

BANNER OF LIGHT.

VOL. 94.

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

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1903.

\$2.00 Per Annum,
Postage Free.

NO. 4

ARMAGEDDON.

Dr. George W. Carey.

"The guns of the Brooklyn and San Francisco are
trained on Bierut."—Press dispatch.

The guns are trained on your city,
Oh, Sultan of blood and hate,
And they wait from the gods a signal—
A move of the finger of Fate.

Then the Armageddon battle
No longer a dream shall be,
For the rich, red blood of nations
Will thicken the sobbing sea.

Ah, brotherhoods dream illusive;
Oh, hope of peace so vain;
I turn from my purpose disheartened
While tears are falling like rain.

Departed the hopes I have cherished—
The hope of peace for the race—
And now let me seek oblivion
In the Fourth Dimension of Space.

Lift thine eyes, oh soul in despair!
For wars and their rumors shall cease,
And brotherhoods hope, plain-worded,
Shall descend with Angel of Peace.

"Avoid the appearance of evil."
Thy work is to do, not to plan,
Until the Cause of Causes
Work out the Salvation of Man.

The Good, the Beautiful, and the True.

William Brunton.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the
feet of him that bringeth good tidings!"
Isaiah 52-7.

It seems as though we might apportion these things after this manner—the good we would give to religion, the beautiful to art and poetry, and the true to science. Then they each would enjoy the particular right and benefit which might properly be said to belong to their sphere. Religion is to make us good, noble, spiritual. It infuses the nature with righteousness. Art desires to lead us through the world with eyes of admiration, to make us see the beautiful everywhere, forbidding us to call anything common and unclean, so that with it we become Greeks and have the beauty-loving spirit, and crave that architecture, dress, speech, everything shall be harmonious and lovely, bright with color, excellent in form. Then poetry comes with the same divine purpose and in cadent language gives us our common life dressed in celestial guise. It is heightened by the glow of the poet's soul; it is made melodious because he utters things in the speech of the heart. Tennyson does this as perfectly as we can dream of it being done. He lives in a golden clime; it is a world as different from the world of every day, as the Maytime differs from March, and yet it is the same world, but with the addition of beauty. Poe tried to realize this in his verses of dream, but to find it he wandered away into fairy land, the earth was not good enough for him and in the poem of "The Raven" you notice the gorgeous coloring of oriental brilliance, so as to see with the mind's eye rather than with our common sight. These are great contributors to the richer thought of our modern days. Then comes in science which asks questions to find out the true. It desires to see things as they actually are, not to be tricked by dream or guess, but to know the veritable reality of existence in common things, and it loves them all, and all the truth about them. This is one of the greatest factors of our civilization. It gives us the new forces of steam, electricity. It reads the history of the earth, yea, and of all worlds. It teaches us concerning ourselves, our probable origin, what we have done in the course of the ages—and what we may truly do in the now. These three are as abiding as faith, hope, and love, and yet I show you the more excellent way of holding them as one in the heart of the highest religion, which makes the good, the beautiful, and the true its own.

Sometimes we say talk is cheap, meaning a man can easily rattle off plans and prospects that he has no intention of doing or moving others to do; that is the arms of the wind-mill moving round, but it is not connected with the stones that crush the grain for bread. We have, however, run it beyond that application of a rebuke to pretence, and have made it a belittling of the best purpose of speech which is to stir the soul to activity by the inspiration of words. Words are the seeds of deeds; sown in the heart of love they produce conduct, they beautify into flowers of kindness, they bear the rich fruits of character. The farmer might just as well despise his golden grain that is to be cast into the soil for harvest, as we to despise words which are to be to us ideas and motives of action. The man who does not listen to the best words, good words, true words, is apt to be as barren as the wilderness, but when he entertains the grand battle-cries to manhood of a Whittier or Lowell, then in his heart a palm-grove arises and the fountain of truth springs up and all is good and beautiful. I know the power of speech to arouse

and help; I own my deep indebtedness to such a voice as Phillips Brooks' or that of James Freeman Clark, or of our dear Robert Collyer. I know they did me good; their words were true though high above me, as the song of the skylark is true that I have listened to so many times as it winged its way towards heaven's gate. They gave me desires of the beautiful in being, therefore I love them and express my admiration of them and my gratitude toward them. We are not to deify the living voice, as though its usefulness were past and we could do without it, or at least could get along with less than we have. Men talk about the thing they are interested in. Books are good for information, good for stimulation, but conversation, discussion, in groups or in meeting tell the story far better and men will talk and listen to talk when a live question is before them. It is time we stopped our silly nonsense against the messenger in modern days. It seems a sign of mental decadence or of spiritual weakness when complaint is made of such a speaker as Minot J. Savage that his discourses are too long. Why here is a man voicing the good tidings of a new universe; he is telling us the truth and beauty of the living hour in all its wide reaches; he is talking as man to man, without regard to anything but to deliver his message and show men its glory. Not to assist such a preacher in the full deliverance of his word is to stop the mouth of the man that God has sent to tell the glad tidings, and every expression we make should be of encouragement and cheer, because he is faithful to his task. So of every preacher who is seeking to do his work in like manner; he should feel that he comes to those who watch for him at the gates of the morning, and who send to him greeting of gladness as he comes before them. If we were interested in spiritual things there could be no dullness in the telling of them; they would be full of power and poetry, for they are the good, the beautiful and the true.

Should I raise the question of *Quo bono?* What is the good of being so serious about life and making so much ado about it when we know so little of what it amounts to? We are sure to ask this at some period, and there is a proper answer to it, namely, it is our nature to aspire; we can no more be content to forego our growth than the seed can if you give it the least chance. There is a power behind us which insists on our life coming to flower. We must have the beautiful, we must be good, we must know the true, or woe unto us. The way of happiness lies in this direction, and it leads to this city of rest. We cannot safely deny any part of our nature. It is not root and branch alone, or branch and leaf, but root, branch, leaf and flower; it is all to be there by the river of life and bear all manner of fruits. It is not the question of adaptability to make a living, a man has to consider that, and equip himself therefor, but that as a means of having the higher life in himself and enjoying it. He is not a house with only a back door to it leading into the kitchen. I detest such a house where there is no front door step, and the front of the house leading to the parlor is never opened. A man should have a soul like a city and a hundred roads or more should be traveled ways leading to it. Every side should have its approach so that a man can be pleased with the variety of gifts God has bestowed upon him. The measure of good is the capacity of mind, not the mere use of the hands.

It is a new thought of perfection, a realization of our divine manhood, not the mere manhood of the shop and the street and society as it goes. No, it is something better than that, it is making a double flower of the single and then adding to it again. It would seem as if the separate qualities cultivated in the past were to be united and held in every one as a combination of goodness, beauty, truth. A man with a single excellence is fine. I admire strength of the body, its health and vigor; give this intelligence of like grace and how wonderful it is. Then add to that the attainments of the soul, and you have the new creation of what God in His wise council brought to pass when He said: "Let us make man in our own image!" And so man was made to rule the world, to be master of it, and his own life.

It was perhaps a necessary process for man as a student to go into classes to learn the great lessons of goodness, beauty and truth. Nations even have had this devotion to single ends. The Jew was a religionist to give the idea of righteousness or justice and to unfold the power of love, the greatest power in the world. The Greek gave us beauty; it was common to him as fragrance is to the rose. He gave art and the artistic sentiment to our modern life on the revival of letters. Then our Saxon race was eminently the lover of the real; it was a truth-seeker by nature of the unvarnished fact. That is the power of Kipling; it has a rough hold of life in its verity. Now these powers are to be as one, to live in amity and make the perfect man, just as the fruit-tree has goodness and beauty and service.

What is the good? The dictionary tells us it is the pleasant, and agreeable—having qualities, whether physical or moral, salable

to the end proposed. Life tells us it is all contributions made to our living on a high or low range, the food we eat, the house that shelters us, the friendship we form, and that makes the days and years so good. We are taking hold of the verity that the world is good, and that what we find there can be turned to good if at present it seems far from it; thus our fruits are won from the wild and apparently unprofitable eating and made into delicacies. It is the same all round; the good hides behind every shadow and is in incompleteness that we may make it complete. We have sought for it in fight; it was to be won by violence. And when one pastured his flocks, another on the hills swooped down on him and stole them. When one cultivated his land, the neighbor in the desert came and did the reaping and enjoyed the spoils. Man has been preying on man like this through the ages; he has not lost the habit in trade as yet, and very good people may do this same thing providing they are careful of the modus operandi, whatever that means, wholesale or retail. If it were not for this we should have little enterprise, we are told. I believe a good time is coming, when man to man the wide world over shall brothers be, and they shall not take any good they have not paid for with an honest equivalent. It would change the face of the earth and make another thing of living for the majority, and all, from the least to the greatest, would share in this greater good. It was a high rule of political economy to seek the greatest good of the greatest number. The better rule is universal good, and children and women not left out.

The common wants of life are not difficult to obtain with fair health and average intellect; a man can provide the good things of life and have something over. The surplus should be a reserve fund for emergencies, and when this is a necessity, it will cut off much waste and intemperance. Society is such a mixed responsibility that even the idle and the vicious must be provided for, and perhaps after a little more of the agony of bearing the burdens laid upon us by crime, we shall deem it cheaper to educate and eradicate the sources of poverty and lawlessness. This good is in the near future, and we are feeling our way towards it.

And so we ask for the beautiful. Even the cave-man in the stone age desired some touch of grace and ornament. The club and the canoe must have additions of lines of beauty. It is the beauty instinct which slowly wins its way to a thousand forms of expression. It does it in little things, the parting of the hair, its enrichment with a flower. It does it in great things, in the rearing of palaces, the building of temples, and the adorning of the Sistine Chapel at Rome. It is a more general desire at this hour than perhaps at any other period. It goes into the cottage, it is found on the farm, it belongs to labor and is given to wealth. The food we eat must be prepared with grace and served with elegance. The newspapers and magazines consider the pleasing of the eye as they do the giving of interest and information. The beautiful is beautiful and we ask for it more and more.

Ruskin demands that beauty shall be held sacred and not used too commonly and for things where beauty is an intrusion and not a part of it, as in buildings devoted to business. It should be for the retired residence, for the cathedral, and mansion. All such beauty as we have in our cities I enjoy; the pity is that there is not some regulating power to give more uniformity to size and refuse permits to build unneighborly buildings which disfigure adjacent buildings. We need a board of beauty in towns and villages and cities, and I think we shall have them, for ugliness is an abomination to man, though seemingly a present gain in the time of poverty.

Then there is the greater beauty of the life. What is in us will have its outer expression, though there is sometimes an apparent contradiction of this—where artists do not have things as the good, tidy housekeeper would have them; they are content if they are picturesque, and not careful of dust; it may give a little touch of the antique. We are making demands, however, which go deep into the soul, and while asking for surface ornament, we yet more earnestly seek the soul harmonies that are the most precious things in the world.

What is character but the life painted after the highest art of heroism and sincerity and worth? I read of a young man who had his portrait painted and when he received it, he was shocked with something in the face he had not noticed before. He destroyed the painting and set to work to eliminate that something which marred his countenance by its cast. He succeeded. I think old age can have a beauty as much superior to the beauty of youth as gold is better than silver. There may be the serenity and peace of soul reflected which is so clearly spiritual that you are surprised at its positive assurance of heavenly things. The beauty of youth speaks of time; it has the time limit on it; it is for the pleasure of the early days, but the beauty of age points beyond the present and whispers of eternity. The face becomes the

colored glass through which the soul shines as a light. I think of how sweet and lovable such fine souls as Channing and Longfellow became in their white age. But we all have friends who in the human form remind us how near to reality is the angel thought. I keep several faces of the Christ in my room to look at. The great masters have taken the best they knew, to intimate the gentle one of Nazareth. I have never seen the face which satisfied me, which said to me, behold the man! There is ever something lacking, because as yet we can only express in part the divine qualities of our nature. We can paint the glow of the sunset, the lingering quiet of twilight, but the sunrise of the soul cannot be painted, nor the peace and power of the saint represented to our full satisfaction. Life alone can give it. We ourselves alone can know it by praying for it, by serving men in love for it, by throwing out of our hearts every evil thought and intent, then in the light of the joy and the hope of the Eternal, we know what the beauty of the Christ was on the Mount of Transfiguration when his countenance was brighter than the sun. I have seen homely people, as we call them, when awakened to some great interest and forgetting themselves utterly, I have seen their faces take on a beauty as surprising as the glory of the sunset. Attention to appearances is desirable; we are often too careless about this, I confess, but where men and women have lived in the world beautiful of noble thought and aspiration, they have something superior to dress, and which makes their simplicity a charm. I would not exaggerate here because I have seen where the consideration of form and fashion might have been very useful. It is not the nine tailors which make the man, sometimes they make a disfigurement of him, as in the dude, but all the same proper clothing and fine as means will allow is a help to the spirit. Emerson said that a lady well dressed has a consolation religion itself cannot impart. Yet, religion gives a beauty which is like that of the lily, and in its presence Solomon in all his glory is not to be compared to it. We are not fashion forms with faces of wax, we are living beings with possibilities of new beauty which comes from purity of heart and meekness of spirit. I thrill with the enjoyment of a presence which is devoted to some great task, to learning or reform, to art or literature. To enlarge life in any way, to help the unfortunate, to be a blessing and joy in however humble a manner, is to have the beauty of Christ.

And here we come to the true, not to the semblance or pretence. It is a great thing when we can be true. We all love to be praised; this drew men out of indolence to effort, out of cowardice into courage, and has been grandly educational, so that we naturally desire it. Animals, however, share in this demand, and are jealous of the notice given to others than themselves. We see this in our household pets, and so this is no particular mark of us as men, rather is it the power to do without it and bear scorn and shame for truth's sake; there you have the creature crowned with glory. The greatness of man is to desire truth in the inward parts, to receive no praise without striving to be worthy of it; in one word, to be true is the peculiar distinction of the saintly soul.

It was one of the tricks of the Roman potter to press wax into the cavities of the vessel which he wrought, in order to conceal its flaws; thus a sincere vessel was one without wax—sine cera. In the soul flaws and faults have to be out-grown, replaced with the power and not the pretence, and this is the great education that time gives us—for all insincerity falls to pieces in the presence of God's sunlight. Thus they tell us that in the ancient tombs of Thebes, kings were found buried in a sitting posture, and the mummies looked as real as if they were alive, but as soon as they were brought to the air and light they crumbled into dead dust—which they were.

We praise faith, hope, and love as the abiding powers of the soul, which they are, but with them is truth, as summer is with the flowers. In the first book of Esdras there is the story of the three guards of Darius, who bequeathed the time of the night watch by speaking a sentence which should receive a gift from the king as a token of the victory of wisdom. The first wrote, "Wine is the strongest." The second wrote, "The King is the strongest." The third wrote, "Women are strongest: but above all things Truth beareth away the victory." Then in the morning they explained to the king what they had done, and asked his decision. So each gave his reason for the sentence. The first said wine was the strongest, since it canst all men to err that drink it. It obliterates distinctions; it turns the mind into forgetfulness of sorrow and debt. Then the second showed how the king used the strength of the strong, and has wide dominion, and none may disobey him on pain of death. Then spake Zorobabel, that women rule the rulers, and are the mothers of them all, and all things are brought to buy their favor—therefore they are mightiest. But the heavens and all things are framed by truth,

as for the truth it endureth and is always strong: it liveth and conquereth for evermore. Neither in her judgement is any unrighteousness; and she is the strength, kingdom, power, and majesty of all ages. Blessed be the God of truth. To him was given the reward of reminding the king to rebuild Jerusalem, and to return the treasures taken from thence.

We agree to the thought that truth crushed to earth will rise again. It must conquer, because it has the eternal behind it, and every discovery is in its direction. There are many things that assume its guise and wield its authority, but the cheats become known and must be discarded.

Truth is said to be inflexible; so it is; that is, the reality is the reality, such as it is, and may not be altered; but that does not foreclose amendment of life; it rather calls for it and encourages it, because a truth of virtue and nobility to-day is to be recognized as the living reality, while the mistake of yesterday led up to the better understanding and devotion of the hour. And truth always has love by its side, and here is where the critical and carping forget themselves when claiming to be true. A captain wrote in his log-book that his first-mate was intoxicated such a day. He was remonstrated with for doing it, and he asked was it not true. The day after the mate wrote in the log: "The captain is sober today, which displeased the captain, and he was asked if it was not true. So it was, but might easily be perverted to mean it was an exceptional time.

It requires all of life to make life, and it requires all of our life to attain to life of the noble sort of attaining to the good, the beautiful and the true. And it is the grandest privilege for us to be here and work out our salvation on these lines of pure and perfect manhood. Happy is every hour of our being, which from over the mountains of time brings these good tidings of things beautiful and true.

Life is a privilege. Its youthful days
Shine with the radiance of continuous Maya.
To live, to breathe, to wonder and desire,
To feed with dreams the heart's perpetual fire.

To thrill with virtuous passions, and to glow
With great ambitions—in one hour to know
The depths and heights of feeling—God! in truth,
How beautiful, how beautiful is youth!

Life is a privilege. Like some rare rose
The mysteries of the human mind unclose.
What marvels lie in earth, and air, and sea!
What stores of knowledge wait our opening key!

What sunny roads of happiness lead on?
Beyond the realms of indolence and doubt!
And what large pleasures smile upon and bless
The busy avenues of usefulness!

Life is a privilege. Though noontide fades
And shadows fall along the winding glades,
Though joy-blossoms wither in the autumn air,
Yet the sweet scent of sympathy is there.
Pale sorrow leads us closer to our kind,
And in the serious hours of life we find
Depths in the souls of men which lead new worth
And majesty to this brief span of earth.

Life is a privilege. If some sad fate
Sends us alone to seek the exit gate,
If men forsake us and as shadows fall,
Still does the supreme privilege of all
Come in that reaching upward of the soul
To find the welcoming Presence at the goal.
And in the Knowledge that our feet have trod
Paths that led from, and must wind back to God.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE MYSTIC SHRINE.

Hitt! little mortal,
Whither away?
Art thou pursuing
That phantom gray?

Dost think in the glare,
Glitter and show,
Is hidden thy love?
Ah, no, not so.

Listen, restless child:
'Tis a spectre,
Gaunt, lean and gray when
Robbed of glamor.

Would'st thou find thine own?
Then follow me,
To the mystic shrine
Built all for thee.

'Tis silent and still,
Hidden, alone;
'Tis in thee, round thee,
Thyself, thine own.

A Temperance Orator fond of statistics was discoursing to an audience in Pittsburgh. Among his hearers was Ben Stanford, the most notorious drinker in Western Pennsylvania.

The speaker dilated upon the beer barrels, saloons, etc., adding that for every missionary sent to the East, there were twenty thousand gallons of rum exported. The audience was hushed, and old Ben sat thinking. Then he murmured: "Mishnarish drink too much."

AT VESPER TIME.

Mabel Frances Knight.

Twas Vesper time,
From out the church of Avignon
A glow came forth
Where lights from many tapers shone.

The priests droned low,
Few were the people gathered there,
And small the nave;
A solemn hush filled all the air.

The organ rang
With praises to Almighty God.
The censer cast
A fragrance that was pure, abroad.

The words were strange,
The symbols, too, unknown to me;
Many the chants
In the Latin tongue full solemnly.

Stranger I sat,
At times bowed low in humble prayer.
It seemed to me
An unseen presence filled the air.

The incense rose
And as the clouds went heavenward
A spirit hand
Thro' vap'ry mist in full view stood.

They whispered low:
"In the church, or home and near or far
It is the same,
We guide you like that eastern star."

"The wise men saw,
Ever will we here surround you
In loving care,
Ever will we love and guard you."

"Until you, too,
At last with earthly work all done,
Will join us all
And come here to your heavenly home."

The organ ceased,
A mist concealed those forms from sight.
In solemn row
The priests marched by in garments bright.

The lights burned low,
The incense rose no more on high,
Echo answered
The organ's cadence soft, "good by."

I was alone,
And as I passed the Virgin fair
Her lips breathed forth
A benediction on the air.

Was It the Same Woman?

Mary F. Blanchard.

CHAPTER VII.

A SICK ROOM EPISODE.

On the morning of that same day Angie Bosson sat in a little chamber adjoining the sick room of her husband, weaving mending stitches into a favorite tea gown, a miracle in lavender; she looked pale, unhappy and unkempt, as a wife should who has a sick husband on her hands, with no prospect of getting him on his feet for days to come, and who has, added to this torment, an incapable nurse of erratic disposition, and given to munching peppermints—than which nothing is more abominable. These were grave matters, surely, and sufficient excuse for her present slighted state and faded eyes; but under this grief, of which she talked volubly, was another worry she said nothing about. Where was Paul? Spice had vanished also; in fact she had not seen him since the afternoon of the quarrel. What had become of him, her one means of getting trace of Malvern?

Xina kept her room a good part of the time, pleading indisposition for so doing, and indeed she did look broken to a degree. It was not meet that the others should show disquiet with regard to the missing son or his lost valet, since she herself, with those wan lips of her that rarely smiled, never when in their presence spoke of either. Paul had been gone eight weeks and the negro six, and the mystery that hung over them both bore as yet no promise of being solved.

Angie who was working on this problem, suddenly received on the side of her finger through the rim of gold thimble that encircled it a stab from the needle's eye. She took the trinket off and discovered on inspection other perforations, each one of which alone made it unfit for use; so it came about that she began a search for a certain silver substitute that was hers. She was no housekeeper and "the chaos and old night" that abode with her at home followed her in her roomings through other lands. On the table was the usual litter which made her rooms a wonder to her friends: newspapers in various stages of untidiness, a snarl of ribbon, a stocking in red silk openwork, a shirt waist, a box of bonbons, a hairbrush, one of Alfred's slippers—and, yes, the work-box, a quaint keepsake in mother-of-pearl and ebony wood she had picked up in a London pawnshop and bought for a mere song. As she drew it forth from under the debris, there fell at her feet a letter. She went on with her work; after awhile, chancing to glance down, she read her own name on a large envelope, traced in bold beautiful calligraphy, in a hand she did not recognize as that of any belonging to her friends; she let it be, it was perchance a begging sheet or else an advertisement; soon, however, a spool of colored silk slipped from her lap and went rolling down after it; she picked them up together, opened the page and read:

"Dear Madam:—The enclosed address will apprise you of the stopping place of Paul Malvern.

"Having severed my business connection with the family and arranged to leave town within the week, it is not likely that I shall ever again have the honor of being in your presence. Were I of your color and an equal I would seek you out and say two little words before I go. 'Forgive, Farewell.' Respectfully, Simeon Brown."

Poor fellow! Angie read the note a second time, smiling at the formality of the tone, after the old regime. It was in laughable contrast to the cursing she had got behind the wardrobe! A vision of his face, flaming with rage and love, came back to her. The message was three days old; it had probably been delivered in her absence and got among the papers, when they were in the main room, before gravitating hither.

Paul was still in town, alive and well thank heaven for that! She wondered if Haskell knew it. She could hear his harsh voice where he sat by Alfred's bedside, cursing the home government and various doings under the stars and stripes, not to his liking. She rose and partly closed the door, to which his back was turned, presenting for her edifying a picture of broad shoulders and shining pate. Alfred was sitting up in bed, his wasted hands crossed on the coverlet and his gray head comfortably resting on high pillows, a pleased smile on the weary pain-worn face. She was not presentable and would stay on where she was. She wished she could see Simeon; she wondered if he and Paul had quarreled.

Haskell began reading aloud the news of the last daily. On his mother's side he was of German blood; he could read and speak the language very well, though he was not a scholar. He translated something about England, to which she paid no attention; then

came an article derogatory to American pork, which he wound up with an oath by way of comment; he next droned on into a eulogy of the Kaiser, who had had more pictures taken of himself and "expanded his nebulous hairs" a little more effusively than common while reviewing a troop of soldiers on parade. Both men laughed heartily at this and Haskell took a whiff at his cigar, careless that it was blowing him in the sick room, and rambled on into the next item, into which he got well launched before taking in its meaning: "Paul Roivin Malvern, son of Haskell Malvern, a broker of New York city, United States, America, shot himself last night in the rooms of Linda Rossmund, the singer. No motive is given for the act. Rumor is rife, however, to the effect that his father, a man of high integrity, cast him off recently, because of some shameful matter in which he was mixed up. No more."

CHAPTER VIII.

"O LIFE MOST BITTER, SAD AND STRANGE!"

The waist that lay on the stand was of cardinal silk; Angie snatched this first and, scurrying about, found other garments to go with it; so that in twenty minutes she was on the street, natty in person but distraught in mind, gasping for breath and trembling, her whole soul bent on one single purpose, to learn if this thing be true; for perhaps it was all a lie.

The most famous singer of her time, basking in the splendor of a palace, not hard to find by the hirelings of the city where the dwells, and Angie had no trouble in being driven straight to her destination. As she found herself at last under the same roof with her mighty rival, she nearly swooned, so great was her excitement; but a youth in livery was bowing low before her and setting her the example of good manners; she made her wishes known in a steady voice, and he led the way through various rooms, all splendid in their appointments, rooms rich and sombre as a forest nook, rooms gay as a rose garden. Angie, although of careless temper and romantic tendencies, had yet that cast of mind which keeps a sharp eye to values; had she been of the victims of the Lisbon earthquake, she would probably have wondered, as they plunged into the abyss, what was the cost of that marble wharf they stood on, and whether or not marble was best for wharves.

So that now, perturbed though she was, the ruling spirit, strong in death, was uppermost. In two sides of her character she resembled Queen Elizabeth, in the ardor of her passions and in the coolness with which she counted cost. She loved Cupid much, but Croesus she loved more, and hence it was that she took note of the fact as they went along that the tapestries she trod upon were of the finest quality; that the furniture was rare and tastefully combined; that there were but few marble; that pictures stood high in favor, and that they were all choice and well placed, sea pieces and studies from mythology being the favorite themes. There were no rooms littered with a crude display of wealth at the expense of comfort, but here was deftly blended luxury with simplicity; nothing seemed superfluous; and over all brooded that atmosphere which breathes of refined thought and harmonious living, a restful influence; here, surely, the dominating spirit was a housemaker and knower of the spot of happiness.

They came to a magnificent stairway with oaken banisters and a catarract of red carpet flowing down like blood over the broad marble of the steps. Up these pressed the little spruce automaton of a guide, with the agility of a chamois. Angie moved behind him with loitering steps, all eyes and envy. On the fifth step she halted altogether, as some slow-moving object while drifting down a current, comes softly to a pause on meeting some slight obstacle in its course, which under an impulse it would pass.

On the wall opposite, in an unobtrusive frame, was a long, narrow portrait, done in oils. A picture of Ganymede, cup in hand and with Jove's eagle drowsing on his shoulder, had caught her attention in another room and she, thinking this a companion piece, the same subject differently treated, wondered why the two were not together, and then examined it with more attention.

Thrust out from a dull background by some folds of crimson, and cast carelessly about him, was the figure of a man, young and of supple limb and ardent seeming, a youth with a fair face and eager, smiling, upraised adoring eyes, his beautiful wide brows entwined with curls. In his upraised hand, held lightly between the fingers was a rose, and on this his gaze was set as though he would win the secret of its fragrance. The poise of the arm, the contour of the body were exquisite. There was such buoyancy in the form that the slender feet seemed scarcely to press the daisies under them.

Something familiar in the face dawned on her perception as she gazed, and she leaned far out over the massive railing and tried to read the title on the tag, but the distance was too great; so down tripped she and studied it near to. "The Emblem of Love and Silence." It came to her in a flash what it all meant; there was the woman spoken of in the form that the slender feet seemed scarcely to press the daisies under them.

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In the flash of life, in the flower of his years, at the dawn of love, this thing had come about—a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. Was it predestined? and had she baffled fate and cut short a story that was meant to be more bitter than death itself? The mystery of life oppressed her with its weight of inscrutability as it had never done before. The meaningless pain of existence seemed never more cruel than now. Why had he crossed the sea to die by his own hand in a strange country? Why had he loved in vain and others in vain loved him? What good could come from such a sad tangle of cross purposes?

Why had he lived at all since the end was thus? With one lingering look at the fair serenity of those marble lips which never again would soften into laughter, at those white eyelids which never again would open on the world, at those slender hands, which looked like bleached marble in their beauty, she turned the other side of the man they had both loved. She would go now, before her strength gave way. She was passing outward, her cloak over her arm, when something impelled her to look back. Simeon still stood the other side the corpse his grief under control. He looked so miserable, so friendless, so forlorn, that her heart smote her for not having bestowed on him a word. "I will pay you now, Simeon for having found your master," she said kindly; and with that gracious courtesy that distinguished her, she treaded her way back and stretched her hand towards him over the corpse of the man they had both loved.

Simeon shrank away and drew himself erect, not looking at her. He had craved to kiss her hand and now he disdained the boon when it was offered him! The instinct of the coquette was strong in this woman's character and now, though she mourned sincerely the passing of her friend, so well beloved, a faint smile flickered to her eyes and glimpsed at him from under her long curled lashes. He felt rather than saw it.

Pointing downward he said in a stern voice, "There was sin between you two?" Angie stared. "Never!" she said, with vehemence. "He loved you," he said then, like one who asserts an undisputed fact. What was there about this man that she, one of the most wayward of spoiled women, should answer him as though she were a child? She could not herself have told, had she been questioned.

"No," she said, and a bitter smile parted her lips. Simeon's glance smote her like a lash. "Dare you, in the presence of the dead, blacken your soul with falsehood? For shame, woman!" "I will not belie the man," she answered, patiently, "he cared for me as a friend; never more." Her tone carried conviction.

The mulatto regarded her with amazement; it did not seem possible that any mortal man could fail to love this woman over all else the wide world held; but he saw that she spoke the truth, nevertheless. "Do you mean to tell me that you, a married woman—"

"Loved a man who cared nothing about me? Even so," she said, and burst into tears. At sight of those tears Simeon, in confusion, dropped all his arrogance. "Don't," he implored, "you will kill me if you cry."

He had the look of one who feels the earth crashing under foot. Paul had never cared for her after all—how strange! Angie wept as though her heart would break in sob and gasp and spasm of storm. Simeon's glance smote her like a lash. "Dare you, in the presence of the dead, blacken your soul with falsehood? For shame, woman!"

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"I will not belie the man," she answered, patiently, "he cared for me as a friend; never more." Her tone carried conviction. The mulatto regarded her with amazement; it did not seem possible that any mortal man could fail to love this woman over all else the wide world held; but he saw that she spoke the truth, nevertheless. "Do you mean to tell me that you, a married woman—"

"But deliver us from evil."
"But deliver us from evil."
"For this is the kingdom."
"For this is the kingdom."
"And the power and the glory."
"Forever."
"Forever."
"Amen."
"Amen."

One moment more, O Fate, one moment more; here, by the woman whom his soul adored, he would faintly linger. Lightly, twice over, he kissed her hand, as though he was kissing the cross, then set it free. "Forever—forever," he said, brokenly.

She moved to go, but again looked back before crossing the threshold, smiling on him sadly in farewell; then went her way. "Oh, dear Paul, did you know that backward glance was not for you?"

LOOKING BACKWARD.

Alonso Danforth.

Three times a score of years and yet the day Of Life that God has given wanes not away: Still throbs my active pulse, as though no fear Of Death was creeping nearer and more near.

My life is full of peace. Father in Heaven, I thank thee for so many blessings given. But I am thinking of the past tonight. How all its Shadows have been turned to Light.

Again I see myself a laughing child, A quiet, graceful youth—nor gay—nor wild, Again I stand the holy shrine beside And see again my fair-browed, darling bride.

But when I thought to need her most on Earth, She left her home for one of Heavenly birth. One baby-boy lingered at my side, While three have crossed the mystic river's tide.

But Earth is a beautiful dwelling place, Too bright to suffer from sin's disgrace; And my course is onward through hope and fear Through all the changes that meet me here.

Ere my age shall number another score I can't but pass to the other shore. Fear not the future; I know there is rest In the quiet hereafter, the home of the Soul.

And my silvered hair and my aching brow Tell that time's hand lies heavily on me now. Farewell to the past now, its work is done; There is joy and peace for us every one.

I know I shall meet again in Spirit-Life, All those gone before me, their sins forgiven; And to those still calling the Earth their home I will bid them welcome whenever they come.

But I have no regretful sigh for the past, I am glad its shadows have flown at last; There have been joys, sorrows, hopes and fears In the life that has numbered just three score years.

And I know were it ever so full of pain I could not have lived so long in vain. In the future before me I fear no ill, The hand that has guided will keep me still.

The Light that hath guided my way so far, Is the earnest radiance from the Spirit-Life; And all that my life has brought to me Is proof of my own Immortality.

There is pleasure still in each path of Life; Enough of peace and enough of strife; And in spirit that makes every life complete, Shall parents and children and loved ones meet.

September 15, 1903.

Spirits—Good and Evil.

An inspirational lecture delivered in Welcome Hall, Odd Fellows' Building on Sunday evening, August 23, 1903, by J. J. Morse, of London, England.

A deeply interested audience listened to another lecture from the eloquent English speaker, J. J. Morse, who delivered the third of his discourses in Welcome Hall Sunday evening, August 23. After the usual preliminaries, Mr. Morse, speaking under inspiration, addressed himself to his theme: "Spirits, Good and Evil."

One of the points was to account for the existence of the idea that evil spirits exist. The religious and secular history of the world testified to the fact that the idea in question was a very old one. The concept had certainly taken firm root in the religious world, while the mass of superstitious conceptions which had grown round it showed that a belief in the existence of such beings was not confined to one class. The religions of the past, and the various schools of occultism, ancient and medieval—and their present day degenerate imitators—insisted that evil spirits played a most important part in man's life. Such spirits could be commanded, their abilities compelled for evil purposes, and many and weird rites and ceremonies had been prescribed by which these evil powers could be compelled to serve those who were able to master them. The literature relating to evil spirits abounded in fanciful descriptions of genii, sprites, devils, ghouls, horrid serpents, and beast-like travesties of all human and animal shapes—inhuman and unhuman in form and appearance.

While scouting the gross superstitions and crude supernaturalism which were responsible for the exaggeration prevalent on the matter of evil spirits, the speaker, nevertheless, admitted that such were facts, but natural facts in the order of the universe. By that he meant that, in spite of a contrary opinion, he firmly asserted that the human note was the one fact in all the diabolical, magic, wizardry and so-called "occultism" of past and present times. These evil spirits responded to man, they comprehended his wishes, they entered his mental states, they knew how to appeal to man, they were in the world in which man lived, and if so, urged the lecturer, they must be related to the order of being to which man belongs! Their lives must approximate, at least to the vibrations of the physical, psychical and spiritual planes upon which man functions, which, being so, the lecturer claimed, brought them into the cosmic and natural order as parts thereof. Therefore, it was claimed, that to properly comprehend what evil spirits were, it is first needful to dismiss all the silly beliefs of the past, and the nonsensical imitations of them entertained by the marvel-mongers of today, from our minds.

What, then, is an evil spirit? Broad principles and generalizations form good bases for philosophy, but individual facts are equally necessary. The question requires answering in this world, for the idea of evil spirits originated in this world! The facts of experience show that human society slowly evolved the method and order now expressed in the social, political and moral conditions now prevailing. Consequently any person who did not conform to such conditions will be esteemed an evil person by all

persons who insist that the present order of life is correct and must be maintained. Similarly, individuals esteem as evilly disposed those persons who cause them pain and suffering in mind, body and estate. It is inevitable that philosophical principles should be reduced to personal applications, for, after all, contended the speaker, the individualistic conception of the facts of nature and experience are the basis of all man's interpretations of the universe. What is right to us as a body, or to me as unit, makes for our opinions as to good or evil in others.

An able dissertation was then introduced showing that good and evil are in one sense relative terms with positive relatives to the particular relations of life. That cosmic, physical, animal, racial, national and parental hereditaries play their part in fashioning the external habitations through which the immortal ego manifests itself in this preliminary stage of its unfoldings into consciousness, and that as man is essentially divine, "good" and "evil" as applied to him here or hereafter, are terms relating to differing and varying conditions of personal environment. That one did not and another did make the best use of present opportunities is not the whole of the explanation. Behind such assertion lays a deeper question: Why are such people born with such different desires? No theories of "Karma" or "reincarnation" help us here. The philosophy of human birth is the point to search for the knowledge of how men should be born rightly and so started normally on their career on earth, is what the world is waiting for. Such knowledge would alone assist us to eliminate evil—abnormal related beings—from human society.

Once accept the innate divinity of man—even if latent—and the ultimate reality relating of all men to the eternal verities will surely be accomplished. The Brotherhood of man can only be a fact if the innate goodness of man is accepted. A perfect brotherhood must rest upon the perfection of the brethren, and that perfection established this world will be filled with good spirits, and evil spirits will no longer affright the timid, terrorize the superstitious, or afford the ignorant and pretentious charlatan opportunities to prey upon the credulous and weak-minded.

Sunday evening, August 30, Mr. Morse's subject was "Spiritualism, the Destroyer."

Some Reminiscences.

I have just returned from a three weeks' visit at Queen City Park, Burlington, Vt. The meetings were more successful, harmonious and enjoyable than for several years. The thought of today demands the best speakers and mediums that are obtainable. The harsh, combative speaking, nor the combination of smooth and flowery sentences, without point of argument, do not find willing listeners in this intelligent, progressive age. Universal love, for a universal brotherhood, is what will exalt a human world.

My experience in the world extends back to the first quarter of the nineteenth century, and my comparative thought is, "Spiritualism now and formerly." As my mind goes back into the fifties and the sixties, I will try and give from memory a goodly number of the names of the former speakers, writers and mediums, every one of whom I had the great pleasure of meeting on many occasions, and knowing them personally.

FROM VERMONT.

Mrs. Achsa W. Sprague, Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, Mrs. Sarah A. Horton, Mrs. Melvina Townsend (Wood), Mrs. Sarah A. Wiley, Mrs. Fannie Davis (Smith), Mrs. Nellie Temple (Brigham), Mrs. Abbie Tanner (Crossett), Mrs. A. P. Brown, Mrs. F. M. Brown, Emma M. Paul, Mrs. L. Pratt, Austin E. Simmons, A. E. Stanley, Rev. Gibson Smith, Dr. Dean Clarke, J. Madison Allyn, A. F. Hubbard.

FROM BOSTON.

Dr. H. L. Gardner, Dr. J. M. Peebles, Dr. A. B. Child, J. S. Loveland, John Wetherbe, John H. W. Tooley, Dr. E. V. Wilson, Dr. H. B. Storer, Alonso E. Newton, Lewis B. Munroe, Prof. William Denton, Henry C. Wright, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Miss Lizzie Doten, Mrs. W. R. Hayden, George A. Redman, George A. Bacon, Robert Pierpont.

FROM OTHER STATES.

Andrew Jackson Davis, Mrs. Mary F. Davis, Dr. S. B. Britton, Dr. R. T. Hallcock, Dr. J. R. Buchanan, Judge Edmonds, Warren Chase, Amanda Britt (Spence), Emma Hardinge (Britten), Prof. Robert Hare, Robert Dale Owen, Dr. Henry T. Child, Col. Isaac Rhen, Giles B. Stebbins, Prof. A. E. Carpenter, Selden J. Finney, A. P. Greenleaf, N. S. Greenleaf, Augusta A. Currier, Dr. H. P. Fairfield, Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Lyman C. Howe, J. V. Mansfield, J. O. Barrett, Mrs. Cor. Scott (Ridgeway), Mrs. Clara Field (Conant), Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, Edward S. Wheeler, J. Frank Baxter (several more now in mind).

In making comparisons between the Spiritualist speakers, mediums and writers now and formerly, the vast difference in conditions and opportunities should be taken into consideration. The early and first investigators, mediums, speakers and writers, had to meet on every hand a bitter opposition and a merciless ridicule, not only from the church people, but from the materialists, who had no use for the Orthodox Church or its scheme of selfish and slavish salvation. It therefore required men and women who were true and sincere at heart and fully endowed with great courage and personal independence to stand up and be counted as Spiritualists. Bitter intolerance and relentless persecution were very common.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis, then a student in Cambridge College, was expelled because he was a medium and sat in seances in Boston. The professors of the college were invited to act as a committee to witness the manifestations that occurred in the presence of two mediums in Boston. They promised Dr. H. L. Gardner to make a report and have it published. Dr. Gardner lived quite a number of years after that, and he occasionally called for the report through the public press, but it never appeared.

Frank Baxter, who was a teacher in an academy, lost his position because he became one of the then hated Spiritualists. Families were divided and many former friendships were broken; and the Spiritualists of the country were the special subjects for the prayers and general condemnation of the Orthodox Church, which hurled forth warnings and dire threatenings, that unless they would renounce their delusive and wicked doctrines, and " flee from the wrath to come," everlasting perdition would be their doom.

It is then a wonder that the influences from the spirit world brought forth such a band of outspoken speakers and writers, to brave the tempest and open the eyes of the spiritually blind, establish a new gospel, and put a new song of hope into the hearts of earth's weary mortals? The fighting soldiers in the ranks, at the commencement of the spiritualistic warfare were few, but they were strong and very courageous, and felt that there was no discharge in a war for mental and spiritual enlightenment and liberty.

The raps at Hydeville had just started on their never-ending journey around the world; and only a few had caught the strange squads. Organizations were unknown, and mediums and speakers went forth alone as influences led them, and literacy was the method everywhere. Soon a few manifestations were held in different parts of the country.

The few good and effective mediums and

speakers were in great demand from many states. The commercial spirit had not fastened itself upon the Cause these days, I am sorry to say, has too often been the case in later times. Many loyal and earnest speakers went forth to spread the glad tidings without any engagements or money stipulations, only expecting to get enough to cover the expenses from place to place.

Now the mediums and speakers are many all over this and other countries; and most of them have engagements ahead, and are fairly well paid. Those who are worth a good hearing and better pay usually get them, the same as with church ministers. The glorious gospel of true Spiritualism has been and still is handicapped and weak from the lack of local organizations, and the general union that gives power and permanency. One of the chief reasons why endowments and legacies have not been more frequently bestowed upon the Cause is, that there have been so few legally and permanent organizations with officials authorized to receive them.

It is far easier, more popular and more comfortable to be known as Spiritualists now than formerly; but those who call themselves such, for what they can get out of it, are not only very uncertain acquisitions, but a serious damage to any good cause. I am in favor of occasionally taking account of stock and disposing of the imitation goods and general rubbish. When the light surely comes, the darkness disappears. Newman Weeks.

Never Neglect Constipation.

It means too much misery and piling up of disease in all parts of the body. Death often starts with constipation. The clogging of the bowels forces poisons through the intestines into the blood. All sorts of diseases come from that way. Most common complaints are dyspepsia, indigestion, catarrh of the stomach, liver complaint, kidney trouble, headaches, etc. The bowels must be relieved, but not with cathartics or purgatives. They weaken and aggravate the disease. Use Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine instead. It is a tonic laxative of the highest order. It builds up and adds new strength and vigor. It assists the bowels to move themselves naturally and healthfully without medicine. One small dose a day will cure any case, and remove the cause of the trouble. It is not a patent nostrum. The list of ingredients goes with every package with explanation of their action. It is not simply a temporary relief, it is a permanent cure. Try it. A free sample bottle for the asking. Vernal Remedy Co., 120 Seneca Building, Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all leading druggists.

State Convention, Oregon.

The annual convention of the State Spiritualists' Association of Oregon opened on the evening of Sept. 3 in the beautiful parlors of The World's Advance Thought, with President McIntyre in the chair. The session was interesting and harmonious. Two amendments to the constitution were adopted, one authorizing the board of directors to appoint a vice-president for each county in the state and the other provides that no president shall occupy the chair two consecutive terms.

The last day of the convention, Sunday, Sept. 6, was an all-day meeting and a grand rally of the Spiritualists. A splendid program was provided, and the meeting was held in the home of the First Spiritualist Society, Artisan's Hall, and the newly elected president, Rev. G. C. Love, presided.

The officers elected for the ensuing year are Rev. G. C. Love, president; E. de Young, vice-president; Ludwig B. Larsen, secretary; Capt. J. H. McMillen, treasurer; Geo. LaSalle, C. C. Affolter, H. W. Bochuks, J. S. Greenfield, J. E. Trigg, directors.

Rev. G. C. Love is doing good missionary work. Twenty-five citizens of the town of Grant's Pass, Oregon, have, through him, applied for a charter from the State Association.

Ludwig B. Larsen,
Secretary State Spiritual Association of Oregon.

A Fine Kidney Remedy.

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock, East Hampton, Conn. (The Clothier), says if any suffer from Kidney and Bladder Disease will write him he will direct them to the perfect home cure he used. He makes no charge whatever for the favor.

Unity Camp Bazaar.

The bazaar held at Unity Camp under the auspices of the Lynn Spiritualists' Association came to a very successful ending on the evening of Monday, Sept. 7. The attendance has been large during the whole week when the weather was suitable and the lectures and concerts have been greatly enjoyed. There was a concert every afternoon, and Wednesday and Saturday evenings by Harry Stiles and other members of his orchestra, followed by a lecture on some popular subject. Wednesday a spiritual meeting was held, with a large number of mediums assisting. Thursday J. Woodbury Sawyer of Boston spoke on "Mental Healing." Friday Judge Berry of Lynn on "Equal Rights." Saturday Dr. Gibbs on "Socialism," and Monday Rev. W. T. Hutchins on "Self Ownership."

All the different lecturers were able speakers and attracted much attention. Other speakers took part in all the meetings held. The tables received large patronage, the contributions were liberal and the articles nearly all sold, adding quite a good sum of money to the building fund of the association. Small tents were erected in the grove near the bazaar tent in which local and visiting mediums gave readings. The grove was finely decorated and illuminated on Wednesday and Saturday evenings and presented a very attractive appearance. Altogether the management feel well satisfied with the result of the venture in holding an "out of doors" fair and propose to attempt another next season with various improvements over this one.

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.

Madison Spiritual Association.

Among the many campmeetings held in the interests of Spiritualism throughout the United States, the little camp in Maine held at Lakewood, Madison Centre, is one of the pleasantest and most enjoyed by those who have found it to be one of the Meccas of spiritual symposiums.

Campmeeting, beginning September 4, and continuing until September 13, has just been held at this beautiful grove by the lake where many hundreds of earnest seekers after truth have convened and have been favored by the presentation of the cause of Spiritualism by such speakers as Harrison D. Barrett, May S. Pepper, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing and Rev. F. A. Wiggin.

The camp has been more successful in its meetings this year from every viewpoint

than any other year in its history. Mr. Wiggin, the president, has certainly done all in his power to make these meetings a success and as chairman has certainly proven his ability to maintain good order and have the work of our Cause so presented as to command respectful attention from all present.

Mrs. Twing's addresses have been listened to with marked attention, having been of that sweet, comforting character and nature which so thoroughly mark her style of speech as unique. Mrs. Pepper's addresses have been all well received while her tests have been phenomenal, sometimes very striking and in all cases carrying conviction to the listener and comfort to those who received messages from their loved ones on the other side. Mr. Barrett was never better than during his stay at this Camp which was for six days' time, speaking whenever called upon to do so with great force and earnestness. His lecture on Sunday, the closing day of the Camp in the afternoon, was a masterpiece and not only did great credit to Mr. Barrett but also to the Cause which he so ably represents.

Mr. Wiggin, the president, has been most efficiently aided in his work during this camp by the vice-president, Mrs. Warren Foss, who has presided at all the meetings when Mr. Wiggin has been the speaker. Mr. Wiggin's work as speaker for this season, has been of that order which has so thoroughly characterized his earnestness in the years that are gone, and so well and acceptably has he served the camp during the past year that he was elected president, without a single dissenting vote, for the season of 1903-04.

Thus closes a very successful campmeeting down in the state of Maine where hundreds have been led to a better understanding of the true philosophy of Spiritualism and comforted by the many spiritual communications which have been vouchsafed to them through the tender ministrations of their loved ones on the other side.

Briefs.

Waverley, Sept. 6. All of us apprehend, but none of us comprehend, the Almighty Ruler of the Universe. All of us have an idea, or an ideal, of God, and of God's laws. The attributes of God have been recorded in Bibles, creeds, catechisms and literature; but as the years roll on, the human conception of the attributes of the Almighty change. The idea of a jealous God, or a God, that would visit the sins of the father upon his children, even to the third and fourth generations is not entertained today. God is Love; God is the all Good; We cannot conceive of jealousy or cruelty being an attribute of an all wise, all good Creator. The barbaric conception of Deity we trust has passed away forever; the beautiful conception of the attributes of a loving, all wise, all good Heavenly Father, fills the whole world with hope and gladness and the increasing conviction in all loving hearts that God, in His boundless love cherishes the children of earth in all countries and in all climes, inspires mankind to higher achievements in the bringing together of the peoples of the earth in one grand convocation of brotherly love and fraternal helpfulness. These beautiful thoughts were given to us as speaker and medium took the rostrum to speak with inspired lips and the added joy of a greeting now and then from a loved one "gone before," through the mediumship of the mediums present made us feel that God was indeed good to us. Mrs. Hartwell of Cambridge presided; Mrs. S. E. Hall, Mrs. Cunningham, Mrs. Adams and Mrs. McKenna gave messages and tests; Mr. Danforth, address; Dr. Greenwood invocation and remarks; Mrs. M. A. Bemis, pianist. J. H. Lewis.

Sept. 6 Malden Progressive Spiritual Society opened fall and winter meetings in a hall, 133 Pleasant St., Brown's Bldg. The desk of the speakers was profusely decorated with cut flowers. Meeting opened with song service, Bible reading, remarks and welcome by the president; invocation, Mrs. Abbie Burnham, opening address, Mr. Harvey Redding, followed by Mrs. A. R. Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Kinnie and Mrs. Burnham. All did good work. We do thank those dear workers for their kind help in this our opening service and also thank those who helped us this summer. We know we shall have their best wishes and hearty co-operation during the winter. All true workers in this cause of truth will find a hearty welcome to our platform. We intend to make this a successful season. R. Mortimer, sec.

The Church of Psychic Research of Canton, O., has again rented Red Men's Hall, Third and Market Streets, and commenced fall and winter meetings Sept. 6 with Marguerite St. Omer Briggs as teacher. She gave an able address on "Outward Bound," which was replete with words of wisdom. Many were the enquiries after the meeting in regard to the philosophy; her tests were of the best and readily acknowledged as correct, bringing comfort to the sorrowing and answering the question of the skeptic. "Can the dead come back and commune with us?"

Judge J. W. Underhill has offered to the Spiritualists of Canton, O., \$3,000 to build a church, if the Spiritualists will raise money enough to pay for land and the foundation. An earnest effort is being made to raise the money within the prescribed time of one year. We had last winter two societies, the Occult and Psychic Research. Mr. Briggs is the resident pastor of the latter and is using every effort to consummate a union of all Spiritualists.

Onset, Mass.

Sunday, August 30. Extract from Rev. F. A. Wiggin's lecture—subject "Whatsoever a man soweth thus shall he reap."

"I do not believe that a more positive truth was ever spoken in this world. If a man lives a life out of harmony and asks forgiveness he enters into the state of happiness of the poor man that has been trying to believe the Bible."

"There are a lot of Spiritualists that think there is no Hell. What a depraved idea of life is that! It is depravity itself to assume the fact that you continue to live on. There is some chance for instruction in mediumship. A great many people who are psychic have something more to do here to unfold their mediumship. They are told they are good mediums, and they begin sitting for development. I hope the time will come when mediumism can develop in a better way than by sitting. I would rather see them working than sitting. I do not like the word. Because they have been told they are mediums they sit and sit and sit; they don't see or hear anything but still they sit, and at last they say there is nothing in it; that there are frauds in Spiritualism, and they are correct. The trouble was the wrong they did you when they told you to develop. There are thousands that are in that position today, assuring you as a medium. The unfolding of mediumship is simply the unfolding of consciousness. Suppose I tell you that you are a medium, that you will see spirits face to face and tell you the truth. The other medium told you the same thing but he didn't tell you how."

I may close my eyes and see everything in my home up in New Hampshire or Boston. Do you tell me I do not see it? I am sure I see it. If I close my eyes and tell you I see spirits which I have, I went into the silence. Going into the silence is not going



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

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

W. W. HALL, N. E. P. A., 329 Washington St., Boston, Mass.



Hotel Empire.

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

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



The Regent, Washington, D. C.

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

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



Mountain House, Mt. Wachusett, Mass.

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

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

In where it is silent. Sometimes the best of conditions are during a thunder storm. We can go into the silence at our workbench or pulpit. There is no true prayer unless you go into the silence and not talk to the people. A great many ministers talk to the people and do not go into the silence. Mother understands us and God understands us better. God doesn't write the English language. Simply say I want—and send with that expression from your soul—I need it. If we once come into the consciousness of spirit and grasp the idea, then we are the people. Seek first the knowledge. Seek the perfect that is within yourself. Your success depends upon your getting in touch with the spirit. You must come into the spirit consciousness. Man is a spiritual being now and here. If you sow to flesh you will reap flesh. If you sow spirit you will rise to the highest."

Many are now renting cottages for next season.

Be sure to get all the issues of the Banner of Light containing campmeeting news. It will make pleasant reading during the cold winter months. Hatch.

For Debilitated Men. Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

It ranks among the best of nerve tonics for debilitated men. Renews the vitality.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.

Thursday afternoon, Sept. 3, two special cars from Lake Pleasant, with friends of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Woodbury, visited Turner's Falls and enjoyed a splendid dinner at Mr. Woodbury's cafe. Speeches followed, Mr. R. Churchill as toastmaster. Covers were laid for sixty. After dinner we visited the Falls. Next we were invited by Mr. A. H. Bodington to visit that immense paper manufactory; all the paper is made of wood. They turn out seven tons daily.

Friday evening an entertainment was given in the Temple as a testimonial to a worthy young man who is ill. He has the sympathy of all his friends and campers as well and we all send kind thoughts that he may be

able to resume his college studies. Those taking part in the exercises were: Miss Bickford, song; violin solo, Mr. Chas. Bickford; recitations, Miss Bryant, Master Leigh Boydon, Mr. Jordan and Miss Manning; song, Mrs. J. Rixey, Miss Jennie Harvey, accompanist.

Sunday evening, sixty of Mrs. Sanger's friends met at her new cottage at the Highlands for a home warming. Mrs. Sanger has been elected third vice president N. E. S. C. Association in place of Mr. Ira M. Courle. Mr. Henry A. Bodington presided. There were speeches and music interspersed; a very happy evening was spent. Among the speakers were Mrs. Alice Waterhouse, first vice president Ladies' Improvement Society, also elected first vice president of the N. E. S. C. Association. Mrs. Waterhouse is a long life friend and coworker of Mrs. Sanger. Mr. R. F. Churchill of Greenfield made remarks and recited an original poem. Mr. A. P. Blinn congratulated the association on being so fortunate as to secure Mrs. Sanger for one of its officers. Cornet solo by Dr. Critchley was heartily enjoyed. Mrs. Mattie F. A. Albee, president Ladies' Aid Society of Boston, welcomed Mrs. Sanger to Lake Pleasant as message bearer from the angel world and for the interest she has taken in the Children's Lyceum. Song by Mr. Cardigan, Mrs. Cardigan, accompanist. Mrs. Barnes extended kindly greetings. Mrs. Carbee, the astrological student, said the planet that rules Lake Pleasant foretells success for several years to follow. Mrs. Whittier was very much pleased to welcome Mrs. Sanger; also Olive Reynolds, Dr. C. L. Willis, Mrs. Pope, Mrs. Wheeler, Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Dowd gave Mrs. Sanger a fine communication from her loved ones. Mrs. Shirley, an original poem. Mrs. Jordan spoke very encouragingly of the Lyceum work; also of conductor Kimball. Mrs. Kimball was unable to be present on account of the illness of her daughter. Song by Mr. Cleveland entitled, "Scorn not the Convict," rendered in his usual pleasing manner. Mr. Jordan made appropriate remarks. Miss Gertrude Sloan presided at the piano.

Mrs. Sanger thanked all the friends for their kindly expressions and their appreciation of her work. May good angels guard and keep her and her children that they may return to their pleasant home next season.

The decorations were beautiful—flowers and ferns everywhere, in every nook and corner. The veranda was lighted with Japanese lanterns. The decorations were arranged by Mrs. Sanger and Mr. Cleveland. Mr. Philip Yeaton gave a whist party at his hotel Wednesday evening. Refreshments. Sept. 7. The thirtieth convocation at Lake Pleasant has closed and we are all looking forward with pleasure to its thirty-first birthday. This has been a prosperous year and the officers of the N. E. S. C. Association are feeling happy. There have been more visitors at the Lake this season than any time in ten years. Last Sunday the hotel was unable to accommodate all who desired dinner.

The collections and donations have been large.

We have had fine entertainments, band concerts, whist parties and everything has been pleasant and harmonious. There is good telegraph, telephone and postal service. Our genial postmaster, Mr. Bert Streeter and his assistant, Miss Hosmer, have been very obliging and have served faithfully. We hope they will return next season.

Landlord and Mrs. Philip Yeaton at the Lake Pleasant Hotel have looked after the comfort of their guests in every particular and we are pleased to note they intend to return next season. There is no better hotel service anywhere. Mr. Yeaton is now having painting and repairing done and everything looks fresh and clean.

Mrs. A. A. Eldridge.

Quarterly Report.

JUNE 1 TO SEPT. 1, 1903.

The Editor-at-Large N. S. A.

To the Executive Committee of the N. S. A.:

I report for the quarter commencing June 1, and ending Sept. 1, 1903, the following replies and articles contributed to the secular and spiritual press:

There is no Death, Philosophical Journal. Why Catholics Oppose Spiritualism, reply to J. M. Hirst in Catholic Transcript. Copy furnished to the Progressive Thinker, Banner of Light, Philosophical Journal, Light of Truth, and Sunflower. Criticism in News Leader, Richmond, Va.; Prophecy and Spiritualism, in The Sunflower and Light of Truth. Success, the work of the N. S. Association, in the Banner of Light, Progressive Thinker, and Light of Truth. Strange Feats of Modern Magic, criticism on an article in Scribner for May, furnished all the spiritual papers. Review of "The Great Psychological Crime," in Progressive Thinker. Reply to a Catholic priest's comment to all Catholics to keep away from Cassadaga, in the Evening News, Buffalo. Criticism on the action of the News, in the Sunflower. Recent exposures of Spiritualism in the Sunday newspapers, furnished all the spiritual journals. The same in condensed form in the Boston Traveler. Defense of Mediumship, copy sent to all spiritual journals. Respectability of Spiritualism in Harbinger of Light (Australia), and Two Worlds (England). Reply to "A Story of a Clairvoyant," in Ohio Farmer. What is Spiritualism? in Decatur Review, Decatur, Ill. An Explanation of Spiritualism, in Sandusky Register, Sandusky, O.

It will be seen that I have made more use of the spiritual journals than in the preceding quarter. Many of the attacks on Spiritualism have been in papers and magazines which will not admit replies and hence the spiritual press was the only resort. As a rule, however the secular press has been generous, as it must be admitted that it requires a strong sense of justice for an editor to allow a correspondent to attack editorial matter. Yet this has not only been done, but requests for articles on Spiritualism and related subjects, have been repeatedly made.

The correspondence of the office has constantly increased, and forms the larger share of the labor connected therewith. Analysis of this correspondence, especially indicates the profound interest awakened in the minds of those ostensibly within the pale of the churches. While publicly this class is silent, privately they receive a joy and satisfaction their religion cannot impart.

I am respectfully,
Hudson Tuttle.

Steadfast Aims and Purposes.

It makes no difference in what profession or trade we may be engaged, either high or common, we should have a fixed aim or purpose.

We should not only have a fixed aim or purpose but we should strive and nerve ourselves to reach it.

No man or woman ever succeeded or achieved any great success, who did not resolve to maintain a lofty standard and try to ascend even above it.—Ex.

An excellent cabinet photo of "The Poughkeepsie Seer" (A. J. Davis) for sale at this office. Price 35 cents.

BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

SPECIAL NOTICE

THE BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY, located at 204 Dartmouth Street, Boston, Mass., has for sale a complete series of the *Banner of Light*, published by the Spiritualist, Progressive, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Books at Wholesale and Retail.

TERMS CASH.—Orders for Books, to be sent by Express must be accompanied by full or at least half cash; the balance, if any, must be paid C. O. D. Orders for Books, to be sent by Mail, must invariably be accompanied by cash to the amount of each order. Fractional parts of a dollar can be remitted in postage stamps.

Remittances can be safely sent by an Express Money Order, which will be issued by any of the large Express Companies. Remittances under \$5.00 can be sent in that manner for 5 cents.

In quoting from *THE BANNER* care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and correspondence. Our columns are open for the expression of personal free thought, but we do not endorse all the varied shades of opinion to which correspondents may give utterance.

Notation is paid to anonymous communications. Name and address of writer is indispensable as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return unsolicited articles.

Newspapers sent to this office containing matter for inspection, should be marked by a line drawn around the article or articles in question.

Banner of Light

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1903.

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and 41 Chambers Street, New York.

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Issued by
BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.
Harrison D. Barrett.....President.
Frederic G. Tuttle.....Treas. and Bus. Mgr.
Harrison D. Barrett.....Editor-in-Chief.
Marguerite C. Barrett.....Assistant Editor.

Matter for publication must be addressed to the EDITOR. All business letters should be forwarded to the BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

ADVERTISING RATES.

25 cents per Apage Line.
DISCOUNTS.
1 month.....10 per cent.
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6 months.....40 " "
1 year.....50 " "
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500 lines to be used in one year, 25 per cent.
1000 lines to be used in one year, 40 per cent.
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Special Notices forty cents per line, Minimum, one insertion.
Notices in the editorial columns, large type, loaded matter, fifty cents per line.
No extra charge for cuts or double columns.
Width of column 2 7/16 inches.

Advertisements to be renewed at continued rates must be left at our Office before 9 A. M. on Saturday, a week in advance of the date whereon they are to appear.

The BANNER OF LIGHT cannot well undertake to vouch for the honesty of its many advertisers. Advertisements which appear fair and honorable upon their face are accepted, and whenever it is made known that dishonest or improper persons are using our advertising columns, they are at once discontinued. We request patrons to notify us promptly in case they discover in our columns advertisements of parties whom they have proved to be dishonest or unworthy of confidence.

Wedding Chimes.

We are in receipt of cards announcing the marriage of Mrs. Isabel Pettengill Bates of Lily Dale, N. Y., the talented daughter of Mrs. A. L. Pettengill, President of the City of Light Assembly, to Mr. Henry Archibald Clark of Fredonia, N. Y., on Monday, Sept. 7. Mr. and Mrs. Clark will be at home to their many friends after the 15th of November at 62 Central Ave., Fredonia, N. Y. All of the members of the Banner staff extend hearty congratulations and an earnest God speed to the contracting parties, wishing them every joy in their new relations.

STILL ANOTHER.

Cards are also at hand announcing the marriage of Miss Inez Lillian Rice to Henry Pierce Sampson, both of Boston. The happy event will take place Sept. 24 at the Baker Memorial Methodist Episcopal Church, Upham's Corner, Dorchester, Mass. Miss Rice was once a member of the Banner staff as its official stenographer, and endeared herself to all by her genial ways and willingness to serve. Our best wishes and those of all her friends in the Banner go out to her in her new life.

The Maine State Convention.

The Spiritualists of Maine should not forget that the Annual Convention of their State Association is to be held in Lewiston, Oct. 2, 3 and 4 for the purpose of electing officers for the year next ensuing, selecting delegates to the Washington Convention and the transaction of such other business as will naturally come before it. A new method for carrying on missionary work is under discussion and will be pushed to the front at this Convention. Our brethren in the Pine Tree State should attend this Convention en masse. The secretary's books ought to contain the names of at least ten thousand Spiritualists who have thus united themselves in their State Association for the purpose of pushing their Cause to the front and of making themselves, as a people, felt in the social, political and religious life of the state. Cheap rates have been obtained on the railroads and excellent hotel accommodations are promised in Lewiston. The phenomena, philosophy and religion of Spiritualism will be well represented at every session of the Convention and no effort will be spared to make the gathering a profitable and instructive one to every person present. There is no reason why every Spiritualist who is able

to attend should absent himself from the Lewiston Convention. If he loves his religion as he claims he does he will make a special effort to attend the Convention and will induce others to do the same. A little sacrifice from each one will make the Cause strong. There is no reason why the State of Maine should not have one hundred and fifty working local societies by Oct. 1, 1904, if each Spiritualist would do his duty. Let one thousand Maine Spiritualists contribute \$5.00 each to the treasury of the State Association and Maine will soon lead the world in the number of Spiritualist societies within her borders and in the membership of the same, to say nothing of the enthusiasm and devotion on the part of the people. Spiritualists of Maine, go to Lewiston, Oct. 2, 3 and 4, each and every one of you, and lend your aid to the good work of making Spiritualism a power for good in your state.

The Washington Excursion.

The time of holding the Washington Convention is rapidly approaching and all Spiritualists who are thinking of attending it should make their plans at once to do so. Throughout New England there is a widespread interest in the Washington conclave and a great many people have signified their intention of attending the same. They should not forget that J. B. Hatch, 74 Sydney St., Dorchester, Mass., is arranging another of his grand excursions to the capital city and will be pleased to correspond with all persons who are desirous of visiting Washington on this occasion. The terms are very reasonable and are within the reach of every Spiritualist who really loves his religion. New England should send one thousand persons to this Convention and she can do so if her Spiritualist citizens will but awake to their duty. Write to Mr. Hatch at once for full particulars.

Pen Flashes.

The Pilgrim-Peoples.

NO. 16.

"God sends His teachers unto every age,
To every clime and race of men."

Our blessed Spiritualism has obtained in some form through all the ages, and under some name among all races.

It is reported that when a maiden died among the Senecas of North American Indians, the heart-stricken mourners imprisoned a young bird until it began to sing; then, leading it with caresses and loving messages, they released it over the maiden's grave, bidding it not to fold its wings nor close its eyes until it had reached the "happy hunting grounds" beyond the western sunset skies. Then fasting in silence under the shadow of some mossy rock, or moaning pine, for three days, these sad-hearted Indians expected responses from the loved one in dreams, or visions, or in the low murmuring songs of the night bird of the forest.

This pathetic incident of Indian life reminded me of the following lines of Mrs. Hemans, born in 1779 in Liverpool, England:

"THE MESSENGER BIRD.

"Thou art come from the spirits' land, thou bird,
Thou art come from the spirits' land;
Through the dark pine grove let thy voice be heard,
And tell of the shadowy band!

"We know that the bowers are green and fair,
In the light of that summer shore,
And we know that the friends we have lost are there—
They are there—and they weep no more.

"We call them far through the silvery night,
And they answer from cave and hill;
We know, thou bird, that their land is bright,
But say, do they love there still?"

These poetic words remind me that I once had an itching ailment for poetry. The mental distemper lasted about three years. Mental thought—that is, the reading of Tennyson's and Walt Whitman's poems, cured me. But when on the Mediterranean Sea, returning from Trebizonde on the Black Sea, the following lines rolled tumultuously in rhythmic grandeur from my Parnassus-pressed, pulsating brain (don't smile—you know as well as I that seven-tenths of the poetry, so called, is rhymed slush). But here are the lines:

"The Orient sheds its shimmering haze,
O'er field and garden, sea and lake;
And Asia's arch is red with rays.
That turn to gold each Islam plain:
My heart is filled with wrath and pain:
I feel for Moslems in the thrall;
I only hate the hate of men;
I love the heart that loveth all.

"Each soul hath stemmed some fearful storm;
Each heart is chafed with warring scar:
My life-boat wrecked in manhood's morn
Now drifteth like a shooting star.
But oh! I have not lost the power
Of sympathy at sorrow's call:
For love inspires each fading hour—
That love which feels, then gives to all.

"Oh, think it not a vain conceit,
That angel echoes linger still
In hearts whose chords of music sweet
The pangs of earth can never chill.
Ay, there are souls with holy love,
Who like the circling stars may fall;
But falling rise to heaven above:
I kiss the hand that helpeth all."

Why did I write, "I kiss the hand that helpeth all"? Let me tell you. I was walking with my guide one evening through the lower part of Sfamboul, the Turkish part of Constantinople, when I saw at a little distance to the right, by what looked like a dilapidated market place, an old Turk, half-robed and fez upon his head, gesticulating and talking to a crowd of poorly dressed men and boys.

Making the request, my guide interpreted the gist of his talk. He was telling them there was but one God, Allah—that Mohammed was his prophet, that they must be honest, do right, and be charitable. When

through with his short speech he distributed garments, bread, cakes, and fruits among these poor, hungry children. Then standing upon a little block, he spoke a few more kindly words, and then the children came around him by the score and kissed the old man's hand. And I may as well say that in spirit, I too, kissed his hand. It was the hand that gives, and this hand, whether in lands civilized, semi-civilized or savage, is the "hand beautiful."

While my mind is thus afar in other lands, permit me to copy a letter verbatim, from Samuel Guppy, a royal-souled man, writer, author, and a Spiritualist, occupying the residence in that beautiful Italian city, Naples, that Robert Dale Owen occupied while American minister to that country. Mrs. Guppy was an excellent medium, giving seances once a week in the King's Palace, to some of the Court members.

Desiring to spend a few weeks in both Rome and Florence, Mr. Guppy gave me the following introduction to a noted Italian Countess, the guest of Baron Kirkup:

"Naples, Dec. 20, 1863.

"My dear Countess—
This will be presented to you by Dr. Peebles, American Consul in Asiatic Turkey, a member of the Universal Peace Society, and a great Spiritualist. He has been our guest for several weeks, and he can tell you all about us.

"I am, my dear Countess,
Very faithfully yours,
"Sam Guppy."

I produce this letter to show in part the time that I lectured in London upon Spiritualism, initiating under the auspices of James Burns the first series of—Sunday lectures upon Spiritualism, and so relating it to religion and religious services; and also to call to mind (and publish) the surprise that Baron Kirkup expressed when I informed him that I did not know that our poet Longfellow was a Spiritualist. Stepping to his table, he handed me one of Longfellow's cards, and then related to me the seance that Longfellow attended in his residence. The Countess, guest of the Baron's, was a most affable and cultured lady, speaking English with a slight twist of the tongue, and earnestly investigating the claims of Spiritualism.

Mrs. Clarkson, whom I cured of obsession, after she has been twice in a lunatic asylum, once for eleven months, and then not completely relieved, asks me to give her in a few words as possible the real "meaning and genius of Spiritualism."

This I do in these words: Spiritualism, in its broadest sense, implies psychic phenomena, science, philosophy and religion, and is absolutely non-sectarian. Its grand purpose was, as I conceive it, to demonstrate the fact of a future existence, and substitute the "I know" for the "I believe," to differentiate religion from creed, and all church dogmas; to enjoin scientific and secular education, rather than theological training; to lay the axe at the root and lead in all needed reforms; to seize upon and assimilate every new thought that is a true thought; to put conduct and character in place of class or caste, whether based on blood or gold; to quicken the innate moral nature, to inspire free thought and discovery, to infuse into all souls the Christ spirit of love, to spiritualize humanity, and establish the wide world over, the great principles of justice, mercy, equality of opportunity, and universal brotherhood.

Do not get discouraged, brother; do not faint by the way, my sister. Nothing is lost in this mighty universe. Every ideal is attainable, if not here in the infinite beyond.

"The harvest time is near,
The year delays not long,
And he who sowed with many a tear,
Shall reap with many a song."

The other morning, taking a walk in city suburbs, just as the sun was rising, I saw a youth with a gun shooting at pigeons, or doves, in a field of wheat stubble. Why should he do it? Why are birds so afraid of men? Is it because they naturally fear carnivorous animals? This young man was beyond reach of my voice, or I should have asked him to paste these words of Cowper in his hat:

"I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

Before me lies a thick pamphlet entitled, "The Children's Pictorial Mass Book," by Rev. J. H. Gulon, a Roman Catholic priest of London. Under the heading, "Memento Prayers for the Dead," I find this prayer:

"O God of mercy and compassion, look down with pity upon the holy souls in Purgatory, for whom we offer up a fervent prayer, that Thou wilt release them from their pains, and receive them into the joy of the kingdom of heaven. I pray in particular for my relations and friends who are dead, that they who were gone before us with the sign of faith may rest in peace. Give to them, O Lord, peace and joy and happiness. Open unto them the gates of Paradise, that they may enter into their reward. Amen."

I quite relish the sentiment of that prayer. It breathes the inspiring faith in the redemption of those in purgatory—the lower spheres of spirit life. The theology of Roman Catholicism is preferable to that of Calvinism. The day of preaching and the day of laws is passing away. This includes Catholicism, Congregationalism, Unitarianism, Spiritism and Spiritualism. The only absolute finality is Spirit.

The Battle Creek Society of Spiritualists has elected me a delegate to the N. S. A. that convenes in Washington next month; and a very estimable gentleman and family have invited me to be their guest during the session. It will afford me great pleasure to attend, but I have made no positive promise to do so. I see that the speakers have been selected, and I presume that much of the work has already been laid out, so that there coming-in officials agreed upon. This is well.

Spectator or Partaker.

Do you expect to be a spectator of Life and study it and observe its actions as the botanist studies flowers? Do you desire to stand off and analyze its actions, and study its laws or ways of action? If this is your desire, you are only to be a spectator and must remain outside of the ocean of Life. You will never really KNOW what Life is or enjoy its action.

The vast majority of New Thought people of today are of this class. It is the intellectual stage of man's unfoldment, and it never finds Life, therefore never satisfies the deeper desires of the heart or Spirit whose desires are reflected upon the intellect. Statements of truth are being made by scores and hundreds of writers and speakers. In fact, truth has been written for ages past. The prophetic and poetic apartment of man's brain has been open for ages and has foretold the life of the perfect Son of Man, but this has not been the Son of Man, but only the prophecy of him or poetry concerning him. This is as far as the intellect can take you; its position as your guide or leader stops at this point, and if you are ready to Enter Life, you must leave him behind and follow your new appointed guide.

As I read the various expressions of the teachers and writers of today, I know they are telling the truth about Life, not because I can reason it out, but because they describe the action which Life has acted in me. What they say is not new to me, yet I never studied it out intellectually.

He or she who has fallen in love and has partaken of its joys and sorrows need not study the philosophy of it or reason it out in order to know that what a true writer on the subject says is true. The writer may not know what he is writing about nearly so well as does the one who is in the thing written about. The one studied it out intellectually and gives a word picture of it. The other gets into it without study and knows all about it, even much better than the one who studied and wrote out the word picture.

Life, like love, must be gotten into, before you know about it. The intellect cannot take you into Life. It takes you on the mount and shows it to you at a distance but you cannot partake of it under the direction of the intellect.

Life invites the intellect in as a servant in due time but never gives it the position as guide. It is the intellectual nature in you that asks so many questions. It goes by squares and right angles and wants to know every step is secure ere it steps at all. It does not have faith in Life.

While you are under the intellect as guide, you want to know the outcome before you start: you must know the whole road and work it out mentally before you will take the first step. Beloved, you will never reach Life under this guide. The intellect is very consistent, at least it desires to be, and is also proud of its consistency, but in the end it will see it is simply a mess of inconsistencies, for, not knowing the principles to begin upon all its efforts are a failure.

There are many of you who are tired of this guide and prefer to accept a guide that will lead you INTO Life and make you a part of it instead of a spectator or observer of it intellectually. You are about ready to risk anything that the intellect has reserved, in order that you may come into Life and KNOW IT.

If I desired a large following as a personal teacher or writer, I would dwell on the intellectual plane, for that is where the vast majority dwell who are at all ready for new thoughts, but I have the desire within that rules all other things in me which leads me to seek only those who will go with me into the darkness and trust Life while it works in us and makes us One with It.

One can be a spectator of Life and still be of the world or society of Self, but to enter the darkness that enables Spirit to unite you with its consciousness, cuts this cord and severs us from all things that feed the Self. It is not physical nature you must leave behind, but it is the position of the Self consciousness. Self is the only thing that stands in the way; it is the only hindrance that blinds you to the true Spirit. Self consciousness uses the intellect and reasons out many things. It stands off and views Life at a distance and can write about it quite accurately, but Self cannot enter Life.

Then you ask, what am I to do that Life may unite me with itself? You are to surrender all that there is of Self, all his belongings, all his conclusions, all he calls his own, all he has built up in any and every way, and count him as "not in it." This does not mean for you to get a divorce from your husband or wife, or run away from home, or deed over your property to others. No, it simply means that you surrender all and await results; that you will not fight for your rights as a Self, in order to retain your position. Let circumstances come and destroy while you LET and not resist. You need neither affirm nor deny; try to be good or bad. You need not try to build a character or reputation. Your business is to LET and do not put forth your hand to steady the ark. Do not try to know how Life works. You do not need to know. Let Life have its own time to reveal itself to you as is its will or law.

Love cannot be studied or analyzed, neither can Life, for Life is Love. When the analytic mind enters to examine, Love goes out of the window.

But, my dear, you must have more than the intellect alive in you or you will not submit to the destruction of the Self. If you have not that grain of faith that whispers to you at times and tells you to trust—that all is well—Spirit knows; if you do not hear this voice, you are not ready to leave the guide you have been under and enter the service of the new one.

All phases of Life are equally good and each have a place in Spirit, but Spirit Fruit and Spirit's Voice have a part to play in the experiences of those who feel drawn to them. I have often mentioned what this is, it is to strengthen this Faith, to second the voice you hear faintly within, so that there may be at least two witnesses agreeing as to what you should do. Some have asked

me to give my opinion of certain questions. I have no opinions to give to any one: I am in no way called to help any one build up a theory or belief. If your Spirit needs what can come from Universal Spirit through me, I will respond readily and serve your Spirit either by writing in the papers or by letter or silent thought, but if you are building intellectual theories and fixing up the principles about Life so you will have them all straight you must seek from those who deal in that kind of material. Its all good and a part of your unfoldment, but I am not placed at that particular point to serve you. Where am I placed? Right by your side in your work shop, your field, your factory, your business, your kitchen, by your wash tub, in all the walks of Life you will hear me telling you to have patience, to trust while all is dark, to not resist as Self is rooted up root and branch by circumstances. I like discouraged people; I enjoy them when most completely discouraged. I cannot say why this is; I need not know, but I see my place and enjoy serving in it. I will not assist you to build up one stone that circumstances has torn out of the foundation of Self. Your cries for help to save your self interests appeal not to me, but when you yield and resist not, then it is that you open the door to my heart and I come in and fill you with new Life. I am thus allowed to let you have a little taste of what Spirit Universal gives me to give.

A lady wrote me the other day asking me to help her and her family against her husband who was a bad man and was trying to use black magic on her and the children because she took them and herself away from him by the power of the law. She also said she had property she was trying to get possession of and had just told her lawyer to fight it out and she would give him half.

This woman read Spirit Fruit and concluded I was a tender hearted man and had power, so she sent me a little money for treatments for success and health for herself and children. Well, of course I told her I did not assist any one in a fight. My advice to a pugilist who complained of the other fellow hitting him too hard would be to get out of the ring and stop fighting. So I sent her back the money and told her I was ready to help when she wanted the kind of help I had but it could not be used in a fight. Most persons still desire to fight; I cannot help that class.

You have but one enemy in the universe and that is the Self and he is only a misconception, yet is as real as anything there is so long as you believe in him and act for him, and it will not do to ignore him and call him Spirit Universal, for that would simply be destroying your conception of the Universal and you would have nothing but Self. Many are doing this today; they do not desire to suffer the death of the Self so they call Self Spirit, and act out on that principle. It gives power above the ordinary and deceives for a time, but it will not last nor will it give satisfaction to the deep desires for unity.

As I was at work last week, I thought of all of you. It was this way—The girls who are in this home desired a dining-room cupboard between kitchen and dining-room. This desire worked on me and as they were cleaning the room I went down town, got lumber and at 4 o'clock Saturday p. m. I began to cut out the partition where the cupboard was to be placed. In a few minutes the kitchen and dining-room were filled with dust and plaster, etc. Now what did the girls do? Did they take hold of me and try to hold me? Did they plead with me to stop that tearing down and dirtying things up? Did they call in the police to help them to stop me with the work necessary to answering their prayer? Did they weep and groan and cry? No; they did none of these; they simply took hold and made it as easy as possible for me to do the work. They made everything else give way to this one job. If anything was in the way they took it out or let me do it; they did not resist me in tearing down and clearing the place, and the result was after a short time of less comfort than they had before, their prayer for a cupboard was heard and answered, the cupboard was finished and painted and also the rest of the room papered and painted. The improvement was satisfactory and they thought nothing of the little dust and dirt necessary to the results.

Now, as I worked at that I thought of Spirit Fruit readers, and I thought of how they ask Spirit for new apartments in their natures and how Spirit sets circumstances to work and they tear away old things and then of how some try to hinder the workers and how they lament at the loss they sustain at losing the dividing walls between Self and other selves. Had the girls resisted me and opposed me, placing things in my way and driving me out of the room they might still have a dirty and unfinished room.

It is your attitude toward Spirit's workers that lengthen out a work of a day into weeks or years. You resist and oppose the forces of Life because you think they intend to do you harm, and you cause them to produce much more suffering than they would otherwise give you if you would only let and make everything serve the work at hand.

I always let Spirit's workers in my body or mind, have full control. If it demands my giving up the use of my entire body I go and lie down and drop everything mentally and physically. I treat the destroyers and constructors that tear down the old and build up the new in me with as much respect as I would a dentist if I went to him to fill my teeth. I have found that this causes Spirit to do in a few minutes or hours what it cannot do in weeks under resistance on the part of the one worked upon.

You see this is practical Life, and Faith in Spirit is required. Had the girls not had faith in me they would not have been able to give me the chance to fulfill their desire about the cupboard. It is to increase the faith in you and to enable you to resist not while new things are placed within you and old ones removed that I come to you. If you only desire to study about Life and view it from a distance and have not this grain of Living faith, I cannot serve you.

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I sometimes wonder why I work at so many different things, and the answer comes. Because the brain is One, and while you live and act consciously in the various apartments of this brain used in ordinary practical work those you assist will find you in the part of their brain where they live daily. They will then feel that they are not alone or without help in their work. Do you, dear reader, have to work in the field? I am there also. Do you work at the bench or shop? I am there also. Do you use the various parts of your brain that are concerned with the ordinary duties of everyday life or that govern the muscles of the body? I am active in them all everyday. You never enter a part of your brain that I am not there also. But who am I? Personally I am simply like all of you, but in Universal Spirit I am Patience, Peace, Power, Contentment, Activity, Love, Wisdom, and all you ever need.

You know me by what you read in Spirit Fruit and Spirit's Voice and you have formed an ideal of me, and you think if you get where there is no noise, no vexations, you can find that part of your brain where I dwell—that part that is opened temporarily as you read S. F. and Voice. It is my desire to take you and enable you to find me in each apartment of your brain you use in any kind of work, for I am to be found there, and if you find me find peace and rest amid constant activity. You will love your work. I do not intend that you ever need enter a single condition but you may know I am there.

So many think if they only had relief from their daily duties and had time to read, study and think they would come into Life more easily. This is a false conception. Life will come into you more readily while you are in experiences.

Think of one eating, sleeping and lying on the sofa between times reading novels or even New Thought literature and expect to come into Life. Experience alone will do this for you. Are you ready for the cup and the baptism? Do you desire to come under the guide that will lead you into Life and make you know it instead of view it from a distance? If so I stand ready to serve. But you must listen to the voice of Faith within and I will assist in giving you courage through all the darkness and seeming loss until all the Self is removed—until all dividing lines are swept away and you find you are IN a living reality. You may know but little about it but you enjoy it and are at peace as it opens up before you new and living mansions; not in dreams and visions, but in living realities, in experiences, in all your daily life. So do not long to get away from your daily life and duties, but let Spirit come in to where you are and give Life and Love, Wisdom and Power in each duty, and all will become a pleasure. Be nothing, and Spirit will be all in all to you.

You will not fear nor rebel will you, or if you do you will trust that all is well, and know that even though you temporarily resist when you are tried more than your present nature can endure without resistance, that Spirit will go on with its work in you and create its image and likeness until you reflect its full life.—Spirit Fruit, Lisbon, O.

"Misunderstood? It is a right fool's word! To be great is to be misunderstood!" This remark of one of the world's greatest teachers carries with it an important lesson for all who will but seek to grasp the esoteric meaning of the word. People can afford to be misunderstood, misunderstood, and even condemned when they are honestly seeking to advance the cause of truth. Innocent persons, when unjustly accused, can afford to keep silent, knowing that, in the end, all misunderstandings will be swept away, and motives, principles, and soul purposes be revealed. With such an end as this in view, no mortal can afford to indulge in hatred, nor stop to secure revenge even upon his bitterest enemy, or the one who has vilified him most.

"It is impossible!" said one of Napoleon's staff officers, in response to a bold suggestion of the daring Emperor. "Impossible!" cried Napoleon angrily. "Impossible is the adjective of fools!" That decisive rejoinder is said to have sent the French army over the snowy Alps, to win victories in Italy. The Alps of Self-distrust are always before the individual who views things largely from the external. To the awakened Soul, there is no barrier that cannot be overcome, no obstacle that cannot be removed, no task too difficult to be performed. Rule the word "Impossible" out of your vocabulary, O Mortal, if you would surmount the icy Alps to win golden rewards in the sunny Italy of the Soul-Realm. Look up and mount! Halt not to count your steps, but press forward to the summit of the mountains of revelation. Beyond them, all things are in store for those who have honestly earned them.

Senator Foraker rebuked a negro for his sin in fishing Sunday. "Not so bad," replied the man. "I catch fish Sunday and say nothing, but when you go fishing, you tell lies all the week about it."

J. J. Morse.

Since inserting item in last issue we have been informed that Mr. Morse will be located for some time at 61 Dartmouth St., Boston, and desires all letters to be sent to that address.

Harvest Moon Festival.

The Onset Wigwag Co-workers will hold their annual festival in the Temple at Onset, Mass., on Tuesday evening, Oct. 6, 1903. Supper for the children, from 5 to 6 p. m., for adults from 6 to 7 p. m. Musical and literary entertainments from 7.15 to 9.30 p. m., to be followed by a ball, music by Ferguson's Orchestra, till 12 o'clock.

On to Washington.

Are you thinking of attending the Convention of the N. S. A.? If so write J. B. Hatch, 74 Sydney St., Boston, for full particulars. \$25.00 from Boston, covering all expenses, including car fares, state room, hotel and private car. Special rates from other points in New England. Write early as rooms have to be secured in hotel in advance.

What Is Your Excuse?

If you are offered happiness and refuse it, What is your excuse? If some one offers to supplant misery and distress with peace, enjoyment of life and comfort of body, and you allow it not, What is your excuse? Mr. Theo. Noel and the Theo. Noel Company of Chicago, whose announcement appears in these columns, wants to know what is your excuse, if you are sick and ailing, and refuse to accept the offer of thirty days' trial of Vitae-Ore at the Company's risk which they are making to the readers of this paper. The offer "Personal to Subscribers" has appeared in these columns a number of times during the past two years and hundreds are today blessing the day they read and accepted it. Also the Company could not continue its announcements from time to time, if you fear its genuineness, ask any of your fellow subscribers who have accepted it, and then, if YOU don't accept, What is your excuse? You need the medicine; you can have it for the asking, you take no risk; What is your excuse? The editors of the best periodicals in the country endorse the Company and the offer; let their endorsement be Your Excuse for writing today for a package on trial. See large announcement in this issue.

The Wisdom of the Ages.

"The Wisdom of the Ages" is very pleasant reading for one who wishes a breath from the garden of the Orient. It is full of the fragrance of true religion and love. You know you are near to the Eden of all time because the perfume of gladness comes to you as you read on and on from beginning to the end of the book and wish for more.

World's Fair Camp.

Spiritualists all over the world will be interested in the large Camp to be held during the whole time of the World's Fair by the Missouri State Association. A suitable tract of land is being leased. There will be an Auditorium tent to seat 3,000 persons, also a first installment of five hundred comfortable tents, 12 by 14, well floored, made of army duck, with larger ones as called for. We shall have the best speakers and mediums and give to all a hearty welcome. We desire it understood that this camp will be under the most capable business manager we can procure, and there will be a genial and experienced platform president for the spiritual work. Suitable committees will receive our distinguished foreign and home visitors who have already promised to be present and extend to all a hearty fraternal greeting.

Correspondence solicited.
Dr. E. H. Green, secretary.
518 Commercial Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Notes Along the Way.

My good wife and I started on our western trip at 12 o'clock Saturday, August 29. Our first stopping place was Lake Pleasant, where we stayed until Monday morning, meanwhile enjoying ourselves with the feast of good things offered and meeting many old friends, prominent among them being Mrs. Allen and R. F. Churchill. Mr. A. P. Blinn is always busy, ever seeking the welfare and the upbuilding of the camp.

From Lake Pleasant we went to the City of Light or fair Lily Dale, as many of the old campers still love to call it. It is an ideal camp. Here we listened to an excellent lecture by Lyman Howe. In the meetings for thought exchange we were invited to voice our sentiments which we did. Then to the Forest Temple where many told what Lily Dale had done for them in the weeks that have passed since the camp opened. Here we were very kindly entertained by many new friends, among them being Dr. and Mrs. Hyde, Mrs. Butler, Mr. Eddy and Mrs. Henderson. The genial face and stately figure of Mrs. Abby L. Pettengill as she moves around among the Spiritualists of Lily Dale should serve as an inspiration and encouragement to all to live a true, upright spiritual life in order to elevate and place our Cause in the front ranks as the coming religion of the twentieth century.

It was with a feeling of sorrow that we said goodbye to Lily Dale on Friday morning to take up our journey westward. We arrived at Battle Creek, Michigan, Saturday noon, where we are engaged with the First Spiritualist Society for the month of September. Battle Creek is a beautiful city with many fine public buildings and residences.

dences. The people are genial and kind-hearted. They have a fine society here and on Sunday, Sept. 6, we delivered two lectures to two large audiences. Battle Creek is a grand centre around which the Spiritualists of Michigan should gather. We are stopping while here with Brother and Sister Rice, who are entertaining us right royally. Charles E. Dane.

Boston Spiritual Temple.

The Boston Spiritual Temple Society will reopen its meetings for the season on Sunday, October 4, in the commodious hall, which is upon the ground floor in the New Century Building, on Huntington Ave., a few steps from Chickering Hall, where the society has heretofore held its meetings. This hall is one of the most beautiful in the City of Boston; the acoustics are of the best, the seats are the most comfortable to be anywhere secured, and everything connected with the external features of these meetings is certainly first-class, and will recommend itself to the favorable consideration of all. A uniquely arranged hall in the same building, one flight up, with carpeted floor, walls adorned with artistic pictures, providing all comforts for attendants has been secured for the season by this society, in which it will hold its Tuesday evening meetings each week, the first of which will be held on Tuesday evening, Oct. 6. At these Tuesday evening meetings the Rev. Frederick A. Wyrin will make a special feature of a fifteen-minute talk upon some subject pertinent to the occasion, devoting the remaining time to giving messages from those loved ones who have passed to the other side.

Niantic, Conn.

The campmeeting at Pine Grove for 1903 has now become a memory of the past. There have been gatherings on all the Sundays of the season, pleasant in their associations and we hope, spiritually profitable to those who attended. Mr. Barrett being unable to be present on the Sunday announced, his place on the rostrum was occupied by J. S. Scarlett, New England missionary, to the satisfaction of all. Afterward Mr. Thomas Cross, Mrs. Kate Stiles and Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond occupied the rostrum on successive Sundays with their usual ability. August 30, Rev. W. T. Hutchins lectured for the first time. Recently from the Conventionalists he has been laying out essentially free-thought criticisms of so-called orthodox belief were well received. Sept. 6 your correspondent lectured and intends to do so to the late stayers who may remain to enjoy the calmness and repose, and according to present appearances, delightful autumn weather of the after-time, Sept. 13 and 20. E. J. Bowtell.

Tribute to Ladies' Schubert Quartet.

At the after dinner speeches following a banquet held at Lake Pleasant Hotel, Aug. 26, Mrs. Wheeler Brown of Washington, D. C., was asked to respond to "Music," which she did as follows:—"Music is the cadence of the soul; the rhythmic expression of thought; the harmonious division of time. Whether it be in the babbling brook, the roll of the ocean, the roar of the mighty ocean, the whispering of the pine trees, or the melody of the Ladies' Schubert quartet, all is divine. "Friends, we have been greatly blessed this summer with the sweetness of these four women's voices, pealing as they do like the tones of a grand organ, with melody beyond expression. They have made us happy and we ought to be a great deal better because of this privilege. When we go to our respective homes in the loneliness of some hour, our thoughts will drift back to Lake Pleasant and the refrain of those sweet voices will ring in our ears like bells of harmony, ringing out an anthem of beauty. "We thank you, Ladies' Schubert Quartet, from the bottom of our grateful hearts. Yeal more than that, we praise you and love you, and wherever your future may be, may happiness be measured out to you as you have given it to us; it will be a full measure. May joy be yours as you have given it to us. May we in the near future have this privilege again. It is our wish it may be so."

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GEORGE A. PORTER

Connected with the healing work after Sept. 1st, to a limited number. Mr. Porter will give mental treatment for \$5.00 a month. Each patient will be treated personally by his guide, connection being established by concentration and correspondence. For further particulars send stamped envelope to GEO. A. PORTER, 24 Dartmouth St., Boston, Mass. Mr. Porter receives by permission to the publishers of the Banner of Light. All

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but if not, all hall grand choir of melody, and owing to this great law of vibratory power, your music will ripple onward like the waves of the ocean and mingle with the anthems of all eternity, for your music will be our happiness, your melodies will be our joy, your harmony will be ours in that land of souls, for the wings of time will carry it onward, upward, forever and forever. Again we thank you, Ladies' Schubert Quartet."

Announcements.

Unity Camp, Saugus Centre, Alex. Caird, M. D., president. Services at 11, 2 and 4. Sunday, Sept. 20. Dr. George A. Fuller of Onset and other good speakers and mediums. Good music.

Mrs. Helen Temple Brigham lectured at Lake Pleasant Friday afternoon, August 28, instead of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond as announced in the report.

The Sunshine Club, Mrs. Clara Strong, president, holds its public circles on Tuesday and Friday evenings at 30 Huntington Ave., Room 202.—A. M. Strong, secy.

George A. Porter resumed his Sunday evening lectures Sept. 13 at 7.45 in Banner Hall, 204 Dartmouth St. An appreciative audience, which packed the room, listened to a lecture on "Nature" and a seance which followed.

The First Spiritualist Society commences meetings Sunday, Sept. 20. Fannie C. Spaulding of Norwich, Conn., speaker, and test medium, will address the society the opening Sunday. Dr. C. L. Fox, president.

I arrived home Sunday, Sept. 6, from Lily Dale, N. Y., where I served as chairman for two months. I am trying to rest after my labors there. I have been unable to sit up much since my return home. I am not sick, only thoroughly worn out. I am beginning to feel better and shall be myself ere long. Shall open my work in Villa Ridge, Illinois, for the month of October, and will respond to calls for funerals while at home. Send all telegrams to my home address, 114 President St., Wheaton, Illinois. G. H. Brooks.

Life Vibrations.

The inexorable law of nature. We cannot change it; but we can change our attitude to it. To go through life cringing with a feeling of our unworthiness was reckoned as exercising the virtue of humility, feeling that all we tried to do was but half done, and that much of it was on the wrong side, living feebly and doubtfully, thus laying ourselves open to every adverse influence. Nature will not change her law for such, and seems to be working against them. But there is a going through life with a consciousness of power, with a feeling of worthiness and meriting success, being sure that all we do is as well done as it can be, and that it is all on the right side. We are then in a condition to overcome, and to grasp and hold what is in our favor, and with power to resist the adverse influences. Nature works for us, then, not through any change in the law, but through the change in ourselves.—Philo.

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Author of

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The well known author, E. A. Brackett, who some few years ago issued an attractive work entitled "Materialism," has recently brought out through Banner of Light Publishing Co. another volume with the above named title. The value of a book is often enhanced if we know something of the writer, and as a good photograph reveals much to all who know something of physiognomy and physiognomy, the frontispiece portrait serves as a good introduction to the volume which it prefaces. We are told that the book was written at the close of the author's 8th year, and that many of his experiences were made in company with Wm. H. Channing, inventor of the fire alarm. From the intensity of his nature, and the earnestness of his thought, Mr. Brackett was led to carry experiments unusually far in many remarkable directions. During these experiments, Mr. Brackett discovered the intimate relation between profound magnetic sleep and death, and led to important disclosures concerning spirit life. This author claims immense success for many modern theories including popular views of evolution, and combines therewith a considerable portion of mystic lore, which lays substantial claim to very great authority. By far the most remarkable portion of the volume is entitled "The Unknowns." This chapter contains one of the most thrilling accounts of a strange perilous adventure we have yet read. Love of the marvelous, as well as all who desire a scientific philosophy of the highest and deepest spiritual type, will be well repaid for a study as well as a simple perusal of "The World We Live In," which is eminently bound in dark green cloth, gilt lettered, and makes a handsome gift book. Price 75 cts. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

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BY W. J. COLVILLE.

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Wisdom of the Ages.

Automatically transcribed by

GEO. A. FULLER, M. D.

PRESS NOTICES.

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

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HOPE.

Bright sun, fair wind, shall fill my sail,
My bark may drift far out to sea,
And waves and tumult toss around,
My dear ones still are watching me.

We cannot change life's destiny,
The friends we meet come not by chance,
We garner up the seeds well sown
And all life's beauty still enhance.

The good in us is quickly sown,
Despite the tumult and the ill,
Into the river quickly runs
The brook that gurgles down the hills.

The sky is black with cloud's o'ercast,
My ship may founder by the way—
My dear ones speak from out the storm,
No fate can lead thy bark astray.

The curtains of the night hang down,
Pinned back by many a gleaming star,
My bark will sail serenely on,
And heavenly harbors gleam afar.

—Creighton.

The Great Psychological Crime (1)

J. J. Morse.

Since arriving in this city a copy of the book bearing the above title has been submitted to me for perusal. It was also suggested that if after reading it I had any desire to make some observations upon the matters dealt with in the aforesaid work, the readers of this periodical might be interested therein. The book has been read, and the following lines will give a brief resume of the impressions it has left upon my mind.

First let it be said it is a well written work, the author's arguments are stated with commendable clarity and logical precision. Once his premises are accepted, his conclusions are inevitable. The tone of the work is commendable, for a considerable portion. The style is easy, but at times suggests a trifle of disingenuousness, or, perhaps, special pleading, would be the better term.

On the principle that it is wise to study the case for the other party against our own, it would be well for every Spiritualist to read this latest excursion into the realms of criticism upon the fundamental facts upon which Spiritualism rests. The book contains much which the more conservative among us will agree with; in many places the spiritual philosophy is stated with considerable clearness. So much by way of preface, now to deal with the work itself.

The first impression the ordinary reader will experience after the perusal of the work is that it is a sweeping condemnation of Hypnotism and Spiritualism. The larger two-thirds of the work are devoted to a consideration of those topics. Each topic is arranged in quasi legal fashion, and set out in certain logical sequence. Regarding the first section of the book, "Modern Hypnotism," the author introduces his topic with three propositions, the final one of the three giving the title of his book. The propositions are:

1. A Psychological Crime is a crime against the intelligent Soul or essential Entity of Man.

2. A Great Psychological Crime is such a crime against the intelligent Soul of Man as deprives it of any of the inalienable rights, privileges, benefits, powers or possibilities with which God or Nature has invested it.

3. The Great Psychological Crime is that crime against the intelligent Soul of essential Entity of Man which constitutes the central theme of this volume, wherein it is defined, analyzed, illustrated and elucidated.

Our author applies the third of his postulates to the case of the Hypnotist and his subject in the definition he gives of Hypnotism, as follows: "The process by and through which a hypnotist obtains, holds and exercises control of the will, voluntary powers and sensory organism of his subject. Also the psychic relation which exists between the two parties during the continuance of the hypnotic process." From his own point he describes the methods by which the subject is hypnotized as being through effects produced in the Cerebrum, the Cerebellum, and the Medulla Oblongata, and we are informed that "science has been able to demonstrate that the primary physiological action of the hypnotic process is registered upon the physical brain of the subject." May it be asked, which science? Is this "physiological action" in the nature of molecular, cellular, or vascular fixed changes, and if so, do the brains of hypnotic subjects present such changes from normal constitution when the brains are subject to dissection after the death of the body?

Our author frequently refers to the "School of Natural Science," but nowhere does he make it plain that the words mean more than a passing phrase. The facts of hypnotism are admitted, but the allegation is that the hypnotist may be either consciously or unconsciously at fault in his fellowing and a menace to society, and that hypnotism is not only detrimental to the subject, but, if persisted in will destroy health, mind, morals, and lead to premature death in this world and to a most startling result hereafter, in which both operator and subject may become involved! The author stoutly contends that Will is the prime factor in establishing hypnosis in the subject, and will not have it that mechanical methods are equal to the result. His argument is, substantially, that the will paralyzes the sensory organs in the physical body, and their correspondences in the spiritual body, and also absolutely dominates the will of the subject. The end is that the subject becomes simply an automatic tool under control of the operator, with no power to resist, to think, or act, other than the hypnotist may decide or allow. The result is physical, psychological, moral and mental wreckage for the unfortunate victim! The curious reasoning by which this conclusion is reached can best be appreciated from a study of the pages on which the argument is stated in the book itself.

Dealing with "suggestion," "hypnotic-suggestion," and what the author describes as "independent" suggestion, and "telepathic" suggestion, our author asserts that there is no such possibility as "hypnotic suggestion," but hypnotic and independent suggestion he allows and defines in his own way. The first of the two forms is fairly defined, but the second one is not suggestion at all in the sense the word is used in relation to hypnotism, as will be clearly noted after reading the definition laid down. But the point is further emphasized regarding Hypnotic suggestion that such is not a "suggestion," but a commanding, imperative, as if a robber presented a gun at your head and threatened to "suggest" a bullet into your brain if you did not do as he desired!

So bitterly opposed to Hypnotism is the author that he denies it any real therapeutic value, asserts it may alleviate and palliate, temporarily, but never really cures disease. The most and best it does is to drive the disease out of sight for a time, affording it opportunity to gather force, and thus to ensure it ultimately breaking out with greater violence than ever before! After treating, in a rather nebulous fashion, the questions of cures by "Prayer," "Mind," "Christian Science," "Miracle," and the use of the "Bread Pill" (1) accompanied with a liberal amount of quotation from the New Testament, the whole question of such cures is summed up in the single word—Faith! While it is added that "The only true and legitimate therapeutic suggestion is 'independent suggestion,' concerning which matter reference has previously been made."

With much the author says regarding the kind of advertisements issued by the hypnotists, and the demoralizing nature of many of the public exhibitions of the subject, every thoughtful reader will cordially agree. Indeed, the entire contents of chapter sixteen will be found to express what scores of high minded and intelligent men and women have often said to the present writer. Yet, even so, the methods of our author savor of attempting to prove too much, and his unrelieved criticisms or unstated condemnations in many instances savor more of special pleadings than is altogether pleasant.

The second part of the book is devoted to "Spiritual Mediumship," and in substance and effect the arguments used against hypnotism, hypnotists, and hypnotic subjects are repeated. The method of "spirit" control is stated in almost identical terms with those used to describe hypnotic control, indeed the claim is that such control is by a hypnotist out of the physical body. Paralysis of the cerebral trinity, brain disease, the loss of will-power, hyper-sensitiveness, and a list of fourteen results upon the mind, individuality and personality are given with the agreed subject of showing that mediumship is the "Destructive Principle" of Nature at work in the destruction of life here and in the spirit world. Indeed in this matter our author reminds one of the proverbial Irishman at Donnybrook Fair, who recklessly swings his shillelagh regardless of whose head is hit, so long as someone is struck! To hit hard, and to hit only, seems the method here adopted. The following is a sample of the criticism (?) indulged in at intervals of several pages, not by professional business medium before the public today who advertises himself strictly within the lines of truth when stating his claims to the world. In the style of our author let me put this matter thus:

1. Mediumship is a fact.
2. Mediums lie.
3. All business mediums are liars.

Therefore, (a) Mediumship induces lying, and (b) Business mediums being supported by Spiritualists, they either knowingly or unknowingly abet and may liars, (c) No reliance can be placed upon mediums or Spiritualists.

In other words the dishonest use of mediumship is used as an argument for the denunciation of all mediumship. To be fair to our author let it be stated that his real objection to mediumship in any form is not of the above character, he deems it destructive of character, subversive of personal independence, leading to crime, vice and debauchery. It is a crime committed by spirits against men, the Great Psychological Crime which destroys body, mind, honor, virtue, health and life on earth, and entails frightful consequences hereafter.

In the section under notice there are repeated the denunciations of certain sorts of advertisements issued by "fakir" mediums—though why a fake medium should be included in a discussion regarding real mediumship is a puzzle—and precisely similar denunciations of the controlling persons as previously stated in connection with hypnotism in the earlier portions of the book are repeated. Indeed, the author abounds in professions so much so that, evidently to the mind of our author, there is no safe ground to be found in either hypnotism or mediumship, for of either he dramatically asserts, in the distinct apparel of small capitals, This is the way of death!

The value of criticism depends on the competency of the critic. The competency of the critic is gauged by his knowledge of the subject he criticizes. Let me briefly test our author in the light of the foregoing.

First as to competency. He assures us "That he is not a medium; that he has never been a medium; that he has never been mesmerized; that he has never been a subject of psychic control in any form, degree, or manner whatsoever." In the next paragraph, however, is the following remarkable assertion, that notwithstanding these facts he has developed the ability to exercise his spiritual sensory organism independently, self-consciously and voluntarily, at any time. Possibly he is a psychometrist? But throughout the four hundred odd pages of the work there is not the slightest hint, let alone evidence, of the author's ability to do anything of the kind. He has no personal experience of either hypnosis or mediumship, yet he descends on each with a vast assumption of knowledge! He makes a claim for himself that rests entirely upon his own assertion. His competency rests not on personal experience and is, therefore, the result of observation. True, the personal experience of a person is not necessary to enable one to proclaim his toxic qualities. But, when the vendor says my medicine is a curative, and yours is a destroyer, well, the inferences are obvious. Judging from the work itself the competency of a critic who finds nothing at all in hypnotism or mediumship to in any way commend cannot be great, unless that competency consists in hunting for evil and being successful in finding it, to the utter exclusion of any extenuating circumstances. Our critic's conclusions are one-sided, his knowledge is sided also? If so then his competency is open to question.

To what court does he appeal, who are his witnesses? His appeal is to the School of "Natural Science," locality unnamed. To some dimly hinted at class of people who may be occultists, theosophists, or others of like ilk? Certain "cases" are cited as to the dangers of hypnosis and mediumship, but there are no sufficient evidences to warrant us in believing them to be genuine cases. To cite the alleged experience of a "medium," "a young man of Swedish parentage," and "a young and beautiful girl," as proofs of the dangers of hypnosis, while the evils of mediumship, supposedly illustrated in the cases of "A certain well known medium of international reputation," "a Mr. W. of Chicago," (why not "Mr. Barnes of New York"?), "a Mrs. L., one of the brightest journalists of the country," is trusting to a childlike simplicity upon the part of his readers, a course that does not commend itself to truly critical writers.

But in another direction our author does himself a little more than justice. It is proverbial that statistics can be made to prove anything. But of statistics per se we usually know where they have been compiled and by whom. Read what our critic has to say as to the statistics regarding the results of hypnosis. "It is found that among hypnotic subjects of all classes... a fraction over nine per cent. develop insanity in its various forms," "a young man of Swedish parentage," and "a young and beautiful girl," as proofs of the dangers of hypnosis, while the evils of mediumship, supposedly illustrated in the cases of "A certain well known medium of international reputation," "a Mr. W. of Chicago," (why not "Mr. Barnes of New York"?), "a Mrs. L., one of the brightest journalists of the country," is trusting to a childlike simplicity upon the part of his readers, a course that does not commend itself to truly critical writers.

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These results are alleged to be due to two causes. "1. Natural degeneracy of the medium as a direct result of the mediumistic process. 2. The direct and overwhelming domination of vicious controls." The present writer not accepting in their entirety the critic's propositions is quite unable to endorse in full his conclusions. Correct logic is not

to be accepted as truth, for unsound premises may be treated logically but their conclusions will be unsound. Our critic advances too much, and illogical as it may read, he consequently proves too little. But where is his authority for the "statistics" (?) he presents?—not in his book, certainly. Finally, who is this author? He dares not put his name to his work, but selects a woman to act as his editor! An anonymous writer issues a book through an unknown, and "Not Incorporated" Book Company. Why this shrinking from responsibility, why this non-use of a reputable and well known publishing house? The claim is made that this book has been twenty years in process. There is no evidence of that being a fact. It is up-to-date and deals with the present times, almost all through. The mysterious witness who stalks in masked and cloaked inspires a smile; we do not take him seriously. It needs no shrewd guess that the author is either a theosophist in disguise, a dabbler, himself, in so-called occultism, or one possessed of a highly sensational literary faculty who in cleverly exploiting the known dangers of hypnotism and mediumship has magnified them out of all proportion that his own "more excellent way," whatever that may be, shall be sought for in the third volume of the series.

Personally the writer's experiences give no countenance to the criticisms leveled at mediumship, and he ventures to say that the greatest psychologic crime one can be guilty of is to make anonymous criticism with bias against, and intent to degrade, the experiences or studies of honest, pure minded and intelligent investigators in a field which the critic professes he has explored by methods peculiar to himself, but undisclosed. Such a book as this under notice will excite a passing wonder, then, its day done, it will be forgotten, or, if remembered, it will be only for its evident bias which is the antidote that will correct the evil it was calculated to work in the fields of psychical research.

San Francisco, Cal.

Missionary Report.

It has been four months, I believe, since we have made a regular report of our missionary work for the Spiritualist press. I think it is time to do so now. During the month of July we held eight towns, held thirty meetings, attended the Ohio State Spiritualists' convention three days, and organized three new societies in the state of Illinois.

June was our vacation month and we took a much needed rest, though we held three meetings and reorganized and reinstated one society in the time.

July was an active month. We visited the society at Kaneville, Pa., that we resurrected last year. We found it doing nicely. These people have held one meeting each week during the entire year, and with the earnest and true workers as Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Neely, Mrs. W. H. Cunningham and their helpers this little society will continue in its grand work and the Cause will be sustained in this vicinity. They have a fine hall in which they hold their meetings. All this is the result of our missionary work in Kaneville last year.

We next visited Washington, Pa., where a new society had been formed. The members have secured a good hall, purchased a fine carpet and other necessary furnishings, making a very pleasant and commodious meeting place. Notwithstanding the fact that the weather was unbearably hot we had good meetings and added twenty new members to the society, and eight to the Ladies' Aid Society. There is a large number of good workers in this society and many Spiritualists in Washington. We hope to see a large society there in the future.

We found a faithful little band of Spiritualists at Ashland, O., where we held three meetings. The society had adjourned last year, but weather and camp meetings were over, consequently our audiences were small. We were pleased with the hearty reception we received at the hands of these good people, as well as their manifest wishes to co-operate with the State and National Associations. We will visit them again soon.

We next visited the society that we organized at Reading, Mich., last February. This society started with fourteen members; they followed our advice and hired a small hall and furnished it nicely with carpet, organ, tables, chairs, book cases, etc. Each member was invited to bring in one or more Spiritualists, and they have a nice case of books now numbering forty or fifty. Meetings are held only once in two weeks on account of the members being largely farmers and not living near each other. They take different Spiritualist papers and bring them to their meetings and exchange with each other. They have reading classes for the study of Spiritualism and usually discuss what they read, closing their meetings with a circle of development. They are developing two mediums that give great promise for the future. No one is allowed in these little meetings excepting members of the society. They have increased their membership from fourteen to twenty-three and many others are anxious to know what they are doing and will join them later. Mrs. Russell, of Grand Lodge, visited them, gave many private readings and held one meeting in the opera house with good results.

We held three meetings in the opera house at this place, the audience increasing at each session. A great interest was created that will be a benefit to this society, and to the Cause in the future.

We next visited the society at Springport, also visited Devereaux, Mich., a nearby town. There is a nice little society here composed of the faithful ones of these two places. Our meetings gave them much encouragement. This society and one at Reading sent delegates to the Michigan State Spiritualists' convention.

We closed our work in July by holding two meetings at Jackson, Mich., with the society that we served one week last winter. Here we saw again the good results of our missionary work. The society is working harmoniously and increasing in membership. It sent three delegates to the State convention and will send one to the N. S. A. convention at Washington this fall.

During the month of August we held nearly forty meetings, beginning the work at Vicksburg (Mich.), camping meeting. This was the twentieth annual meeting at Vicksburg and was a success in every way. While here we attended the Michigan State convention at Lansing.

We served the Snowflake Spiritualists' Camp Association which is located three miles from the post-office at Central Lake, Mich. It is a new camp, this being the fourth season it has been in operation. It is in the northern portion of the southern peninsula, thirty-two miles south of Petoskey. It is located by the side of a beautiful lake. Its scenery is lovely and the atmosphere cool and comfortable. People affected with hay fever can get rid of it by going to Snowflake camping, and at the same time get a supply of the true religion.

We held two meetings at Belaire, Central Lake, and Manicella, Mich., organized two societies and chartered them with the Michigan State Association. We have done much good work in Michigan this year. The reports at

the state convention showed plainly that it is in far better condition than it ever was before. I mean it is in better financial condition and in better condition to do the work of the future. It has fifteen more societies that have been added to it this year. Michigan needs continuous missionary work.

Our next work was done at Ashler (Ohio), camp where the month of August closed before our engagement ended. Everything looks encouraging wherever we have been. Local societies and state associations are growing stronger and are steadily getting in position to do better and still greater work. None need feel discouraged or disheartened "All's well" with our Cause.

E. W. Sprague and Wife,
N. S. A. Missionaries.

Onset Campmeeting Lyceum.

Onset has had an enjoyable Lyceum this season. It blossomed into being like an inspiration. July 13, Dr. Fuller at Conference asked me to speak. Having always the thought of children with us, I made a plea for a Lyceum. All seemed at once interested. Others followed in the same trend. Speaking in private of its possibilities, I said to Dr. Fuller: "If the Association could only allow me room-ent, and board, I would gladly come and help." But we decided it could not be. However, the next day Dr. Fuller and Carrie L. Hatch together with other earnest ones found that there was a way open. Mrs. Wyman, Mrs. King, Miss Ames all offered room. Miss Ella Wallcott and Mrs. Lizzie Smith offered board. And better room and board no one could ask for. Better than hotels—flavored with unvarying kindness. The stay will always be marked for me as red-letter days in my life.

Very rarely do I say that spirits are responsible for my words—lest I may be mistaken. But I did say and feel after my little talk on the 13th that I "believed J. B. Hatch, Sr., was with me trying to say a word."

The help we had was simply splendid. Mrs. Carrie L. Hatch and Miss Susie Bicknell acted as guard and assistant guard. Mrs. Lizzie Smith, Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Fuller, Mrs. Paige, Mrs. Wyman, Mrs. White, Miss Holbrook, Mrs. Wheeler, and others served faithfully as leaders. And Mr. Wheeler kept his word of assistance; acting as guard while he was with us; he gave much needed help. And over from his work on the platform came Mr. J. M. Mather and led the singing day after day, always willingly. Miss Howard served as musician and never deserted her unsalaried post. J. B. Hatch, Jr., started us on the march, taught us what he could, and gave an impetus that told for good. Then we had kind faces and words each Lyceum day to encourage us.

The Lyceum couldn't have failed with so many interested. J. Q. A. Whittemore as usual approved with substantial aid. W. J. Colville visited us and talked as well as gave us a benefit. Carrie Tving told a story to the children they enjoyed. Mrs. Longley served while is camp as leader and was with us in spirit and letter. Dr. Carey and W. Peck both helped by benefits. Mr. and Mrs. Butterfield, Kate Stiles and others gave a helping hand.

When our entertainment came we found the assistance of the Hatch brothers invaluable. They were welcomed at the camp, for they have been ready always to lend a hand to every good cause. They not only have helped the Veterans' Spiritualists, but the Veterans at the Soldiers' Home in Chelsea have been cheered by their work. Their own entertainment was a success, and showed great advancement in their chosen field of labor. A crowded house greeted them and gave plenty of deserved applause.

Others proved their devotion to the Cause—not by mere words—but by deeds. And it must be understood that I was paid; and paid well, all I was worth, and (I am a little afraid) more than my value. The continuous kindness will be with me through many a dark and lonely day, like a spring within a desert.

I want the camp to take my appreciative thanks. And I am indebted to Dr. Fuller and his wife and Mr. Whittemore for many pleasant hours. For the children whose loving greeting was with me day by day without frowns or sighs—I only hope to prove my thanks by being faithful to their interests and to the ascended ones who though unseen, must have rejoiced with our rejoicing.

We had picnics, Lyceum day, entertainment, etc., and I think none of us will have occasion to regret the work of the season.

As proof of the children's devotion I will say that when on Soldier's day I asked them to come and salute the flag with me (giving the Allyn Salute) every eye who was present responded with smiling faces and enthusiastic voices although it was wholly unexpected.

There is much more, I might say, but I have already taken more space than I intended. I am going to say here that I will write some easy lessons for children under twelve. All of the beautiful thoughts for the Lyceum, seem to be beyond interesting the average child. So if I am ever again where lessons with simplicity of language are needed, I shall be ready. I find others feel as I do about this matter.

With full belief and pledge for earnest work in behalf of the Children's Lyceum.

C. Fannie Allyn.

Questions and Answers.

Horatio W. Dresser.

"How may we overcome the habit of dreaming?" By cultivating peace, equanimity. Dreams are due to overstimulation of the nerve centres or to nervous tension. If you would sleep restfully, live moderately, avoid all excesses, acquire self-control. Intellectual development of the calm, measured kind brings control of the brain cells and a natural correspondence. Spiritual faith brings serenity. Spiritual service brings self-expression. Thus freedom is the keynote, the free, many-sided expression of self, and freedom from extreme activity in any one direction.

"How far do strong desires with regard to outward circumstances justify one in forcing changes in places of abode or changes in occupation?" Not at all. If you have a strong desire in the highest direction, know that the circumstances requisite to its fulfillment will come in due course according to the divine law of evolution. If you desire to change your occupation, do your present work well, and aspire. But do not force anything.

"Does the Spirit speak to us in our strong wishes, in our discontent?" Unquestionably. The discontent is evidence of somewhat better which is approaching. But have patience. As surely as your mind is quickened by new aspirations, so surely shall the road to their fulfillment be revealed at the right time. It may sometimes happen, however, that in order to follow the new and higher leading, one must break away from an old environment. Whenever you break away, be sure it is a higher leading, not a personal decision.

—Magazine of Mysteries.

He is only advancing in life whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace.

Letter from W. J. Colville.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

As some account of the wandering experiences of a "peripatetic wild-cat," as I have recently been named by some good old friends in Chicago, may not be entirely without interest to some of your readers, I will proceed to chronicle some few of the things I have seen and heard since last my eyes rested upon the noble features of incomparable Boston.

Chicago being one of my old stamping grounds I was not surprised, though decidedly delighted, to discover that friends of 1897 and previous years remained the same in 1908, and not only did I behold many familiar faces in my audiences, but had also the pleasure of making many charming new acquaintances, several of whom cordially invited me to their pleasant homes and expressed regret when they heard the news that I was hastening to the Pacific coast.

Though I was not long in Chicago, I gave a great many lectures and held two receptions. Drs. M. E. and Rosa Conger, who have published several of my standard works on spiritual and mental healing are now comfortably domiciled with Dr. Bryson, a very liberal minded homeopathist, at 4918 Calumet Ave., not far from 51st St., which is a well known starting and stopping place of elevated railway and electric cars. Under auspices of these good people I gave a course of five evening lectures, also a course of five morning lectures on same days in August in Sarah Wilder Pratt Memorial Hall, U. S. Express Building, Washington St. Though the weather was hot and changeable attendance was large in both places.

Sunday, August 30, I lectured in the 31st St. Theatre Building, then for the society which meets in Lakeside Hall, corner 31st St. and Indiana Ave. Large audiences were present in both halls and I found both societies in flourishing condition. On the same day at 8 p. m. in Handel Hall, Randolph St. I addressed seven hundred people under auspices of Federation of New Thought Societies; the gathering was representative and influential and a fine report of the lecture appeared on the following day in several of the city papers.

At 11:30 I had to take a train for Danville, Ill., where I arrived at 4 a. m., then after a few hours' sleep at a good hotel I was ready to go to the Chautauqua Assembly at Lincoln Park, where my four-day engagement began that very morning, Monday August 31, at 10 o'clock. This Chautauqua, under management of Rev. E. E. Carr, a pronounced liberal, I might truthfully say radical, alike in religion and politics. It is the aim of this good man to provide for several weeks each summer a richly diversified program of lectures and entertainments, giving practically all schools of thought an opportunity to gain a hearing.

Danville has a population of about 30,000 and there are many good sized villages within easy distance, so there is some constituency to draw from and as the program is very much diversified and people in that part of the country consider August the month for vacations, the attendance at all functions is excellent whenever weather is even moderately favorable.

My eight lectures were very well patronized and well received and I had the privilege of hearing and personally meeting that truly noble English woman, Mrs. Ormiston Chant, who made such a successful protest against iniquities in London and whose work in the slums has made her truly famous as a genuine philanthropist. Mrs. Chant can well be described by the phrase "every inch a mother;" she is one of those truly delightful and versatile matrons who can prove equally successful in public and in domestic life.

Mrs. Chant's daughters are highly gifted young ladies who work with their mother in giving beautiful and instructive entertainments among the denizens of London's great East End who need nothing so much as cheering and inspiring. Mrs. Chant is neither prude nor puritan, the entertainments she organizes are as amusing as they are elevating, for, like all healthy, who hearted sympathizers with genuine human nature, she advocates fun and frolic as well as serious study, but never permits mirth at the expense of purity or reason. As a speaker Mrs. Chant is most fascinating and in private life she is one of the most entertaining and instructive women I have ever met.

At Danville I met several talented musicians and a good sleight-of-hand artist, and to cap the climax of attractions, on the closing day, Thursday, September 3, were experiments in liquid air which deserve to be reported in full, which I have to mention more particularly in my next communication.

My birthday (September 5) was celebrated on its eve, Friday, September 4, at 4918 Calumet Ave., for on the day itself I had to journey to St. Louis, where I lectured twice daily from September 6 to 13 inclusive. From there I go to Portland, Oregon, and Seattle, Washington, then I hope to take three months' engagement in San Francisco, extending through November, December and January.

California is certainly beautiful in late autumn and winter and as Miss H. M. Young is now residing there with friends and is working up meetings in Oakland, Alameda and other neighboring places, I expect to be about as busy there as I have been during my summer's incessant peregrinations. I don't wish to be always traveling with no quiet abiding place, so I shall welcome a winter residence with a fixed address and no need of packing trunks and unpacking them and looking after railway tickets and baggage continually. I seem able to live in almost any climate and in almost any set of circumstances, but I appreciate comforts as much as any old tabby who ever enjoyed a warm place on a rug before a fire.

Friends in New Zealand have written to inform me that if I wish to return to the Southern Hemisphere much congenial work is awaiting me in those delightful islands. I cannot see so far ahead as to even speculate what my next move will be after San Francisco. I am ready to go, wherever I am needed most and content to leave decision as to place and mode of work to the overruling heavens.

"The Great Psychological Crime" is being talked of everywhere. I am going to make it the topic of a popular lecture this coming season. It is a well written book containing much food for deep reflection, but no sensible reader can in any way construe the wise teachings scattered through it as being identical to the interest of Spiritualism. The author has taken up one side of a great subject and handled it with great ability, but there is much to be said on many points which in the book are rather obscurely treated or unwittingly misrepresented.

When I was last in Boston I felt it was not my mission to spend the coming winter in Massachusetts, but though I have been unmistakably led westward for the immediate present I sincerely trust I have not seen the last of the noble Bay State, which is so closely interlinked with many of my pleasantest experiences.

With cordial good wishes for the Banner and all connected with it.

Yours sincerely,
W. J. Colville.

September 5.

There is only one answer to the disinherited and that is justice.—George D. Herron.

VIEWS OF OUR HEAVENLY HOME. A Sermon to "A Stellar Key." Illustrated. Cloth, 26 cts., postage 2 cts.; paper 15 cts. Price of complete works by A. J. Davis

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AN EXPERIMENT

Is sometimes a costly experience, both for the experimenter and the person, animal, or object experimented upon. Some experiments are necessary for the advancement of civilization; and although frequently lives are lost and much damage done, the ultimate results and benefits are the cause of much good to humanity. Others result in loss of life from no apparent cause other than the obstinacy of the experimenter, who will not heed the advice of friends, and refuses to see that his experiment is impossible or impracticable for the results aimed at or intended.

As all experiments are dangerous, so it is a dangerous thing to experiment with worthless patent medicines and nostrums of the kind that springs up in the night, and "none know from whence they came" or what their origin. It is seeking after an impossible result to look for health in a bottle of alcohol and sarsaparilla, or a package of senna and straw; and such experiments are often disastrous to the experimenter.

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This offer will challenge the attention and consideration, and afterward the gratitude of every living person who desires better health or who suffers pains, ills and diseases which have defied the medical world and grown worse with age. We care not for your skepticism, but ask only your investigation, and at our expense, regardless of what ills you have, by sending to us for a package. ADDRESS

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Etna, Maine, Campmeeting.

The twenty-seventh annual meeting of the First Maine State Spiritualist Campmeeting Association was held at Etna, Me., Aug. 23, Sept. 6 inclusive. Long before the opening day scores of cottages were opened and the camp ground appeared more like a bustling miners' camp than a religious community in search of spiritual food. Every one was happy and the grounds were made most inviting by the loving labor of willing hands.

On the morning of Aug. 23, the president, Harrison D. Barrett, called the meeting to order and remarked that there were not as many present as there were a year ago on the corresponding day, but before he had completed his address of welcome he had to revise his opinion, for the people came in in large numbers and the record of last year was reached. President Barrett's address of welcome was brief but cordial and in harmony with the spiritual atmosphere that pervaded the great auditorium. The meeting was then turned into a conference in which a large number of campers took part as did also the regular speakers, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, Thomas Cross and Mrs. Ella Hewes.

The first address was delivered by Mrs. Ella Hewes of Carmel, Me., who spoke in her usual happy manner, voicing a welcome from the other side of life, prophesying a most successful season for the camp. She was followed by Mrs. Ella I. Webster with spirit messages, all of which were promptly recognized and gladly received. Prof. A. J. Maxham of Ludlow, Vt., furnished the music at this session and continued so to do through the entire ten days of the convalescence. His every song was received with genuine pleasure and the applause that greeted his appearance was frequent, spontaneous and hearty.

Saturday morning the meeting was addressed by Thomas Cross of Fall River. This was his first appearance at Etna, but a large audience gave him an old-fashioned Maine welcome. His address was replete with facts, wit, humor, pathos, sarcasm and instruction. At the close of his address scores of people pressed forward to clasp his hand and express their appreciation of his work.

The afternoon session was addressed by Mrs. Ella Hewes, whose words were unusually happy in their combination and in the impression they made upon the minds of her hearers. She was followed again by Mrs. Webster, whose messages were gladly received and quickly recognized.

Sunday morning, Aug. 30. The meeting in the forenoon was addressed by the president of the camp, Harrison D. Barrett. He was followed by Mrs. Webster with messages as was Mr. Cross who spoke in the afternoon. Thousands of people were in attendance on this occasion and the best of order, good feeling and enthusiasm prevailed. Sunday evening the meeting was addressed by Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing of Westfield, N. Y., who made such a favorable impression upon our people last year that she was immediately re-engaged for this season. She was given the characteristic Etna welcome and proceeded to speak in her practical, pathetic and helpful manner. Her words delighted everyone and she was gladly received. She was followed by Mrs. Webster with messages.



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Monday, Aug. 31. Mr. Cross occupied the platform in the morning and Mrs. Twing in the afternoon. The latter was followed by Mrs. Webster as usual.

Tuesday, Sept. 1. The same speakers as Monday occupied the platform with Mrs. Twing in the morning and Mr. Cross in the afternoon, followed by Mrs. Webster. The audiences of the day were large and people continued to pour in upon the grounds from all sections.

A cloud settled upon the camp on this day as Mr. Cross received a telegram from home informing him of the serious illness of his wife. Despite the sad news he occupied the platform in the afternoon and spoke with great power and eloquence upon the subject: "The Triumphs of Spiritualism." Everyone who knew him could see the brave struggle he was making against the heart agony he was enduring and honored him for his brave spirit and loyal devotion to his suffering companion. He left camp Tuesday evening and reached his home in time to speak with his wife again. She lingered a few days after his arrival and then the sad news came back to us in camp that she had gone to the spirit world. Many silent prayers were sent out to Brother Cross and his family from old Etna, whose people were touched with the spirit of sympathy and brotherhood for him in his great sorrow and strove to cheer him.

Wednesday, Sept. 2. Mrs. Twing occupied the platform this morning in place of Brother Cross. She was attentively listened to by a large, appreciative audience. In the afternoon the Grand Annual Concert took place under the direction of Prof. A. J. Maxham and Walter Luce, the latter acting as master of ceremonies. It was a success both in attendance and financial receipts. Thursday, Sept. 3. This was Memorial Day and at 10:30 the platform was most tastefully decorated with beautiful floral offerings and choice bouquets placed there by loving hands in tender memory of dear ones gone. The services were conducted by Harrison D. Barrett and fifty-seven of Etna's campers and friends were memorialized, for every one of whom he had a word. Five of the translated ones were of his own household. He was followed by brief but earnest remarks by Carrie E. S. Twing, Edgar W. Emerson and Mrs. May S. Pepper. Prof. Maxham's songs were a special feature of the day and every one went away better in spirit for having heard the sweet melodies he poured into their ears.

Thursday forenoon was the first regular opening of Mrs. May S. Pepper's engagement. She was greeted by about seven hundred people, which for a week day meeting was exceptionally large. Her address was strictly theistic in its argument and most beautifully worded. Everyone was charmed with the eloquence and earnestness with which she presented her views. She followed her address with one of her marvelous sermons which convince the skeptic, delight the believer and give every one something to think of. Thursday evening was "Feet of Light." Mrs. Twing, under the control of this unique spirit, gave a benefit service for the Association, at which two hundred persons were present. A most delightful hour was spent in listening to this spirit whose quiet sayings and wonderful revelations of fact are the marvel and delight of all.

Friday morning, Sept. 3. This was the day of the annual business meeting of the members of the Association. President Barrett called the meeting to order at nine o'clock sharp and at once proceeded to business. The reports of the secretary and treasurer were read, showing a comfortable balance of \$157 in the treasury, with the Association's bills all paid and the grounds purchased two years ago half paid for. The following officers were elected: President, Forrest H. Coy, Monson, Me.; vice-president, Mrs.

Annie B. Clements, White's Corner, Me.; secretary, Hosea B. Emery, Glenburn, Me.; treasurer, L. A. Packard, So. Newburg; and trustee and director, Joseph M. Davis, N. Newburg; delegate to the National Convention in Washington, H. H. Simpson, Etna.

Friday afternoon was the occasion of the children's concert and a goodly number were in attendance and everything passed off pleasantly, reflecting great credit upon the participants in the exercises and especially upon Mrs. Ella Hewes, the devoted leader of the children. The financial returns were much smaller than they should have been, considering the great crowd in attendance.

Friday evening, N. S. A. hour. The meeting was addressed by President Barrett who pleaded earnestly and eloquently for the organization and told what it had accomplished during the past ten years of its existence. A generous collection was taken up in its behalf, while several made small personal donations to the good cause of pensioning our needy mediums.

Saturday morning, Sept. 5. By rare good fortune the Association's officers were able to secure the services of that well-known worker and gifted medium, Mr. Edgar W. Emerson. He gave a most excellent address which was listened to by a very large and enthusiastic audience which filled the auditorium. He followed his address with numerous messages from spirit life, all of which were promptly recognized and gladly received.

Saturday afternoon Mrs. May S. Pepper addressed the people. Her lecture was brief but telling and her pleas for higher living and nobler thinking were received with ringing applause, especially her denunciation of gossip, scandal and slander. Her messages this afternoon were exceptionally fine and gave utmost satisfaction.

Saturday evening was the hour set aside for the Maine State Spiritualist Association. The objects and purposes of that organization were set forth by Mr. Barrett, Mr. Emerson, Mrs. Viola A. B. Rand, President Robert Hayden, Mrs. Matia Prescott and Mrs. May S. Pepper. Some forty or fifty people joined the organization, either by renewal of their membership or uniting with it for the first time. A special collection of over ten dollars was also taken up in its behalf.

Sunday morning, Sept. 6. Mrs. May S. Pepper occupied the platform on this occasion with her usual grace, eloquence and ability. Her address was received with great favor as were her splendid messages with which she closed the exercises of the morning.

The afternoon address was delivered by Harrison D. Barrett. His most eloquent and inspiring lecture was listened to by a vast and appreciative audience. He was followed by Mrs. Pepper with one of her characteristic sermons which surprised and delighted all. Between five and six thousand people were in attendance on this day, yet the utmost good order prevailed and good feeling was everywhere apparent.

Sunday evening was the farewell meeting at which some twenty or thirty persons spoke and declared that they had gained much from the ten days' meeting that they could carry home with them for use during the year. At the close of the evening President Barrett turned the chair over to President Coy who spoke a few earnest words of greeting and pledged himself to his audience to do his best for the Association.

A wave of tenderness swept over the camp when it was learned that Mrs. Chester Weld of Kenduskeag had been called to the higher life. The funeral services were held at her late home on Friday, Sept. 4, and were conducted by Harrison D. Barrett, who had long been a friend of the family. Mr. Weld has been a prominent figure in Maine Spirit-

ualism for many years and has the sympathy of thousands in this great bereavement that has befallen his household. Mrs. Weld will be much missed at the camp by all who knew her, but they will rejoice with her in her new found freedom and in wishing her God and angel speed in her new life.

The decorations of the auditorium are deserving of more than a passing notice. Mr. George C. Lower of Detroit, Me., and his brother, H. C. Lower of Augusta, were instrumental in transforming the building into a perfect bower of beauty by evergreen, flowers, flags and bunting. They were most tastefully arranged in all parts of the building and the eye was at once enchanted by the perfect symmetry and beauty of the place upon entering the hall. No speaker could fail to be inspired with the surroundings. These gentlemen earned the hearty thanks of everyone on the grounds and many a soul bled them for their splendid work, even though it never was spoken in words. Mr. G. C. Lower is one of the trustees of the camp and a most earnest, loyal and zealous worker for the Cause he loves.

The social meetings of the evenings were pleasant features in this year's camp. Those led by Mrs. Twing partook of the nature of the old-fashioned Methodist revivals, and even the singing of old prayer meeting tunes gave new zest to the meeting and increased the enthusiasm of the people. Many rare gems of thought were brought out on these occasions. They are certainly a feature of the work at Etna and deserve more than a brief space on the program.

The work of the Ladies' Aid must not be passed unnoticed. The devoted ladies of the camp held a fair this year as in past seasons and threw their souls into the work. Many beautiful articles were placed on sale and disposed of in the usual campmeeting style. They turned over to the treasury \$140, leaving a comfortable balance for the decorations of the building another year. Great credit is due Mrs. Everett Bartlett, Mrs. Cunningham, Mrs. G. C. Lower, Mrs. Abbie M. Hopkins, as well as others whose names are not at hand as these words are penned. All worked with a will and the results proved that they were more than successful.

Hotels Echo and Buswell were filled to overflowing with happy guests who were made comfortable by the painstaking efforts of the landlords. Every one was delighted and went away singing the praises of Mr. Wetherbee and Mr. Buswell. The Boarding House on the grounds under the efficient management of Miss Turner must not be forgotten. The best of satisfaction was given and her patrons were enthusiastic in her praise. In fact it was a good meeting all round and everybody enjoyed it. At the close of the meeting it was announced that Mr. Edgar W. Emerson had been engaged for the June picnic of 1909 and that Mrs. Twing and Mrs. Pepper and probably Mr. Cross and Mr. Wignin would be the speakers for the next camp season. This announcement elicited hearty applause. Mr. Barrett was not re-engaged at his request as he does not intend to continue his public work next year.

One of the pleasing social events of the camp was the marriage of Charles O. Whitney of Winterville and Miss Nellie B. Chase of Hermon. The ceremony was performed by H. D. Barrett and was witnessed by the immediate relatives and intimate friends of the bride and groom. The bridesmaids were hearty and every one at camp wished the happy couple a prosperous voyage over the sea of life.

Lily Dale, N. Y.

After the storm comes the calm; after activity, rest; and so after all the bright gaiety, merriment and gladness of the past two months, the quiet that now reigns is almost oppressive, for of the thousands of animated interrogation points that have so recently roamed through these sylvan shades and sunlit ways, in search of rest for the body, and knowledge for the soul, but few remain to wake the echoes among the maples and hemlocks, or intercept the slanting sunbeams that fall athwart the grassy walks. These few are glimpsed occasionally along the rocky ways, in lonely, silent meditation, the nimble-footed squirrels, or the flash of the old-timer's gold-tipped wings; and thus they linger on from day to day, as if loth to depart from these beautiful dells and dream-laden haunts.

Solon Lauer a well known reporter for a score of papers in the early 80's, used to linger thus after camp in those early days of its budding glory, because, as he said, he could gather more inspiration here in one week than elsewhere in six. The sun, so chary of favors during the season, is making amends for past neglect by showering ardent kisses upon land and lakes, and warmth and brightness have prevailed since the inception of September. The frequency of showers, and the depressed state of the mercury during the season made many visitors think we were having "more rain than shine," yet in reality there were not so many days this season, in proportion, as last.

A visitor from two leading resorts, farther east, brought word that our assembly had no reason to complain of patronage, when at those resorts the attendance was depressingly small. It is proverbial that no one ever visits Lily Dale assembly but leaves with the desire—usually fulfilled sooner or later—to come again, for nowhere at the usual summer resorts can be found such a combination of beautiful scenery, pleasure, recreation, good sanitation, excellent water, and above all, such special opportunities for thought and study as here.

There have been classes of various kinds and callings from the opening to the closing day, and the gamut of ideas has been exploited from A. to Z. Discussions, and often emotional, ran high at conference, thoughtful exchange and words meetings; but when we remember that Spiritualism has been defined as "the religion of the emotions," we do not wonder that those who can feel most can usually say most, and therefore will attract the most attention.

It is a noteworthy fact that Spiritualism produces more easy, offhand speakers than any other religious cult in America, for the reason that from emotional exuberance flows spontaneous expression. Besides, a real dyed-in-the-wool Spiritualist always has an opinion of his own, which he rarely hesitates to give, and the mere matter of grammatical correctness, or rhetorical construction, is of little account to him in comparison to what he feels as the truth welling up and bubbling forth into utterance.

Truly Lily Dale is a Mecca of spiritualistic free thought, where every porch and street corner is liable at any moment to become a forum for the discussion and final settlement—in the speaker's mind at least—of the most knotty, obscure, bewildering esoteric problems. Oedipus with his Sphinxian riddle "Isn't it I?" and Aeschylus with his lofty grandiloquence concerning impossible heroes, Titans and deities is "out of sight." True, one occasionally runs up against a captious disputant, who temporarily forgets that the other fellow may have done some thinking on his own hook, with a right to differ; and when called to order this disputant always insists upon the glorious prerogative of "free thought and speech," never realizing that he is critically trying up "that other fellow" in the very chain from which he demands freedom for himself.

But these differences are only momentary, for the next speaker usually pours oil on the troubled waters by a plea for concord in the

light of the spiritual philosophy, and again the shuttle of argument speeds on with a merry "click, clack" through the web of discussion, and all goes "merry as a marriage bell." Surely Spiritualism, when properly understood and made practical in life is the subtle alchemist that transmutes discord into harmony, and differences of opinion into a mental mosaic whose varying patterns—each exactly fitting and filling its own place—combine to make a fabric of beauty whose glinting lights and shadows each vibrate to a responsive chord in some throbbing, yearning human heart.

Visitors have expressed great satisfaction this summer over the sweet music of the Northwestern Orchestra, whose selections have ever been harmonizing and soul-inspiring. It is generally conceded that the educational features of the assembly have been of a more pronounced and progressive order than ever before, the general trend of thought and aspiration among the thinkers, and there have been many such here this season—being toward a higher line of intellectual and spiritual development.

The mad craze for phenomena only is gradually abating, and in its stead is being instituted a deeper search for the self, a desire for greater individual growth and expansion. Mankind is slowly learning that only through the self can man truly know the self—and when this truth is fully realized and acted upon at large, the knowledge of immortality will become an inherent recognition in every human heart. A phenomenal psychic was heard to say that people were using more discernment this year than ever before, and were harder to please, which shows that phenomena, like everything else, must progress to higher states and conditions, or much of it will be left behind in the onward march.

The young people's sessions, three of which were held toward the close of the meeting, were full of interest, showing minds fully alert to the growing needs and progress of the day. The children's Lyceum held its numbers and interest unabated to the end, being excellently well managed by a corps of teachers with Mrs. Peterson and Miss Greene of Grand Rapids as trainers and directors.

The public platform mediums who served in order through the session, viz.: Homer Altenuis, Corden White, Jennie Leys Edson, Magie Gaule, F. A. Wignin, after his own lectures, and Mrs. Amanda Coffman, acting the last two days, were all well received, giving numerous tests which were eagerly accepted by the many longing souls who are ever thirsty for a sip of life's well amid the waste of time, or a ray of light from the "mystic, silent land."

Of the many other mediums of all phases who were present during the season, your humble correspondent, who strangely enough, is considered by many of them to be a confirmed skeptic, though very unjustly and without cause, as she is ever ready and eager to accept truths from any source and was thoroughly convinced of the truths of Spiritualism over thirty years ago, by investigation and personal experience—can say absolutely nothing from personal experience of past sessions, since not one among them offered her the opportunity, as camp correspondent, which is always the prerogative of such office, to be present at any of the numerous seances held, that she might write knowingly of the wonderful things said to occur there.

True, one pleasant faced, sweet voiced lady, Miss Amanda Coffman, a ballot-test reader, promised a sitting for service rendered, and a seance to a dozen or more eager investigators to be held at the Hyde parlors, but both were canceled, because your correspondent, being detained by a sick lady was one day unfortunately late at the auditorium test seance, so took her opera glasses, which she often does when too late to get a good seat front. After this regrettable inadvertency, the parlor seance was "no go," and the good lady was heard by many to declare that her guide told her "when opera glasses were leveled upon her it was time to quit."

Still these little oversights and happenings are insignificant in comparison with truth, and your correspondent's faith in the spirit world and its manifestations remains firm and unwavering. In my next I will give synopsis of the lectures and proceedings of closing week, which were of much interest.

Julia E. Hyde.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India mission the formula for a simple and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Send by money order, or by registered letter, to W. A. Noyes, 347 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Life's Phantom Troubles.

The Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., pictures one of the characters "The Only Woman," as having carved across his oak mantel the words: "I am an old man now; I've had lots of trouble, and most of it never happened."

No doubt most of us when we near the end of life's journey could give expression to the same sentiment. In general our troubles have three proportions according to our point of view. They are all fearfully large in prospect; the worst of them is bearable in actual occurrence; and they shrink to a mere dot in retrospect.

The great bulk of our troubles are those of anticipation, and a generic term for them is worry. Most of them never happen and those that do have shrunk so that we scarcely can recognize them. The longer the perspective the greater the trouble; so we find our worries more numerous and more wearing before than after we have passed the meridian of our brief day.

As we move gently, and we fancy a little more quickly, toward the sunset line and glance now and then back over the long and often rugged and tortuous trail, we see little of our earlier worries but phantoms of the troubles that never happened, and these grow even more tenuous as we travel from them until they are but a luminous vapor through which we view a day that was much fuller of sunshine than of cloud and a winding pathway so thickly flanked with honeysuckle and lavender that we cannot discern the occasional thistle and briar.

No matter at what time we take this backward view we may see that most of our troubles never happened. There is no specific like comparison for the cure of that dread malady, worry. No trouble is as great as our fretting makes it and this ought to admonish us to let fretting alone.

The old man in the book is the counterpart of many an old man of flesh and blood, and also of many an aged woman. All of them have had lots of trouble, and most of it never happened. From the experience of these who have gone nearly the length of the journey the young man and the young woman might say: "I am young; I expect to have lots of trouble; but as most of it will never happen, I won't worry about any of it."—Chicago Post.