. T. Judge, Mrs. P. Mack, G. E. Arnold, Springfield; Mrs. Rose Kane, Mrs. J. E. Brown, Holyoke; Mrs. S. D. Louis, Holyoke; H. H. Loveland, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mrs. E. D. Loveland, Ontario, N. Y.; Mrs. Washburn, Miss Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Whittemore, Hartford, Conn.; Mr. W. Wheeler and wife, Meriden, Conn.; Mrs. C. P. Pratt, Pawtucket; Mrs. J. Soper, Cambridge, Mass.; Mr. Henry G. Amerdon and wife, Torrington, Conn.; Mrs. George B. Amerdon, Manchester, N. H.

Putnam House: A. M. Howard, South Abol, A. J. Miller, Boston, Mass.; E. M. Ripley, E. Elton Ripley and wife, Collinsville, Conn.; B. H. Hagwin, Holyoke; Mrs. and Miss Eastern, Hayden, Conn.; A. C. Betts and wife, Troy, N. Y.; C. E. Noble and family, Chicago; Sarah Talman, Athol; Mabel Davis, So. Athol; F. Iverson Helm and wife, Oueanta, N. Y.; S. C. Usher and wife, Troy, N. Y.; D. D. Wait and wife, Londonderry, Vt.; Charles Catbelle, Mechanicsville, N. Y.; W. W. Martin, Boston; Mrs. Julie Hammer, Boston; Mr. W. W. Lee and wife, Troy, N. Y.; Margaret Bryant, Williamstown, Mass.; Lydia Welch, Williamstown, Mass.; F. H. Stocker, Hartford, Conn.; James Rickey, Petersham, Mass.; Jennie Rickey, Petersham, Mass.; A. E. Woodward, Worcester, Mass.; T. P. Edgerton, Albany, N. Y.; P. A. Johnson, Arlington, Vt.; Adeline W. Wildes, M. D., Boston.

Lake Pleasant House: Eva N. Smith, New York; Mrs. F. H. Smith, Camden, N. J.; Alfred B. Wilkinson, Camden, N. J.; T. S. Tucker and wife, Plainville, Conn.; T. S. Simmons, Springfield, Mass.; William Paton, Springfield, Mass.; G. Norton, Boston, Mass.; K. C. Beebe, Boston; John Holden, New York; M. J. Brennan, New York; C. N. Dickerson, Barnardston; M. J. Merwin, E. Parsons, Miller's Falls; John Dostol, Ludlow; Francis Dostol, Ludlow; Dwight Taylor, Craney; T. A. Barnard, Hadley Falls; J. R. Stratton, wife and daughter, Athol, Mass.; N. W. Strong, Northampton; J. E. Willis, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Betty, Boston, Mass.; H. J. King, Williamstown, Conn.; Louise Rover, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. George D. Curtis, Brooklyn; Albert J. Evers and wife, Brooklyn; Katie Adams, Jamaica, N. Y.; C. S. Lynde, Fairley, N. Y.; O. B. Farland, Northampton; T. Brown and wife, Northampton; R. W. Smith, Springfield, Mass.; A. P. Murphy, Greenfield, Mass.; J. T. Taylor, Niantic, Conn.; O. H. Stetson, Greenfield, Conn.; Geo. Wells, Greenfield, Mass.; Mrs. C. R. Piper, Boston; Mr. Geo. James, Boston; Master Raymond Piper, Miss Jacobus Piper, A. J. Lawrence, New York; J. E. Willis, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Unique Book.

The book that the best judges recommend is the one to buy, as you will read it many times and refer to it all your life for entertainment and instruction. "Racy," "rollicking," "humorous," "blue-dispelling," "inspiring," such are a few of the many approving adjectives applied to that popular new book whose suggestive title is "The Gentleman from Everywhere."

More than one thousand of our leading authors and editors advise you in their papers to read this unique, beautiful volume, and many of their interesting letters are printed in the publisher's handsome brochure which we will be pleased to give you at our office.

Ex-Governors John D. Long, J. L. Chamberlain, Lieut.-Gov. Curtis Guild, Ambassador Draper, Ezekiah Butterworth and Sam Walter Foss commend this book in high terms of praise. Here are quotations from a few sample comments.

Rev. Edward A. Horton, D. D., Boston: "James Henry Foss gives us, in his new book, a very entertaining story in which humor and earnestness, trial and joy, peace and struggle, pathos and jollity, pass before us with panoramic attraction."

The Brown University Alumni Monthly: "We have enjoyed this narrative very much. It is devoid of dull pages, and the picturesque adventures, pathos and bubbling humor fascinate us from start to finish."

The Cleveland, Ohio, Daily World: "The author's power of description, both of nature and of human nature is great, and the hero's experiences as school-boy, emigrant, farmer, book-agent, school-master, preacher, club-founder, town-builder, stump-speaker, and soldier are unique and highly entertaining."

The Editors of the Banner of Light enjoyed the reading of "The Gentleman from Everywhere" so much that we have secured several copies which may be obtained at our office. We will supply canvassers and dealers at a liberal discount from the retail price—\$1.50.

Living to the End.

One living rightly finds no dregs at the bottom of the cup. Indeed, we may have faith to believe that this one finds no bottom to the cup. There is no death; it is life, all life, that we are given to taste. There is a sweet flavor of immortality which is not wanting to the warm currents of youth, but which is more clearly present to the quaffing of old age. With a very different meaning in it from his own, we can use the words of old Greek Anacreon, and say:

"This I need not be told,
'Tis time to live, if I grow old."

Life ought ever to be getting a better time to live. So prepare for death—the best time to live of all.—Ex.

Don't pitch your tent in the graveyard of the past.—Benj. Harrison.

THE NEWEST OF NEW WOMEN. A Story of the Life of a Woman of the World. By J. H. W. Edmonds. 12mo. 25 cents.

By JUDGE JOHN W. EDMONDS, and DR. GEORGE T. DEXTER

This Excellent Work Has Been Reissued by W. H. TERRY, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA, Editor of Harbinger of Light, IN TWO VOLUMES.

This work has long been out of print, and difficult to obtain even at a high price. Both volumes are reissued with solid thought and offer the READING PUBLIC.

A BARE OPPORTUNITY to study these eminent writers at FIRST HAND.

The spirit teachings of these volumes are of a high order and purport to come from such wise spirits as Emanuel Swedenborg and Lord Bacon. It is not too much to say that these communications reflect credit upon the spirits who gave them, without regard to their names and social standing on earth. The authentic writings through Dr. Dexter and many of JUDGE EDMONDS' trained vision, as well as those of his daughter, are described in full. No thoughtful Spiritualist should be without both volumes. Sold either in sets or singly. The first volume contains 360 octavo pages, with a fine portrait of Judge Edmonds. The second volume contains 440 pages, with a fine sketch of a scene in the spirit-world. Price per volume, 25 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

A BOOK OF THE DAY.

Cubes and Spheres IN Human Life.

BY F. A. WIGGIN.

Mr. Wiggin is earnest and strong, and his words must stimulate to higher thinking and nobler living.—M. J. Savage, D. D. "There is not too much of it; it is all gold. I shall most heartily recommend it to my friends."—William Brewster. "The reading of CUBES AND SPHERES adds another of the valued privileges for which I am indebted to Mr. Wiggin."—Lillian Whiting. "There is in his line and quality of thought a strong suggestion of Emerson."—Progressive Thinker. "This admirable collection of stirring essays on live topics of fundamental value has strongly appealed to me as just the thing needed."—W. J. Colville. "The whole book is rich in stimulating thought."—The Coming Age. Price 75 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

NEW EDITION.

TRANSCENDENTAL PHYSICS.

An Account of Experimental Investigations from the Scientific Treatises of

JOHANN CARL FRIEDRICH ZOLLNER.

Professor of Physical Astronomy at the University of Leipzig; Member of the Royal Society of Sciences; Foreign Member of the Royal Astronomical Society of London; of the Imperial Academy of Natural Philosophers; Honorary Member of the Physical Association at Frankfurt-on-the-Main; of the "Scientific Society of Psychological Studies," Paris; and of the "British National Association of Spiritualists" at London. Translated from the German, with a Preface and Appendices, by Charles Carleton Massey, of Lincoln's Inn, London, England. Barrister-at-Law. The book contains a thorough and various experiments described therein, including extraordinary cases of levitation, experiments with pendulums, tables, tables, tables, etc. Cloth, 12 mo., 220 pages. Price 75 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

A NEW EDITION.

PROOF PALPABLE OF IMMORTALITY

Being an Account of Materializing Phenomena of Modern Spiritualism, with Remarks on the Relation of Facts to Theology, Morals and Religion.

BY THE LATE

EPES SARGENT.

This work contains chapters on Materializations of the Past, Phenomenal Proof of Immortality, Materializations at Moravia, N. Y., and elsewhere. Materializations in England, Scientific Investigations, Fortiori of Spirit, American Phenomena, Materializations Through the Editor, Family, The Spirit-Box, Power of Spirit Over Matter, Unity of Forces and Phenomena, Relations of Spiritualism to Modern Science, The Divine Nature, Relations of Spiritualism to Morality, The Message of Spiritualism Further Proofs Palpable. 12 mo. paper. 228 pages. Price 75 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

ETIOPATHY

OR

WAY OF LIFE,

BEING AN EXPOSITION OF OTTOLOGY, PHYSIOLOGY AND THERAPEUTICS.

A Religious Science and a Scientific Religion.

BY GEO. DUTTON, A. B., M. D.

W. J. Colville says in reference to the book: "Etiothy Physiology, Ontology Therapeutics—The above four titles have been applied by Dr. Geo. Dutton of Chicago to his valuable new work, 'The Way of Life,' a motto of which is 'Know Thyself.' All persons desirous of obtaining in the shortest space of time and in the most practical manner the outlines of a thorough medical education, cannot do better than invest a few dollars in this extremely concise and valuable book, which is deeply spiritual in tone, but fully abreast of the latest scientific discoveries in the closely related realms of mental and physical therapeutics. Dr. Dutton is a lucid, conscientious and comprehensive teacher, a writer of great ability and a man of singular freedom from prejudice and bias with ardent love of truth."

64 pages, bound in cloth and gold. Contains a portrait of the author. Price 65 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

The A B C of PALMISTRY

BY HATHAWAY AND DUNBAR.

The Authors in their preface say: "Our aim in presenting this little book to the public is to supply the demand for an elementary text book on Palmistry which shall be simple, practical, truthful and inexpensive."

We have, therefore, arranged the book in a series of lessons which can be easily understood and which contain practical suggestions that have been tested by the authors.

PARTIAL LIST OF CONTENTS.

Lesson I.—The Types of Hands.
Lesson II.—The Lines: The Fingers; The Moonline; The Heart Line; The Head Line; The Life Line; The Fate Line; The Secret Line.
Lesson III.—The Markings.
Lesson IV.—The Lines: The Fingers; The Moonline; The Heart Line; The Head Line; The Life Line; The Fate Line; The Secret Line.
Lesson V.—The Lines: The Fingers; The Moonline; The Heart Line; The Head Line; The Life Line; The Fate Line; The Secret Line.

Offer Extraordinary

A Great Opportunity!

EVERY READER INTERESTED

In What?

In the Banner of Light's wonderful premium offer to every subscriber! It is the opportunity of a life time and every one should embrace it.

What is this offer? Every subscriber now on our books will receive a handsomely bound copy of Dr. J. M. Peebles' greatest work,

"THE CHRIST QUESTION SETTLED," for sending us one new yearly subscriber. This makes this splendid book

FREE!

to every subscriber who will send us ONE NEW NAME for one year's subscription, accompanied by two dollars. This is the price of the Banner alone for one year, yet we give this excellent book Free to any Old Subscriber who will send us

ONE NEW NAME!

Authors, scholars, seers, prophets and savants in all lands unite in pronouncing "The Christ Question Settled" to be one of the best works ever penned by Dr. Peebles, and by far the best and most exhaustive ever written upon the subject. Both mortals and spirits testify to its worth, and declare it should be IN EVERY HOME ON EARTH!

This volume of nearly 400 pages, elegantly, richly bound, contains the ripest thoughts of Col. Ingersoll, Rabbi I. M. Wise, Prof. J. R. Buchanan, B. B. Hill, Moses Hull, Hudson Tuttle, J. S. Loveland, W. Emmette Coleman, with the testimonies of the controlling intelligences of J. J. Morse, W. J. Colville, Stainton Moses, Mrs. M. T. Longley, and others, concerning the existence or non-existence of Jesus Christ, concerning his conception, his travels, his gifts, his mission, etc., with the interspersed writings, criticisms and conclusions of Dr. Peebles. This book, wrote W. J. Colville in reviewing it, "takes high rank, and will be long looked upon as a STANDARD CLASSIC regarding the subject of which it treats."

Here is The Great Chance to place this great book in every home. Subscribers, now is the time for YOU to act!

Will you help the good work? If so send us a good subscription list. For one new name you will receive a copy of "The Christ Question Settled," or if you already have it, any book we have in stock of the same price. For TWO NEW NAMES we will send you "The Christ Question Settled," and another work of high literary rank, to be selected by us. For three, four, and more new names, all for one full year, we will send you Dr. Peebles' great work, accompanied by as many volumes of fine reading matter as you send us names.

This is our Offer Extraordinary and Banner Subscribers, it is now YOUR time to speak! Will you accept it? Send in your subscriptions AT ONCE!

Special Notice.

As it seems desirable to know where my home is, I will say that I expect to vote (when I can) at Thornton, Delaware Co., Pa., where Mrs. Kates has developed a home for her father and mother. We hope to make that our home some time. But our P. O. address is where we serve the public. As N. S. A. missionaries, our address is its office. When our services close with the N. S. A. we will use the address of Mrs. Kates' people, at Thornton, Pa. When elected trustees of the N. S. A., my last legal address was Rochester, N. Y., where we served the local church for three years, hence we registered there. Now my home is the world, and my P. O. address anywhere we may be serving the people. I hope to yet see the day when we can have a home and stay there.

George W. Kates.

Hotel Empire, New York. Write for our booklet and rate card.

Vicksburg, Mich.

We closed our camp work at Vicksburg, Mich., August 18 to 23. This is a nice camp, well conducted. Miss Jeannette Fraser has developed yearly camp meetings that are a credit to the cause of Spiritualism. Harmony and goodwill abide here. We are glad to record that this ideal camp gives promise of much improvement in the apertures; hence, the future seems to promise greater usefulness. This rejoices the souls of earnest people.

We hope that all camps will be run upon a spiritual and mental basis, without such additions as merry-go-rounds, public dances and sensational conditions. Then they may expect success. Financial results will come to all societies that will develop a plan of work avoiding the crude and sensational.

We take up hall work at Warsaw, Ind., Massillon, Ohio, Rochester, N. Y., and thence to Philadelphia, Pa., for October.

G. W. Kates and wife.

Announcements.

Unity Camp, Saugus Centre, Alex. Caird, M. D., president. Services at 11, 2 and 4. Sunday, August 30, Mrs. Mary T. Longley, the talented secretary of the N. S. A., will deliver a lecture, and Mr. Longley will give some of his own compositions. This will be a rare treat, as it has been a long time since Mr. and Mrs. Longley have been heard here and we bespeak for them a cordial welcome. Other good speakers and mediums will be present and assist in the exercises. Sec'y.

W. J. Colville lectured to a very large audience at Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa, Sunday, Aug. 16 and every day at that popular camp, which is very flourishing this season, till Sunday, Aug. 23 inclusive. On Monday, Aug. 24, he began a short course of lectures in Chicago. On Monday, Aug. 31, and three following days, he is to be the lecturer at the Chautauqua, Madison, Ill. On Friday, Sept. 4, his many friends have arranged a birthday party at the office of Educator Publishing Co., 4918 Calumet Ave., Chicago. Exercises to commence at 8 p. m. Arrangements are in the hands of Dr. R. C. Coger.

Frank T. Ripley, speaker and test medium, is now making up his fall and winter engagements and can be addressed at Chesterfield, Indiana, Campmeeting, until Sept. 1. He has several months open and will accept engagements in any part of the United States.

Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa.

W. J. Colville, who lectured at that charming resort for nine consecutive days—Aug. 16 to 24 inclusive—reports much substantial progress and says that the workers and visitors are very well organized and harmonized. Audiences are invariably large and attentive and at Class Meetings questions are not only numerous, but display deep thinking on the part of questioners.

A good day was Thursday, Aug. 20, when five excellent meetings were held. Lectures by W. J. Colville, 9 a. m. and 2 p. m.; conference, 10.30 a. m.; public seance, 4 p. m.; entertainment, 8 p. m.

Prof. Peck (of St. Louis) presides with much ability and geniality. He is an excellent organizer and a thoroughly useful all-round worker.

Many excellent mediums are in camp and all seances are well attended. Business meetings on Friday, Aug. 21, passed off successfully. So did the Woman's Day Exercises of Aug. 19.

Many intelligent young people are seen at the various meetings and the whole town of Clinton and vicinity is awake to the importance of the annual camp which makes it good for local trade as well as for spiritual and intellectual advancement.

On Friday evening, Aug. 21, Mrs. Severance and W. J. Colville spoke before the Socialists Club in Clinton on "A True Co-operative Commonwealth."

There is a good Lyceum at Mt. Pleasant Park and the children greatly enjoy the exercises.

Recent Exposures of Mediumship.

Many of the Sunday newspapers have recently published an account of a wonderful exposure of mediumship. There is a display of "seer" headlines and several illustrations. The unknown writer gives the reader to understand, with the assurance of a penny-a-liner, that the whole thing is explained and that by arrant trickery, a sapient writer prove?

Really, what does this sapient writer prove? His complete ignorance of the subject. He gives an account of seances of a "deserter from the ranks of Spiritualism," who is "giving away the secrets of his former profession of medium." There are really two of these self-devoted and conscience-stricken deserters," said to be "Homes and his wife, Mme. Fay."

If they were spiritual mediums, they were unknown to Spiritualists. Is this the original and only Eva Fay? or some one taking her name? Is "Homes" taken to gain prestige from that of Home? Spiritualists have believed Eva Fay to be a clever trickster and have been indifferent to her claims as medium or exposé as paid her best. In the days of her publicity, she made no claim in her circular advertisements to mediumship. Be that as it may, what trust can be reposed, what integrity, or honesty expected of those who confess to having gone through a career of deception, imposing on the most sacred feelings and sentiments, for a few paltry dollars?

It is a wise choice of time and place the writer makes or awaits for. These precious deceivers dare not make such claims at home. They are at Vienna (Austria), and hence have no fear of contradiction of any pretensions they may make.

What are the tricks? Only two are described. One is the tying of Mme. Fay behind a screen and the playing of musical instruments, the committee finding her apparently just as she was secured at first. It is said, "In this respect Mme. Fay is a first-class medium, being remarkably speedy and nimbly in the necessary manipulations." The other trick is materializing a ghost before the audience. "Under the black dress is concealed the white robe always worn by ghosts as well as a wig and a palm branch." Placed

behind the screen, she slips off the black dress and appears before the awe-struck circle, retires and "it is but a question of a few moments for her to don the black dress, conceal the wig and branch, slip the band around her neck, with which the committee tied her, so that when the screen is removed the deception is complete."

Well, suppose Mme. Fay performs these tricks in this manner, what does it prove? That she is a rather clever trickster and nothing more. When a medium gives a seance, the first thing the committee do is to examine the dress to ascertain if any paraphernalia are concealed, or there is an exchange for an entirely new suit. What success would the wonderful Mme. Fay have had if subjected to such an ordeal?

The "exposure" is of the counterfeit, of the confessedly counterfeit, and if this pretentious pair ever gave seances to Spiritualists, their "manifestations" were tricks, and to pretend they were of spirit origin was infamously false, and should ostracize them from the society of right thinking people. They are not "ex-Spiritualists." They never were Spiritualists or mediums. They never had recognition from Spiritualists. They were and are simply deceivers.

If a counterfeiter should make a public exhibition of the molds in which he cast false coin, explain his methods of preparing the metal for bogus dollars and half dollars, and how he put them in circulation, it would not prove that there were not men engaged in stamping good money, or that all coins were as worthless as his own. It would be a confession of his own crime.

From headline to finish, the writer would have it believed that all mediums were like Mme. Fay, and all manifestations tricks which she performed under precisely similar conditions. The facts are the conditions are in no case the same. Like all sleight-of-hand performers, Homes and Fay dictate what these conditions shall be and if not complied with the "manifestations" fail to appear.

The press is a great power for good—or for evil, when journals, because of the ignorance and bigoted narrowness of their conductors, misrepresent and libel a cause, boorishly refusing a word in its defense, or in showing the malicious influence of such attacks, they become enemies of the public weal, and inquisitors over free thought and free speech. When they further add to this the desire to cater to the prejudices of their readers, they enter the field of "yellow journalism" which gives the blazoned lie prominence and preference over the unpopular truth.

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

Mr. Roy S. Thompson.

That new and gifted mediums are coming forward, to follow the older workers in spiritualistic lecture field, is manifest. We have this season at Lake Pleasant been favored by presenting to the public the young speaker whose name heads this communication. I had heard him once only, and at that time—at the Mass Meeting in Brooklyn, N. Y.—I was so much impressed by him that I recommended, and secured his engagement, for two lectures at this campmeeting. Owing to the death of Rev. Ira Moore Courlis, he has been engaged to give an additional lecture next Sabbath morning.

Mr. Thompson has now spoken upon two occasions here, surprising his hearers, not only as to the quality of his discourses, but also as to their forcible, impressive and eloquent delivery. He is barely twenty-one years of age, not having yet reached his full stature of manhood, and is boyish in appearance. His countenance is changed in conditions of entrancement, his voice becomes

FIVE PICTURES FREE!

A Personal Request to our Readers.

By complying with this request, you will be joining hands with us in bringing a great amount of sunshine and happiness to your friends and acquaintances.

As publishers of The Magazine of Mysteries we are doing our best to issue a Magazine that will bring healthy, happy and prosperous vibrations to every soul. Our circle of friends has grown so quickly, our sales are so large, that we are now making every effort to constantly enlarge it, and we ask you as a personal favor to send us one of the five pictures which we have placed in this issue, and who require its cheering and helpful teachings, and we will send you a free sample copy of THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES.

If you will do this, we will send you as a token of our appreciation, five beautiful pictures by the world's most famous artists. These pictures are exquisitely finished, and their artistic reproduction entitles them to a place in the homes of the most refined and cultured people.

We know that you will gladly send us the names and addresses of twenty-five people to help us along in the work we are doing, and we are sure that your friends will make this special offer for THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, these five pictures as a souvenir of one of the fine stories which we have placed in this issue, health, happiness and prosperity to all mankind.

Address: The Magazine of Mysteries, 29 No. William St., New York, N. Y.

GEORGE A. PORTER,

BUSINESS AND TEST MEDIUM AND MAGNETIC HEALER.

Sittings daily for test, business, and medical diagnosis, 3.00 per hour. Res. 107-3 Box. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M., BANNER OF LIGHT BLDG., 291 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. Park Ave. 7th floor, every evening, BANNER OF LIGHT BLDG., 743 P. M.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

A fine health and business stand. Mineral water, beer, near the Water Electric Power Co. Write soon to DR. WIGHT, 811 1st St., North Carolina.

YE QUANT MAGAZINE
An Odd, Quaint and Curious
MAGAZINE. 1. Unusual Stories, Quaint
Happenings, Strange Experiences, Odd
Adventures. 2. Each reader is entitled
to an ASTROLOGICAL
DETERMINATION FREE.
Not a fortune teller, but a man who reads
expressly for you by an expert Astrologer.
One Year \$2.00. Six Months \$1.00. Trial Trip,
(check number) 10c. Postage free. Write
YE QUANT MAGAZINE,
Box 41, 1111 1st St., St. Paul, Minn., U.S.A.

EYE BOOK FREE!
Tell how to cure eye diseases may be cured at
home at small cost by mild medicines. Life handsome
illustrated, full of valuable information,
and should be read by every sufferer from any eye or ear trouble.
This book is written by Dr. Curtis,
originator of the world-famous Mild
Medicine Method, which without knife
or cauterization cures all eye diseases.
Send for this book absolutely FREE to all who write for it. Address,
Dr. F. Geo. Curtis, 333 Bankers Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

**THE ONLY TRUE GUIDE TO SUCCESS—Orman's Simple
System of the Planets and the Zodiac, only \$1.00.**
Planets and People—A book for the year,
prophesying the future by the stars. Business,
Speculation, Health, Marriage, Wealth, etc. \$1.00.
Send for free copy of The Star Chamber Herald, Month-
ly, only 40c a year—Valuable Lessons in Astrology,
Astrology, Occultism, etc. Questions answered.
THE ORMAN COMPANY, 24 Amsterdam, Chicago, Ill.

DISEASES OF MEN
Such as Sexual Debility, Varicocele and Hemorrhoids cured without
surgery by an External Application
of a Salve by Dr. J. M. Peck. This is a
spirit prescription and has restored
many cases of this kind that had
been cured by no other means. Send 10 cents
for a bottle of this salve, with particulars, with
price and sworn testimonial. Address:
Dr. E. P. Fellows, Vineland, N. J.
Send what paper you saw this advertisement in.

DR. YELLOW is one of our distinctive and conservative
physicians in whom patients should place their confidence.
—BANNER OF LIGHT.

heavy and his utterances fluent. He and his father and mother have been identified with the Baptist church in New York and are of strong religious tendencies. He became a member of a class under the tuition of the late Rev. Mr. Courlis in Brooklyn, a couple of years since, with the result that we have in him the promise of a most efficient minister in the spiritualistic field. The controlling intelligence upon the two occasions when he has spoken here has evidently been a clergyman of learning and intellectual power. He opened with prayer, read Scripture selections, and gave strong religious discourses, eliminating the objectionable parts of the Orthodox creeds. He has broad views of the relations of men to Deity and the significance of Christ as manifested in Jesus the Nazarene.

I shall take occasion in another article to comment upon the character of the discourses of Prof. J. Clegg Wright and Rev. May S. Pepper and others as they stand in contrast as presented to my mind.

A. H. Dailey.

Aug. 24, 1903.

Pressing Forward.

A race is never won until the goal is reached, and a life-work should cease only with the ending of this life. In neither is there any place for standing still. Thorwaldsen, the great sculptor, whose Lion of Lucerne stands as one of the high-water marks of modern art, was asked in his old age what he considered his best work. "My next," was the unflinching answer. That life contains no place for resting was the belief of a great poet, when he wrote:

"The low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it;
The high man, with a great thing to pursue
Dies ere he knows it." —Ex.

Reincarnation.

An old lady who kept pace with the times purchased a typewriter and became expert with it. Her granddaughter, who was greatly impressed by this energy, and entertained a keen sympathy when she heard the tales of olden time with its lack of advantages and the narrowness of former years. One day she read a typewritten letter which the old lady had written, and looking up thoughtfully, she said:

"Grandma, I think you ought to be born again, and given another chance."

Three Epoch-Making Books,

By HENRY HARRISON BROWN.
How to Control Fate Through Suggestion.
Not Hypnotism, but Suggestion.
Man's Greatest Discovery.

Price, 25 cents each.

"Mr. Brown has written three books this year, and all good."—Nautilus.

They will help you to self-mastery.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

LONGLEY'S CHOICE COLLECTION OF BEAUTIFUL SONGS

Five volumes in one substantial cover. A grand book of songs with music for the home, or meetings of any kind. This new edition of Longley's beautiful songs contains the contents of his four volumes hitherto published in a series, with the addition of another—Vol. V—of choice compositions; nearly all the songs of this later part have never been published; only two or three of the old established favorites of the author's productions are added to them, to satisfy the popular demand for these songs in a form that is convenient for congregation, as well as for home use. This entire book contains seventy-six beautiful songs, with music. Every one is a gem. They are bound in boards, also in cloth, and are neat and substantial. All who know Longley's songs will wish a copy of this slightly and convenient work. All who have yet to become acquainted with them, will find their money well invested in purchasing a copy, and in singing or listening to these rare melodies with their sweet and uplifting words.

Longley's beautiful songs were publicly endorsed by the N. S. A. Convention of 1902, and delegates from different sections stated that these compositions were entirely used in the meetings of their respective societies. The Convention in Cleveland of 1900 had no other songs than Mr. Longley's compositions on its program for evening meetings. For sale retail, and to the trade, at this office. Cloth boards, 40 cents per copy. 60 cents in cloth covers. Special prices made to societies or agents for large orders.

For Sale by Banner of Light Publishing Company.



E. A. BRACKETT

Author of

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

The well known author, E. A. Brackett, who some few years ago issued an attractive work entitled "Materialized Apparitions," has recently brought out through Banner of Light Publishing Co. another volume with the above named title. The value of a book is often enhanced if it reveals something to all who know something of photography and physiognomy, the frontispiece portrait serves as a good introduction to the volume which it prefaces. We are told that the book was written at the close of the author's 44th year, and that many of his experiments were made in company with Wm. H. Channing, inventor of the fire alarm. From the intensity of his nature, and the daring character of his thought, Mr. Brackett was led to carry experiments unusually far in many remarkable directions. During these experiments, Mr. Brackett discovered the intimate relation between profound magnetic sleep and death, and led to important disclosures concerning spirit life. This author claims immense authority for many modern theories. In addition, a popular view of evolution, and combines therewith a considerable portion of mystic lore, which lays substantial claim to very great antiquity.

By far the most remarkable portion of the volume is entitled "The Unknown." This chapter contains one of the most thrilling accounts of a strange psychic adventure we have yet read. Lovers of the marvelous, as well as all who are desirous of knowing the truth about the spirit world, will find this book well worth a study, as well as a simple personal of "The World We Live In." The book is bound in a handsome cloth cover. Price 75c. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

The History and Power of Mind

By RICHARD INGALES.

Is a book composed of a course of lectures given in New York City in 1901, 1902 and 1903 which awakened considerable interest, not only in metaphysical, but also in social and business circles. This book differs from all other New Thought literature because it teaches the nature of mind and clearly describes the Law under which mind manifests. It describes the manner in which mind creates and gives reasons for its attracting to itself whatever it dwells upon.

Everything in the book is contained in this book: Mind: Its Past, Present and Future. Divine Mind: Its Nature and Manifestation. Dual Mind and Its Control. The Art of Self-control. The Law of Re-embodiment. Colors of Thought: Vibration. Meditation. Concentration. The Occult or Psychic Forces and Their Dangers. Hypnotism and How to Guard Against It. Higher Occult or Spiritual Forces and Their Uses. Cause and Cure of Disease. The Law of Omnipotence.

PRICE OF BOOK, \$2.00 (Postpaid).

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

In the World Celestial

Is a wonderful book, being the personal experiences of a man whose dead sweetheart, after appearing to him many times, etherialized, materialized and through trance mediums, had him put into a hypnotic trance by spirit scientists and held in that condition for ten days, which time he spends with her in the celestial spheres, and the nature of things to earth with perfect recollection of what he saw and heard in that realm of the so-called dead. He tells his own story to his friend who gives it to the public in his best style. This friend is Dr. T. A. Bland, the well-known author, scientist and reformer.

This book has a brilliant introduction by that distinguished preacher, Rev. H. W. Thomas, D. D., president of the American Congress of Liberal Religions, who gives the weight of his qualified endorsement. He says: "This beautiful book will give us courage to pass through the shadow of death to the sunlit climate of the world celestial."

Rev. M. J. Savage says: "It is intensely interesting, and gives a picture of the future life that one cannot help believing may be true."

The Medical Gleaner says: "It lifts the reader into enchanting realms, and leaves a sweet taste in his consciousness."

Rev. O. A. Windle, says: "It is inexpressibly delightful." President Bowen of the National Liberal League says: "It is one of the choicest pieces of literature of this marvelous age of books."

Everybody will be charmed with it, for it is not only a great spiritual book, but a most beautiful love romance of two worlds. It is printed in elegant style, bound in cloth and sold for \$1.00.

For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

PSYCHOGRAPHY.

Marvelous Manifestations of Psychic Power given through the Mediumship of Fred F. Evans, known as the Independent State-Writer. By J. J. OWEN. A book you ought to read. Absorbingly interesting, and should be in the hands of every thoughtful man and woman. No one can read it without being convinced of the existence of a future life. The book is of great value, not only to Spiritualists, but to those interested in the problem of man's future life as well as to those interested in phenomenal research.

PRESS REVIEWS.

"The book before us is one that should interest every Spiritualist. It furnishes irrefragable evidence of the continued existence of some who, having once lived upon earth, have passed from it, and assures us that if they live, we shall live beyond the event termed death."—Banner of Light, Boston.

"We hope the work will have a large sale. It is splendidly got up, is illustrated, and forms a very valuable addition to the literature of the movement devoted to the phenomena and mediumistic experiences."—The Two Worlds, Manchester, Eng.

"This book is an admirable supplement to the one of the same name written by M. A. (Dion), and published some years since—the supplement being the weightier part—and the two combined, give proof positive of the reality of direct spirit-writing."—The Harbinger of Light, Melbourne, Australia.

Dr. MRS. EVANS—I thank you very much for sending me your extraordinary book of "Psychography." I look at it with great interest, and will be glad to mention it in the Review of Reviews. MRS. T. STRAD, Newbury House, London.

This volume is superlative octavo in size, beautifully bound in cloth and gold, and profusely illustrated. Price \$3.00 postage 50 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

WORKS OF KERSEY GRAVES.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF SATAN; OR, A Historical Exposition of the Devil and His Works. Disclosing the Oriental Origin of the Belief in a Devil and Future Endless Punishment; also, The Pagan Origin of the Scriptural Terms, Bottomless Pit, Lake of Fire and Sulfur, Keys of Hell, Chains of Darkness, Casting out Devils, Everlasting Punishment, the Worm that Never Dieth, etc. Explained. By KERSEY GRAVES. pp. 12, with portrait of author. Cloth, 50 cents; paper 25 cents.

THE WORLD'S SIXTEEN CRUCIFIED SAVIORS; OR, Christianity Before Christ. Containing New, Startling, and Extraordinary Revelations in Religious History, which disclose the Oriental Origin of all the Pagan Principles, Precepts, and Miracles of the Christian New Testament, and furnish a Key for Unlocking many of its Sacred Mysteries, besides the History of Sixteen Oriental Crucified Gods. By KERSEY GRAVES. pp. 12, with portrait of author. Large 12mo, pp. 236, with portrait of author. \$1.50, postage 10 cents. (Former price \$1.00.)

THE BIBLE OF BIBLES; OR, Twenty-Seven Divine Revelations. Containing a Description of Twenty-seven Bibles, and an Exposition of the Twenty-seven Biblical Errors in Science, History, Morals, Religion, and General Events; also a Delineation of the Characters of the Principal Personages of the Christian Bible, and an Examination of their Doctrines. By KERSEY GRAVES, author of "The Biography of Satan." Cloth, large 12mo, pp. 440. Price \$1.75, postage 10 cents. (Former price \$2.00.)

THE MELODIES OF LIFE.

A new collection of Words and Music for the Choir, Congregation, and Social Circle. Combining "Golden Melodies" and "Spiritual Echoes," with the addition of thirty pages New Music. By E. W. TUCKER.

INDEX.	
Angel Care.	Ready to go.
A little while longer.	Shall I know each other there?
Angel Friends.	Sweet hour of prayer.
Highest Home.	Sweet meeting.
And He will make it plain.	Sweet reflections.
A Fragment.	Sow in the morn thy seed.
My heart is a march nearer home.	Star of truth.
Ascended.	Silent help.
Beautiful angels are waiting.	She has crossed the river.
Beautiful City.	Summer days are coming.
Beautiful Land.	They'll welcome us home.
Bliss.	There's a land of fables.
Beyond the mortal.	Beauty.
My love we arise.	They're calling us over the sea.
Come up thither.	Tenting nearer home.
Come, gentle spirits.	Trust in God.
Consolation.	The land of rest.
Come, go with me.	The Sabbath rest.
Day by day.	The cry of the spirit.
Do not ask me to tarry.	The glory.
Evergreen shore.	The river of time.
Evergreen side.	The angels are coming.
Hold us in your arms.	The happy by-and-by.
Fraternity.	They are coming.
Flowers in heaven.	The happy time to come.
Gathered Home.	The happy by-and-by.
Go before.	The other side.
Gentle words.	The Eden of bliss.
Gratitude.	The region of light.
Golden shore.	The shining shore.
Gathered home beyond the sea.	The harvest.
Home of rest.	Time hearing us on.
He's gone.	The happy spirit-land.
Here and there.	The by-and-by.
I shall know his angel name.	The Eden above.
I've called to the better land.	The angel ferry.
I long to be there.	Voluntarily to the better land.
Looking over.	We shall meet on the bright etc.
Looking beyond.	Welcome angels.
Longing for home.	Waiting 'mid the shadows.
Let men love one another.	When shall we meet again?
Live for an object.	We'll meet them by and-by.
My arbor of love.	Where shadows fall not.
My home beyond the river.	We'll anchor in the port.
Moving homeward.	We'll gather at the portal.

A WORLD OF BEAUTY.

Stephen Barnard.

There is beauty in the sunlight,
Shimmering o'er the river's waves;
There is beauty in the forest,
On the banks the water laves.

There is beauty in the flower
Growing in its quiet bed,
Kissed by sunshine, air and shower,
While toward Heaven it lifts its head.

There is beauty in the glossy
Leaves of rich, refreshing green;
There is beauty in the insect,
Fluttering o'er this wild-wood scene.

There is beauty in the soft clouds,
Gently sailing to and fro;
There is beauty in the song-bird,
And its liquid music's flow.

God is good; His wonders capture
All our hearts, while they expand
With admiration, joy and rapture,
In this crowned-with-beauty land.

The Heart of Old Hickory.

William Dromgoole.

Noiselessly, dreamily, with that suggestion of charity which always lingers about a snowstorm, fell the white flakes down, in the arms of the gray twilight. There was an air of desolation about the grim old State House, as, one by one, the great doors creaked the departure of the various occupants of the honorable old pile that overlooks the city and the slingshot sweep of the Cumberland beyond. The last loitering feet came down the damp corridors; the rustle of a woman's skirts sent a kind of ghostly rattle through the shadowy alcoves.

The Governor heard the steps and the rustle of the stiff bombazine skirts, and wondered, in a vague way, why it was that women would work beyond the time they bargained for. The librarian was always the last to leave, except the Governor himself. He had heard her pass that door at dusk, day in, day out, for two years, and always after the others were gone. He never felt quite alone in the empty State House until those steps had passed by. This evening, however, they stopped, and he looked up inquiringly as the knob was carefully turned, and the librarian entered the executive office.

"I only stopped to say a word for the little hunchback's mother," said she. "She is not a bad woman, and her provocation was great. Moreover, she is a woman."

He remembered the words long after the librarian had gone. "She is a woman." That was a strange plea to advance for a creature sentenced to the gallows. He sighed, and again took up the long roll of papers upon his desk. "Inasmuch as she was so wronged, beaten, tortured by seeing her afflicted child ill-treated, we, the undersigned, do beg of your excellency all charity and all leniency compatible with the laws of the State, and the loftier law of mercy."

Oh, that was an old story; yet it read well, too, that old, old petition with that old, old plea—charity. Five hundred names were signed to it; and yet, three five hundred tongues would lash him if he set his own name there. It was a hard thing, to hold life in his hand and refuse it. Those old, threadbare stories, old as pain itself, had well nigh wrought his ruin; his political ruin. At least the papers said as much; they had sneeringly nicknamed him "Tenderheart," and compared him, with a sneer, too, to that old sterling hero—the Governor's eyes sought the east window, where the statue of Andrew Jackson loomed like a bronze giant amid the snowflakes and the gathering twilight. They had compared them, the old hero who lived in bronze, and the young human-heart who had no "backbone," and was moved by a rogue's cry.

Yet he had loved that majestic old statue since the day he entered the executive office as chief ruler of the State, and had fancied for a moment the old hero was welcoming him into her trust and highest honor, as he sat astride his great steed with his cocked hat lifted from the head that had indeed worn "large honors." But he had been so many times thrust into his teeth; he could almost wish—

"Papers! Papers! Want paper, mister?" A thin little face peered in at the door, a face so old, so strangely unchildlike, he wondered for an instant what trick of pain had fastened that knowing face of a man upon the misshapen body of a child.

"Yes," said the Executive, "I want a Banner."

The boy had bounded forward, as well as a dwarfed foot would allow, at the welcome "Yes," but stopped midway the apartment, and slowly shook his head at the remainder of the sentence, while an expression part jubilation, part regret, and altogether disgust crossed his little old young face.

"Don't sell that sort, mister," said he, "none o' our club don't. It's low-lived."

The Governor smiled, despite his hard day with the critics and the petition folk.

"What? You don't sell the Evening Banner, the only independent journal in the city?"

The newsboy was a stranger to sarcasm. "That's about the way," he said, as he edged himself, a veritable bundle of tatters, a trifle nearer the red coals glowing in the open grate.

Suddenly the Executive remembered that it was cold. There were ridges of snow on the bronze statue at the window. He noticed, too, the movement of the tatters toward the fire, and with his hand, a very white, gentle-seeming hand it was, motioned the little ragabond toward the grate. No sooner did he see the thin, numb fingers stretched toward the blaze than he remembered the sneers of the "Only Independent Journal." It was not far from right, surely, when it called him "soft-hearted," was this boycotted Banner which the newsboy refused to handle. The Executive smiled; the boycott, at all events, was comical.

"And so," said he, "you refuse to sell the Banner. Why is that?"

"Shucks!" was the reply. "Taint no good. None o' us likes it. Yer see, cully—" The Executive started; but a glance at the earnest, unconscious face convinced him the familiarity was not intentional disrespect.

"You see," the boy went on, "it sez mean things, tells lies, yer know, about a friend o' mine."

One foot, the shorter, withered member, was thrust dangerously near to the glowing coals; the little gossip was making himself thoroughly at home. The Executive observed it and smiled. He also noted the weary droop of the shoulders, and impulsively pointed to a seat. He only meant something upon which to rest himself, and did not notice, until the tatters dropped wearily into the purple luxuriance, that he had invited the little Arab to a seat in a great, deep armchair of polished cherry, richly upholstered with royal purple plush, finished with a fringe of tawny gold.

Instinctively he glanced toward the east window. The brown face wore a solemn, sturdy frown, but on the tip of the great, snail's nose, a tiny sparrow had perched and stood competently picking at the white snowflakes that fell upon the bronze brim.

"And so the Banner abuses your friend?"

The Executive turned again to the tatters, cozily ensconced in the soft depths of the State's purple. The old young head nodded.

"And what does it say of him?"

He wondered if it could abuse any one quite so soundly and so mercilessly as it had dealt with him.

"Aw, shert!" the tatters, in state, was growing contemptuous. "It called him a 'mugwump.'"

The Governor colored; it had said the same of him.

"An' the boy went on, 'It said ez ther' wa'n't no backbone to him, an' ez he wuz only fitten to set prisoners loose, an' to play the fiddle. An' it said a lot about a feller named Ole Poplar.'"

The smile upon the Governor's lips gave place to a hearty laugh, as the odd little visitor ransacked the everglades of memory for the desired timber from which heroes are hewn.

"Poplar? Ben't it poplar? Naw, cedar, ash, wonnut, hick'ry—that's it! Hick'ry. Ole Hick'ry. It said a lot about him; an' it made the boys orful mad, an' they won't sell the nasty paper."

The tatters began to quiver with the excitement of the recital. The little old young face lost something of its patient, premature age, while the owner rehearsed the misdoings of the city's independent afternoon journal.

The Executive listened with a smile of amused perplexity. Evidently he was the "friend" referred to, else the journal had said the same of two parties.

"Who is your friend?" he asked, vaguely wondering as to what further developments he might expect.

"Aw," said the boy, "he ain't my friend perzactly. He's Skinny's though, an' all the boys stan's up for Skinny."

(To be continued.)

Labor and Capital.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Alonso Danforth.

This question is one above all others that engages the thoughts of American citizens of today.

Why is it fortunate that this is so? Because whenever any subject receives the serious thought of the American people the result never fails to be seen in progress and development.

What do we frequently hear said? That labor and capital are enemies; that they are opposing forces between which there must always be a bitter struggle, that the tendency in our day is for the rich to grow richer and the poor poorer.

What is said about labor-saving machinery? That it benefits only the capitalist, leaving the working man worse off than it found him; that the progress of which we boast is not real progress.

Why? Because poverty keeps pace with it and all these evils call for a radical remedy.

What must we do? The subject is too great for the human mind to grasp, therefore we as individuals must assist the whole people to work out its salvation from the evils which must accompany a social system founded by frail human minds.

What is a sight we often see? An honest, sober, able-bodied man anxious to give a fair day's work in exchange for a fair day's wages and yet unable to find a market for his labor.

Why do honest men with their families suffer? Because the only thing they can sell is labor, and they can find no one who is ready to buy that.

Why is this state of affairs? The man, being a victim of circumstances, does not receive that which every sober and industrious man deserves—an opportunity to make a living.

Why does he accuse the world of injustice? Because he sees on every side the evidences of wealth in which he has no share, and those who are prosperous turn upon him the cold shoulder and the deaf ear; vainly seeking to find some one who will give him employment, he returns to view the distress of his family.

What should be our duty? To find the cause of what we call injustice, and sometimes the people who accuse the world of injustice are those who do not desire to work, but as long as there are good workmen who cannot find employment, so long it must be said there is something which ought to be remedied.

Why are we led to think that labor-saving machines are of no benefit to mankind? We only consider the temporary effect of machines upon ourselves as individuals and do not consider the permanent effect of machines upon the whole community.

What aid is legislation to us? It may aid us in mitigating the evils of the unequal distribution of wealth, but it can never extirpate poverty and wretchedness, because it cannot destroy the selfishness of the human heart, which is the chief cause of wretchedness.

What should every worker have? His proper share of the total amount produced; perhaps there will never come a time when there will not be some men who will deserve, and who will receive more than others, but a just distribution of wealth is that wherein every man receives his full share of what he himself produces.

What is prosperity to the working man? It is not to be measured by the dollars and cents he earns in a year, but by the amount of necessary goods he can purchase with his year's wages.

What does machinery do for us in the simple matter of our daily bread? It plants, reaps, gathers, threshes, winnows and grinds the wheat of which our loaf of bread is made, and it transports the flour so cheaply that today the laborer of seven miles away on western wheat fields in the mills and on the railroads running east is sufficient to produce, mill and transport as much wheat and flour as is consumed by a thousand people in the same time.

What is also true? That flour has not been much reduced in price, and we must consider the seventy-five million mouths which must be fed in our country, and think what a fabulous price one barrel of flour would cost if the work of producing it had been done in the old way.

What other necessities of life are put within our grasp by the aid of machinery? The clothing which we wear, furniture we use in our houses, and thousands of other things which go to make the sum of earthly happiness.

What has been the result of competition? When labor was high they bought it as cheaply as they could.

What was the result of this? Many of the competitors were found who were selling goods in the market just a little lower than others could afford to sell them.

What was the reason of this? There had been a cutting down of the price of labor and thus by reducing the cost of goods they were able to get the trade.

What could fair minded employers do? One course was to close up their places of business and let their trade go away from them. The other course was to cut down their pay rolls to correspond with those who were grinding them.

What closed the wheels of industry? The avarice of competitors when wages were scaled down, so that willing workers are de-

prived of their opportunities to earn a fair day's pay.

Does the remedy for all this lie in the hands of the employers or those who are employed?

The remedy must come from the organization of labor in trade unions; for labor must be its own champion and right its own wrongs and labor must combine to meet its opponents.

How shall we view the labor reform movement? That it cannot be crushed out; it will grow; it will increase its power either for good or evil if those who ought to help it, try to crush it; it will increase its power for good if honest men try to guide it aright.

What is the poor man's commodity. It is the only thing he has to sell. He must get the highest price for it that he can by legitimate means. If the public assumes an attitude of antagonism toward trade unions as a whole, the sense of injustice felt by the working people will bring them at last to seek redress by extreme measures.

What is organized labor? An enormous power, but it must proceed in an orderly manner and offer violence to no one and then it will have the sympathy and support of the best classes of working people and it will grow in power and its best supporters should be honest, industrious working men who respect Individual Liberty.

A VISION.

William Phillips.

Once upon an autumn day,
That was the last long day,
Beneath my feet ripe fruits lay,
And gently the South winds blew.

My thoughts were only budding then
Gently wandering here and there,
Like Noah's dove in olden time
Nor once forsake their sheltering lair.

Odors arose from Autumn blooms,
And the Summer birds' and "good by,"
As they came from near by groves,
Served as a soothing lullaby.

Nature seemed in sweet attire,
Crimson leaves were on the trees,
And dewdrops hung from the lowly birch
Yet untouched by the passing breeze.

A voice called from eastern skies
I heard that voice in days gone by:
"I'll take you, brother, by surprise,
Nor think it strange that I should die."

"When you left fair Wabash lands,
And sought to chase the setting sun,
And wound your way o'er desert sands,
To reach the far-famed Oregon,

"It seemed my night had quickly come,
No resting place was found for me,
They laid my form within the tomb,
I've found my home near the sea.

"Beneath these western skies so blue,
Fair nature is dressed in living green,
And darkened shades of greenish hue,
Comingle Summer with Autumn's sheen.

"It seems to me so lovely land,
Fountains flow from 'neath the hills,
Minerva has thrown fair Beauty's wand,
O'er vales and running rills."

Not far away in fleecy cloud,
It seemed to me to be the same,
Nor yet was robed in silken shroud,
Stood my loving sister Jane.

Yet garments fair robed her form,
Such on earth she used to wear,
And yet a rose of early morn,
Was placed within her auburn hair.

And yet within her tender hand,
Were lilies sweet and violets blue,
Verdure of sweet Summer land,
And dripping still with morning's dew.

Years had passed since last we met,
Nor yet had mails begun to run
Between our home of tender youth
And the land of setting sun.

Still other years of sad suspense,
Slowly passed ere a letter came,
It seemed to come as a recompense,
Confirming all in my vision seen.

"Is joy now to view again
This wondrous scene so fair,
Through which the kindly spirit came
Life's sweet message to me to bear.

Clackamas, Oregon.

[The above poem is an outline history of a vision which came to me in 1856. I was investigating Spiritualism then, but could not have the truth of the vision verified at once for lack of mail facilities, and it was two years before I could get a letter from Illinois confirming or denying the spirit's claim.—Wm. Phillips.]

Report of Seance held June 3, 1903.

No. 4.

Mrs. B., the medium, and her friends, assembled as usual. The first presence to announce itself was Tecumseh, her guide, as was always the case when she presided. He advised her that a friend of hers, long since passed away, was present.

The table thereupon violently leaped from side to side, making the roughest movement that we had so far encountered.

We resorted to the alphabet and found that Will Davenport, of the famous Davenport Brothers, was with us.

In her youth, Mrs. B. had been very well acquainted with both the brothers, and in fact with their families. She was much surprised and asked him to give us some proof of his power. He said he would by lifting the table and suspending it in the air.

The table oscillated several times and finally with a sudden bound it leaped into the air, but fell immediately to the floor with a crash, only to again leap into the air and fall a second time. Three times it did this and, on the fourth leap, it, for the space of almost half a minute, remained suspended in the air, rocking gently, our finger tips only being upon it, and a strong light from the chandelier in the hall directly upon it from the one side and the powerful glare from the other. The rocking motion continued and it slowly and without noise settled to the floor, when three loud raps resounded directly from the centre.

As the table came to a standstill, it suddenly became animated with a trembling motion, at first very faint. Lastly it became so violent that it creaked and groaned in all its parts.

We asked, "Who is here?" and in answer received the initials W. W.

This spirit has often presented itself at our seances, and outside of informing us that W. W. stands for wretched woman, she gives no name. At times she has indulged in reprehensible talk and seems spitefully inclined toward one of our number, an inoffensive lady who declares she knows her not.

Even our spirit guides have so far failed to give her name for us. She always follows after Davenport, who only says that she is crazy. We would be pleased to be advised upon this subject, as in our minds it seems that this spirit wishes to convey to some one

outside our circle some information and knows not how to do it.

Tecumseh then announced that a certain lady had it in her mind to ask the presence of a spirit, and that that spirit would be present some time during the evening, and would warn the company with first giving three and then two raps.

At this juncture, Mr. B., a gentleman who sometimes sits with us and is a clairvoyant, declared he saw present a man with a cow over his head, a monk. On our asking his name the table spelled out "Clement." 'Twas our ancient monk who had correctly warned me of the demise of my friend.

Just then three loud raps, followed by two fainter ones, sounded upon the table.

The lady who had been addressed by Tecumseh said: "Is this the spirit I was wishing for?"

"Yes," answered the table.
"Then spell out your name."
"Robert G. Ingersoll."

Mrs. S. gave a smothered ejaculation of astonishment, for she was our doubter, for not only had Tecumseh brought the spirit, but here also read her innermost thoughts.

This spirit advised us that his earthly logic had been all in error, but as he had honestly arrived at it from his readings, it was not held in the spirit world to his discredit. He also said that what the great multitude lacked was faith, and that in the matter of fact-dollars-and-cents kind of a world we all live in, faith was a sentiment indulged in but by few; that the cold reasoning of science had almost destroyed faith, but if only we would stop to think how small was the knowledge possessed by science, and how little it could prove, faith would once more become part of our being and lead our minds to more pleasant ways.

This with "good night" to our spirit friends closed the seance.

Questions and Answers.

W. J. Colville.

Which is the best way to develop clairvoyance? Do you think music much help at seances or spiritual meetings generally?

Fraser Mountford, Liverpool, England.

Answer. The very best way to develop clairvoyance is simply to encourage the faculty to naturally unfold and to do this it is well to sit apart some quiet time, when you have no duties pressing upon you and simply permit yourself to see what will appear to you in the quiet astral envelop, which will then encircle you.

Clairvoyance is developed by night better than by day for two distinct reasons. First, because during the night season the active positive influence of the sun which quickens all material existence into full expression is not exerted; and second, because during the late evening rather than at any other time we can feel free from the pressure of the occupations of the day.

A very good aid to clairvoyant development is to secure a very large rock crystal and either suspend it from a ceiling or place it on a stand at the centre of a table around which you and your friends are assembling with the desire to unfold your clairvoyant faculty. A large, clear glass globe will often answer quite well and that is easily procured and inexpensive.

On nonlit evenings it is well to have windows absolutely unshaded and no artificial light in the room, but if you have inside light at all the best is electric light shaded with violet glass or even gas or oil lamps can be used when burning softly behind a violet glass.

Two persons when particularly harmonious constitute a complete private circle but when any larger number congregate it is only essential that they should all have but one object in view and hold themselves at perfect ease in each other's company.

At first you may only see outlines of objects dimly, but take note of all you see and describe it immediately you behold it. When alone one often sees very distinctly into the psychic realm and it is well to keep memoranda of what you see so that there will be opportunity for verifying what, by subsequent events, is proved accurate. There must be no sense of haste or hurry and it is often the case that you get the best results when you are quite alone and have given yourself up entirely to peaceful recreation.

Answer 2. Music is always helpful in so far as it soothes and harmonizes and also to the extent that it focuses attention upon itself and thereby calls it off from all distractions. There is in instrumental music of the modern mechanical variety much to be preferred above discordant singing, but when voices are well attuned, vocal music has always a value beyond instrumental because it necessitates an active co-operation on the part of singers to produce it. A vocal solo, when rendered in a clear and sympathetic voice, is always of benefit when concerted melodies are unattainable and a good hymn or song sung in unison is also of much value.

Music affects the atmosphere and by changing the rate of vibration of the air currents both in and out of the human body it renders a distinct service. Music should be followed by silence and when all are quite quiet expecting revelation, but not eagerly straining after it, the best conditions are attained. Music as a healing force is of immense value and it is devoutly to be hoped that more attention will soon be given to developing musical healers who must be intelligent sympathizers, not with suffering, but with noble aspiration toward ideals.

Items and Ideas.

Life is expression. That is not an original remark, I know, but the thought I get from it seems new and quite my own. I understand, now, why we are here. Earth-life is but soul expression. We live, we breathe, we suffer, we die to gain experience.

What we live for is the effort to express ourselves—and we need sympathy to do so—hence, our yearning loves, our entwining lives, our restless incompleteness.

Greatly to be admired and deeply revered are our mistletoes, the poets sent by the All-Good to help us express ourselves. These blessed saints shine upon our world, here, like stars in the gloom of night. And I feel that I had a "buried treasure" every time I read for the first time a splendid poem, expressing my thought just as I would express it if I had the ability. And then comes the desire for sympathy in our cherished and loved ones.

We want some one else to share the joy with us. In the poems by Alice and Phoebe Cary, written by the former, I find this:

"THE GREAT QUESTION."

"How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?"

"The waves, they are wildly heaving,
And lifting me out from the shore,
And I know of the things I am leaving,
But not of the things before.

O, Lord of love, whom the shape of a dove
Came down and hovered o'er,
Descend tonight with heavenly light
And show me the farther shore.

"There is midnight darkness o'er me,
And 'tis light, more light I crave;
The billows behind and before me
Are gaping, each with a grave:
Descend tonight, oh, Lord of might,

Who died our souls to save;
Descend tonight, my Lord, my light,
And walk with me on the wave!

"My heart is heavy to breaking
Because of the mourners' sighs,
For they cannot see the aye-aways,
Nor the body with which we arise.

Thou, who for sake of men did break
The awful seal of the tomb—
Show them the way into life I pray,
And the body with which we come.

"Comfort their pain and pining
For the nearly wasted souls,
With the many mansions shining
In the house not made with hands;
And help them by faith to see through death
To that brighter and better shore,
Where they never shall weep who have
fallen asleep
And never be sick any more."

I should like to recommend to all readers of the Banner the matchless poem, entitled, "My Friend," by Phoebe Cary. All of her poems are splendid, but this one discourses so sweetly on the change we call death—the hopeful assurance, the calm, loving faith:

"Though you were something earthly about you
That once we called you,
A robe all transparent and brightened
With the soul shining through;
Yet when you dropped it in going,
'Twas but yours for a day,
Safe in the bosom of nature
We laid it away,
Strewing over it odorous blossoms
Their perfume to shed,
But you never were buried beneath them
And never were dead.

Yes, our great need is sympathy. The lightest touch in social intercourse responds to it. No one so depraved, no one so indifferent but some sensitive cord vibrates to the power of sympathy.

"Down in the human heart crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving heart, awakened by kindness,
Cords that are broken will vibrate once more."

And the secret of the poet's art and the successful recognition accorded him, are because of his ability to express his sympathy. It is not the learned pedant whose fame reaches humble dwellings and becomes a household word—but the writer of simple rhythmic verses who can express for the human heart its own emotions in clear, familiar words, the soothing art leaves undisturbed laurel leaves on the brows of Homer or Goethe—but it uplifts the world—spiritualizes the gross materialism, ennobs, encourages and strengthens the emotions. It lies upon our hearts with the gentle seductive sweetness of our mother's lullaby, as we drop into childish slumber. It brings to our hearts the thought of one absent yet with us in spirit. The other about us vibrates with the sound of the loved name—a thousand voices whisper it and we cannot grieve, but are glad for the whisper is so rich in promise. And the emotion that stirred the body which now we know no more, are brought to us again in the poet's words. We think of the sympathy, so large, so generous, so noble, so lately our hope and help, and we swear we will share the reward and be faithful. O hope in Immortality! If we had no other life it would be necessary to create one.

Ida Ballou.

The Power of Thought.

If we all realized the power of thought and therefore the importance of right thinking, what a beautiful, happy world this would be, and how much sin and sorrow would be destroyed. An incident which came to my notice not long since took me back nearly fifteen years when a wrong thought started a chain of action which will go on for ages unless someone realizes its power and destroys it with good, which is the only weapon that can destroy evil.

An old lady over eighty years of age, who knew that her earthly journey must soon end, was visited one day by her daughter and daughter-in-law; and during the visit she turned to the latter, saying: "There is a pair of goose feather pillows upon my 'spare bed' which I wish you to have when I am gone."

The first thought which suggested itself to this daughter-in-law was one of distrust and suspicion, not wholly ungrounded, perhaps, but wrong, nevertheless, and she said to herself: "Mary, (the daughter) will never give me those pillows when grandma is gone; I am going to mark them."

Accordingly she took needle and thread and worked the cross upon each pillow, but suspicion whispered: "Stitches are easily ripped out." Then the pillows were marked with ink.

Time passed on and the dear old lady passed away, but the evil thought had done its work, and when the time came for distributing her belongings, just as had been suggested so long ago, the daughter brought out, not the good pillows from the "spare bed," but an old pair of hens' feather ones in their stead.

Nearly thirteen years passed by and still the evil thought was awaiting an opportunity to manifest itself. A niece of this daughter before passing away requested that a very handsome fur should be given to her aunt,

Pen Flashes.

(Continued from page 4.)

of them ever heard of it until they learned it in India, and yet it is the vital doctrine of the Theosophic philosophy, which she must have studied when in India, before, also during her pupilage in Tibet. She was an advanced, practical occultist, when she first landed in the States."

The above statements constitute a trinity of remarkable confessions:

1. Madame Blavatsky wrote both for and against the dogma of reincarnation.
2. Neither Olcott nor Blavatsky ever heard of reincarnation till they learned it in India, that Siva-land of fancy and florid imagination. This being true, reincarnation should be branded "borrowed from India."
3. Reincarnation is "the vital doctrine" of the Theosophic philosophy. Be this remembered.

MY PERSONAL REINCARNTATIONAL CAREERS

As gravely as I have been told, at different times and in different countries by two or three spiritistic mediums, and several clairvoyant Theosophists, that several thousand years ago I was an Aryan adept, summing up Ganges' floral banks, on a second incarnating "round" I was a sacerdotal priest officiating in one of the temples of Osiris in ancient Egypt; on my third embodiment I was Habbakuk, the old Hebrew prophet; on my fourth "round" I was Herodotus, the Grecian historian and traveler; on my fifth incarnation I was Origen, the early Christian father; on my sixth incarnation, I was Peter the Hermit, priest-vestured, cross in one hand, sword in the other, storming through and arousing all Europe in fiercest eloquence to rush in maddened war-legions to the Holy Land and rescue the tomb of Jesus from the unclean hands of unholo "infidels," those brown-skinned Islamic paynims.

All this may be true, but I've not a scintilla of proof of it. Aye, more, I am rigidly skeptical about it. Think of it, after all this prolonged series of incarnations, posing as Aryan adept, Egyptian priest, Hebrew prophet, Grecian historian, early church father, and Peter the Hermit, here I am, plain, hard-working, Peebles, plodding physician, writer and author! Where now is evolution? Where the progression? Surely, there has been none in my case. Where all those past Oriental experiences of mine? Where those bygone memories? Where the cranial records of these achievements? And what the benefit of those vanished lessons? This, if I understand anything about it, is a universe of uses.

I have been informed that Socrates was reincarnated in Alfred the Great, David in Jesus, Elijah in John the Baptist, Mary Queen of Scots in the late Countess of Cathness, a Hylkos King in Col. Olcott, Solon, the Athenian legislator, in two different California boys (so claimed by fond mothers), all of which, while exciting and feeding a childish vanity, is to scientists and illustrious thinkers, little more than snobbery-prattle, innocent of reason and void of a particle of substantial proof.

CULTURED HINDU AUTHORITY UPON REINCARNTATION.

Consciousness, science, reason and a cultured judgment, rather than, marvel, mystery, and Brahminical fables of reincarnation gods, must constitute the empire concerning reincarnation. Neither the inductive nor the deductive methods of reasoning sustain it. Often have I been told, confessedly by its devotees, "We cannot prove it, but we can feel it." The feeling, the emotions, are very unreliable guides.

"But I can remember some occurrences in one of my past incarnations."

"Are you certain of it? Is it not rather hallucination, dreamy imagination, or a morbid neurosthenia?"

"But I see places, and scenery, and monuments, looking perfectly familiar to me; and yet I was never in that part of the country before."

Quite likely; this is a common experience of sensitives. My own case is a telling example. Often in far-off countries I see mountains, rivers, temples, shrines, perfectly familiar to me. Had you not been there before? Now in the body, "How do you account for it?" Upon the rational principle that accompanying invisible intelligences who had lived in those lands, telepathically or psychically impressed the perspective upon my mind, impressed it so clearly, firmly, that I seemed to have once lived there bodily. The philosophy of these pre-phenomena has been confirmed to me over and over again by the truce utterances of higher intelligences.

Listen for a moment to the testimonies of enlightened Hindus. Lankal R. Bhose, a law-pleader and learned Hindu author, thus writes: "Reincarnation, the legitimate child of transmigration (the latter is still the common belief in southern India), held so tenaciously and almost universally by old India, is on the declining plane. Psychology, as taught by both the British and the French, is rapidly displacing the belief by showing its irrationality and depressing influences upon the superstitious in relation to animal, serpent and insect life."

That eminent Hindu scholar and author, Protat Chunder Mozoomdar, said in his great Lowell lecture: "Transmigration notoriously existed as an indispensable article of faith among the sects of old Hinduism. In modern times, however, it is called reincarnation, and held by the more superstitious. Educated, free-thinking Hindus reject it as a fading, unreasonable relic of the past."

The Rev. Dr. Savage of New York, the distinguished Unitarian and Spiritualist, writes: "Reincarnation seems to me a hopeless kind of doctrine any way you take it. It puzzles me beyond expression; in so much as all Hindus, all the Buddhists, are engaged with all their powers to get rid of being reincarnated, while here we are picking it up as though it were a new fad, and something very delightful. Before we take this novelty up, would it not be worth while to find out why they are working so hard to get rid of it?"

Among the general reasons for rejecting reincarnation by scholars and savants, are the following:

1. It is not based upon one sound, solid, demonstrated fact.
2. It denies, or sets at defiance, the great uplifting law of evolution.
3. Its boasted "500,000,000 believers" are made up of Brahmins, Buddhists, Chinese, Tibetans, who, as a whole, are among the most ignorant, imaginative and superstitious people on earth.
4. It degrades the spirit by bringing it rottingly back into the paralyzing meshes of earthly matter, instead of emphasizing its ascension from the human spirit to the spiritual, the angelic, the celestial, the arsephic, and onward still from glory to glory.
5. It annihilates, or effectually stupefies memory during long periods of Ego-rotation, which memory constitutes the corner-stone of individuality and self-cognition.

Wheat Eruptions
Disordered Stomachs
Aching Heads

promptly relieved by
this grand old remedy

WHEAT REMEDY CO.
100 N. 3rd St., New York



Splendid dining car service helps to make the trip to mountain and lake resorts on the

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway

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

W. W. HALL, N. E. P. A., 339 Washington St., Boston, Mass.



Hotel Empire.

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

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



The Regent, Washington, D. C.

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

convention, while all who travel on certificate tickets must remain till noon of the fourth day. As a certain number of certificate tickets must be guaranteed to the railroads, delegates and visitors are requested to come by them. The N. S. A. reception to delegates and visitors, to which all friends are invited, will be held at The Regent, Monday, October 13, at 8.30 p. m.



Mountain House, Mt. Wachusett, Mass.

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

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

6. It violates every analogy of nature, such as the upward march from mineral to vegetable, from vegetable to animal, from birth to childhood, to manhood, to spirit untrammelled, and thus onward to celestial realms and spheres beatific and innumerable.
7. It is unjust and retaliative enough to discipline, or painfully cause suffering to souls in this life for wrongs done in previous incarnations, of which they have now neither consciousness nor the least possible memory of committing.
8. It stifles the "sweet reasonableness" of human nature by blinding its tenderest affections; for karma, or karmic law, allied to reincarnation, knows nothing of home, of mercy, of forgiveness or sympathy. Its heartless voice to the sorrowing sufferer is, "You sinned in a past incarnation. Now take your stripes, buffetings, and soul-crushing agonies, neither complaining, nor rightfully demanding relief therefrom. Take another repositing into human flesh. Try again in another human body, under another name, in the slough of mortality."

9. For mathematical exactness, inductive reasonings and demonstrations, it substitutes Gagliostro occultism, speculations and wild hypotheses which are as undemonstrable, and miraculously unreasonable as they are unphilosophical.
10. It has no fundamental premises, no philosophy based upon discovered and scientific admitted facts; but wobbling about be-

tween the speculations of the East and the West, mingling Hindu magic with medieval alchemy, it shadows the mind with the relentless, hopeless eclipse of matter through vast "rounds" of Ego-rotation.

Disposition.

It is meant temper of mind. A person with a quick, uncontrollable temper is to be pitied. An amiable disposition is the crown of human character. Too much temper is disease. Even a thought of anger is destruction to the nerves and tissues of the body. Heart-throbs are accelerated by anger as they are by alcohol. There is more anger disease than there is heart disease. An even, amiable disposition is conducive to health. A person subject to frequent fits of anger is never physically well. More persons have died of bad temper than of apoplexy. There may be a great cause for anger sometimes, but there never was a cause big enough to make anger right. Human beings are born to be tried and to stand the trial well, they must be born right. Ignorance carries away too much. Human beings know too little of themselves. They do not recognize unseen forces. Think evenly, good naturedly, controlling the temper, and health and happiness will be more likely to come your way.

Children's Book.

LULLABY.

Sleep, my baby, sleep—
Mother watch will keep.
The sun has gone to rest,
The bird is in her nest.
The chicken seeks its mother's wing—
She loves the little yellow thing.
The stars begin to shine—
Sleep, my babe; 'tis time.
Thy heart is full of love;
Thou art gentle like the dove.
The Christ spirit's in my little one;
Sleep in peace—the day is done.
God ever watch will keep—
Sleep, my baby, sleep.
Sleep, my baby, sleep—
God ever watch will keep.

Mary P. Spinney, in Ex.

The Children's Friend.

Jean Paul Dresser.

Once upon a time there was a great and glorious man who loved children with all his heart. All his life long he worked for children, thought about them and played with them. Now, some years before your father and mother were born, this good man had a school, across the ocean, in far-away Germany—the happiest school that ever was. Friedrich Froebel—for that was his name—was the kindest man, and so good-natured; he was just as loving as he was queer-looking, and that is very loving, indeed, because he had a long, crooked nose and his hair came down to his shoulders. Friedrich Froebel used to play with the children of his school, and he made every minute as happy for them as he could. It was his first great plan that the school should ever be a happy place—a place which his little ones would always think of longingly, so that when they were in their downy beds at night they would have pleasant dreams and laugh in their sleep.

I will tell you a funny story about the school; it is a true one, too. Once, when they were in the midst of a frolic (you mustn't think that they frolicked all the time), a few visitors appeared on the scene, and asked if they might inspect the school. Mr. Froebel was having such fun (I suppose he was covered with children), that he neither saw nor heard the people, but kept on playing the game, just as though the visitors had never been born. The visitors meanwhile looked on with wonder and deep surprise. You know the Germans expect you to be very proper, and do as other persons have always done; but a teacher, especially a teacher, of all men—ought to be dignified, thought they. "Who ever heard of a teacher's capering about in such a fashion? A teacher should wear a sober face and be severe. We are shocked at this. We think it is very silly, indeed." And with that the strangers took themselves away, disgusted.

There was such joy at all times in that school that the boys and girls hardly knew they were being led into noble manhood and womanhood. You see, the good man loved his little ones so much that they just had to love him, and everyone else, too. They learned to love beauty in colors and forms, in grass and trees, earth and sky, and even in the clouds. Perhaps they used to sing as the poet Wordsworth did—the poet who loved so deeply the hill and dale and flower—"My heart leaps up when I behold a rainbow in the sky." I know a little poem that tells you what those children learned. Maybe you would like to hear it, and maybe, too, you would like to learn to say it by heart. Mr. Froebel's little ones did not know this poem, but they knew others that were just as sweet.

"All things bright and beautiful,
All things great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all."

"Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings."

"The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The morning and the sunset,
That lighteth up the sky;

"The tall trees in the greenwood,
The rippling summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden—
He made them, every one."

"He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who hath made all things well."

What a friend Friedrich Froebel would be to you and me if we could have him with us now! You know what made him such a great and noble man—it was his love for humanity. He loved children, and felt that they were fresh from God. Do you sometimes wonder what love is? Well, love is God speaking and acting. All the beauty and sweetness in the world, all the beauty and sweetness in your dear little self, are a part of God; and when you are good-natured and sweet, and now that is love. The nature of love is to go out to do kindness, to render service to others. When you love, little one, it means that God speaks in you; and he is always ready to speak. How much, and how often, God spoke in Friedrich Froebel! Love holds each child, each pebble, every river, every butterfly and bird, every star, the earth even, and the sun—in a word, love holds all things in their places.—Ex.

Queer Little Nantucket.

Mary E. Starbuck describes "The Vanes of Nantucket" in the July St. Nicholas. The author says:

In no other spot I know are found weather-vanes so interesting as in Nantucket; and there is at least one on the premises of every household, for the weather has a great deal to do with anything else at the island, and the true Nantucketer has almost all he can do, or, perhaps, cares to attend to, in predicting and watching its changes. Afterward, if there is time, he arranges his business affairs accordingly; if not, he is likely to postpone them until "settled weather."

But perhaps you don't know about Nantucket. It is a little island lying off the coast of Massachusetts, but so far out on the edge of the world that the boys of Christypher Columbus's time would have wondered why it didn't fall off. However, it "stayed put," and there it is still—a little, low-lying, sandy, wind-swept island, but to those who have once fallen under its spell no other place is ever quite so dear.

After leaving the mainland it seems just a lucky chance that we ever hit Nantucket; but we never fail to find it, for, as a shipwrecked sailor once said, "It lies right in the way of navigation."

DR. J. M. PEEBLES'

Most Important Books

REDUCED PRICES.

WHAT IS SPIRITUALISM.

Who are these Spiritualists? And What Has Spiritualism Done for the World? By J. M. Peebles, M.D., M.A. A book to be put in the hands of inquirers. Cloth, 75 cts.

DID JESUS CHRIST EXIST?

Is Christ the Corner Stone of Spiritualism? What Does the Bible Say About It? By J. M. Peebles, M.D., M.A. A book to be put in the hands of inquirers. Cloth, 75 cts.

THREE JOURNEYS AROUND THE WORLD.

A large, handsomely bound octavo volume, 500 pages, fully illustrated, describing the Pacific Islands, New Zealand and Australia, India and her magic, Egypt and her pyramids, Persia, Ceylon, Palestine, etc., with the religious manners, customs, laws and habits of foreign countries. Price, \$1.50.

IMMORTALITY.

And the employment of spirits good and evil in the spirit world. What a hundred spirits say about their dwelling-places, their locomotion, their social relations, infidelity, idolatry, suicides, etc. Price reduced from \$1.50 to \$1. Postage 12 cts. Paper, 50 cts.

SEERS OF THE AGES.

This large volume of 400 pages (9th edition), treats exhaustively of the seers, seers, prophets and inspired men of the past, with records of their visions, trances and intercourse with the spirit world. This is considered a standard work on the subject of God, heaven, hell, faith, repentance, prayer, baptism, judgment, demoniac spirits, etc. Price reduced from \$2 to \$1.25. Postage 15 cts.

SPIRITUAL HARB.

A book of 300 pages, containing songs, hymns and anthems for Spiritualist societies and circles. The words are all with progress. It contains the choice of songs and music by J. M. Peebles, J. M. Clark and reformers. Reduced from \$2 to \$1.25.

DR. PEEBLES' THREE JUBILEE LECTURES.

A most elegantly bound pamphlet of 122 pages, giving Dr. Peebles' lectures delivered in Hyde Park, March 31, 1888, in Rochester, and later in London at the International Congress of Spiritualists. These lectures, illustrated, are rare, timely and scholarly. Price 35 cts.

THE CHRIST QUESTION SETTLED.

A symposium by Hudson Tuttle, W. J. Coleman, Rabbi Wise, Col. Ingersoll, J. S. Loveland, E. B. Hill, J. B. Buchanan and Dr. Peebles. This is a handsome volume of nearly 400 pages, and treats of Jesus, Mahomet and the agnostics. What the agnostics say about Jesus. Antiquity unveiled. The marriage in India. Col. Ingersoll's agnosticism. What the spirits through W. J. Colville, J. J. Moore, Mrs. Longley, Mrs. Verity, Mrs. Hagan-Jackson and other mediums say about Jesus, etc. Price, \$1.25.

DEATH DEFEATED, OR THE PSYCHIC SECRET OF HOW TO KEEP YOUNG.

This book goes to the foundation of things—health, the laws of health, the foods to eat, the subject of marriage, who should marry and who should not marry, the causes of divorce, the proper time for conception, gestation, the determining of sex, animal death-eating, what Herodotus, Hesiod, Homer, Pythagoras, Shelley, Graham and others ate, the foods that produce long life and how to live immortal on earth, etc. This book is written in Dr. Peebles' usually clear, crisp style, and attracts the reader from the very first through its facts, logic and convincing arguments. Very handsomely bound in cloth. Price \$1.

VACCINATION A CURSE AND A MENACE TO PERSONAL LIBERTY.

This finely illustrated volume of between three hundred and four hundred pages, by Dr. Peebles, treats exhaustively of inoculation, cow-pox and small-pox vaccination from Jenner's time to the present. It tells how the cow-pox virus poison is obtained—how the vaccine virus is produced—many deaths, some the seed of exema, pimples, faces, cancers, tumors, ulcers and leprosy. It gives a history of the several years' battle against vaccination in England. Parliament making it "optional" instead of compulsory. This book should be in every school library and family. Price \$1.25.

SPIRITUALISM VERSUS MATERIALISM.

A series of seven essays published in the "Free Thought Magazine," Chicago, Ill. This book, printed on cream-colored paper and elegantly bound, is pronounced one of the ablest and most reliable of the Doctor's works. These essays were written by Dr. Peebles at the request of L. Green, editor of the "Free Thought Magazine," and appear in that able monthly during the year 1901. Price 75c.

BIOGRAPHY OF J. M. PEEBLES, M.D., BY PROFESSOR E. WHIPPLE.

A magnificently bound, large book of 600 pages, giving a complete account of the life of this pioneer and indomitable worker in the cause of Spiritualism, Dr. J. M. Peebles. The Doctor has been actively engaged in the Spiritualistic field for over fifty years, being a convert to this great religion while it was yet in its infancy. Consequently, this book also contains a very complete history of Modern Spiritualism. It is intensely interesting, and marvellously cheap in price for a book containing so many precious truths. Price \$1.25.

SPIRITUALISM COMMANDED OF GOD.

This pamphlet deals especially with Spiritualism as opposed to orthodox Christianity, and especially the Seventh-day Adventists. The arguments are sharp, biblical, and to the point, and are such as to completely silence the absurd ecclesiastical objections to Spiritualism. Price 15 cts.

THE ORTHODOX HELL AND INFANT DAMNATION.

This is one of Dr. Peebles' most scathing writings upon sectarian doctrines, creeds, and preaching. His quotations from orthodox sermons are reliable and authoritative. This large pamphlet is especially recommended to those seeking knowledge on this, the great blunder of orthodoxy. Price 10 cts.

THE FIRST EPISTLE OF DR. PEEBLES' TO THE SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTISTS.

This is Dr. Peebles' latest pamphlet, just published, being a scathing reply to the many attacks of the Seventh-day Adventists upon the teaching and doctrine of Spiritualism. It is argumentative and to the point in sharp, clear-cut style, and literally "spiked their guns." Price 5 cts.

The above named books and pamphlets are supplied both at wholesale and retail by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.