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PRAYER-HYMN FOR EVENING.

Father of goodness! The sunset is streaming
With golden and purple rays over the deep;
Lo! The star-herald of evening is gleaming
With infinite wonders the night-watch to keep.
Hear the song-worship our spirits are singing!
Faith is our banner we keep ever swinging,
Fragrant Humility's love-clouds uplifting.
We pray thee to bless us and smile o'er our sleep.

Guardian Eternal! Though shadows are falling
With silver-lined trails across our dim way,
Yet, through the silence, we hear angels calling
To us as we kneel in our chambers to pray.
Four out Thy spirit! Bid angels bend o'er us!
Shine in our visions the Christ-Face before us!
Tune us, earth's harpers, to yonder saint-chorus,
In harmony perfect forever and aye!

Father of pity! Thou knowest our sorrow,
Our woes and bereavements, our sins and our pain;
But through the valley of death, Life's tomorrow
Bursts forth with its banners of heavenly gain.
Fountain of comfort! We pray Thee to hear us,
Ministering angels; we need ye; be near us
Strengthen Thy faint-hearted children, Lord! cheer us

Up! using our music to Victory's strain!

Shrine of Love's splendor! Though sorrowfully pleading
Amid the earth-shadows, Thy presence, we own.
Help us to bind up the hearts that are bleeding!
Frail lives by the thousand are pining alone.

Vesper-chimes ever this message are peeling!
Easter eternal broods o'er us with healing!
Grant us Thy Spirit! more deeply revealing
The peace, love and pity that flow from Thy throne!
Sydney, Australia. Devotion.

"Twentieth Century Knights."

Rev. Wilson Fritch.

"A new commandment I give unto you:
that ye love one another, as I have loved
you, that ye love one another."

Friendship is the master passion of mankind. Religion deals with life in its highest phases; and love, which in its fulness means what we understand by friendship broadly construed, is the highest word in religion. Here Jesus, Plato and Buddha, the divine trinity of the teachers of religion, all agree. They see eye to eye. Each one of them catches this high, clear, sweet note, and sounds it out to mankind, and it is that note that sweetens our humanity, that makes life beautiful, noble, deathless.

Browning thought this life was our chance of learning love. He thought that was the reason of our existence, to learn love, taking that word of course in its full and mighty sense. Emerson said:

"The sense of the world is short,
Long and various the report—
To love and be loved.
Men and gods have not outlearned it,
And how oft see'er they've turned it,
Not to be improved."

It is the illustrious friendship or almighty love that has brightened every generation of mankind from the dawn of history until now. We do not know how early the associations of friendship or love were formed. We only know that in the very beginning of history there are shining examples of devotion of man to man. It was in the middle ages that knighthood came to its most prominent organized form, in that anomalous age before modern society was formed, and there was little feeling of responsibility on the part of the masses.

It was then that noble souls associated themselves together into brotherhood. Among the earlier associations of this kind is the Round Table of Arthur. "Le Morte d'Arthur" bears reading and re-reading. What dignity in the character of those knights—Arthur, Boer, Lancelot, Galahad, who arrives at such purity as to be, by a sort of translation, transferred to the eternal world. Earlier there was St. George who vanquished the dragon of evil. Later the Teutonic Knights, the Templars and the Hospitallers arose and hurled their power against the Turk in the Crusades.

We want to try to get at the spirit of these things, not to speak so much of the formal organizations of these brotherhoods as to seek to catch the spirit of them all. It is the devotion of these men which impresses us, their tender devotion to the object of which they had sworn their fealty.

If a man inherited his rank as a knight, he was indeed esteemed, but he was not esteemed to be of the first rank. It was only those who by their own work had won their spurs that were held to be knights of the first degree of nobility, and then it was said none but a supreme sovereign could knight any man. No power less than the supreme power of the state could invest a man with the insignia of knighthood.

Their oath is an index to their purposes and character, that most solemn avowal. They vowed they would "speak the truth; maintain the right; protect women, the poor and the unfortunate; that they would practice courtesy; that they would pursue the infidel; and that despite the allurements of ease and safety, each would maintain his honor in every perilous adventure."

These were not idle oaths. Ease was sacrificed if need be to maintain these things. Even life itself was surrendered freely in

support of the principles they held to be dear. Even in that age these men had ideals, visions of an ideal life; sometimes they were embodied in the state, sometimes in the lady love, sometimes in Christianity as they conceived it; but however they might be embodied the characteristic of knighthood has been the recognition of an ideal above time and place, an ideal that must at every hazard and every sacrifice be achieved.

In a day when womanhood was degraded to a sort of slavery, these knights by their valor and true gallantry raised womanhood to the respect with which it is now regarded.

The organization of chivalry resulted in the evolution of the lady and gentleman as these have been recognized by civilization the last two or three hundred years. We can easily see they accomplished a mighty purpose in the on-sweep of things if they inculcated reverence for manhood as manhood and womanhood as womanhood. This is the greatest power yet discovered to ennoble the race.

So I do not think Ben Jonson exaggerated the importance of the achievement of those societies and those men when he says they brought to pass a state of things "where goodness became greatness and greatness worship, and every house became an academy of honor." No nobler thing can be achieved by mankind than making goodness synonymous with greatness, and so inculcating goodness that it brings with it worship, and every house becomes spontaneously an academy of honor.

The time came for the downfall of these organizations. The devotion was sometimes to unworthy objects. Sentiment degenerated into sentimentalism, valor and gallantry lost their verility and men became effeminate. Cervantes dealt the institution a staggering blow in "Don Quixote"—a burlesque on degenerate knighthood.

The reason I bring this subject to you is, that I consider the spirit of knighthood as it was cultivated in those early days one of the most precious inheritances of humanity. That spirit we must always cherish. The soul that says I will be true no matter what occurs in my life, the soul that says there are greater things in this world than houses and land, there are greater things in this life than fame, is a true knight. These greater things are the principles of righteousness and the sentiment of true friendship in the human soul. If we have these in their fulness, if we stand without reservation upon principles of righteousness as we understand them, if our souls are illumined with friendship, we are rich beyond description—no matter whether we have a place we may call our own or not.

These other things are very subordinate, and I would emphasize this with all my might. No matter how essential things may be up to a certain point, the real things, the things worthy of the love and devotion of the order of our manhood are things vastly deeper, viz., the principles of righteousness and of friendship.

There is nothing higher than this. It is the crowning glory of every true man and woman. This is the sentiment that must inspire the twentieth century knight, as it was the sentiment that inspired the knights of the preceding ages of the world.

A few things in which the twentieth century knighthood must differ from most of the knighthood referred to in the middle ages: Knighthood was largely personal in its enthusiasm. The knights of the Round Table were inspired by enthusiasm for their king. The king created around himself a very worthy knighthood. Sometimes this feeling of devotion was one of prejudice. The lady love was to be defended whether in the right or wrong.

So this knight power was enlisted sometimes upon the side of right, sometimes upon the side of wrong, mostly it was enlisted upon the side of right, else that age had been a failure and not a help to the evolution of the world.

The Crusaders thought they were doing a great service when they tried to destroy the Turks. They held the Turks enemies of God and thought it was doing God's service to crush them.

There is poetic irony in that many of the Knights Templar of that day coming by their association in war acquainted with the Saracens, found many of them men of noble character; and the time came that the knights were so impressed with these noble characters that they became friends of the Saracens, and then the church excommunicated some of the knights for infidelity.

There is something of the divine in every human heart. I cannot say that this man or race is divine and noble and that is altogether Godless. We are no longer limited to a circle of friends, no longer wholly limited to those of our immediate households in our spirit of kindness and of helpfulness, no longer limited to the people of our nationality, but we are learning the lesson that Jesus sought to impress upon his disciples, that humanity is one and that our love is to be just as broad as the love of the Father toward humanity. When Jesus said "A new commandment: I give unto you that ye love one another," he

did not mean that only the disciples should love one another, but that the love in the heart of each one of us shall extend until no creature beneath the shining heavens is excluded from it. I do not say that special organizations are not useful. I think they have been a help, and will be for many years.

Drummond shows how the closer circles of friendship have been the means of cultivating the larger friendship. The larger love would never have come, save by the means of these circles of friends, families whose members are devoted to each other, brotherhoods, sisterhoods, these forms of societies which said: We will make kindness the chief thing in our organization—these have been the means. We can come to that larger love only through association naturally formed, where love toward the different members shines out beautifully and intensely. I do not think the man who is not kind to his immediate circle of friends will show kindness to the outside world. If we have the spirit of true friendship and of true love it will be most intense naturally towards those with whom we are most intimately associated.

We will not be confined to any organization. True, the twentieth century knighthood will have special friends: we shall all have our special friends.

Friendship is not limited, however, by barriers. The twentieth century knight will have sympathy with every form of life beneath the sun. I would not limit it even to the world of mankind. He will have sympathy and tenderness also toward life in the animal world. I think even the beautiful flower will touch his heart, and call forth the response of admiration and devotion.

As we approach the manifestation of life, be it in man, woman or child, animal or flower, as we approach any manifestation of life, we feel as if we ought to take our shoes from off our feet, as the place upon which we stand is holy ground. This is the beautiful sentiment that will inspire the knights of the twentieth century.

And now about the direction of our devotion. Having once recognized humanity as a whole as divine, every man and woman beneath the heavens being a child of God, then of course we will lift no hand of violence against any member of the race save when circumstances compel us to do so to serve the larger interests of humanity.

It is no longer the warrior who is regarded the chief benefactor of mankind. In those middle ages they hunted the Turk because they thought him an enemy of God. We do not hunt the Turk now. Indeed, a large portion of our population did not think it right to hunt the Filipino. We will not discuss that question here. We simply call attention to the growing humane feeling in our nation. We do not hunt any supposed enemy of mankind to destroy him save such as has set his hand ruthlessly against his fellows.

Knighthood is manifested now not so much in military affairs as in scientific pursuits. Newton was one of the greatest knights the world ever had. The physicians who are spending their strength to cure the diseases of mankind are worthy knights. We think Dr. Koch one of the knights of mankind, and the surgeon who so recently received the applause of the country, Dr. Lorenz. The people who sought to understand the great principles of the physical world, Benjamin Franklin and his followers, who have banished the dread of the element of electricity and have made it the chief servant of mankind, these were worthy knights and great teachers of the race, Pestalozzi, Froebel, Horace Mann, those who gave themselves to the cultivation of the human intellect, not in themselves only, but who sought to understand the principles of the development of the human intellect that the minds of children might open up earlier to the wonders of this world. These were among the worthy knights. And the poets who opened such vistas to the minds of their fellowmen enriching their lives, bringing much of the unspeakable wealth of the eternal world unto the human soul in the midst of its earthly life.

These are indications of what knighthood will be. It will be the helpful man or woman which will be the most worthy knight. No one in the middle ages could invest with the insignia of knighthood except the supreme sovereign, and in this larger sense of knighthood it is true that none but the Chief Sovereign, the Supreme Architect of the universe can make a knight. When a man came to Napoleon in those wonderful campaigns and said, "I want to be made a marshal," Napoleon replied: "I cannot make a marshal. Victory makes a marshal." The idea was the marshal must make himself, and Jesus said to his disciples, "These seats of honor are for those for whom they have been prepared." The knight of character cannot be created by any human appliance, only the supreme power of the universe can make such a knight, whose heart will turn to the right as the flower to the sun, whose sympathy will go to the distressed as the light permeates and scatters the darkness. Such a knight with pure soul, with intense devo-

tion to that which is true and noble, is a knight made such by the Supreme Architect of the universe.

We in our ways try to help the development of such a character. To this end we sing psalms; to this end we offer prayer, we preach sermons, to this end we have our organizations and grand liturgies.

Anything that directly or indirectly helps to develop these noble characteristics is worthy of our aid, and I bid Godspeed to any form of organization that in any sense accomplishes this. Remember that the spirit always is the essential thing, that spirit is the same in every age of the world; but we must embody that spirit according to the needs of our own times.

The twentieth century knight will have the same devotion, but he will be limitless in his sympathy and love and he will be practical in his service. If he can serve distress, that is worthy of him, he will do it. If he can enlighten a mind, that is worthy of him, he will do it. If he can inspire a life, that is worthy of him, he will do it. He will do it as a knight and it is by this mutual helpfulness reaching to universality in its scope that the individuals of the race will come up to the summit of glory and grandeur where God means that humanity shall some day stand; and then "Sir" and "Lady" shall be the spontaneous address of every man and woman. [Sermon delivered in Pilgrim Church, Attleboro, Mass., Knights Templars in attendance.]

ETERNAL FLOWERS.

"I wonder if the angels
Love with such love as ours.
If for each others sake they pluck
And keep eternal flowers."
—C. G. Kestell.

The heart of all the hearts,
That once our love has seen,
In beauty fair upstarts,
And keeps its memory green:
It must be beautiful—
As sevenfold seven—
The thoughts of earth to cult—
In garden grounds of heaven!
The loves of all the years,
That we as one have known,
Its smiles, its faith, its fears,
And all its favors shown;
Its losses and its cares,
Its trial time and woe,
Its mingled praise and prayers,
Into sweet flowers grow.

They grow so dearly sweet—
Within these hearts of ours,
And we their names repeat,
As better than all flowers:
The lily, rose, and fern,
Or any showy thing,
Cannot such blessing earn,
As these to which we cling!
And when the days are cold,
As any winter day,
Their beauty I behold,
Like sunshine on the way:
I've left the sleet and snow,
I walk with radiant feet
Where flowers eternal grow!

William Brunton.

Psychometry or Soul Measure.

Dr. George W. Carey.

Matter is a universal substance found throughout the universe in different degrees of fineness, produced by different rates of vibration. Something produces or causes the vibrations.

When this substance is in a certain degree of fineness, or rate of vibration, we name it ether. A different rate or degree is called atmosphere. Another change and we have water. Still another and the vegetable appears. Other changes or combinations of the principles composing the substance termed matter, and rock, marble, iron, diamond or radium appears. All of these manifestations depend on something. This something is spirit, which is the "same yesterday, today and forever."

Spirit is unchangeable, but manifests its thoughts, attributes, purposes or love through matter—its clothing-on-substance—as an artist manifests his ideals with material called paint.

Then it must be clear to your understanding that you, as a living, thinking, conscious entity, are spirit, and not matter. If so, and you know it is so, you performed a part in forming, creating, all that is now formed or created and all that ever will be formed or created.

But, you say, I did not create or form the worlds and all their component parts alone; therefore, how can I understand how it is done, is now being done, or will be done in the future?

I answer, by a recognition of the operation or process called co-operation—some might say the law of co-operation—but the science of soul, or being, does not recognize law as something apart from the word. It is the law and co-operation is its operation.

"If ye are in the spirit (i. e., spirit consciousness) ye are not under the law," but are "a law unto yourself."

So, then, by recognizing the universal co-operation of the attributes or thoughts of which, and the "words" through which Infinite Intelligence operates or "proceeds" you, a soul, one of these thoughts or words are enabled to free yourself from the seeming environments of matter, and thus realize your dominion over all that you have taken part in creating, and you have assisted in the creation of all that is. Being a thought of the Universal Spirit called God, you are co-eternal with it.

With this consciousness comes the feeling of creative, or rather formative, power. You will realize that there cannot really be any creation. The universal substance from which all clothing of spirit is formed (I mean flesh, vegetable, mineral etc.) is an eternal substance, co-eternal with God, and was, therefore, never created. This substance is the material used by intelligence, or spirit, to manifest to material consciousness.

Now, psychometry is simply recognizing the soul's own creations, or formations, and interprets the same. The vibrations that manifest or materialize in matter are analyzed and understood and described just as a painter may explain his painting, or a mechanic the result of his handiwork.

In the material state of consciousness we do not realize the fullness of our own wisdom. When we awaken to soul-consciousness, that is, a realization that we are souls and have bodies, and not bodies that have souls, we can see the object, the reason of all symbols, i. e., created things, and spell the words over again, which is called reading by psychometry. The word "Psychometry" was coined by Prof. Jos. Rodes Buchanan, who passed to spirit life at San Jose, Cal., Dec. 26th, 1899. It is taken from the Greek Psycho, meaning soul, and meter or mitron, to measure, and, therefore, means soul measure. We understand an object better after we measure it, therefore we may say that Psychometry means soul understanding.

With the full realization of the truth as set forth above, comes the power to psychometrize any article or material symbol. Fully realizing that all material formations, whether the handiwork of man or of "Nature," are the products of our own intelligence, we begin to see how it is possible to understand the history of a certain article or substance, whether manufactured by man or nature. The full consciousness that the same power that carries on the processes of nature, in the vegetable and animal world, also operates the chemistry of life in our own organism, and through the brain cells, nervous system and muscular tissue, operates and forms the handiwork of man, enables us to come in rapport with all formations of matter.

Now, when we wish to psychometrize an article or "read a person," by touching flowers, or a ring, watch or handkerchief that has been in contact with their person, we should remember the relation we hold to the objects and to the eternal creative or formative power and that it is truly Omnipotent (all powerful), Omniscient (all knowing), and Omnipresent (all present, or everywhere present).

Let us here make the proper distinction between reason and intuition: Reason is based on a supposition that a certain thing, or idea, or belief, is true; therefore a foundation or basis from which reason may logically build up a true theory. But if it turns out that the basis or foundation was merely a belief and not truth, the whole structure falls. Intuition is knowing; therefore truth. It does not depend on reason or so-called logical deductions.

So, then, when we psychometrize, we wait for the "still small voice" of intuition, and do not attempt to find truth by the material process of reason and logic.

In the attitude of spirit understanding we repeat the words given us by the "still, small voice" of intuition, or knowing, and this is Psychometry—soul-measure, or soul-understanding.

No effort of any kind is needed when we psychometrize. We should relax all the bodily functions, and thus still the material consciousness. By this process the most wonderful readings of inanimate objects have been given.

Psychometry is miracle made natural, and occultism engrafted into every-day life.

Nothing is hidden that shall not be revealed, and humanity stands at the door of the day when "None shall say, 'Know the Lord, for all shall know Him, from the least unto the greatest.'"

Emerson.

He came and touched a string on the Human Harp so long unused that ere its notes awakened sleeping souls the Harper had departed on his way. Even now many there be who must tiptoe and hold back the breath that they may even catch faint echoes from the smitten chord that shall forevermore vibrate in unison with the music of the spheres.

Dr. Geo. W. Carey.

NIGHT.

My trisomic neighbor of the day,
You come to us so silently,
Your fingers reach out broad and white,
And lo! the shadows gray and light,
Steal o'er the vast mysterious sun,
And setting low, his work is done.
The crimson and the shining red,
The purple and the gold overhead,
And then the marvelous glow grow,
And twilight kisses all below.
The sun sinks in his clouds of peace,
And soft repose bids daylight cease;
And none of bird and insect chirp,
Come up in evidence soft and clear.
And peace and glory thrill with might,
And life is soft with sacred night.
The stars gleam out and one by one
To their shining places come.
The blue looks down and far away,
And then the moonbeams seem to play
Across the picture with their light,
And so entranced in hour of night,
That spell-bound, silently I stand,
And watch it in this southern land;
And all the world grows still and calm,
The dew comes down like incense-balm;
The mock birds' notes rise so low and low,
And then my eyelids seem to glow,
And curtain down and close the sight,
By slumber's kiss in sacred night.

Jennie Hagan Brown.

Was It the Same Woman?

Mary F. Blanchard.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

The German beamed over his glasses and drank more beer.

Just then the cynic who was standing in full view of the window shrank aside saying with a smile, "Returning!"

The student got on his feet and looked, dis-creetly.

Saunders, with his elbows on the arms of the big chair and his fingers interlocked over his stomach, lifted his chin and raised his sleepy eyelids, sitting betwixt the two.

A stylish rig drew up to the curbing and a young man dropped out of it and began with rapid motions to work at the buckles of the harness, as though something was wrong, tightening and loosening the straps, one after another, after the manner of men on such occasions; a slender, comely fellow, with cheeks as red as health and wind and exercise could make them. He soon righted the fault and, stepping to the conveyance he leaned and drew from the woman's hands a lapdog, having a red ribbon around the throat, a white ragged bundle with bright eyes under his shag of curls.

Linda partly rose, pruned her disarray and sat down laughing, her face turned to the window. She wore a tailor-made, tight-fitting jacket of black broadcloth, a long boa, and a little hat, becomingly attired, an ingenious blending of white felt, red velvet and gold buckle. Her mouth was large, but beautiful in shape as a cupid's bow, and now, as she sat there laughing, it was well that her teeth were pretty, for she seemed to show every one Nature had given her, though so far from detracting from her charm, it only served to emphasize it the more. She was in every way perfect in her loveliness.

Someone in the crowd that thronged the street saluted the gentleman, and he bowed his head and bowed himself with grace, and now, as he came to face the window, Saunders started and whistled a long, low note of supreme astonishment. "St. Paul, you said, Violette?" And before he was canonized, by what name did men call him?

"Malvern, Paul Malvern."

Saunders grew silent; he was thinking of his vision in the theatre.

Linda receiving the dog, bending her own head in greeting to salutations, and Paul, springing in beside her, gathered up the lines and bore on through the street as rapidly as the courier would permit.

"Mine Gott!" said the German, who stood with arms akimbo, "I'd like to play the Faust to such a Margaret."

"Faust enters with poodle," quoted Violette. "You and Malvern could go shares with the dog."

"Poodle, I tell thee, cease to growl! There would be more fun in playing Mephistopheles, however."

"My preference is for Malvern," said Jack, laughing. "He will sail into port ahead of all the fleet—and founder in the harbor—by way of exit."

Violette lit a cigarette and only the German noticed that in his eyes was a shadow of discontent and that his tone had in it a forced note. He is having his portrait done by some vagabond of an artist whom Linda set on his feet two years ago, a gifted nobody who is making his way up. St. Paul does the model sans costume, sans common sense, after the fair Greek fashion.

"Haul in on that," said Jack, "you make me tired."

"Rumford, the Distracted Slave of Love," announced the cynic, his eyes still on the pane.

"What! Rumford still in town—a century!"

"Yea, my Captain; and doing business still for old man upid."

Saunders burst into a guffaw, though he loved Eldon and held him in esteem. And he called for rhinias and filled a couple of tumblers to the brim and the cynic came and they touched glasses and drank, standing, "To peerless Linda, the darling of the gods!"

CHAPTER VI.

PAUL.

"It is an heirloom," said Lord Rumford, "and has been in our family for generations; a tradition goes with it, to the effect that, once upon a time, an ancestor of ours, who, in his day, was a famous explorer and adventurer, a man of parts, rescued from a fire that broke out in her palace a lively Egyptian princess; in reward for his bravery she slipped from her hand this ring and urged it on his acceptance, saying that, in case he should ever love, to bestow it upon the woman of his choice and the man who was his rival would die with the next sunset. This absurd story was invented, I suppose, to cover up the fact that no one really knows how the bauble got among our jewels."

Interested, Linda took the ring and regarded it with pleased, attentive eyes, the glow of the afternoon sunlight bright on her puffy hair, where she sat at the piano, from which she had been winning fragments of Mozart, that filled the room with melody. Her gown was of pale gold with wide, loose pointed sleeves, edged with old lace. She wore a rope of pearls about her throat and looked fair as a flower.

Eldon stood beside her, with that light in his eyes that they always wore when resting on her beauty.

The ring was a broad band, etched with hieroglyphics; transverse of this was a gold circlet from which protruded the head of a tiny sphinx, carved from onyx, encircled by a stone of great brilliancy and iridescent colors.

"In the past it was the custom for the head of my house to present it to his sweetheart as an emblem of their betrothal," resumed Rumford, then he hesitated and a wave of

color went up over his proud, and face, but the instant after he took up the talk again. "The custom has fallen into disfavor because of the swift march of the commonplace which has driven out that romance which makes the past so winsome to idealists. I would fain restore that practice, which seems to me too graceful to be lost. Will you, dear Linda, lend me your kind assistance in the task? No fairer hand than yours has it ever graced."

Linda demurred, her lustrous, changing eyes turned full on his, within them that mocking smile with which she ever met his pleading utterances, the self-same smile with which Barbara Gifford harkened to Rolvin Lakin, when his talk verged on medicine. "If, by so doing, I could restore along with romance, the lost art of fidelity in husbands, I might be induced to do so, from motives of philanthropy," she answered.

"If example counts for anything," said Rumford, "we will restore to marriage not only constancy but happiness," and he leaned and touched his lips lightly to her hair, in the first touch of caress he had dared to offer her.

"My lord," said Linda, and her voice was serious and troubled, "I have made it plain to you that you have not my heart. Will the hand content you?"

Rumford slipped the ring on her finger. When he had gone the beautiful woman sighed. Why had she yielded? She hardly knew. She did not care for marriage yet awhile, and frankly said so when importuned too closely by her suitors. Money was hers in plenty and she had friends; lovers, too, more than she could manage; she loved her art and before the footlights she felt at home and happy; to exchange for the pleasant life she was now leading the stormy, untried life of matrimony seemed to her unwise, foolish, even. And yet she was to wed within the year! She could hardly realize it; she had acted from impulse—and already repentance was at hand.

Her reflections were disturbed by a rushing sound, proceeding from the hall, the door was flung open and into the room, breathless, and with a dark frown on his face, there came Paul Malvern, who swept straight forward, with the rush of a sea gull on the wake of gathering music that wafted through the doorway, that had marked his speech when, before the crowded theatre, he paid his first tribute to this fairest of fair women, he now said, "Rosa, at the door just now, going forth from here, I met Lord Rumford—which was nothing new. What struck me as peculiar was that he looked like a man who had pocketed the stakes and been cheered by the crowd. Something uncommon must have happened to make him so well satisfied all at once."

Linda's lashes drooped and the dimples of her cheeks were set in blushes. "Would it have pleased you better to meet him coming in rather than going out?" she asked him, naively.

Paul looked at her with deepening suspicion. "Rosa! you claim that you care nothing for that snob, that he has his dismissal at your hands; that you love nobody."

"Well said; when Nature bestows beauty on a woman she generally withholds the gift of loving. Men love me; I love none in return."

"Am I to infer that he has renewed his amorous persecutions and that you tolerate him?"

"You have reason to believe in my toleration," said Linda, a little wearily, and she turned her face away and, by accident, smote the keyboard with her arm, awaking one long chord of plaintive music that wafted through the silence, like the cry of a broken heart. She was weary, not with him, but with this strange disquiet in her breast, that had risen from a twilight yet not an hour old!

Every trace of color receded from Paul's face and he sank onto the velvet of a couch and lay bent and broken, like one under the spell of mortal illness. For awhile nothing more was said; Linda fumbled at some sheets of music, placing one on the rack, only to discard it the next moment for another; finally she flung aside the animal she had drawn into her lap and, rising, she moved towards her guest and, lifting him to a sitting posture with as much ease as though he were a child, with those white arms of hers, that had such strength under their fine-grained skin; sitting down beside him she drew him to her bosom and held him there. "Paul," she murmured, "I had no wish to grieve you. I am under the pressure of personal perplexities and prate of what I know not. Let it pass." She kissed him and ran her white fingers through the gold of his bright curls, her eyes softening as she felt his warm breath against her bosom, where he lay pale and speechless, his eyes closed. He seemed years older than when she first met him in the theatre, two months ago. In that menage space of time how much had happened!

An expression almost maternal in its tenderness shone on him from her eyes. She wondered why it was that this young American, with his abrupt manners and the simplicity of a child, never tired her, as had all the other lovers her life had known, why, when in his presence, she felt comforted.

Some chord, subtle and sweet, bound them together. She seemed to have known him always; he reminded her of someone, but who it was she could never bring to mind, try as she would. Some face, like and unlike his, had looked on her from the past. Where? When? Was it in childhood's hour? Or was it in the dim of some prenatal time that they had met? Why and then then to one another? She bent her cheek caressingly to his head and held him closer still, her heart unhappy. She thought it best to tell him of her engagement; and she cast about through the trouble of her mind for the right words, that would lend up to the subject by degrees; she could not bear to break the news abruptly.

"Awake, Endymion! What think you of my ring?"

"Ring?" said Paul. He was something of a connoisseur in gems and loved them for their beauty, as did Beecher; while ago they had spent a rainy hour very happily in grubbing through her goodly store of jewels—of which she was somewhat proud—when the mood was on her. He had no inkling of her motive as she pressed against his hand the stern face of the sphinx, encircled by the gem of changing ray.

"An opal, 'the jewel of calamity.' Wear it no more, not that harm will come of it; people of sense laugh at the superstition, but that it is a portent of ill is a pleasant thing. Wear it as a reminder of the object of the fancy else they defeat their object." He closed his eyes again and seemed at peace. How beautiful he was with that brow that was like Apollo's and those sensitive, sweet lips that were a lover's and those eyelids that held under their white shelds the dreams of the poet, the aspirations that link man with the angels.

With some such feelings in her mind as a mother might experience who sees approaching to devour her child some ravenous wild beast, Linda hung over him. This thing she had to say was wondrous hard to get into expression. "Calamity," she murmured, "calamity has never touched my life. Do you fancy the design?"

"No. The ancients (I have no need to tell you that this is an antique, for that you already know) exalted the grotesque. They seem to have made a study of monstrosities; their gods were hideous. They worshipped force and embodied it in uncouth forms, ignoring the fact that nature on the contrary

encases hers in loveliness. What splendor is in the flame! What manifold glories she pours over the ocean! These are her giants through whom she breaks and ruins."

"What is the meaning of the sphinx?"

"Bad taste," said Malvern, smiling.

"An American answer." How ever should she tell him this hated thing?

Paul partly rose and, drawing her head down, kissed her on the forehead, with the same impulsiveness, though without the sanity with which in years gone by Nina Lakin kissed Barbara Gifford, that day she showered the roses on the bed.

"Rosa, you have something now to tell me—something that will grieve me in the hearing. I knew it the moment I set foot over the threshold. I then thought it was Rumford—that drove me wild—but you say you do not care for him. What, then, is it?"

"What makes you think so?" said Linda, to gain time.

"My sympathies are too closely interwoven into yours not to feel the far of an influence antagonistic to my happiness—for that is in the air. If the mere thought of losing you drives me to despair, what should I do under the actual woe of separation? God alone knows."

A puzzled look had settled on Linda's face, an expression of baffled memory. "Oh," she said, putting her hand to her forehead, "if I could only recollect whom you resemble—someone I have known in years gone by."

"When I kiss you I remind you of someone else! A pleasing fancy, truly!"

Paul laughed ruefully and shook his sunny curls. "Years ago my mother had a brother, the eldest of the family, and a practicing physician in New York. They tell me that I resemble him in many ways, in build, particularly, and in manner. I suspect that his was the stronger character, a man swayed less by impulse. It is that as it may, it cannot be of him that you are thinking, as he died before I was born—or you either."

"Are you like your mother?"

"Scarcely; we are not at all alike in disposition. Come! the story."

"The story is merely this: Soon or late the most of women marry, with love, if they have that love to give, otherwise, without it. Almost all the world, a woman is an object of distrust, of suspicion, even. She needs at her elbow a strong man to shield her from insult, to rescue her from the tedium of loneliness, to be her companion in old age. For these reasons I have made up my mind to marry six months from now."

Paul drew himself sharply from her arms and regarded her with an expression part of hope, part dread. "Go on," he muttered.

"Lie down," said Linda, "your haunting eyes disturb me. Today, more than ever, they remind me of that someone I have met in times gone by. O memories! O Past that is! where was it?"

"Do you mean," said Paul, incredulously, "that you will marry me?"

"Fush! let me explain."

His words came around her and felt instinctively that what she had to say would rend his soul.

"Since marriage is desirable for woman, nay, imperative, as our social laws now stand, it behooves woman when parting with her freedom to better her condition as much as possible, for fetters of gold are more artistic than fetters of iron; and so, from among my suitors, I have chosen one who can give me the best social position, the most diamonds, the fastest horses—in fine, all those privileges which lend a zest to life and make it worth the gift. I shall be lifted from the low to the nobility; I shall be of their high degree. My ambition will then be gratified—in part, for I shall be rich and on the social pinnacle. What more could woman ask?"

She sighed tremulously and grew silent.

Paul rose onto his feet. There was not one trace of anger in his manner, not one shade of grief. His mouth had hardened and the eyes that looked on her were bright as steel. A striking resemblance to his father had settled on the lineaments of his almost girlish face; it was with somewhat of his father's vim that he now spoke: "Rumford has bought you with his title. I knew from the first that your love would not be mine; all the same I loved you, as I love now, looking out, behind his back, at the angel of the Lord. For I esteemed you pure; I revered your womanhood; I had faith in your honor; I never dreamed that you would barter it, like a creature of the gutter. She sells hers for bread, rather than face starvation; you traffic in yours through vanity and greed and wantonness—for that's what it amounts to, reckoned up. Of the two she is the less contemptible."

"Paul! Paul!" moaned Linda. She covered her hot face with her hands and rocked herself to and fro in dire distress. The ring of the sphinx burned like a snake of fire on her finger. She longed to tear it off and fling it from her. From the fierce shame within her, enkindled by his scorn, there rose a thought that startled her: could it be that the wayward heart within her loved Paul Malvern. Else what meant this pain at the thought that he despised her? And what meant this dismay at the thought that they must separate forever? Why had she not considered that before?

She tried to think clearly, to decide now, before it was too late, what course to take. She could never be happy with her affianced; of that she was more than certain. Oh, why had she yielded to his entreaties?

What had she best do?

Paul left her and went roaming about the room, his hands in the pockets of his trousers, his head bent on his breast in bitter revery. He appeared to have forgotten that she lived; finally, he said, in a dull, dead tone, as though the passion in him had had its day, "Rumford I never liked; I do not take kindly to people of his guild; all the same he is a gentleman, a man of unblemished character; I would not, had I known, have offered him so craven an affront as to receive the endorsement of his promised wife—for suppose he had happened in all of a sudden! Base creature that you are, to let me so demean myself—not knowing. You have ruined my life past mending; you might have spared my honor. I remind you of someone, say you? Is it not some honest man whom you betrayed for pastime?"

Linda could bear no more. She rose to her full stature; her resolve was made. On the piano was a little silver vase, shaped like a dragon and encrusted with jewels—an emperor's gift. Into the hollow of this toy she let fall the token of her engagement. Her heart leaped; she felt again; over and over she faced there a wave of color, a flash of light; she smiled in her old sweet way, and, stretching forth her hands said, with a ripple of laughter in her voice, "Paul, I love you. Come."

Malvern, hearing, shuddered. He thought she mocked his agony, he thought her vile. Had he known! had he only known! With a gesture of disdain, he passed out of the room, with his quick, swift, graceful step that was like the tread of some wild forest animal on he went, never once pausing to look back, until he reached a sun-bleached little snugery over stairs, that they called his, though his actual lodgings were on another street, in the house of an old Jewess. He thrust to, with a wrench, the bolt of brass.

And now—he was alone! He stood and looked his destiny in the face and never flinched; for, in that wretched hour, the latent strength that had come to him from his father, rose to his aid; he had no tears to shed, no prayers to offer. The passion that

had swept him with its fires had burned away his youth and, with his youth, its weakness. He had loved this woman with the fervor of first love and the mad idolatry of the poetic temperament. And that love had been holy to the last, as love is always, since it is of God. No serpent of sensuality had sullied his fair Eden of the gods; he had known the highest love that ever enters into the heart of man, and that unselfish love had wrecked his life.

(To be continued.)

Mrs. Dr. Densmore and Reincarnation.

The article from this gifted lady, Mrs. Densmore, in the Banner of Light, Aug. 20, criticizing such "Pen-Flashers" of mine as relate to the Hindu-Kurdic dogma of reincarnation, quite interested me, as do all doctrines relating to immortality. I should have tendered no reply had she not challenged a "hearing" from Dr. Peebles."

"The readers of the Banner," says this lady, "must bear in mind that assertion is not argument; that each must determine for himself instead of relying upon authority," all good advice; and yet, with almost the next pen stroke she renders authoritatively to Mrs. Richmond as "affirming the doctrine of successive re-embodiments." Be it said once for all that Mrs. Richmond is no authority for me upon this subject, neither is she for A. J. Davis, Hudson Tuttle, Dean Clarke, W. E. Coleman, F. A. Wiggins, Moses and Daniel W. Hull, Prof. Lockwood, Dr. B. F. Austin, Prof. Peck, Lyman C. Howe, G. W. Kates, Mrs. Brigham, Mrs. Lillie, E. W. Sprague, nor any lecturer or writer in our ranks, so far as I know, except Mr. Colville. The day of authority with thinkers is gone.

The long half-column paragraph of hers about "being being lost" no "new creation of souls," the asserted A. J. Davis's "unscientific character of his revelations," are all irrelevant to any position of mine upon the whole, as I favor the theory of the spirit's eternal past existence. And those who would confound a past, or pre-existence, with reincarnation, or Ego-rotation, would quite likely confound a horse-chestnut with a chestnut horse.

The point involved is this: Are rational human beings passing from earth into the spirit world, compelled to return, re-embodied again through various mothers, for wider experiences? This dogma I stoutly deny, and yet, Mrs. Densmore coolly urges me to "show facts that disprove successive re-embodiments." That is amusing, asking one to prove a negative! No, reincarnationists are the assertionists. They affirm the truth of his old Hindu speculation, re-embodiment, or reincarnation. Hence the laboring oar is in their hands. It is for them to lead off, to go ahead with their proofs and demonstrations. I will afford me great pleasure to expose the falsity of their assumed facts and arguments with the depressing, degrading influence the dogma has had upon the Hindus. None dispute that belief affects conduct, which conduct in the aggregate, affects race and nationality. And poor, degraded, shiftless, caste-cursed India is a fitting example.

WADING THROUGH ALL EXPERIENCES.

Mrs. Dr. Densmore asserts upon the authority of Mrs. Richmond that every person from the "South Sea Islander to the philosopher of Greece, Germany and England, eventually goes through every experience possible in the human embodied spirit." Mark the phrase, "every experience possible!" This is a bold assertion, and nothing more, and Mrs. Densmore very graciously informed us in her article that "assertion is not argument."

But think of it! Every person born, high or low, being fated to go through every "possible experience!" If this be true, many might ask, "Is life worth living?" Think of it! Again doomed to plough through all experiences, among which are swindling, lying, fighting, drunkenness, arson, robbery, forgery, perjury, lechery, murder, suicide, etc. Heavens! Is this the fore-ordained fate of our common humanity? Reader, about how far along have you got in the enlightening, ennobling, ennobling of committed criminality? Miss Christie in her lecture boldly said that every mortal, if they had not in the past, would in the present, or future, commit the act of self-murder. And there are certain persons who glory in attaching this tag to their spiritism.

SNAKE BITES AND RE EMBODIMENTS.

When on one of my tours around the world and stopping in the suburbs of Madras, India, a neighbor's Hindu child was bitten by that dreadful cobra, dying a few hours thereafter. The snake charmer came, but was of no service. And this Hindu brother, another heard as comfort only these words, "Your poor little boy must have killed a serpent in some of his past incarnations." This was reincarnation, or re-embodiment justice; or otherwise expressed, karmic retaliation!

People not only grow to be like what they feed on, but like what they believe, like what they fear, like what they think about; hence, to be ever thinking about being re-embodied into squalid babies, or tigers, or jackals, or foxes, or snakes, necessarily exerts a most degrading, depressing influence upon the Hindu mind, tending to caste superstition and fatalistic stupidity.

It is said by some apologist for this reincarnation cult that these transmigrational and successional re-embodiments into both children and animals are not taught at present. This is not true. They are being taught by the ignorant in the Orient, and by a few English-speaking people to my sorrow. In London "Light," December, 1901, occurs this statement: "The medium being impelled to make a speech," wrote this under spirit control: "I was a man on earth, but I was an unfaithful servant; I cheated and robbed and deceived my master, and now in the form of a dog, I am forced to learn what fidelity means."

Considering the grand law of evolution, one would naturally think that a man might learn fidelity and honesty without being re-embodied into a dog!

Candidly, I have no faith in this cobra, or dog-embodiment, business, or in the potting and re-potting of immortal spirits again and again back into fleshly imprisonments, for more bodily births.

It is admitted that reincarnation, or re-embodiment, is taught by the ancestral spirits of India, such as the Pitris, the Asuras, the Rhtes, and other low Hindu spirits; and it is also taught by a very few poor, earth-bound spirits, who see in the sitters the mawkish sentiments of speculation and superstition. Though in spirit life, they have not as yet fully outgrown the inheritance of old Indian fetichism, and superstition. And, said to say, there are always dupes enough to swallow whatever a spirit may say, however unreasonable.

There is not a case of marked genius, not a case of pretended re-embodiment but that can be rationally and philosophically explained by prenatal impression, uterine environment, heredity, and material spirit inspirations, all constituting a mass of well-sifted facts almost numberless.

To assist Mrs. Densmore (if she desires controversy to the further elucidation of her faith in reincarnation, getting thereby, if possible, to the foundation, I will ask her to answer the following inquiries:

1. Do you positively know by the sense

perceptions, by reason, or by any other means, that reincarnation is true? If so, logically describe the process by which you reached the positive knowledge.

2. Is the return, and reincarnation of spirits into mortality compulsory, or a matter of choice?

3. When does the reincarnating spirit enter the fleshly vehicle,—at conception, at the fetal quickening, at the birth-moment, or at a given period after birth?

4. Is this immortal spirit once dwelling conspicuously on earth in a human body, still conscious and endowed with memory, while secluding itself in another uterine imprisonment?

5. Is there any certain way that the to-be mother can tell whom she is foetically harboring and feeding with her life forces, whether a saint, or one who, in a previous incarnation, may have been a New Zealand cannibal?

It is trying and fear-exciting with the prospective Brahmin mother, lest a poor, wandering Pariah child, with lower caste tendencies, incarnate into the expected family increase, and she, like all true mothers, naturally abominates imposture. Mothers naturally love their own children that they sustain within their crimson currents and nerve-forces before birth, and this is right. It is the soul, rather than the spirit, that constitutes the real child.

J. M. Peebles.

Battle Creek, Mich.

Suggestions.

Alonso Danforth.

The educational importance of Lyceum teachings is a matter of serious concern with all conductors and leaders.

All the important needs are lessons that can be used by the Lyceum, to be introduced by the conductor, who shall invite the opinions and ideas of all the members in regard to the lesson given.

The Lyceum is a schoolroom where its members are taught truth and purity and are told to be bright and happy; that it is better to sing and laugh than to cry and find fault, and where all are taught to think and reason for themselves, to accept nothing without bringing common sense to bear upon it.

To improve the working of Lyceums the earnest workers can add to its numbers by looking up old members who stay away, or come but now and then, or invite our every day acquaintances to come to visit the school.

The interest can be shown by each member willingly taking part either by singing, reciting or reading.

Our children should be taught that all their actions here in this life are to help build that home in spirit life; that an invocation is to invoke the aid and loving sympathy of angel guides; they should be taught to be reverent at this time.

Children in our Lyceums get easily into a mechanical way of reading; they repeat the words, but their meaning is not absorbed; they hear the body of sound but the spirit of the idea expressed is lost to them. Those who undertake the responsibility of teaching in our Lyceums should endeavor to advise the children to ask for explanations of words they do not understand and if the quantity of work done appears smaller its value will be far greater than before.

The teaching of the Lyceum is the coming out from the darkness of superstition and the errors of the past into the light of the advent of modern Spiritualism, an escape from the ignorance of mental slavery to a knowledge and the adoption of wisdom found on the highlands of free thought.

It is not difficult to secure and maintain the interest of children from three years of age up to fourteen or sixteen years, but after this age is past, outside attractions commence to exert an influence, and at this time many members lose their interest and to counteract this critical period we must have a library, anniversary, a social time, a supper, a dance, concert, or a short lecture, and these attractions will enable them to continue in fellowship with the Lyceum, otherwise they will drift into the liberal societies where provision is made to meet their desires.

Our children are unfinished volumes. We wish to teach them noble aspirations, to interpret life to them, to give them splendid ideals, pure thoughts, and loving sympathy, the strong protection of brave, manly characters, characters of decision, will and determination.

We must speak the truth because others go by what we say, they build on it and we hinder and obstruct them if what we say is false, and the same of our promises.

There is no doubt that in our Lyceums there are men and women who are well qualified by nature to assist in our work, but do not attempt to utilize their talents which have been dormant so long.

Let us do our very best to train our children to be a race of thinkers; teach them to be mentally free, to live a natural life, and press onward for truth, liberty, social reform and success will surely follow.

The Lyceum should be attended with a cultivation of mediumship, a complete recognition of our spiritual nature, a true conception of life here and hereafter.

The instruction received should be character in place of creed; progress here and hereafter; reunion at the change called death with those we love in the Spirit-life.

Our Lyceums are the all-important element in Spiritualism and the children will be its supporters and standard bearers in the years to come.

The great problem in our schools is teachers that are qualified for the progressive work they can do, when they understand the significance of their labors; that it can be extended in many ways, that it can be made continuous from the school to the Temple in spiritual thought, then to be uplifted to its proper place in the grand superstructure of Spiritualism.

Our problems are living problems demanding living solutions. Each one is presented in the shape of a living child. We should inspire our children to live in the broader, richer, nobler and healthier life. In the performance of this duty we need text books which may serve to stimulate and guide to fruitful fact

If we would have sound citizens we must build the foundations early in life. Spiritual instruction is the application to the spiritual side of child nature of the same principles that govern the work of any well conducted school. The end of education is not merely individual development, but also social adjustment and efficiency. Another means of acting in concert is to induce the home and our spiritual societies to realize that they are educational institutions and that education is one—then we shall discover that parents, leaders and our public lecturers all belong to the same guild of workmen, and are working on the same material. The child, and the product which they aim to bring forth is also one, namely manhood and womanhood in its full stature. An interest can best be awakened by visiting the homes of our children, next by inviting the mothers to visit our Lyceums and observe the manner of teaching and the interest the children take and every mother's soul responds to the touch of the woman who makes her child happy.

A Perfect Regulator of the Stomach and Bowels

Is Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine. It promptly relieves and permanently cures all obstructions or diseases of the stomach, bowels, kidneys, bladder, liver and prostate gland. It will restore perfect health and vigor to any person afflicted with general debility or nervous debility. It cures constipation so that it stays cured by removing the cause of the difficulty. Only one small dose a day will cure any case, no matter how light or of how long standing. It cures by toning, strengthening and adding new life and vigor to the intestines, so that they move themselves healthfully and naturally. All such conditions as dyspepsia, catarrh of the stomach, chronic indigestion, constipation, Bright's disease, diabetes, inflammation of the kidneys, catarrh of the bladder, irritation or enlargement of the prostate gland, torpid liver, pain in the back, female weakness and female irregularities begin in clogged bowels. They are cured by Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine. Try it. A free sample bottle for the asking. Vernal Remedy Co., 120 Seneca Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

For sale by all leading druggists.

Commercial Hall.

Commercial Hall, 694 Washington St., Mrs. M. Adeline Wilkinson, conductor, Mr. Clifford Billings, assistant—"Spiritual Conference," Aug. 30, was very attended; although the weather was very stormy. Subject, "Personal Experience." Those taking part were Messrs. Hill, Greaves, Brown, Brewer, Prevoo, Mrs. Wilkinson, Miss Sears. Mediums and speakers assisting during the day were Mrs. Reed, Mr. Hardy, Mrs. Strong, Mrs. Morgan, Annie Strong, Mrs. Whittemore, Walter Mason, Mr. Billings, Captain Bailey, Mrs. Groves, Miss Bailey of Buffalo, N. Y., soloist. Healing circle every Tuesday at 3 and Sundays at 11. Phenomenal meetings every Thursday at 2.30 p. m. Colored jubilee singers first Sunday in October.

Reporter.

Serious Indigestion Cured by Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

It relieves quickly, and then gradually restores the stomach to perfect health. A permanent cure and a most excellent tonic.

W. J. Colville in Chicago.

On returning to this great centre of diverse activities W. J. Colville was greeted with large and influential audiences. Two classes in Spiritual Science, one in U. S. Express Building, 87 Washington St., and another on the South Side have already been conducted and despite the hot and uncertain weather the attendance was large at every function. Sunday, August 30, W. J. Colville gave three lectures, two for Spiritualist societies on the South Side during the afternoon in halls on 31st St., and one in the evening in Handel Hall, Randolph St., for the union of New Thought societies. Immediately after that meeting, he took train for Danville, Ill., to deliver eight lectures for the Chautauqua Assembly at that place.

Rumors are afloat that this popular speaker has again received calls from California and New Zealand.

For Over Sixty Years

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

Verona Park.

The annual meeting of the Penobscot Spiritual Temple Association was held on Friday, August 28, with the following result in the election of officers: President, A. F. Smith of Bangor; vice president, Mrs. M. C. Donnell, Bucksport; clerk, P. W. Smith, Rockland; treasurer, Peter Abbott, Verona; directors, R. O. LaGros, J. S. Scarlett, G. W. Dickey, S. P. LaGros, Mrs. A. A. Smith, Nellie A. Smith and Mrs. H. M. Fernald. The campmeeting next year will open the first Sunday in August and continue four Sundays. J. Frank Baxter gave a rich treat to his numerous hearers last Sunday in two eloquent discourses, and many tests, his old time vigor has not diminished.

Edgar W. Emerson has just arrived upon the grounds. It is his first visit to Verona Park, and all are glad to greet this popular and successful worker. Mr. Emerson spoke on Sunday, giving two excellent discourses and many convincing tests. On the whole the attendance has been less this year than usual, but the meetings were very satisfactory, and great harmony prevailed. Mr. Emerson complimented the society on the spirit of union and harmony that was manifested, placing it among the first that he has known.

Important improvements are planned for next year and we look forward to greater success than ever.

F. W. Smith.

August 29.

Queen City Park.

The campmeeting at Queen City Park, Burlington, Vt., closed Sunday, Aug. 30, 1908. The unanimous feeling and free expression of all visitors was that it had been one of the most successful, harmonious and enjoyable sessions the association had since its organization. There were not many speakers and test mediums as on some former occasions, but there were some of the best speakers and test mediums on the platform today.

Conferences were held in the forenoon every week day except Monday. They were well attended, and were interesting and profitable.

Rev. William T. Hutchins of Springfield,

Mass., Rev. B. F. Austin of Toronto, Can., and Mr. H. A. Simmons of Haverhill, Mass., and Mrs. Emma Reisch, test medium, of Brooklyn, N. Y., were new to Vermont Spiritualists. They all gave splendid service and made many special friends. These added to Mrs. Helen P. Russeque of Hartford, Conn., and Mrs. Katie M. Ham, of Haverhill, Mass., who have been special favorites at the park for several years, together with Mrs. Emma Paul, Mrs. Abbie Crosset and Alonzo F. Hubbard, home speakers, assured us one of the very best meetings in the history of Queen City Park.

The Ladies Aid Society held a fair, and its very successful efforts have added much to the interest and support of the camp.

Many of the regular visitors kindly united with the home campers in adding to the pleasures of the camp my getting up whist parties, entertainments and dances for Mrs. McCortley, the blind medium.

Mrs. Wood and Mrs. Wightman furnished the music for all the lectures and conferences. They are sweet singers, well known and popular at Vermont conventions.

Mrs. H. P. Russeque as speaker and psychometric reader, and Mrs. Katie M. Ham, an independent ballist test medium, have had such unusual success, and made so many friends in Vermont, that we have come to feel that a campmeeting or convention cannot be successfully run without them. The Green Mountain State claims them as long as they can be engaged.

Rev. B. F. Austin of Toronto, Canada, was at the park the last five days and spoke every day. He and Mrs. Russeque took unusual interest in the conferences and rendered much assistance. Mr. Austin is a strong and able speaker. He says he is only four years old in Spiritualism; that he did not come out from the church, but was turned out; that he was not born Spiritualist, but like Tony, he grew. He is, in the true sense, a harmonious Christian man, and consistent Spiritualist. He does not seem to have any enmity or hatred toward his former friends in the church, even when they bitterly accuse and traduce him. He has the Christ spirit to say: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

I was surprised to see what thorough and comprehensive advancement Mr. Austin had made in the true philosophy of Spiritualism in so short a time. Many of the oldest Spiritualists can sit as learners before him, so extensive and complete have been his personal investigations.

Upward and onward should be our song, While the Spiritualist goes marching along.

Newman Weeks, sec. pro tem.

Rutland, Vt.

Campmeetings for 1903.

Saugus Centre, Mass.—June 7 to Sept. 27. Mowland Park, Mass.—June 7 to Sept. 27. Madison, Me.—Sept. 4 to 14. Marshalltown, Iowa—Aug. 23 to Sept. 13.

Northern Michigan.

The camp at Snowflake, known as Forest Home Spiritual Camp Association, closed a successful meeting Aug. 23. Mrs. A. B. Sheets, Oscar A. Edgerly, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Sprague were the speakers and did a splendid work for the truths of Spiritualism. At the close of the camp Mr. Sprague organized a society of sixty-three members and a charter was sent for. Then through his convincing remarks in behalf of the N. S. A. over twenty-five dollars were quickly raised for that good work.

Mr. and Mrs. Sprague came to Mancelona, where they gave two good lectures and organized a society of twenty-nine members. We own our grounds which are beautiful as Nature could make them and consist of sixteen acres. They are bounded on the west by the railroad. Trains stop at grounds daily. Good wagon road on south and over one hundred rods of lake front on north-east side. Yes, a most beautiful lake of over thirty miles of navigable water for small steam and sailing boats, which land at our dock many times a day. We have over forty kinds of trees, which all go to make this one of the most beautiful spots in all this famous resort region where malaria and hay fever are unknown. This is not a wilderness, but the surrounding country is interspersed with heavy forests and good farms on a basis of wild and tame fruits; the luscious wild berries may be had for the picking, while tame fruit, vegetables, milk, etc., are sold on the grounds daily. Brook trout and lake fishing is good sport for the angler.

Be with us next August and we will do you good. Will gladly answer enquiries. Frank H. Leshner, president; Ruth Eastman, sec. Mancelona, Mich., August 27.

Onset-by-the-Sea.

Monday, Aug. 24, Conference; Mr. A. J. Maxham, soloist. Mr. Marsh, president of Providence, R. I., Association, said: "Spiritualism is a religion to me, because it lifts me up above the trials of life. I drifted away from the church and I am thankful that I landed on the shore of this beautiful religion." Mr. A. C. Reed, of Boston, talked on "The Character of the Soul." He is an earnest worker for the upliftment of his brother man. Mrs. Kate Stiles spoke of Dr. Dean Clarke and his poems, and read one of them, "The God Idea." She urged all to purchase one or more of the same. Dr. Fuller referred to Dr. Clarke's work: "He labored hard in the early days and wore himself out in the interest of the Cause he loved so well."

Prof. Magoon said: "Radicalism is the theme of the day. God had a purpose when he opened the door for spiritual thought in 1848. Since the year 1895 the Bible has come to the front as well as prayer, and it has come to stay." Mr. E. Berry Brown, the first secretary of the Onset Campmeeting Association, followed: "I have listened with interest to all who have spoken and have made up my mind that Spiritualists know more about conditions and practice the least of any other class of people. The church knows the least about conditions and prepares the best. It seems to me that many of our Spiritualists use words to conceal their meaning. If they have a thought to present, they do so with a string of words that many times are way over the heads of the hearers. We all know that in the early days, in fact, when I was printing a paper, Mrs. Eddy was a medium, and whatever she is today she owes to the inspiration that she received from the spirit world. Spiritualists should unite around some central thought for growth. There is no limit to spirit force and we should strive to understand it."

Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn spoke briefly: "I believe Spiritualism is cosmopolitan in its nature, and if Spiritualists should try to gag my lips I should leave the platform forever, but I am glad the platform is broad enough for everybody. I believe we should try to lift those who are not as enlightened as ourselves. My Spiritualism is a practical one and it teaches me to try to do good."

Thursday, Aug. 25, Mrs. Richmond said she would answer a few questions before the discourse, if the audience so desired. This suggestion seemed to please the people, as the whole afternoon was devoted to this line of work. The questions all had reference to "The Soul, Its Expression, Reincarnation, Re-embodiment." The answers were received with approbation by some and indifference by others.

The guides claimed the questions were answered from the standpoint of the spirit and repeatedly said that they did not wish to force their ideas upon anyone. Mrs. Richmond closed her meeting with an original poem.

The Lyceum met at 4 p. m. The attendance was good. Mrs. Allyn has a happy faculty of making all feel at home, and the children love her. We know she has put forth her best effort for the Lyceum.

Wednesday, August 26, the meeting was held in the Arcade; Mr. A. J. Maxham, soloist. Dr. Huot opened the conference with remarks, closing with communications. Dr. Blackden said: "As we draw near the close of the season it is well for us to take stock of what has been beneficial. We should profit by what we have heard this summer, and do all we can to foster mediumship."

Mrs. Cate, under control, prophesied for Onset. She said: "Discord will pass away and harmony prevail. It is true spirits return; they do not go. I am glad that humanity has to struggle up this rugged pathway of truth because struggle means growth."

Dr. Fuller spoke briefly of the work of the season and "Hudson's Divine Pedigree of Man." Dr. Dean Clarke said: "I never believed I was in the right, in regard to my religion until I read all my opponents had to say, then I could fight them on their own grounds and turn their own guns against themselves." Mr. Lamphier spoke briefly. Mr. Sampson told of his remarkable experience with Dr. C. E. Watkins. Mrs. Lucy Barnicot spoke on N. S. A. Meeting closed with remarks by Mrs. Cate of Haverhill.

Thursday, August 27, the meeting opened with singing by Miss Holbrook of Brockton and she was received most heartily. Of course we miss beyond expression "our Mr. Maxham." His voice is so well adapted to campmeeting singing that we hardly know how to finish the meetings without him. He was called away Wednesday to take up his work in another camp, and we wish him success in his new field of labor. Rev. F. A. Wiggins was the speaker of the day; he lectured on "How to Overcome Unfavorable Conditions." "Accumulated rubbish is often sufficient excuse for Nature to declare her purifying potency through an expression of spontaneous combustion. Man frequently makes his dumping ground of his undesirable condition the very temple of his Soul. There must come a time for burning, and if man fails to apply the torch or match for himself to the mass of stuff which his ignorance has gathered, the divine spark within kindles the fire of purification."

"Man often begins with a belief in a personal God whom he often distorts into a demon, and calls this religion. Outgrowing this, he substitutes for the tyranny of God the tyranny of Law, and calls this science. All this is rubbish, but when the law of one's being is discovered, mankind finds all that it needs, for this law reveals the Universal and irrepressible."

"A spiritual police is impossible where either memory or expectation are unduly indulged. The things which are for our good will not slip away, but we may crowd them out. The things which are for our good will come to us if we do not permit the rubbish of our worry to keep them away."

"The worst rubbish in the world is worry. With proper poise we may move in our life's orbit as serenely as the planets do in theirs. If we are filled with love there is nothing within us to respond to a false note. It will be longed for all the time that it is generally through deep sorrows and, perhaps, intense suffering, that mankind is detached from all thoughts of self. Not until man finds a perfect adjustment to the law of his being can he overcome all undesirable conditions."

Friday, Aug. 28, the meeting was held in the Arcade, the last conference of this year, and it was one of the best. Meeting opened with a vocal selection by Miss Holbrook. Mrs. Thompson said: "This has been an uplifting season to me. The management should be complimented for the good order kept, and for the workers presented to teach all humanity of the truths of Spiritualism." Mrs. Cate continued on the same line of thought. Mrs. Geo. Dutton read one of Dr. Geo. Dutton's poems, "The Law of Compensation," a very fine production. Prof. Magoon said: "Spiritualism is divided into four parts, and these divisions are to be added to the Bible. The first of Spiritualism was mentioned in Genesis; the probationary period was from the beginning until 1848. At that time the whole world thrilled. From 1848-1895 was the black art period; from 1895 to 1903 is the salvation time. The fourth division: Spiritualists are always seeking for something new, everyone is reaching out as never before. This something is to prove to a material world that all may see it is to prove the spirit and that God is in the material." Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn talked about the work for the children and thanked all for courtesies extended to her during the summer. Mrs. Curtis read a poem, "Shall We Know Each Other There?" which suggested the theme of Dr. Huot's remarks.

The Lyceum held its last session for the season. The children extended a vote of thanks to Mrs. Allyn for her kindness to them throughout the summer. Wednesday they held a picnic and participated in all kinds of games. Ice cream and cake were served to all. The children voted it the best time of the season.

Onset, Saturday, Aug. 29, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, speaker; solos, Miss Holbrook; Mrs. Richmond answered several questions, all tending to the subject, "Soul and Reincarnation," then discoursed on the theme "Eternity as Related to the Now."

"A great many people say one world at a time is enough to look after. This is all very well if the world they will attend to does not up to today, but they can attend to their duties in a higher and better way if they first seek spiritual knowledge. This life is a small part of the great eternity of life. The encompassing light is always the light of eternity. If we should shut out this light everything would be in chaos, gloom—Hades itself. The spiritual nature is fed only from within. We must realize there is an illuminating power which makes even the most material pleasure seem a pleasure. Life is continually opening avenues that are broader and wider in the realm of spirit for us to explore. It gives us a chance to seek knowledge. The more we unfold here the greater will be the progress in eternity."

Mrs. Richmond closed her address with a poem, "A Soul Quest for God."

Sunday, August 30, many people came to hear the lectures given by the Rev. F. A. Wiggins and the Rev. Cora L. V. Richmond. They were well paid for braving the storm as both speakers were at their best. At 10.30 Miss Holbrook presided the lecture with a beautiful song. Mr. Wiggins read one of Whitier's poems and answered the following questions:

If reincarnation is not a fact how do you account for places which are sometimes visited for the first time seeming so familiar?

Can the future be seen by spirits any better than by mortals, and if not how do mediums foretell events so accurately?

What is meant by the term Magnetism as used by many Spiritualists?

If you do not accept of the truths of Christian Science, would it not be wiser for you to say nothing against it? If it is true it will live and if it is not true will it not die sooner by letting it alone?

The answers to these questions will appear in a later issue.

Mr. Wiggins then lectured on "Whatever a man soweth that shall he also reap." A report of same will be published in a future issue.

At 2 p. m. Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond answered several questions and delivered an eloquent lecture on "The New Heaven and the New Earth." A report of lecture will be published soon. Mrs. Richmond closed her address by giving an inspirational poem, subject given by the audience.

At eight o'clock Mr. Wiggins held the last session of the season before a large audience in the Arcade and it was one of his best.

The band gave three concerts.

Hatch.

Mrs. Lizzie Lincoln.

From Lake Pleasant, Mrs. Lizzie Lincoln, widow of M. V. Lincoln, passed on to Higher Life after a few hours' illness surrounded by loving friends, who ministered to her needs with untiring devotion.

Services were held at the Severance cottage (her summer home), at 5 p. m., conducted by Mrs. Tillie Reynolds, president of the Ladies' Society of which Mrs. Lincoln was a member. Others who paid tribute in loving words were Mr. H. Churchill, second vice president of the N. E. S. Society, Mr. A. H. Burlington, Mr. A. P. Blinn, clerk, Mrs. Alice S. Waterhouse, Mrs. Belcher of Marlboro, guardian of the Lake Pleasant Children's Spiritual Lyceum, Mrs. Hattie Mason, Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Mattie Albe, Mrs. Leonard, Jennie Rhind, Dr. Willis, Mrs. Bickford, Mrs. Rathbone, Mrs. Dowd, Mrs. George Cleveland and Mrs. Hattie Mason rendered the song, "In Heaven We'll Know Our Own," and "We Shall Gather at the River." Mrs. Onkes and Miss Sloan sang, "When the Mists are Cleared Away." Services were effective and impressive.

Funeral at her sister's home in Roxbury. Her sister, Mrs. Severance and daughter accompanied the body.

An interesting as well as most pathetic incident took place after the funeral service was concluded.

A few friends were viewing the body of our friend and sister when her control, Pat McCarty, took control of a lady and had a farewell of his medium. He clasped the hand of his medium, and with all the pathos that the spirit was capable of expressing, made a most eloquent talk. He said:

"Dear medium, you are beautiful to me, too beautiful to be laid away, but you are more beautiful now to me in the spirit. You sometimes did not want me and told me to go away, but I have you now, thanks be to the God above me. Goodbye, goodbye medium's body. I have you now and we will do good work together. Goodbye, goodbye."

A. A. Eldridge.

Resolutions.

Whereas, The Death-angel has taken our sister, Mrs. Lizzie Lincoln, to the Higher Life, we, the Ladies' Improvement Society, of which she was a sister member, wish to extend our heartfelt sympathy to the relatives and friends who will miss her visible presence, but know that love ties will still bind them together with its golden cord, and make them realize that she is very near.

We know that Lake Pleasant, which she loved so well, will still have her help and cheer and that memory will never lose her from its clasp, as she has been here from the beginning to the present time. Therefore be it

Resolved, That the Ladies' Improvement Society extend to the friends and relatives of Mrs. Lizzie Lincoln their heartfelt sympathy in this hour of sorrow.

Resolved, That while we shall miss her bodily presence with us we rejoice with her in her happy release from the fetters of earth.

Resolved, That we feel grateful to the angel world that her birth to the Higher Life should have taken place at Lake Pleasant amid lifelong friends and the place best loved by her.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the Banner of Light and a copy given to the relatives.

Mrs. T. A. Reynolds, Pres.

Mrs. M. U. Shaw, Treas.

Miss Mary M. Sheldon, Sec'y.

Dancing at Lake Pleasant.

One of the most important attractions for the young people is the dancing. During the months of July and August dancing parties have been held in the pavilion every week-day evening under the management of Messrs. Stratton and Bickford.

The principal events of the dancing season are the Scalper and the Masquerade Balls. These were both held in the Temple, the Masquerade August 21, and the Scalper's Ball August 28, and each was a splendid success. At the Masquerade about one hundred couples were in costume in the grand march, the costumes ranging from the Cavalier of the Eighteenth, the Indian of the Nineteenth to the New Woman of the Twentieth Century.

Full evening dress is always in order at the Scalper's Ball. After a delightful concert of an hour, promptly at nine o'clock Charles M. Bickford and lady started the grand march with one hundred and fifty couples following. A unique march had been prepared by Manager Stratton, who is a member of the National Dancing Teachers' Association, and as the long line threaded the intricate measure, it was a pleasing sight—the youthful faces, the light and fancy colored evening costumes of the ladies, and the regulation dress of the gentlemen.

The hall was decorated extensively with plants, shrubs, flowers, flags and bunting and the music, which was furnished by Stratton's Orchestra of fifteen pieces, was unexceptional.

It is chiefly because of affairs like these that so many young people congregate here each season, and thus we can truly claim that Lake Pleasant is pre-eminently the camp of the young people and of the children.

A. P. Blinn, clerk.

Waverley Home.

Aug. 30. As the weeks and months and years roll on, we are gradually learning, little by little, from communications given to us by spirits in the Higher Life, that our salvation and the degree of happiness we all so much desire in this life, and in the life of the spirit, are in our own keeping. The trite saying, "As a man thinketh so is he," is a verity, and the power is given to us to decide whether we shall so train our thought to noble and Godlike attainments or allow fugitive, unwholesome, selfish thoughts to control our life conduct. Gradually, we are beginning to understand that "Salvation" for the soul can be attained only by personal effort. The "Nazarene" has pointed out to us the "Truth and the way," and our loved ones in spirit life come back to us and confirm the words of the Master, and assure us that if we would attain happiness here on earth or in Heaven we must be good and do good.

Women as well as Men Are Made Miserable by Kidney and Bladder Trouble.

Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition; beauty, vigor and cheerfulness soon disappear when the kidneys are out of order or diseased.

Kidney trouble has become so prevalent that it is not uncommon for a child to be born afflicted with weak kidneys. If the child urinates too often, if the urine scalds the flesh, or if, when the child reaches an age when it should be able to control the passage, it is yet afflicted with bed-wetting, depend upon it, the cause of the difficulty is kidney trouble, and the first step should be towards the treatment of these important organs. This unpleasant trouble is due to a diseased condition of the kidneys and bladder and not to a habit as most people suppose.

Women as well as men are made miserable with kidney and bladder trouble, and both need the same great remedy. The mild and the immediate effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It is sold by druggists, in fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles. You may have a sample bottle by mail free, also a Home of Swamp-Root, pamphlet telling all about Swamp-Root, including many of the thousands of testimonial letters received from sufferers cured. In writing Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure and mention this paper. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

THE NEWEST OF NEW WOMEN. A Bos-ton Incident. By W. J. COLVILLE, author of "One Must Temptation," "Dashed Against the Rock," "With One Accord," Etc., Etc. Pamphlet, 16 p. Price 5 cents. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO. 74

LIGHT ON THE HIDDEN WAY. With an Introduction by REV. JAMES FREEMAN CLARE. The public reading in this book an illustration and defense of the leading truths of Modern Spiritualism from a source entirely distinct from that whence such works are expected to come; yet the most enthusiastic Spiritualist would not desire a fairer or more truthful presentation of the two forms of mediumship it portrays. The book can therefore be warmly recommended to those who would know of Spiritualism from one who is not a Spiritualist, and we fully agree with Dr. Clarke, who, alluding to the position of the author in this regard, says: "Her report, therefore, is an independent one, and deserves attention from those engaged in investigating this occult borderland, where beliefs of the other world are reported as coming into relations with the inhabitants of our own." Cloth, \$1.00. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO. 74

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Following is a list of the chapters contained in this book: Mind: Its Past, Present and Future. Divine Mind: Its Nature and Manifestation. Dual Mind and its Origin. The Law of Self-control. The Law of Re-embodiment. Colors of Thought Vibration. Meditation, Devotion and Concentration. Lesser Occult or Psychic Forces and their Dangers. The Law of Attraction and Repulsion. Higher Occult or Spiritual Forces and their Uses. Cause and Cure of Disease. The Law of Omnipotence. PRICE OF BOOK, \$3.00 (Postpaid). For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO. 74

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Banner of Light.

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A New Book.

Through the mediumship of a private letter from the Hon. J. S. Drake of Kansas City, Mo., we learn that his wife, the well-known medium, Maud Lord Drake, has a book in press treating upon the science, philosophy and religion of Spiritualism. It deals with many strange experiences and gives a faithful transcript of various phenomena of a most unique character, of which accounts elsewhere cannot be found. This book will be placed upon the market about October first and will be sold at the low rate of \$1.00 per volume plus 15 cents for postage. Orders may be sent to this office.

J. J. Morse.

It is with sincere pleasure that we learn that this gifted apostle of the "good cause" is now on his way to the East from California to fill engagements in several of the large cities, where he will expound the gospel of Spiritualism in his usual able and scholarly manner. For more than thirty years Mr. Morse has been a teacher of the religion of Spiritualism and has set forth its truths with so much earnestness, eloquence and spiritual insight as to attract the attention of the English speaking world. His name is a household word on all continents and his writings are eagerly read by admiring thousands in all quarters of the globe. No man has done more for the cause of Spiritualism as a writer, speaker and organizer than J. J. Morse. He has devoted his life to our movement and has made Spiritualism honored and respected wherever he has gone, even in places where, prior to his coming, it had been looked upon with disrespect and its adherents cruelly persecuted. Brother Morse has been the European agent for the Banner of Light for about thirty years and has served as its special correspondent in foreign lands through that entire period. His articles "Echoes from England" have encouraged and instructed all of the Banner readers and given light to many who were not Spiritualists.

Brother Morse is in America for the fifth time since he stepped upon the platform as a Spiritualist speaker. He has always been a welcome guest among his brethren in America and will be more warmly greeted on this visit than he has been upon any previous occasion. We are glad to give him the editorial handshake and to welcome him again to the platforms of the East. He will remain in America about one year, during which time he should not have one vacant Sunday nor any evenings during the week that would

be unprofitably spent. Our people have a rare opportunity to gain much from this gifted brother and we urge them to open correspondence with him at once in order that they may secure favorable dates at the earliest opportunity. Mr. Morse is an advanced speaker of great power and his guides are certainly possessed of great mental and spiritual power. Their wisdom is greater than that of the wisest men of modern times, hence their message to the world is one that cannot fail to instruct those who are in search of knowledge. We hope all of our local societies and the campmeetings for next year will give Mr. Morse an enthusiastic welcome to their platforms and prove to him that spiritualistic hearts are ever the same wherever the followers of Spiritualism may be dispersed. All mail addressed to Mr. Morse in the care of the Banner of Light will be promptly forwarded to him.

The Macedonian Insurrection.

The revolt in Macedonia, according to the Associated Press dispatches, seems to be rapidly spreading. The wily Turk finds himself face to face with a condition that is not a theory. Several fierce battles have already taken place and the losses of life on both sides are reported heavy. It is claimed that whole villages have been wiped out of existence by the Turkish butchers who spared neither the children in arms nor helpless women nor the infirm and aged of both sexes. The Sultan of Turkey hopes for peace and is endeavoring to crush the rebellion, as he calls it, among his Christian subjects. This he will find hard to do as the sympathy of all Europe seems to be wholly with the Bulgarians and Macedonians.

The Sultan's words read well and if he means what he says he may be able to hold back the flood of European indignation and thereby save his throne. The following quotation seems to be the utterance of sincerity: "All my desire is for the welfare of the population without distinction of race or religion. As to the detestable and regrettable deeds, I am convinced they do not proceed spontaneously from the population, but are instigated from abroad. I hope the measures taken will insure tranquillity. I call God to witness the sincerity of my declaration and that all my aspirations and work are for the welfare and prosperity of all my subjects." These are fair words and no one can reasonably take exception to them. Under the enlightenment of the present day war is absolutely unnecessary and if the so-called Christian nations of Europe do their duty as they ought the atrocities in Bulgaria and Macedonia can be speedily stopped and the Turkish government compelled to protect life and property in the disturbed districts.

We are convinced that the present troubles are due to the machinations of the Christian missionaries in the sections where the trouble has been greatest. This may not appear on the surface at the present time, but ultimately it will be found that they were the instigators of the movement that led to the revolt and inspired the Turks to resort to their cruel and barbarous practices. If religious prejudices were ruled out of the present case there would be no trouble about settling the difficulties. Christian Europe, England and America certainly have an imperative duty in the present case. That duty is to use every means at their command to avoid war. The court of arbitration established at The Hague meant something and the moral law of all nations should be strong enough to force all governments to submit their disputes to it for settlement. The Macedonian Revolution is no exception. Any attempt to stamp out the Mohammedan religion would be as cruel, as fendish and as barbarous as are the atrocities in the infected regions under discussion.

To the Spiritualists who have so much to say about the power of thought there appears to be a plain pathway to the realm of duty. They should set their minds firmly against bloodshed in all forms and exercise whatever political influence that may be theirs to prevent a general war among nations or the continuance of the one now in progress in Macedonia. The people who believe in peace should practice peace and the Spiritualists should now unite to see what they can do to overcome the difficulties involved in the present struggle. We again declare, even though the saying is trite, that war is wholesale murder and that there is absolutely no excuse for it in the civilization of the present age. War must go and the Spiritualists should see to it that it does go. They can petition their governments to use peaceful means to settle the insurrection that is now costing so much in life, in suffering and in treasure. They can urge their rulers to see to it that the Macedonians are secured in their rights and guaranteed protection henceforth. They can also ask that the Mohammedans in the Balkan states, in Turkey and elsewhere be given the same assurance. This will practically the religion of Spiritualism and we hope that our brethren will take action.

The Yacht Race.

For several weeks past the columns of the secular press have teemed with glowing accounts of the contest between Sir Thomas Lipton of England and O. Oliver Iselin of the United States in what is known as the International Yacht Race. This may be interesting reading to a great many people and thousands of persons may find instruction in the words of the reporters who have spared neither time nor money to write up the race. We fail to see any particular good in this struggle or in any other like it. Good money has been squandered in building the contesting yachts to gratify the selfish pride of a few individuals. National honor is not and never has been and we trust never will be involved in a yacht race. What does it matter to any American patriot or to any loyal British subject whether the cup remains on one side of the ocean or on the other? Is patriotism stimulated by it or a healthier moral

sentiment evolved from it among the people with whom the cup remains?

Is it the Holy Grail from out of which all of our people can drink and be filled with that divine fervor that will make them recognize the brotherhood of the race? If so should be in favor of a thousand yacht races a day in order that the citizens of the United States might develop a healthier love of country than they now manifest.

As it is now these notorious races are simply means of stimulating the love of gambling among the so-called sportsmen on both sides of the sea and tend to lead others into the same vice. Thousands of dollars have changed hands on the results of the recent contest between the Reliance and Shamrock III. The money used in building the yachts and the money squandered or worse than wasted in betting upon the results of the race had better have been applied to some worthy charity through which actual benefit could be rendered to suffering humanity. The moral sentiment of a nation is not improved by such exhibitions as these. No person is ever improved by gambling and betting on races is the worst form of this vice; as it is with the individual, so it is with nations. Governments represent the people who sustain them and a corrupt government simply indicates a corrupt people. If public morals require changing the influence that is to effect this change is spiritual rather than pecuniary, religious rather than that of the gamster.

The Origin of Life.

Doctor Allan MacFayden, the director of Jenner Institute of Preventive Medicine in London, has been experimenting with bacterial cells and states that it has been proved that they can grow and multiply at the abnormally high temperature of seventy-two degrees centigrade; that they can also be exposed, unscathed, to a temperature as low as one hundred and ninety below zero, centigrade for six months. They have even survived a temperature which is only twenty-two degrees above absolute zero. Seventy-two degrees Centigrade means one hundred and twenty-nine and six-tenths degrees Fahrenheit and one hundred and ninety degrees Centigrade below zero means three hundred ten Fahrenheit below. From the experiment with low temperatures there appeared to be no reason why they might not have been prolonged much more than six months without appreciable effect on the vitality of the organism. In this condition living matter lies in something like a latent state—that is, a state of absolute inactivity—a condition of neither life nor death, a new and hitherto unobtained "third" condition which constitutes perhaps the most perfect realization of a state of suspended animation.

Experiments with bacterial cells under low temperatures promise to be of great service in biological inquiry. They show that the physical properties of the cells become greatly altered thereby. The typhoid bacillus, for example, becomes so brittle at liquid air temperature that its mechanical trituration is made comparatively easy. The cell-juices of the organism have thus been obtained, and their direct study is rendered possible. Since the ultimate problems of life are cellular it is believed that these methods have opened out one of the most promising fields of research. These studies, it is thought, may also throw much light on the way life originated on earth. The question is whether it arose, or arrived, on the surface of the earth. The theory of spontaneous generation is attended by great difficulties. The alternative hypothesis is that life was transferred to the earth from without as soon as the suitable physical conditions have been obtained, and the theory has been in favor with physicists, and notably has been held by Helmholtz and Lord Kelvin. Speaking of cosmic dust and meteorites as constantly bringing matter from distant worlds Helmholtz said: "Who knows whether these bodies that everywhere swarm through space do not scatter germs of life wherever there is a new world capable of giving a dwelling place to organic bodies?" The demonstration that life can survive exposure to the lowest temperatures known, and the inference that living germs might thus pass through the intense cold of space, seem to favor the cosmic theory of the origin of terrestrial life.—Boston Herald.

The above paragraphs from the leading secular daily in New England indicate the great interest that is now felt by the reading public in the subject at the head of this article. The science of biology has assumed an altogether different aspect in the public mind since Prof. Loeb and Lord Kelvin have divulged the results of their recent experiments. They have revealed some very interesting facts and added much to the sum total of human knowledge. But there is one thing that they have not done, nor have the experiments of Prof. MacFayden succeeded in accomplishing what they have failed to do. They have not proved that life originates in and from matter. The cosmic dust and extra-terrestrial theories are exceedingly interesting to thoughtful students as matters of speculation but they by no means demonstrate that life springs from inner substances. Prof. Tyndall's statement in 1874 that he found in matter all the promises and potencies of life never had anything more than the ipse dixit of his school for a foundation. This postulate had never been proven. That is true also of the learned gentlemen who are now renewing experiments in biology along new and original lines.

In 1899 Prof. Crookes after years of painstaking research and demonstration reversed Prof. Tyndall and declared that all of the promises and potencies of matter have their origin in life. Prof. Loeb, despite his numerous experiments with fertilized and unfertilized eggs of the different species of plant and animal life, even with the magical influence of his chloride of calcium, has not proved that matter per se is the cause of life. He has simply shown, as has Dr. MacFayden, that life can be prolonged indefinitely in the protoplasm by the use of certain chemicals, but these chemicals themselves must be accounted for and certainly have to originate somewhere. Chloride of calcium and cyanide of potassium are high sounding names, but they are mere chemical agents and will forever remain such, neither causing nor destroying the primal element of life. In the last analysis it will always be found that life only eventuates from life and that each finite form of its expression has an antecedent cause. That cause reaches back into infinity, hence Infinite Life is the predication cause of all existing things among the enlightened thinkers of the age. The attempts

of the modern scientists to do away with them, to overthrow the immanence of intelligence in the universe are simply attempts that must always result in failure.

The National Convention.

It is not too much to say that no gathering of Spiritualists in America has even been fraught with so much interest on the part of the general public since the famous Convention of 1853 as is now manifested in the one about to assemble in Washington, D. C., Oct. 20-23. Probably at no period in the history of Spiritualism has there been so much at stake as there is at the present time. The present Convention has more to do than to elect officers, important as that work is. The policy of the organization is to be shaped for the ensuing year and measures adopted that shall place vital issues before the adherents of our movement in all sections of the nation. Missionary work is one of these issues, but the lines hitherto followed must be changed in order to maintain an interest in the N. S. A. itself and in Spiritualism in general among the masses. No fault can reasonably be found with the workers who have sought to proclaim Spiritualism to the world in this particular field. Their experiences are object lessons by which the delegates to the Convention can be guided in laying out the work for the future. The short circuit plan will be earnestly advocated at the coming Convention. It is a sheer waste of energy both vital and financial to attempt to cover so much ground with only one or two workers in a single year. It has given the people the impression that it is the sole aim of the National Association to obtain large revenues without rendering specific assistance in the way of an effort to build up strong local societies. It has been likened to the skimming of thick cream from a pan of milk leaving a very thin fluid for the local societies themselves and the speakers they afterwards employ.

A movement should be inaugurated at the Washington Convention toward securing a large endowment fund by means of which the work of propagandism can hereafter be carried on. If the American Unitarian Association in a single year from less than one-third of the number of societies that the Spiritualists have can raise \$175,000 for its work, there is no reason why the Spiritualists cannot do equally well if they will but try. That generous hearted philanthropist, Theodore J. Mayer, set the ball in motion prior to the Boston Convention of last year. The committee on finance never reported his proposition to the Convention nor did any delegate call it up at any time. It was mentioned by the President in its annual report and action urged upon it. The committee on resolutions thanked Mr. Mayer for his offer, the Convention adopted the committee's report and the report of the President, then did nothing. We confess that such work as this is discouraging, but we hope for better things from the Convention in Washington. Mr. Mayer may not renew his offer, but if he does not the delegates will be asked to adopt some plan by which an endowment fund can be secured. The method by which Tufts College secured its first endowment is a practical one for the Spiritualists to emulate and they will be asked to consider it. There is no reason why the Spiritualists of America should not have as large a working capital as any other denomination. This they can have if they will to have it. A dollar from every individual Spiritualist in America would be no hardship to any one and it would mean a fund that would enable our N. S. A. to do a great work.

The next point of importance is the pension fund for our aged and indigent mediums, speakers and laymen. No rational Spiritualist can find fault with what the N. S. A. has done in this department during the past eighteen months. It has afforded relief to many worthy persons who would have suffered much had not the N. S. A. come to their aid. This fund should be made a permanent one and liberally endowed. Of course if a generous general endowment fund is obtained a portion of it could be devoted to this purpose, but this need is immediate while the other is a matter that must be worked up to by continued effort. The pension fund is drawn upon every month, hence needs constant replenishing. We trust that this matter will be duly considered and measures adopted by means of which it can be properly sustained. The foregoing are only a few of the many important issues that must be considered at the Washington Convention. Every Spiritualist is interested in them and should see to it that he is represented on the floor of that Convention. He can be if he so elects. Spiritualists are not poor in purse excepting when called upon to support their Spiritualism. Christian Scientists, Unitarians, Universalists and Methodists can afford to attend their conferences without complaining at the expense, even traveling thousands of miles to do so. Are Spiritualists less loyal to their Cause that they refuse to do the same thing? We are informed that five hundred and eleven delegates are entitled to seats in the Washington Convention. If this be true, every one of them should be in his seat at the opening of the Convention and take an active part in its proceedings from start to finish. Societies everywhere now have a right to a voice in the proceedings in that Convention. Will they avail themselves of their opportunity?

The Infinite.

"As for ourselves, who seek the truth with no preconceived ideas, and unbiased in favor of any system, it seems to us that the essence of matter remains as mysterious as the essence of force, the visible universe being something entirely different from the form under which it presents itself to our senses. In fact, this visible universe is composed of invisible atoms; it rests in void space and the forces which guide and direct it are themselves immaterial and invisible. It would be a less daring speculation to affirm that matter has no existence, that all is dynamism, than to pretend to declare the existence of a

universe that is exclusively material. As to the material support of the world, it is a sufficiently piquant remark to make that it disappeared at exactly the same time that the science of mechanics gained its victories, proclaiming the triumph of the invisible. The motionless point vanishes in the universal balancing of powers, in the ideal harmony of the vibrations of the ether; the more it is sought for, the less it will be found; and the highest effort of our intelligence has for its last resting place, for its Supreme Reality, the Infinite!"—C. Flammarion.

Pen Flashes.

The Pilgrim-Peoples.

NO. 15.

Spiritualism is absolutely non-sectarian. Its original purpose, as I conceive it, was to demonstrate the continuity of life, inspire free thought, generate reform, quicken the moral nature, spiritualize humanity, and so establish universal brotherhood.

The following official statement tells its own story:

"Up to the present time (Dec. 11, 1902), this year, the County Clerk, Mr. Austin, has issued 466 marriage licenses, and during the same period 194 divorce cases have been commenced. Forty-three divorces have been granted by Judge Clement Smith alone."

This is a bad showing. The majority of the cases related to women having drunken husbands. And still the traffic, wholesale and retail, goes on. Licenses, however high, do not stop it. This drunkard-making business is either right or wrong—if wrong, why license it? Think of it—legally licensing the wrong! And knowing at the same time what the consequences of the wrong will be, wrangling, fighting, robberies, divorces, murders.

The whole matter may be thus briefly summed up. If the liquor and beer traffic is right, away with your license laws and let every one engage in it, and sell it just as freely as they do milk; but if it be wrong, prohibit it—prohibit it by law!

Do I now hear the squeaking, apologizing objection, "prohibition does not prohibit," no, neither does the law against stealing prohibit stealing. Does the law against murder prohibit, or prevent all murders? What then? Shall we put a high license on stealing, forgery, adultery, murder, etc., or shall legislatures still enact laws against these criminal offenses, prohibiting—so far as possible—prohibiting them? Positively, I've heard women with drunken relatives expatriate against prohibition liquor laws. I believe in bringing into action pre-natal impression, education, prohibition, moral suasion, legal suasion, and every reasonable force to shut off this flood-gate of criminality that blights, blains and curses society."

The monthly "Liberator," a most excellent monthly that speaks out so bravely against the horrid abomination of vaccination, has this to say of George Francis Train. "He has just served a health board sentence in the Stamford, Conn., pesthouse for small-pox, which he asserts he has not had. He now proposes to bring suit against the city of Stamford for \$50,000 damages. The Health Board destroyed the manuscript of the second volume of the story of 'My Life in Many Countries,' together with other paper, and he considers the loss irreparable."

"He has been the associate of the greatest men, and the playmate of children. Seventy ocean voyages, and three round-the-world trips, have come into his life as incidental experiences. He has been in jail fifteen times, although he never committed a crime."

He remarked once to me, "It is the puzzle of all puzzles to me how any man of principle—how any really honest man can keep out of jail."

A New England journal reports Bishop Thomas M. Clark of Rhode Island as the oldest Anglican bishop in the world. He was born on Independence Day, 1812.

Hearing of Bishop Clark's spiritual proclivities when lecturing in Providence, some twenty-five years ago, I called upon him by and through the entreaty of one of his church members, who was both an Episcopalian and a Spiritualist. The Bishop was perfectly conversant with Spiritualism. He had had manifestations through D. D. Home. He related to me a conversation that he had had with Robert Dale Owen at some watering place, and favorably mentioned some priest's wife that had "had the rappings, and had seen the visions." True, he did not say that he was a Spiritualist. This would have been both unpopular and unchurchmanly, but he proved to me that he was exceedingly liberal-minded.

The newspapers, which very often are great liars, though this time probably true, tell us that "Bishop Taylor, of the Methodist Church, a staunch believer in hell-fire-and-brimstone, was once asked if he thought Emerson would go to heaven."

"The good old man was puzzled, and thought for a long time."

"He doesn't seem to have the saving faith," he said, at length; "but I can't imagine what the devil would do with Emerson."

It is unnecessary for me to say that I am not a politician and that I have not a superabundance of respect for a trained politician. But there is this one thing that I want, and that is to have our United States Senators elected by the popular vote.

The U. S. Senators are generally millionaires who represent politicians and political machines, rather than the people. They are so independent of the people that they can defy the public will. These U. S. Senators, threateningly swing their millions over the heads of the different state legislatures. Men are often elected to these legislatures with regard only for their vote for senator. When, oh when will men rise above party name, stand upon the platform of right, and justice, and principle? Our senators resemble all too much, in spirit, the conservative,

Behold it (the soul) saith, I am born into the great, the universal mind. I, the imperfect, adore my own Perfect. I am somehow receptive of the great soul.—Emerson.

But it will be noted that most progressive painters are abandoning this line. Since the average oil paints of the ready mixed type, containing linseed oil, represent a habit among consumers of buying such paints and merely hiring the painter to spread them has made it necessary, in self-defense, to reopen the subject of paint materials. The result has led to a revision of opinion; and among those who think and investigate for them-

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Author o.

The well known author, E. A. Brackett, who some few

[illegible]

POPE'S UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

Father of all in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood,
Who all in essence confined
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And binding Nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessing thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives,
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak unknowing hand
Presume Thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge Thy foe.

If I am right, Thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught Thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught Thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quickened by Thy breath;
Oh, lead me where I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot;
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not;
And let Thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
One chorus all in being raises,
All Nature's incense rise.

The Heart of Old Hickory.

William Dromgoole.

(Concluded.)

"Say, cully," the tatters grew restless again, "does the firelight hurt yer eyes, makes 'em water? They looks like the picture o' Skinny's man when the water's in 'em so. Oh, but hit's a good picture. It's a man, layin' in bed. Sick or somethin', I reckon. An' his pillow's all ruffled up, an' the kiverlid all white ez snow. An' his face has got a kind o' glory look, jest like yer see on the face o' the pris'n chaplin when he's a-praying with his head up, an' his eyes shet tight an' a streak o' sunshine comes a-creeping in through the gratin, uv the winders an' strikes across his face. That's the way Skinny's picture man looks, only ther' ain't no bars, an' the light stays ther'." An' in one corner is a big, big patch o' light. Tain't sunshine, too soft. An' tain't moonlight, too bright. Hit's doct light. An' plumb square in the middle uv it is a shet 'a if he wuz reclinin, because it's orful pretty, with goldish hair, an' eyes ez blue ez that cheer yer head's leaned on. An' she has a book, a gold un; whatchin' ther' think o' that? An' she's writin' down names in it. An' the man in the bed is watchin' her, an' tellin' uv her what ter go; for down ter the bottom ther's some gol' writin'. Skinny figgered it out an' it said, 'Write me as one who loves his fellow-men.' Ain't that scurpious? Yer jest bet.

"I asked Skinny once what it meant, and he said he didn't know, but he plumb certain, sez he, 'I calls it the Governor, Skip; the Governor an' the crippled angel.' After that Skinny an' me an' the boys allus called it the Governor. Say! did you ever see the Governor?"

The Executive nodded; and the tatters rising and sinking back again with vehemence in accord with surprise, threatened to leave more than a single mark upon the State's purple.

"Oh, say, now; did yer though? An' did he look this way, an' set his chin so, an' keep his eyes kind o' shet 'a if he wuz afraid sumun uv see if he cried an' tell this Banner ez ther' wuz tears in his eyes? Skinny said he did. Skinny didn't lie, he didn't."

"An' did yer ever hear him make a speech? Itally now, did yer?"

The spare body bent forward, as if the sharp eyes would catch the faintest hint of falsehood in the face before him. "Yorter heard him. Skinny did once, when he wuz 'norporated, yer know. An' yer bet he's gran', then, on them 'norporat'n days. He jest up an' dars the old Banner. An' his speeches goes this way."

The tatters half stood; the sole of one torn shoe pressed against the State's purple of the great easy-chair, one resting upon the velvet rug. One small hand lightly clasped the arm of the cherry chair, while the other was enthusiastically waved to and fro as the vagabond's deft tongue told off a fragment of one of the Executive's masterpieces of eloquence and oratory.

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings," indeed poured the great particle of the great argument that had swept the old Volunter State, at the moment of its financial agony, from centre to circumference.

"The so-called 'State Bonds' are against the letter and spirit of the Constitution of the United States, which declares, No State shall grant letter of marque and reprisal, coin, money, or emit bills of credit. State bonds! State bonds! I tell you, friends and fellow-citizens, that is the name of the enemy that is hammering upon that mighty platform upon which all social, political, and financial affairs of the country are founded; the palladium of our liberties—the Constitution of the United States."

The ragged shoe slipped from its velvet pedestal, the now dry tatters dropped back into the luxuriant softness of the easy-chair. The glow of excitement faded from the little-old face that seemed suddenly to grow older. The man watching with keen surprise, that was indeed almost wonder, saw the boy's thin lips twitch nervously. The great speech was forgotten in the mighty memories it had stirred. The tattered sleeve was drawn across the face that was tattered too, and it was full two minutes by the State's bronze clock, before the vagabond held control of his feelings.

"Say!" he ventured again, "yorter knowed Skinny. He wuz the nicest boy yerver did see. He knowed everthing, he did. See the Governor many a time. Heerd him say that very speech 'em tellin' yob about. In this very house, too upstairs, wher' the legislature sets. I peeped in while ago; nobody ther

but the sexton. Skinny heard the Governor speak ther' though—an' when the ban played an' the folks all clapped their hands, Skinny flung his hat up, plumb into the big chandelier, an' hollered out: "Hooray for the Governor and the Low Taxers!" an' a p'liceman fetched him out by the collar, an' when he got out the cop sez ter him, sez he, 'Now whatchin' got ter say?' Skinny wuz a Low Taxer his own self, so when the cop axed him for his say he flung his hat up todes the bare-headed Liberty woman out ther' at the front door, an' sez he, 'Hoory! fur the Governor an' the Low Taxers.' Did. He elap' in the lock-up that night fur it, you bet; but he got his holler. He wuz a plumb good un.

"Say, cully! I wish yer could see Skinny's picture anyhow. It's over ter hunchback Harry's house now, 'tother side o' Hell's Half. Yer know Hell's Half acre? Awful place. Skinny give the picture ter Harry 'count o' his not bein' able ter git about much. He set a sight o' store by it, Skinny did, an' he didn't let it leave him till the las' minit; he jest willed it, yer know, to hunchback Harry. When he wuz a-dyin' he turned ter me, an' sez he, 'Skip, hang the Governor's I can see him.' An' when I done it, he sez sorter smilin', sez he, 'Skip?' Sez I, 'Skinny?' Sez he, 'The crippled angel has wiped all the tears out o' the Governor's eyes.' Then he fell back on his straw pillow an' shet his eyes, so; an' after awhile he opened uv um, an' sez he—so soft yer jest could a-heerd it; sez he, 'Write me ez one who loves his fellow-men.' An' that wuz the las' word he ever said on this earth. He had a nice fun-ril; yer bet. Us newsboys made it, an' the pris'n chaplin said the summent. We bought flowers, us boys did, they cost 'ten dollars. Ther' wuz a wreath made uv white roses, an' right in the middle, made out o' little teeny buds, wuz his name—'Skinny.' The flower-man said it wouldn't do, when we told him ter put it ther', but we 'lowed 'twuz our money and our fun-ril and if we couldn't have it our way we wouldn't have it at all. An' he said it might hurt his folk's feelin's; but we tol' him Skinny didn't have no folks, an' no name neither, 'cept jest Skinny. So he made up the wreath like we said, an' it's out ther' on his grave this blessed minit, if the snow ain't kivered it up. Say, cully, don't yer be a-cryin' for Skinny. He's all right—the chaplin sez so. The Governor 'd cry fur him though, I bet yer, if he knowed about the fun-ril yistiddy. Mebbe ole Pop Hick'ry wouldn't, but I bet the Governor would."

The face of the Executive was turned toward the fire—a tiny, blue blaze shot upward for an instant, and was reflected in a diamond setting that glittered upon his bosom. A match to the sparkling jewel rested for a moment upon his cheek, then rolled down and lay upon his hand—a bright, glistening tear. There was a sound of heavy footsteps coming down the gray stone corridor—a creak, a groan, and a bang.

"What's that?" asked the newsboy, starting up.

"That," said the Executive, "is the porter, closing up for the night."

The tatters stood as near upright as tatters may, and gathered themselves together. Not a paper sold; he had gossiped away the afternoon with right royal recklessness. He remembered it too late.

"Say! yer wouldn't want a Herald?"

It was not easy to talk business where lately he had been a confidante. The Executive's hand sought his pocket.

"Yes," said he, "a Herald will do. What is your name, boy?"

"Skip!" "cause I don't skip, yer know."

There was a twinkle in the vagabond's eye, as the maimed foot was thrust forward. The next moment he glanced at the coin the Executive handed him.

"Say! I can't change a dollar; haint seen that much money since the bridge wuz burnt."

The Executive smiled. "Never mind the change," said he, "and be sure you bring me tomorrow's Herald."

The tatters did stand upright at that, while a look of genuine wonder, not unmixed with admiration, came into the little old-young face.

"Say, who be you anyhow?" he said. And the lids did "drop," as the Banner said, "to hide the tears," as the great man answered slowly:

"I am the Governor of Tennessee, Skip."

There was a low, soft whistle, a hurried shuffling toward the door, a half-whispered something about Skinny and "old Pop Hick'ry," and the ponderous door closed behind him. When the fire had burned so low he could no longer see the print of the newsboy's foot upon the velvet cushion of the arm-chair, the Governor arose and began to put away his papers.

"Inasmuch as she was sorely wronged"—his eye fell upon a line of the woman-murderer's long petition. Was this a "case for clemency" as the petition declared? The crisp paper rattled strangely as he unrolled it, and fixed his own name, together with the great seal of the State, to the top words he had written. It is a grand thing to hold life in the hand; a thing next to God himself. It is a grander thing to give life, and nearer to God, too, for is not God the giver of all life? The long petition lay in the Executive's private drawer, his day's work was done; tomorrow the despised afternoon journal would sum it up so: "Pardoned another red-handed Cain." The angels might record it something after this wise: "Saved another soul from Hell." He sighed, and thrust the few remaining papers into the drawer, locked it, and made ready to go home. For the darkness had indeed fallen; the bronze statue, as he sought it through the window, had become only a part of the bronze night. But the heart of old Hickory was there in his own bosom, throbbing and alive with the burden of humanity. Tomorrow the critics might lash; but tonight—he opened the door of the great gray corridor; the wind swept with a poplar groan through the vault-like gloom; he lifted his face to the leaden sky, starless and cold. "Write me," said he, "as one who loves his fellow-men;" and blushed as any hero might, to find his heart as brave as his convictions.

An Index to Injustice.

So-called righteous indignation is the sense of justice rising in opposition to an act of selfishness or assumption with a selfish foundation to it. To distinguish the forenamed from a feeling of resentment, note the effect upon the face after the emotion of the nervous system. If it leaves a tremor behind, the animal has been aroused. If droopiness or oppressiveness follows, it has penetrated the blood and hints at ill-feeling, or hatred comparative to the dejection, restlessness or thoughts for revenge arising in conjunction. Either might be caused by injustice or rascality intended, but it also serves as a lesson to the opponent or seeker of justice.

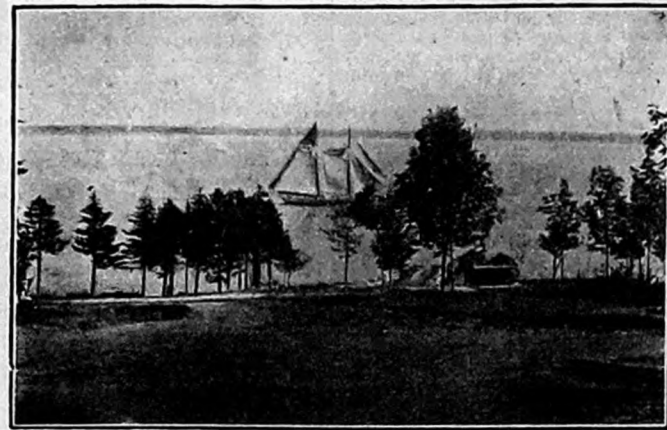
Imaginary offenses have similar effects under circumstances, but are modified and of shorter duration, because where there is no fact there can be no vibration to uphold it; though a sickly imagination may dwell on such a myth indefinitely. The trial it occasions is, however, very often, the cure for the evil, unless monomania sets in, when a change of heart is needed to generate a change of blood. But wrong will always arouse to opposition—a demand or desire for right—unless a participant in the wrong. Righteous indignation is thus not an evil, though, like any virtue, it may be feigned. But that, too, touches the intuitive sense dis-

cordantly and mostly betrays itself. But it is always an impulse that has spiritual legality when pure and is the guide to the one affected, whether for individual or general good.

Arthur F. Milton.

Temple Heights, Me.

The twenty-first annual session of the Temple Heights Spiritual Corporation closed Sunday, August 23, with a large attendance. The meetings with few exceptions all through the week were greeted with pleasant weather and they proved exceedingly interesting, beneficial, and were clothed in good spiritual conditions. Harmony prevailed and the working of the allied forces of spirit and earthly friends brought forth the grand results of financial gain and good meetings.



View at Temple Heights, Me.

The meetings opened with a good attendance on Saturday, August 15, with a social meeting in the morning, musical selections and invocation. President B. M. Bradbury, of Fairfield, the generous good-hearted worker, was present at all meetings and was one of the number who did so much toward making the meeting such a success.

In the afternoon Thomas Cross of Fall River, delivered the opening lecture of the season on "The Supremacy of Spiritualism." The audience was delighted with the lecture. In the evening social gatherings were held at the various cottages, musical and vocal selections were rendered.

On Sunday, Thomas Cross of Fall River lectured in the morning on "What Spiritualism Means," before a large audience, and in the afternoon Mrs. Effie I. Webster of Boston, Mass., spoke on a popular subject.

Monday morning the first social meeting was held when several local and young mediums appeared on the platform and pleased the large audience. In the morning Effie I. Webster spoke again and Thomas Cross in the afternoon, and on Tuesday another successful social meeting was held. Following were lectures morning and afternoon by Thomas Cross who spoke on "What Spiritualism Has Done for the Churches." Harrison D. Barrett of Boston, Mass., National President, delivered an instructive lecture. Wednesday opened with a social meeting, followed by a lecture by Harrison D. Barrett and another in the afternoon by Thomas Cross.

Thursday a goodly number of soldiers and their friends gathered to attend and take part in the program conducted for the benefit of the Grand Army, under the direction of Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing of Westfield, New York. All the speakers and many of the soldiers took part; in the afternoon, Mrs. Twing lectured to a full house on "The Needs of Womanhood." In the evening occurred the annual concert, which was a success.

At four o'clock on Thursday occurred the annual business meeting, when the following matters came up for consideration. It was voted to assess each share of stock one dollar and to repair and rebuild the auditorium, making it suitable for the young people to have social gatherings; the directors left the matter in the hands of A. E. Blackington, Orrin J. Dickey and M. K. Webber, who are soliciting subscriptions from friends who are interested in the work of improving the building.

The following officers were elected: President, J. G. Harding, Waldo; vice president, A. T. Stevens, Belfast; secretary, Orrin J. Dickey, Belfast; treasurer, R. A. Packard, Northport; directors, Benj. Colson, Bangor; M. R. Webber, Fairfield; George W. Morse, Belmont; Mrs. M. W. Williams, Central Falls, R. I.; Mrs. N. H. Rhoades, Rockland; A. J. Skidmore, Liberty; Mrs. O. S. Rich, Bangor; superintendent of grounds, Capt. A. E. Clark, Belfast.

Several new members were received and the reports were all of an encouraging nature. Generous contributions were received from friends present toward improving the auditorium. Orrin J. Dickey was made a committee on speakers, singers, music, advertising and transportation. It was voted that the State Association and Grand Army should each have one half day during the week's program next year. It was also voted that the sessions of the meeting and the time should be the same as this year.

The thanks of the association are due to B. B. Bradbury, the retiring president, and Capt. A. E. Clark, treasurer, for the work and kind attention which they have given to their respective positions in the long time they have held them.

Several of the State Officers were present Friday morning, when the State Association gave a brief program in which many, including the speakers, took an active part. In the afternoon Harrison D. Barrett delivered an interesting lecture and in the evening Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing pleased a large audience with her bright control "Ichabod," who gave some pleasant readings, which were recognized.

The last social meeting of the session was held on Saturday morning, giving the young mediums an opportunity to do some work and all a chance to assist others. In the forenoon Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing lectured upon "Unchained by the Angels," and in the afternoon a good lecture was given by Thomas Cross. Saturday evening occurred the annual entertainment, fair and sale given under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society; it was a very pretty and well managed affair.

Sunday, the closing day, brought many excursion boats with large crowds of people and the meetings were largely attended. The morning lecture was by Thomas Cross and in the afternoon Mrs. Twing spoke on "In As Much." In the evening a large number assembled at the testimonial meeting given under the direction of Mrs. Twing.

During the entire meetings, Mrs. Effie I. Webster followed each afternoon lecture with tests and the great majority were recognized. Mrs. Webster came well recommended and delighted her listeners, who left with bright thoughts of her work.

The vocalist this season was Madame Marie Foster of Boston, Mass., of the Boston Philharmonic Ladies' Quartet, who pleased the large audiences and left a pleasant memory in the minds of all who heard her sweet voice and met her on the grounds. She was ably accompanied by Miss Harriet Clifford of Fairfield, who is an accomplished pianist.

Lincoln Young of Lincolnville looked after the congregational singing, and let it be said to his credit that it was a pleasing success at the social meetings.

The social meetings this season were among the best ever held on the grounds and the opportunity afforded to the young mediums to appear on the platform is the means of much encouragement and leads to the developing and the assuring of support to the new workers who are coming into the spiritualistic field of action.

Great and good work was done by the Ladies' Aid Society, which came to the front this season as it has always done in the past and generously contributed toward paying the bills of the society and gave a liberal amount toward the repairs and improvements of the auditorium. The society is prosperous. The officers elected this year are: President, Mrs. A. E. Clark, Belfast; vice president,

Mrs. Nellie Kneeland, Boston, Mass.; secretary, Miss Ellen Smiley, Newport; treasurer, Mrs. J. P. Stevens, LaGrange.

Plans for the coming year propose to make the week of meetings one of the most successful yet known in the history of the society. Accommodations have been better this season than ever before on the grounds and it is expected that next season there will be some new cottages added to the list and that general improvements will make many changes on the grounds. With the auditorium raised up, shingled, painted and clapboarded and a good level floor, the society will be in excellent shape for good times and real hard work for the progress of the grounds and the good cause in which we are all interested. Contributions from interested friends will be gladly received and will assist greatly in improving the building where pleasant times are anticipated in the future.

Orrin J. Dickey.

August 27.

LAKE PLEASANT.

I stand 'neath the arching forest,
Gazing down in a winding stream,
While thoughts speed away, to a long gone day,
Like the flight of a beautiful dream,—
To valleys and uplands yonder,
Nestled down like a sweet babe at rest,
While the white mist curls, then twists and twirls
From yon mountain's towering crest.

I follow the stream on-flowing,
Till it seeks Lake Pleasant's care,
Where its waters cold, from wood and wold,
Help mirror the landscape there;
Here red men rovel for aces,
While old fowl swim at will,
While at evening shade, from yon silent glade
Came song of the whip-poor-will.

How long has this jewel slumbered,
Away from the homes of men,
Beneath Nature's care, geni of the air,
And warden of field and fen?
Who first spied its witching beauty,
Afar from the noise and heat,
Of our bustling days, our gold win craze
And our busy, restless feet.

Here the Pocumtuc warriors hunted,
Here they trailed the bear and deer,
Here their spirits roam, near their former home,
When the campers convene here:
Here the free wind, Ninnewawa,
Lingers in the moon of leaves,
While blue birds sing, the dawn of spring,
And Nature her chaplet weaves.

Here come souls of the arisen,
To greet those who linger still—
Speak words of cheer to the campers here,
Their hearts with sunshine fill:
An oasis on Life's desert,
This retreat of Montague,
Hear their message read, "There are no dead,"
We bring this news to you.

Health lingers beside Lake Pleasant,
Peace of mind in woods and vales,
On her waters green, with their emerald sheen,
Be a dance with snow white sails:
A landscape borrowed from soul land
Transferred to earth from air,
Nature did her best, from this home of rest,
Scattered gems here everywhere.

Frederic L. Hildreth.

Items from Lake Pleasant.

Friday, Aug. 28, 10.30 a. m. Conference. The subject "Socialism" was discussed by John Pfeiffer, followed by Mrs. Tillie Reynolds, Mrs. Hall, Adeline W. Wyde. Mrs. Shirley spoke on Educational Lines of the Home. Mrs. Richardson recited a poem; Judge Daily spoke on the subject of the day; benediction, Mr. H. A. Buddington.

Friday, p. m., Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond gave her second lecture. A large audience was present. Mrs. Richmond is a fine inspirational speaker and poet. Judge Daily presided. The Schubert Quartet sang several selections.

Friday evening, at Association Hall, Mrs. Alice Wilkins, assisted by Mrs. Tillie Reynolds, Mrs. May Pepper and Mrs. E. Lincoln, gave the Ladies' Improvement Society a serene benefit. Mrs. Wilkins is a fine test medium and a musical wonder; she, while in a trance condition, sings beautifully, plays the autoharp and whistles. Her voice changes from high soprano to heavy bass. A large sum realized. Mr. H. A. Buddington, presided.

Judge Daily and Mrs. Lincoln gave the history of the beginning of the camp. Saturday Aug. 29, at the temple, 2.30 p. m., The Ladies' Improvement Society held a business meeting. The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. T. U. Reynolds; secretary, Miss May Sheldon.

Saturday, Aug. 29, 2.30. At the temple. Conference. Subject, "Reminiscences of Lake Pleasant." Discussion opened by Mr. H. A. Buddington. He said: "John Allen was the first speaker after this camp was organized. The camp meeting was held three weeks the first year. People came ten miles

to see what kind of people Spiritualists were. They thought they must be a very peculiar people—a curiosity. The New England Spiritualists' Campmeeting Association bought the property for \$15,000 and there are lines of electric and steam trains for all points.

"Mrs. Sarah Byrnes was the speaker the second and third years and a large number of people came, as there was but one other camp at that time, located at Cape Cod. Since that time the attendance has not been so large, but this year has been more prosperous. People looking for a summer residence cannot find a more healthful place anywhere. The water in the lake is fine, it being a natural spring, and the scenery is beautiful. Lake Pleasant is on a high elevation of land, two hundred feet above the level of sea."

At the temple, Saturday evening, Aug. 29, an Old Folks' Concert, assisted by the children, was given for the benefit of the Ladies' Improvement Society. It was a success in every particular and was repeated Tuesday evening, Sept. 1. Concert opened with singing by the old folks, "Auld Lang Syne" and "Swanee River," led by Mr. H. A. Buddington, assisted by Mr. George Cleveland, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Sanger, Mrs. Wheeler, Mrs. Belcher, Mrs. S. Graham, Mrs. Laura Swan, Mr. Levi Randall, Mrs. E. Hayward, Mrs. Pierce, Miss Gertrude Swan; Mrs. Guilford, pianist.

The costumes were very unique. The cake walk of little Rita Guilford, Reigh Boyden and the little Misses Rising and Withereil was a pleasant feature. The harmonica solos of Messrs. Blinn and Arnold received a hearty encore. The flag drill led by Miss Annie Blinn, gown in white, carrying a large American flag and the twelve other little girls in white, with small flags, received deserved applause. Miss Grace Sutherland, accompanist. Recitation, G. Dudley, the elocutionist, was encored and responded to. Little Arthur sang "The Good Old Summer Time," by request. He has a bright future before him. Mrs. Joseph Ripley sang, accompanied by Miss Jennie Harvey. Miss Harvey is a fine accompanist. Mrs. Ripley has a powerful voice. The Schubert Quartet rendered two very pleasing selections. The singing of "Cousin Jedediah," led by Mr. H. A. Buddington, Mrs. Harde Mason, the old folks joining in the chorus, caused much amusement. Mr. Buddington and the chorus endeavoring to get the key, when Mr. Buddington struck the tuning fork of immense proportions on the floor, brought the house down. There were no two sounds alike. Mrs. Guilford, pianist.

Sunday morning, 10.30 at the temple. Lecture by Roy Thompson. Service opened by the quartet singing, "Lead Us, O Father," Judge Daily welcomed the audience one and all, irrespective of creed. Mr. Thompson said: "It is no small pleasure that I address you this morning. It was a surprise to me when I entered the spirit life to find it so natural." He quoted the 61st chapter of Isaiah and the 4th chapter of Luke. "For the Lord had ordered me to preach the gospel to the poor." "This day is the Scriptures fulfilled in your midst, if our mediums who are as message bearers between the two worlds see to it that they are true to their trust, to those who are in trouble in any way, either by the loss of friends or by the loss of life, if the gospel of Spiritualism that will give support and comfort. We preach the gospel in the same spirit as we did when we were with you. Bless this camp and may you all feel the assurance that your friends will come and lead each soul to the higher thought and that a large reward will crown your each and every endeavor."

The quartet sang "Abide With Me" and several other selections.

Sunday afternoon Mrs. May Pepper, the ever popular and convincing medium, whose name always is heralded to crowded houses and who has been with us the past week, lectured. Her words of inspiration have been a help to all—skeptics as well as those who have the assurance of continued life. She has made many converts. We all hope she will return again next season. Mrs. Pepper gave her last regular lecture this afternoon, prefaced by reading the poem entitled, "A Land of the Pretty Soon." She said in part: "This is the last Sunday of the convocation. All over this camp has been thrown the mantle of tear drops; tomorrow may be sunshine. Our experiences are not all the same, and we cannot understand each other's experiences in life. The mother who has laid the little bud away realizes the anguish of the soul and can sympathize better with those under the same trying experiences. "Human selfishness reaches out all over the world. How many that have enjoyed this beautiful lake and its lovely landscape this summer have thought of the many that have been cut out of the sun and the enjoyment of Nature that God has freely given to every living soul?"

Judge Daily thanked all who had assisted so nobly to make this session prosperous, also the board of directors who labored hard to make this convocation a success.

A. A. E.

The Law of Mental Medicine.

Thomas J. Hudson's latest book reviewed by W. J. Colville.

To all who are familiar with this famous author's three celebrated volumes, "The Law of Psychic Phenomena," "A Scientific Demonstration of the Future Life," and "The Divine Pedigree of Man," this fourth and latest volume from his fertile pen will prove of great interest, as it embodies the very latest results which ten years of careful study have produced in the mind of the now translated author.

There is great breadth and freedom of thought expressed from beginning to end of this very lucid treatise, which is divided into two parts of nine chapters each, and extends to two hundred and eighty-one pages. McClurg & Company, of Chicago are the publishers, and as is usually the case with all that firm produces, the book is clearly typed and attractively as well as substantially bound.

Prof. Hudson has always been noted for systematic indexing and for giving a resume of the contents of each chapter, both in the prefatory introduction and also in the grading of the chapter. Part one of the volume is devoted in general to a consideration of psychological principles involved in mental healing. Part two deals with a co-relation of the facts of psychology and physiology in connection therewith.

Very much interesting information is contained in both divisions, and much light is thrown on comparatively obscure phases of the great subject with which the author has dealt with singular fairness and impartiality.

Prof. Hudson is always a prejudice against Spiritualism, so he strains his telegraphic theory to the breaking point to explain away the spiritualistic hypothesis, but against mental therapeutics he had no feeling, consequently he has approached it and discussed it with judicial clearness.

Modern dietary fads receive no consideration in this uncompromising volume. Pie and cakes come in for no censure, indeed, far from condemning these unduly reprobated confections Prof. Hudson has many a good word to say for them and maintains that the outcry against them, leading to the pernicious practice of eating and abstaining, has very much more to do with the prevalence of dyspepsia than all the pie crust ever manufactured.

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