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NO. 6

ETERNAL GOODNESS

God, whose majesty of soul,
Knoweth all things from the first to last;
Holds o'er D'stiny supreme control;
Orbs the Future as the hoary Past.

With His universal harp
Breathes He chords of being into life,
Deathless, boundless, ensheling clear and sharp
Themes of grandeur with progression rife.

God, whose countless worlds outpour
Light that sprang from Him the Changeless Source,
Holding Life's great moral yoke before
Time was chafed for earth's full-charted course;

Preconceives the glorious Goal,
Framed in goodness for the good of all
Men, or nations taken as a whole,
Individual lives both great and small.

Flowers, God's chalices of grace,
Change our earth to consecrated ground
Over which His angels' footsteps trace
Harmonies eternally profound.

Birds, God's organ-voices, swell
Songs of victory, thankfulness, and praise;
Thy, His singers, of His Goodness tell
Sweetly in a thousand different ways.

Mountain peaks God's altars are,
Roared to catch the dawn and sunset fire;
Ever gazing Heavenward till each star
Seems to drop the sunbeams, "Come up higher."

In the human soul are set
Fragments of God's harmonies divine,
Molten eyes that tears have never wet,
Re-awakening hopes in hearts to shine.

Thoughts are breathings of God's breath—
Chords from the Eternal Harp's rapt strain,
Sounding from beyond the sea of death—
Pilot-lights to mark the Harbor-Goal!

Words of sympathy and love
Are the heaven's Gate ways, seen through tears,
They, who speak or sing them, soar above
Happy like the angels of the Spheres.

Acts of ministrations gleam
Like the sun that shines his glory down;
On the lives of those who do them, stream
Benedictions changing cross to crown.

Life is music blent with song,
Issuing from the heart of Life Divine;
Thus our lives are bound with His life strong,
And His glory, doth our beings refine.

So each soul a temple is,
Where the music of His voice doth dwell
With the rapture of eternal bliss,
Blessing Life and Death, for both are well.

Devotion.

Sydney, 1903.

The Occult Meaning of Slang Phrases.

Dr. George W. Carey.

"Whatever satisfies souls is true."
—Walt Whitman.

Great truths are always sensed and crudely
expressed first by the common people.

The truth of Campbell's immortal state-
ment that "Coming events cast their shadows
before" is nowhere more fully exemplified
than in the common slang of the street.

Truth has a way of clothing itself in home-
ly attire and thus masquerading before the
multitude in order that the cells of the hu-
man brain, a mirror in which we see nature
reflected, may become adjusted to the new
concept necessary in the operation or pro-
cedure of wisdom, wrongly named evolution.

Why should one ever say "no matter?"
At first blush there seems to be no relevancy
whatever between the idea to be expressed
and the phrase used. But chemistry, the
court of last resort, has demonstrated that so-
called matter is "no-matter," but simply a
phenomenon or manifestation of energy com-
monly known as air, or oxygen, hydrogen, ni-
trogen and other so-called elements.

Prof. Huxley, one of the greatest material
scientists and original thinkers the world has
known, said in one of his last public ad-
dresses at an International Medical Congress
in London, "Matter in its last analysis
evades me," and again, "I now believe in
one universal energy from which all things
proceed."

So, then, if so-called matter "proceeds"
from energy it must be energy in concrete
form, exactly as ice is vapor or water in con-
crete form. We know that there is no such
thing as ice per se, we know it is only a form
of water. So by the operations of the spec-
troscope, X-ray and chemical analysis we
find that all forms of so-called matter are
"no matter." Then is it any wonder that "no
matter" has been a common expression for
years? But it does not follow that matter is
an illusion or nothing; matter is something,
namely: Energy or Spirit in concrete form.

"Catch on" is quite a popular and "catchy"
slang phrase, but I think it may have been
borrowed from the cultured Emerson, for you
remember he commanded you to "Hitch your
wagon to a star," and there is really no dif-
ference between "catch on" and "hitch on."
The greatest scientist we have any record of,
our own Edison, says that there is a uni-
versal, eternal, though very subtle vibration
constantly in action of the higher potency of
air, or etheric substance, and when man has
once "caught on to it" the wonders he may
perform will transcend the wildest prophecy
or dream of seer or poet. By "catch on" Mr.

Edison means that machines may be so
nicely adjusted that they will correspond in
key, or tone, to this perpetual power—wis-
dom's eternal pulsing dynamo—and thus be
set in motion and kept running by an unseen
agency. These machines may be used to run
cars, generate so-called electricity to heat and
light buildings and carry on the commercial-
ism necessary to our material operations.

We have only recently discovered that so-
called electricity is not a fluid or substance
separate or distinct from the one universal or
everywhere etheric substance, but an "Effect"
or "Jar" produced by vibration. But for a
year or two before we found this wonderful
truth the boys on the street were saying,
"Wouldn't that jar you?"

How did they come to take up the phrase?
The following verse from poem "The New
Name" may not be out of place here.

"Vibration of etheric substance,
Light flashing through regions of space,
A girdle of something, enfolding
And binding together the race—
And words without wires transmitted,
"Ariel" winged, spirit-sandaled and shod—
Some call it electricity,
And others call it God."

The chemists, all chemists everywhere, tell
us we live and move and have our being in a
universal highly attenuated element and that
all forms of so-called matter are condensa-
tions of this principle, whether vegetable,
mineral or flesh and blood, and that go where
one may in space, lo! it is there. But the
slang phrase "we are in it" has been the
catch word for some time as well as "we are
up against the real thing." Of course we are
"in," and "Up Against" this universal sub-
stance all the time for, "In it we live and
move and have our being." Surely it is the
real thing for it is the only substance known.
There is nothing else to be in or against. It
is the "Real thing."

Few people now-a-days believe that death
ends all, or that the fleshly body is anything
more than the clothing of the ego or real man,
who cannot be hurt by bullet or knife, disease
or cyclone, yet we can hardly think that the
boy who says "I won't do a thing to him" at
all realizes that he could not do a thing to the
spiritual man.

Emerson forcibly expressed the Hindu phi-
losophy relating to this great truth in his
poem on Brahman, thus:

"If the red slayer thinks he slays
Or the slain thinks he is slain
They little know the subtle ways;
I come and pass and go again."

Life is eternal, therefore cannot be de-
stroyed.

We used to say, "We won't do a thing to
the Spaniards," and we did not. Every
Spaniard that ever lived still lives. All life
is eternal life. If life can be taken, that is,
destroyed, then immortality is an iridescent
dream, for that which is immortal cannot be
destroyed. Neither can truth be destroyed,
therefore if so-called evil is true it is also im-
mortal.

Bodies of flesh, clothing for spirit-bodies,
change their rate of vibration, drop away
from the spirit and are resolved back into
their original elements, but these elements are
also immortal and indestructible. They are
the cells or molecules of the Eternal Sub-
stance—the body of God. These atoms are
the ultimate atoms or Bioplasm—the blood of
Omnipresent Life in operation—the real
"Blood of Christ." Of course we "can't do a
thing" but accept it.

"Come down from the perch," is literally
obeyed in the daring astronaut with his para-
chute, and "All right," pronounced millions of
times daily by people of all beliefs is the
basis of Occult and Mental Science empha-
sized by Pope in "Whatever is, is right." We,
and the universe, are either governed by law
or we are not governed at all, and all opera-
tions are haphazard choice. If we are gov-
erned by a Supreme Law—and to think other-
wise seems insanity to me—then all the opera-
tions that ever occurred must come within
the domain of that law, and therefore are
"All Right." The desire to change conditions,
and the change, are but phases of "All right."

"You are not the only pebble on the beach"
is a slang phrase that clearly foretells the
coming age of the concept of the unity of
Being—or co-operation, instead of individual-
ism. In fact, the expression is a direct and
loud protest against selfishness and vanity
and frequently has a greater and better effect
than a sermon.

"The whole hog or none" is an old slang
phrase well worth considering. The real es-
oteric meaning is based in the unity of being—
the fact that One life does all—manifests all
—or it does nothing and manifests nothing.
It is meant to emphasize the fact that there
is but One cause for all we see and all we do
not see.

Again: hog's flesh is supposed to be the
grossest or lowest vibration in the scale of
material expression ever used for food, but if
we consider the great truth that All material,
so-called, is pushed forth into manifestation
by One Power, or Intelligence, then we go
the whole hog, i. e., believe the hog lives, has
its being, in God, although we may not care
for hog flesh as an article of diet.

"Knock the stuffing out of it" is the John

the Baptist prophesying the iconoclast—the
idol-breaker. It typifies the false idea of the
importance of overmuch possessions—or as
my Saint Whitman says, "The mania of own-
ing things." The cartoons of the present day
trusts are pictures of stuffed men.

"Out of sight," or "Way up in G," refers
to the real spiritual man, a higher note or
vibration than the ordinary, or material plane
of operation. We apply this so-called slang
only to something out of the common. Spir-
itual intelligences are "out of sight" to most
people, or to all who are not clairvoyants.

"The whole show" or "he or 'she' is the
whole show" is clearly seen to be a truth to
those who really understand that man is the
epitome of the universe, a microcosm of the
macrocosm, and that the kingdom of Heaven,
or harmony, is really within his possibilities,
conceptions and operations.

"Cut it out" is a direct command to cut out
of your life all that retards your harmonious
operation. Cut out the belief in disease and
evil as entities and fill the blank with the be-
lief in the Unity of Being.

"Up-to-date" is a very common slang
phrase and indicates an awakening of hu-
manity to a concept of the great truth that
time is a myth and that all is one eternal
Now. This being true, it is evident that all
operations and all peoples are "Up-to-date."

"Get a move on you" is truly one of the
very best slang phrases ever invented. It is a
strong suggestion to get out of the rut of a
line of thought that has served its time and
is of no further use in the procedure of wis-
dom. Those who think only of self should

"Get a move" and move up into the realm of
altruism, and study Edward Belamy. Those
who believe in evil should move into a belief
in good. Those who live in a body of disease
and fear should build a body that will vibrate
with joy and health and move into it. This
may be done by realizing that the body is
really the Temple of God and that the solar
plexus, the body brain, is the Throne of Wis-
dom. Those who live in the swamps of a
belief in devils and microbes and disease
germs and contagion, should move up to the
highlands of omnipresent life and chant the
91st Psalm. That blessed poem will fill them
with such courage that they will not even
fear the "Kissing Microbe," nor any of the
host of Latin-named bugs that doctors label
and turn loose upon the world.

"Take him down a peg" is well illustrated
in the allegory of the "Prodigal Son" who
was anxious about his portion of his father's
substance. Like many of the present day he
did not realize that one's own always comes
to him and that there is no happiness, no
contentment except in a well grounded faith
that Infinite Intelligence or omnipresent life,
"knows his business" and never fails to give
its perfect returns. The Prodigal Son—an al-
legory of individual concept—was "taken
down a peg" when he realized that all sub-
stance came from the Father and that he
must return to his father's house, typified by
a belief in unity of Being instead of individ-
ualism.

"He is a crank" expresses a great truth. A
crank is that part of a machine that turns
the machinery, and a personal crank is the
fellow that moves the world.

"Served him just right" was a popular
slang phrase during the earlier days of the
theosophical movement. Whatever occurred
in one's life was looked upon as a result of
good or evil actions, or deeds, in a former in-
carnation, and that good or bad Karma al-
ways serves us just right. But when the in-
dividual consciousness vibrates "In tune with
the Infinite," it begins to realize that so-
called Karma is the operation of wisdom that
neither rewards nor punishes, but simply
proceeds along the "Way of the Great Nec-
essity."

To serve, means to wait upon, to help, to
assist or benefit. So Infinite Life serves or
assists its own manifestations.

"God worketh in us to will and to do his
own good pleasure," and it necessarily fol-
lows that he "Serves us right."

Let us not despise slang—even though we
do not use it—but try to realize that the in-
telligence or life that gives expression to
these symbols, first through the organism of
the common, plain, and many times unedu-
cated people, is the same life that placed
Orion with his clustering lamp of Peace in
the Southern sky; stationed the Sentinel
Arcturus with his banded bow above the
Northern pole; holds the heavens in balance
with Alcione and the circling Suns of the
Pleiades; sends the comet, its swift electric
telegraph, to the outer circle of creation be-
yond the flaming boundaries of time, as
watchman, as messenger, with the key to the
holy of holies, and bearing upon its flaming
front the torchlight of Spiritual Suns that
illumines measureless wastes of star dust and
blinds in one the universe, "Whose body na-
ture is and God the Soul."

We are not deceived by the costume of dis-
guise worn by the actor on the stage; then
let us not be deceived by the disguises in
which Infinite Life appears upon the Stage of
the Universe with the Milky Way and the
Zodiac for a drop curtain.

Rejoice, O Soul!
Thy faith hath made thee whole.

UNITY IN DIVERSITY.

All nature speaks of love divine,
From tiny flower to distant star,
My good is thine and thine is mine,
Is said by all things near and far.
Each on its neighbor doth depend,
No matter what its name we call.
Life, love and law, in all things blend,
So linking and relating all.
In atom and in systems grand,
Or life of God or man or beast,
Attractive forces hold command,
Nor fall in greatest or in least.

H. W. Finson.

Uses of Discontent and Association.

Andrew Jackson Davis.

Discontent is an indispensable cause of
human progress. But, unhappily, too many
persons cultivate and foster the cause and
fail in enjoying the legitimate effect. They
sow to the wind, but leave to others the
thankless task of reaping the whirlwind. A
contented spirit is better than riches; that is,
when your resignation consists in being con-
tent with what is just and good. To be
cheerfully reconciled to the unavoidable, to
be satisfied with the best you can be and do,
is wise and beautiful; but it is worse than
folly, it is criminal, to be content with im-
perfection and evil within the sphere of your
influence or control. Men are poor or rich by
what they want, not by what they lack or
possess.

In the large sense everybody, in this rud-
imentary world, is restless because everybody is
a "pilgrim and a stranger," journeying
onward to the Summer-land. The poet, al-
though describing a part, has thus intimated
the whole fact:

"Here there is no home; each hurries by
The other, with quick and careless look,
Nor stays to question of his grief; here goes
The merchant full of care; the pilgrim next
With slender scrip; and then the pious
monk,
The scowling miser, and the jovial player,
The carrier with his heavy laden horse,
That comes to us from the far-haunts of
men—
For every road conducts to the world's end—
They all push onward—every man intent,
Each on his separate business."

Therefore "change" of scene and society is
by everybody's natural wish. The mind's
facility and thirst for association, being truly
interpreted, means that dedication to one
idea, to one scene, to one profession, or to
one pursuit, is contrary to the laws of
mental sanity and development. Change of
association is demanded. This is true be-
cause we are a result of everything that ever
has been, as we are a part of everything that
now is; thus logically and necessarily sym-
pathizing with the past and the present, but
knowing by experience nothing of the future.

"In varied knowledge to instruct our youth
And conquer prejudice, worst foe to truth;
By foreign arts domestic faults to mend,
Enlarge our notions and our views extend;
The useful science for the world to know,
Which books can never teach, nor pendants
show."

Poetically, prophetically, and intuitively,
the future becomes a part of us, and we a
part of it; but, sympathetically, we belong
legitimately to all that is and has been.

IMPORTANCE OF FRANKNESS AND HONESTY

Thousands... have been separated in
spirit, at least, if not externally before the
world, because of deception and dishonesty
practiced upon each other, most often in lit-
tle things, thus generating mutual distrust
and eventual repulsive hatred. Let us look at
the causes and varieties of dishonesty and
error.

An honest mind is constantly liable to err;
but such a mind cannot be false. The in-
vrought desire for truth presupposes the
conscious existence of error in the mind; just
as a desire for the possession of knowledge
springs from an inward preconsciousness of
ignorance. Although error is allied to pride,
and, therefore, very hard to conquer, yet ig-
norance is profoundly indifferent, because it
is satisfied with itself. Error, if honest, is
anxious to obtain truth; but ignorance, with-
out ambition and without light, is content to
remain in its own imbecility. A false-minded
person is hypocritical and dangerous, and not
trustworthy in any place; but an erroneous
mind may be a true friend, noble, just, and
patriotic. Errors are common along the in-
terminable path of progress. Errors in feel-
ing, errors in judgment, errors in opinion—
we stumble and fall headlong over these
stones in truth's highway. If we desire to
possess solid reality, and have patience with
ourselves and with others, while seeking for
the light, we may never fall in obtaining the
celestial prize.

"Dare to be true," says the minister of
honest and honorable progress; "nothing can
need a lie." "Dare to be true!" is the
voice of your God. Remember that

"Great truths are portions of the soul of
man;
And great souls are portions of eternity."

Abandon error as soon as you discover it in
any department of your nature. Remove all
stones from your grain fields.

The light of truth will always guide the
willing, faithful soul through every tempta-
tion.

"Oh, let us walk the world so that our love
Burn like a blessed beacon, beautiful
Upon the walls of life's surrounding dark!"

Double-dealing never comes from a sound
heart. If you find, under the temptation and
magnetic generosity of social good nature,
that you easily hesitate or equivocate, remem-
ber that the true explanation may be that
you have an element of insincerity in your
composition. If you equivocate under strong
influences in your conjugal relations, or, ex-
ternally, in your business, trade, or profes-
sion, the possible reason is because you carry
in your composition the virus of a libertine
and a hypocrite. It makes publicly known a
spiritual fact against you. Henceforth you
should adopt, as the structural law of your
character the harmonical principle that "Per-
fection and truthfulness of mind are the se-
cret intentions of Nature."—From Ethics
of Conjugal Love.

Eternity.

Time and space have no beginning nor end-
ing. Their centre is everywhere and their
limit nowhere. Both are the place, the lab-
oratory of the eternal evolution of all things.
We are of all eternity.

We pre-existed, and we will exist eternally,
being the children of active, everlasting Na-
ture. There is no "genesis," no especial cre-
ation, and no real death; we are in a continual,
eternal transformation.

If we had a beginning, we must have an
end also. If our real existence commences
with this life, it must end with it.

This present life is less than a drop of
water in the ocean compared with our eternal
existence. Seeing only one incarnation, it is
reducing our existence to a very insignificant
portion in the whole.

No, "life means more than one form of ex-
istence."

Pluralism is the grand basis of the work of
evolution, in the great Universal. There is
a plurality of evolving, progressive, trans-
forming inhabited worlds as there is a plu-
rality of souls. Both are governed by a law
of nature as are varieties and inequalities.

Re-incarnation is an axiom of science.

The works of transformation are unceasing.
After a system of worlds is seemingly ex-
tinct with its sun or suns, light, planets, life
and all, its destiny is not to be an eternal
corpse, or cemetery, an inertia moving in
space and eternity. It matters not the mil-
lions of cycles of time its winters may take,
its spring is bound to come at last—a re-born
world, and so on eternally.

Our grand Bible of Mother Nature teaches
us all these great truths. We know we do
exist and are continually transforming,
hence, our immortality. We know we will
never know all; we will continue swinging
eternally over a labyrinth of mysteries. But,
in that limitless sea, our guiding polar star
is Love. "God is love." Losing not sight of
it, we are all right, at the "desired haven,"
no matter our place in space and time.

There is a succession of worlds and there
is a succession of Souls, as corollary to each
other. All is perpetual mutation in Nature.
Destruction is not possible; but there is a
renovation, a change, a perpetual renewal.
Inertness, immobility, death are not possible.

"When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining like the sun,
We have no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun."

Isidore Plaquet.

Walla Walla, Wash.

A SONG OF FAITH.

There is a song to rule the heart,
Whichever way our world may wend;
Its noble music takes our part,
The strength and comfort of a friend;
It is our faith's exalted song,
Subduing discords of the mart;
It conquers care and it conquers wrong,
This happy song hid in the heart!

Thro' all the years its virtues shine,
As dream of hope and courage pure;
Its impulse is to things divine,
Wherein our life is safe and sure;
It is enfoldment of high love,
To heal each burning wound and smart;
As it rules below, it will rule above,
The passion and beauty of the heart!

It is the song the stars first heard,
When all the worlds to bliss were born;
The bounds of space by it were stirred,
As angel echoes filled that morn;
Today it finds the souls of men,
As rays into the roses dart,
And they can hear that strain again—
As innocence and love of heart!

The stars may perish as the flowers,
And other worlds as flowers arise,
This melody will then be ours,
Repeated under brighter skies;
And we shall sing with fuller voice,
The song we here but knew in part,
And more and more shall we rejoice
With this great music in our heart!

William Branton.

A man may be too proud to beg, too honest
to steal and too lazy to work and yet manage
to exist.

MEMORY, THE LIFE OF THE SOUL.

Mary Evelyn Bayles.

In thy closet, oh Memory,
Lies the hidden depths of centuries.
The microcosms of thy existence take life
Only when gravitated to one great centre.
The manifold blessings Life has bestowed
Upon Thee remain as seeds awaiting
The ripening of thy maturity to strengthen
And mature Thee. Great as thou may'st be,
Man knows thee not. Enveloped in ignorance,
He awakes back and forth like a pendulum
Between life and the throes of death, a weak
Manifestation of himself. Memory becomes
blinded.

He loses the real instinctive power—God-
Given,
By education and lust. His mind ceases to be
The Throne from which the fountain of
wisdom
Gushes forth, and he gropes in the dark until
To dust his body goes, and his mind is once
more free
To cope with the great Law of Love.
O, thou children of earth, did'st thou but
know
Thy power, what mighty works might be ac-
complished
In the way of regeneration. The now weak
and frail body,
So abused by the ill attendant upon a dis-
eased mind,
Would become a temple of beauty. Memory
would force itself
Through the windows of the soul, and shine
as an emblem
Of all past ages. Stowed as it is in the con-
fines of the mind,
It cannot but be consciously known when
allowed freedom.
This must come through a knowledge of thy
latent powers.
The power of powers that controls thy very
centre,
Will give the thought quick action when
wisely directed.
Learn of thyself thine own inheritance. Delve
into
The secret place of the Most High which is
in thine own heart.
Make it thy daily prayer to know more of
thine own power.
And let the seed sprout. Let Memory arouse
itself,
And impress the conscience with the wisdom
of itself.

Was It the Same Woman?

Mary E. Blanchard.

CHAPTER X.

"At the Setting of the Sun."

Years sped away, a dark cloud, fleeing
across life's waste into eternity. One day,
near the sunset hour, in a pleasant coast-city
town of California, there mused at his open
doorway an old man. The day had been
very warm and the languor of the heat was
in his blood, along with the lassitude of ill
health; a deal of fret over some business
matter which had come to a standstill
through want of a missing document, had
added its discomfit to the time. All that day,
through every nook and cranny of the house
wherein such things were treasured, he had
sought it sorrowing, with all the incompe-
tence of a man when, under the pressure of
things, whatsoever under the eyes of those
disconcerting gods, the Medes and Penetes.

"Father! you drives me crazy with your
fumbings; go an' set down," spoke from her
chair the wife who ruled him with a rod of
iron; and the seeker, feeling that repose was,
on the whole, more to be desired than boot-
less quest, had taken his briarwood pipe and
done just as she said.

His little prattling grandchild, proud of
her pink tire and russet shoes, had followed
him to the punitive retirement, vainly
taking sides with the weaker party, and now,
with one fat hand resting on his knee, she
stood watching the smoke made by the
smoker as it wreathed into the atmosphere.

But for his gloomy front and careless garb
he might have made a picture good to look
at, for he was of noble lineage and his face
bore traces of superior intellect; the mouth
was sweet and strong, the chest broad and
athletic, the neck, from which the colored
shirt was drawn away, muscular, and
slightly but with rheumatism marked him for
his own and the swarm of trifles that infest
the hours had pursued him through the day with
more than their accustomed spitefulness. His
eyes were very sombre as he looked forth on
the gold of the setting sun.

"Father," spoke behind him a man's voice.
"What, my son?"

Mildway of yonder field, and hence in a
direct line with his vision, there stood a
spreading tree, tall, stately and prim, in
solitary survivor of its mates; to this the
old man's gaze lingered in meditation.

"Mother bade me fetch out of the attic
this trap of yours; she thinks the deed is in
it, very likely."

"Pa, pa," said the child, and she crawled
up over the step and ran like a lizard in her
little soft pattering shoes to where stood her
father, a shapely fellow, trig and chipper,
rich in self-sufficiency and happy because of
abounding health. The old man turned and
peered over his glasses at the object held out
for his inspection; it proved to be a trunk of
small dimensions, bound in hide and trimmed
with brass headed nails, and having on the
top a leather handle. "Hump!" he said, "I
doubt it."

He looked at the tree again and saw that
its top was dusty with the sunset and that
its boughs were etched against the glare, and
the old tree seemed to beckon him away.

His son stepped forward and, leaning down
said, under his breath, "Of course it is not
here; but to please your mother you'd better look
a little; her scolding worries Mattie, who is
not well."

"A bawling woman on the housetop is a
peacemaker compared with the nagging of the
kitchen," sighed, wearily, the master of the
house—so called from courtesy—as feebly he
rose onto his feet.

They entered a roomy kitchen lit by four
windows, all of which stood open to the air;
two of these were screened by a thriving
vine, whose rippling greenery, seen against
the sunlight, looked clear and radiant, like
sea water. At the open entrance the vine
appeared again, its catenar of foliage spray-
ing the stoop with shadows, over whose tide
the sunbeams slipped about in all directions,
like water skaters on the glisten of a brook.

Glimpsing through the interstices was the
kitchen garden, hedged about with flowers in
great profusion, as though nature had poured
them in torrents from her urn, all kinds and
colors known to that section of the country.

Whoever presided over this domain es-
teemed that quality which is next to godli-
ness, for here everything was as clean as toll
could make it; from the wide, unpainted
floor to the large dresser, with its quaint
dishes, gathered from many fashions, their
pictorial colors showing a predominance in
blue, and all shining like jewels. On the
cooking range, which glistened with the
splendor of fresh polish, were various pots
and pans, whose blended steam tossed out
odors that told of impending supper.

The young man, proud and strong, dropped
the box onto a side table, laughing silently
at what had been said outside, his head
drawn back in the region of self-esteem;
then forward he drew an arm chair, painted
red and adorned with iron rods, and into it
he placed his father, who sank with a little sup-

pressed groan, elicited by a darting pang of
rheumatism.

A pretty octoroon, dainty and shy, who sat
crouching an infant, looked up at the younger
man with a fond smile, in which was a slight
reproof, whereupon he only laughed the
more and tilted his head backward a bit
further. He was of pleasing aspect because
of the suppleness of his limbs, his grace of
motion, his joyousness, his flashing teeth, his
cleanliness—but he was a mongrel Negro, all
the same.

Another person was regarding him atten-
tively, but with a far different manner from
that of his young wife, and that was an old
negress who wore a bandana kerchief, after
the custom of women of her country, from
the dark ages known to "Uncle Tom" down
to the present period of enlightenment; her
called gown was doubled up over her broad
hips, showing a striped petticoat. She was
very fat and, at that moment, very much out
of temper, as she kept a sharp lookout on
the supper that was brewing in the pots.

"Stop your sassy laffin' at your daddy," she
said, angrily, "and cut me some o'beccan-
Yas, ole daddy, tested through shine and
shade in times gone by to fetch you up like
quality an' give yous larin' an' now, in him
ole age he have your peacock flauntings for
his thanks. De Scripser say—an' de Lor'
know it am true—an' ungrateful chile am
sharper than the tooth of rattlesnake."

Her large, black, sullen face looked gro-
tesque under the tawdry headgear, which
was knotted about the forehead; an end
stood out on either side the knot in such a
way that they looked like the ears of some
wild animal, which added to the weirdness
of her aspect.

"There, Chloe," said the old man, sooth-
ingly, "Paul has done no harm."

"Hol' your tongue, husband! The sass of
young 'uns am enough for me. He get
fooler an' fooler every day he live."

Paul took from the shelf a large fig of to-
bacco along with a knife, such as is used by
shoemakers, and did as she commanded;
contriving, meantime, to edge his back round
towards his mother, as to Mattie, who
whereupon he laughed in protest, like
leatherstocking, much to her confusion, for
she wished to remain neutral; her drooping
eyelids and embarrassed smile told how the
land lay to the irritated mother looking on.
The cloth ears flopped and then stood out
and listened with all their might. "Yours
fader spare the rod when yous a little Nig-
gar, an' now there am no room found for
him in de house, you is that big."

Paul sauntered towards her and sifted into
her lap a handful of tobacco, saying, carelessly,
"We came to please you, mother, but Mattie
is homesick away from her own folks; we
will shift for ourselves again—tomorrow, if
you say so—and that will suit everybody all
round."

"Good riddance," said the mother.

She had no notion of letting them depart,
indeed, she was miserable when separated
from her family, refusing to be comforted,
but in time of war this fact went for nothing.
Lifting from its case a violin, Paul passed
out of doors and sat him down on a rustic
stool, in a thicket of hollyhocks, under the
shade of the vine-enwreathed wall, and
played all to himself some simple airs, show-
ing skill and feeling. The baby was now
asleep and the mother, rising, relinquished it
to a crib in another room and drew over its
face a square of mosquito netting; she then
joined her husband in the yard. Pink Tire
ran after and, folding her arms over her
mother's knee, listened to the music, her lit-
tle yellow face, with its black eyes, as bright
as jet beads, showing appreciation.

The old man began searching for the deed.
The box was full of papers. On top was a
comic valentine, as large as a page of fool-
scap, with the name of his little son, who
died long years ago, scrawled over it in pen-
cill; then came letters; clippings from the
press; a worsted ball, the property of the
child; a budget of insurance policies, faded
and yellow with the damp of years; circulars
by the dozen, and a bunch of letters
written to him by his wife, who was young.
Among these he espied one in especial that
fixed his gaze; this he drew forth and pocket-
ed. He had been at work about half an
hour when into the kitchen there ran a
pretty child, some eight years old, her hat
dangling from a string about her throat and
her hands full of wild flowers. She passed
with dancing feet towards the negress and
showered her gleanings over the broad lap;
then hid herself of the hat, calling for bread
and butter, topped with sugar. Seeing no
hall she pounced on her husband, saying, "O,
gramp, may I have this?" she cried, as she
tossed it to the ceiling and caught it as it
fell in her dark, velvety, restless little hands.

"Don't you be a-worryin' your granddaddy,"
reprimanded her grandmother, who never
permitted others to share with her the
luxury of tormenting him. She gave the
child to eat and began to set the table for
the supper.

The girl grew quiet and ate her bread with
relish, watching the old man unpack this
and that, and, fatigued, she laid it aside
and by her came an old almanac, bound
about with a shred of yellow ribbon—an un-
finished scrapbook fashioned by his lamented
daughter, Angie, who died of consumption
in early womanhood; she, more than any of
his children, of whom but two remained out
of the five, Julia, who was married and
lived in Colorado, and Paul, his wayward
son, whose home was in San Francisco, re-
sembled him mentally. A loose poem lay be-
tween the leaves; this he reserved. Last
came a large envelope. He took forth
the contents and found a letter, a clipping
from a newspaper, a loop of tarnished ribbon.
None of these things moved him; he
kept on with his search, hoping to find some-
thing more of Angie's.

"O gramp," said the child, "may I have
this?" and she held up the ribbon, with the
disengaged hand, still feasting on the bread.
Her grandfather turned his face towards
her in an absent-minded way. "Yes," he
said, looking at the ribbon, "go out
and play; gramp is busy now."

The child ran off, tossing the ball, and joy-
ous as a humming bird.

The old man picked up from the table the
slip of paper, which was stained with ink, so
that some of the words were nearly blotted
out; he read slowly with those dim old eyes
of his, "Died, in this city, Angelina Bossom,
relict of the late Alfred A. Bossom, aged 50
years."

"Fader!" said his wife, who had been to
the door and back again; "this 'ere ball be-
longed to little Wallie. What can yous be
a-thinkin' of to give it to dis 'ere rible? It
must o' been our Angie's! I disremember
seeing it afore. She wore pink an' yarlar an'
red an' sich; dis am white." She bent over
her husband her uncouth figure, her large,
loose lips parted, showing the scraggly teeth,
discolored from long usage of tobacco.

The old man took the ribbon in his hand
and looked dully at it and smoothed its
crumpled crest with his long fingers. "Yes,"
he said, in a strange tone, "this bow belong-
ed to Angie. I saw her wear it, once upon a
time."

His wife looked at him with something
like respect in her coarse, black visage. If
he could remember all these years so slight
a thing belonging to their daughter, how
much he must have thought of her, she reason-
ed. In a mollified tone she said, "Her ole
mama love dat dear chile, too, jus, de same
way. Give me dat 'ere bit. Mattie will but
it in dat silk quilt she am makin'. We can
save it best so, husband."

"No," said her husband, with decision; "I

like it as it is," and he thrust the trifle into
an inner pocket of his shirt.

Chloe sat at the table, but held her peace.
It occurred to her that, perhaps he had soft-
ened of the brain. He had been alling,
lately, more than common. She thought she
would see the doctor in the morning.

The old man found the deed, ate his sup-
per in the bosom of his family and, grasping
his stout walking stick, went out of the
house and across the street and into the field
of flowers that lay beyond. The sun had set
and the pearly tints of twilight were in the
sky, the lingering, lovely light rested on the
bowed heads of the blossoms, as slowly he
made his way along, moving painfully be-
cause of the stiffness of his joints; the pres-
sure of his staff crushing out the odors from
the hearts of the bending blossoms and mak-
ing a pleasant rustle in the grasses. A bird
was singing somewhere a last song. The
wind had risen and was swaying the tall,
stately hermit of green boughs, which sent a
murmurous sound out from its depths.
How lovely the night was! What peace was
in it!

Simoon Brown cast himself down under
the branches, bared his head and let the
wind play through his silvered hair. No one
could see him from the house, he was seated
the other side of the trunk, away from curi-
ous eyes. He drew forth the ribbon that
once had graced the head of Angie Bossom,
and dropped it on a large, flat rock that rose
from among the grass at his feet; next, came
the announcement of her death, which he
had cut from a Boston daily years ago; then,
a brief letter from Paul Malvern, written
the night of the suicide. It was couched in
endeavoring terms and stated that he had writ-
ten to his mother, instructing her to make
over to him, Brown, a small legacy, which
had come to him from a kinswoman. This,
in due course, Nina had done. Striking fire
to a match he set fire to the whole and
watched it burn to ashes, as his hopes had
done under the scorching flames of wasted
years. "Best so," he muttered, "the heart
needs no souvenir."

Then he read the poem, "Evelin Hope,"
which he had taken from the scrap book, and
which tells of a deathless love and the ul-
timate fulfillment of pure desire, for Brown-
ing, better than most poets, viewed the soul's
craving for experience.

And so Simoon Brown, the woman-tamer,
had taken to wife a shrew, who kept him
in his place, as she said herself. In his
own house, in the presence of his children,
he, who abhorred restraint and whose dignity
was the apple of his eye, bore himself hum-
bly, for the sake of peace. Because in the
same art of virtuous woman excels the man;
she is more persistent, more versatile,
more loquacious; she can confuse, exhaust
him. This fact in physiology was recognized
by the Indians, who gave their captive over
to the squaws for tongue-lashing, after hav-
ing first run him through the gauntlet. It is
doubtful if either Johnson or Dean Swift
could have quite held their own against Nan-
tippli. Anyway, once inside the iron cage of
matrimony, the taming of the shrew proved
to be more difficult to Simoon than his lim-
ited experience in cellahy had led him to
suppose.

But how had he come to marry such a
woman; he, the debonair, the proud of spirit?
Ah! well, why do men the world over throw
away their lives in some strange hour of
madness, which they never after can look
back upon without shame and amazement?
He had rushed blindly into marriage on his
return from Europe, as the wounded stag,
in rushing through the forest, from the
yellow face, with its black eyes, as bright
as jet beads, showing appreciation.

Besides, in her early days, this bulky
scold was something of a belle; dressy, trim
and lively—ready of tongue, suave, and with
teeth as sweet and white as a young dog's.
She sang in a colored church in San Fran-
cisco, and one sunny Sabbath day he was of
the congregation. She was in the gallery
leaning over the railing, which was gar-
landed with flowers, against which shone the
gleaming, feathery plumes of ported palms.
There had been here, ever the place, not so
a festival of some sort and the decorations
had not yet been removed. She appeared to
be leaning on a bank of flowers, as she gazed
down on the congregation, dangling a red fan,
with a cluster of red poppies on her bosom.
Their eyes met. She placed her wish on
him, then and there. He was alone in the
world and profoundly wretched; he needed
sympathy, someone to lean on, for he was
spent with grief. Humbled to the dust by
all he had gone through and loathing with
more intense than before the blackness of his
reins, which he had always hated, he fell
all easy prey to her wiles angling. He told
himself bitterly that he "belonged to Nig-
gers," and that their gods should be his gods
henceforward. He was in that woeful state
of self-abasement which prompted the hero
of Locksley Hall to say,

"I will take some savage woman,
She shall rear my dusky race."

Over all marriage that has not love to
bless it there hangs a curse, and his was no
exception to the rule; only in his case the
penalty was more severe than common, for
the reason that he had married far below
him mentally. This would not have so
greatly mattered had Chloe been of different
disposition, for a large wife, if passive
and content, is a blessing, and, if not so
great a millstone for a man's neck, since out
in the world he can solace his troubles in a
way with employment and dalliings with
pleasure; but this woman was of a jealous
temper, a lover of invective; besides, she
was engaged with him in business, so that
he was rarely quit of her for so much as one
whole day at a time.

True, Simoon was a Negro. Why should
he not wed with one of his own color?
Wait a bit; something had happened away
back in the past of which he had no knowl-
edge; it was in the days of slavery, in Vir-
ginia, in the mansion of a planter, an aristoc-
rat; who had a scapegrace son, a lover of
wine and women, who wore spurs on his
heels and ruffles at his wrists and who lav-
ished gifts on a handsome slave belonging to
the household. And it came to pass that she
somehow lost favor with the family, and was
sold from the auction block, her baby in
her arms. What became of either no one
took pains to ask—the old story. But the
child grew to womanhood and mated with a
black and her child in turn married a Negro;
and Nature as fast as possible screened
that proud, white blood; all the same it was
there in the descendants, subdued by the
predominating race; so that when it got
down to Simoon's mother one could find no
trace of it in her black, good-natured face.

The devil-may-care sailor who gave her her
marriage ring in the city of New York,
where she served as an employee in a lodg-
ing house, was the prodigal son of a promi-
nent family, leaders in the mercantile world,
of a famous sea port town in Massachusetts.
His blood, tinged with that of other, of a
prouder race, flowed through the veins of
Simoon, throbbing, burning in its alien chan-
nels, like a stream of lava that has forced its
way into some cavern-groove, giving him
intellect, ability, aspiration. With an in-
centive he might have achieved much, as did
Alexander Dumas, as did Fred Douglass;
for he had education, at least enough to start
with, along with a willingness to work; but
the cloud of his marriage seemed to stifle
and deaden him like the poisonous exhal-
ations of the upas tree. He tolled for his
family, but without enthusiasm and with no
hope for the future. With the few dollars

that had come to him from Paul he opened
at his wife's insistence a restaurant in the
city of San Francisco, where, conjointly for
years, they managed the business with suc-
cess; but he never liked the enterprise and
in time he wormed himself out of it alto-
gether, giving the reins over to Paul's hand-
ling, and retiring into the suburbs and onto
a little farm, which had been in his posses-
sion for several years, under the charge of a
tenant. There, among his vegetables and
flowers, he watched the days drift by, if not
with the philosophy of Diocletian, at least
with such patience as he could bring to bear;
sending truck to market and holding coun-
cil with the yellow-footed ducks, as sleek as
cabbage and as quaint as goblins; and study-
ing the old-fashioned industry of his galle-
naceous friends who flocked around him;
pruning his vines and watching the unfold-
ing of the flowers—that bit of loveliness that
is left to us from Eden.

And now had come the hour when his sun
was near its setting; age and feebleness,
those heralds of the end, were sitting by his
hearthstone, in grim alliance. And again the
son was summoned to the rescue; and Paul,
as the result of the entreaties of his mother
(but against his wish, for he abhorred the
country), had transferred his family to the
farmhouse, to serve as a makeshift until
some plan could be devised by which the
old folk might not be left alone and yet be
satisfied. One of the results of this arrange-
ment we have already seen.

After the evening meal Paul, sitting on
the bench, among the flowers, with his bare
head held over the violin, was swinging the
bow again with free and easy, joyous, dash-
ing motion over the rosin strings, as he
poured out on the air the strains of a new
waltz.

"Never mind, Matt," he said, "so long as
we remain here father will have help in en-
tertaining hell and all its angels. He holds
a perpetual reception—poor devil!"

"O, Paul, your own mother—how can
you?" said Mattie, gently.

Paul made a grimace and bent the music
out with grace and gusto, and looked just
what he was, a proud and prosperous Negro,
on good terms with his destiny.

Meantime, Simoon mused on under the
tree, as the twilight deepened and the stars
came out, etching the broad sky. He had
made a "bodily marriage" and deteriorated;
he lost all his ambition and much of his
self-respect. He associated almost wholly
with those of his own race, going to their
meetings, concerts, parties, entertaining them
heartily, for the past had risen from its holy
tomb and was calling him through the wil-
derness of the years. All that old glad time
when Paul Malvern loved him and they slept
under the same roof, and Nina treated him
as though he were her son. That brief, and
never-to-be-forgotten period when Angie
Bossom came into his life, bringing both
pain and ecstasy. Why was life then so
dear? Why, when with the better class of
whites, was he so much at home, so joyous?
And why, in the life he was now leading,
was he so lonely?

Simply this, he was a white man under a
black man's skin; his intellect, which had
come to him from two high-strung intellec-
tual families, was white. Only bodily was
he a Negro.

Consequently, Chloe was no more fit to be
his wife than the untutored squaw, squat-
ing in the squalor of her cabin is worthy to
be the bride of the college bred Indian, who
has long known the ways of civilization. His
horizon has widened; a barrier lies between
them beyond which he cannot comprehend.

In his soul Simoon was conscious that he
possessed those elements that go to make
success in winning the world's prizes, gold,
fame, love, honor. But of what avail was
striving, he would ask, he would still be a
mulatto, let him reach to the topmost rung
of the social ladder. Was there a Wendell
Phillips in the land who, willingly, would
have given him to wife one of his own
daughters? Scholarship, honors, wealth,
none of these would win the hearts of men
into whose past had taint in his blood.
He would be patronized by some, scorned by
some, pitied by others, and by all looked
upon as a little below the salt. Drunken
sons of the gutter, bastard born, without one
shred of manliness in their make-up, held
themselves superior to him. So forever,
when the unrest that comes of wasted
powers was on his soul, he told himself this
thing, "You are now where you belong."

It was not so! He never understood.
Ability brings with it obligation. In giving
himself to his race, he was bound to give
against the angel in his soul. In succumbing
to his terrible condition he bore with him
along life's weary way the instrument of
his punishment, the scourge of discontent
that lashed him with more cruelty than the
whip of slavery that tore the bleeding flesh
of his ancestors toiling in the rice swamps
of the South. Man is in duty bound to de-
velop to the greatest of his ability the best
there is in his character. Simoon, disheart-
ened by constant allowed himself to drift,
and so was miserable.

He had mated with a black—and his heart
was hungry and his life was desolate. Even
his children, though he loved them well,
were not what he could have wished.

Well, it was all over with and forever.
His life at best could last but a brief while
longer. He would die and be forgotten, and
all this love that had gone with him through
life was worse than thrown away. Angie
was a widow for several years; had he been
rendered to make another heart glad
have won that woman for his own. He had
it in him to charm that golden eagle from
the sky. She would have loved him had he but
been white!

"O, Angie! Angie!"
A rush of tears flowed over his wrinkled
cheeks and lost themselves in the glisten of
the dew. Wasted love, squandered opportu-
nities, mental starvation—such was his
mountain past.

The old man leaned wearily his back
against the tree, his arm over the rock. The
moon shone full and clear and pierced the
darkling branches and touched in pity the
worn and hopeless visage. A fragrant sigh
went up from the drooping flowers. He slept
and dreamed. He dreamed he heard a voice
calling from far away, a wondrous voice, full
of all compassion and good cheer, and it
spoke and said:

"O doubting Soul, I swear to thee by that
weary cross thou bearest, yea, and thy
crown of thorns, that thou shalt wear the
majesty of the angels. Seest thou yon
shadow? Within it end all physical condi-
tions. Gird up thy loins; endure; take heart
of grace. Thine are the worlds and worlds,
bound about with chains of gold at the feet
of God; thine are their endless years, rich
in regalal. Wait, and all things shall
come round to thee."

The End.

Emerson said: "Build, therefore, your own
world. As fast as you conform your life to
the pure idea in your mind, that will unfold
its great proportions." Spirit is the only
creative force in the universe.

BE KIND.

"Do the best you can, and be kind."—Robert
Hubbard.

We cannot all sing as sweetly
As Patti, or Jennie Lind;
But when you go to meeting
And the preacher gives out the hymn,
And says, "All join in singing,"
Don't try to hide behind
Other folks, and keep your mouth shut
tight.

Do the best you can, and be kind.
Maybe you can't draw like Raphael;
But when some wee little chap
Says, "Pa, won't you draw me a picture?"
Just take him up in your lap,
And make him a house with a crooked roof.
If the steps don't point straight, never mind;
And draw him a pony with legs like stilts.
Do the best you can, and be kind.

Old grandma's eyes are failing;
She can't read the print, it's so small.
Now tonight, when you're reading the paper,
Do you think it will hurt you at all
To read out loud for a little while?
"Can't read very well?" You will find
It will suit her all right—she's no critic.
Do the best you can, and be kind.

I know life contains many failures.
You've had some of them,—so have I.
It also contains great successes
For those who have courage to try.
A very good way to make this world
A happier place, I find,
Is to do all you're able for others.
Do the best you can, and be kind.
Elizabeth W. F. Jackson.

"Offer Loving Thoughts and Acts
to All."

M. J. Weatherbee-Rice.

In all the religions of the world the altar
and its sacrifices play a wonderful part.
Deep in the heart of every man is the con-
sciousness of the existence of a Power—a
Presence so far above the human self; there
is an inward yearning for a consciousness of
His favor—a yearning for some way of ap-
proach—by prayer or by thank offerings to
manifest one's love and trust in this Power.
Hence came the altar—from the little heap
of memorial stones to that overlaid with
gold. Then, too, came the sacrifice of a turtle
dove, or a lamb of the flock, as if by the
shedding of blood atonement could be made
for incurred displeasure of this awful Power
—a sacrifice that should propitiate the favor
of an offended God.

So the altar and its sacrifice have been the
open door through which man has sought
communion with the Divine—the way by
which to express gratitude for God's mercies
ever—up to—implore, by means of some
sacrifice, His mercy and favor.

There is this pretty and interesting cere-
monial among the people of the East:
Recognizing themselves as brothers, each
brings to the altar a single flower. None are
brought but such as have a sweet odor and
these they lay upon the altar as they kneel
in a semicircle and clasp a silken thread.
This they do for a sign of the brotherhood,
repeating to themselves in silence a prayer
that their offerings may be as sweet to God
as the fragrance of these blossoms.

These visible things are emblems. The frag-
rant roses and lilies from the garden beds
or the forgotten flowers by the roadside are
not there "on their own account"—as Carlyle
would say, but only spiritually to represent
some truth and to body it forth. So I like
to think that all the myriad flowers that lift
their open cups of sweetness all unseen and
unrecognized have lived their lives not alto-
gether in vain—but that the sweetness
evolved from the life of the most neglected
fragrance as incense, and so likewise may
the loving thoughts and kindly acts of men
be as sweet smells on the altar of love.

In Sir Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia," he
represents a certain householder at dawn and
newly bathed, as

"Bowing himself with bare head to the earth,
To Heaven and all four quarters while he
throws
Rice red and white from both hands."

"Wherefore thus bowest thou brother?"
said the Lord, and he—
"It is the way, Great Sir, our fathers
taught at every dawn before the toll begins.
To hold off evil from the sky above and
earth beneath, and all the winds which blow."
At which the World-honored spake: "Scat-
ter not rice, but offer loving thoughts and
acts to all."

To this same intent were the words of the
Scribe when he said: "Well, Master, thou
hast said the truth, for there is one God
and there is none other, and to love Him
with all the heart and with all the under-
standing and with all the soul and with all
the strength and to love his neighbor as him-
self is more than all burnt offerings and sacri-
fices."

We have outlived the altar and the smok-
ing sacrifice other than as it serves us as an
emblem of a thankfulness of heart and how
is the thankful and loving heart more truly
shown than by kind thoughts and acts to all.
"For I was an hungry," said the Christ,
"and ye gave me meat, I was thirsty and ye
gave me drink, I was a stranger and ye
took me in; and again he says: "Inasmuch
as ye have done it unto one of the least of
these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

We do well to ask ourselves many a day
whether the Christ may not have visited us
in many a guise, unknowingly to ourselves,
both here in our homes, or on the roadside—
both when we went out, or as we came in—
in the guise of some service that we might
have rendered to make another heart glad
from whatever cause, the mental or bodily
distress may have arisen; for every act of
mercy rendered in Love is a sacrifice on the
altar of Love.

What though our fathers taught "at every
dawn before the toll begins to hold off evil
from the sky above and earth beneath and all
the winds that blow," by

Harvest Moon Festival.

The Onset Wigwam 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 entertainment from 7.15 to 9.30 p. m., to be followed by a ball, music by Ferguson's Orchestra, till 11 o'clock.

For Coughs and Colds, children take Piso's Cure for Consumption without objection.

Notice.

Unintentionally the name of Mrs. Mary Drake Jenne was omitted from the report of the Etna (Maine) Campmeeting. She was one of the main stays of Ladies' Aid Society at Etna, and is most faithful and devoted to the Cause she loves. In connection with the Maine State Spiritualist Association Day at the same camp, we wish to add the name of Mrs. Clara B. Crosby of Thorndike, Me., who spoke briefly but earnestly upon that occasion. She is ever ready and willing to speak for the cause of Spiritualism.

For Distress After Eating

Take Hinesford's Acid Phosphate. It relieves immediately, by stimulating the secretion of the digestive fluid. Makes the digestion natural and easy and improves general health.

Banner Hall Lectures.

Sunday evening, Sept. 20, George A. Porter, under inspiration, spoke from the subject, "Harbor Lights." The body was compared to a vessel; the spirit which works in the varied ways of life was compared to the crew, and the soul was called the pilot, being the true guide and knower. The harbor, the goal of all human vessels, is the grand universal love of God and man including all nations, creeds and sects. Sunday, Oct. 4, the subject will be, "Practical Suggestions for Spiritual Development." Sundays, 7.45 p. m. 204 Dartmouth St.

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 wild colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Maine State Spiritualists' Convention.

The seventh annual convention of the Maine State Spiritualists' Association will be held in the city of Lewiston, Me., Oct. 2, 3 and 4, in Grand Army Hall (Custer Post). Mr. Harrison D. Barrett, Edgar W. Emerson and Mrs. Effie I. Webster have been engaged to be present. Mr. A. J. Maxham of Ludlow, Vt., the celebrated vocalist, has also been secured to furnish the music. Special rates on all railroads. Delegates will be accommodated at Hotel Atwood. All are most cordially invited to attend and unite in making this convention a grand success.

An Easy Way to Make Money.

I have made \$500.00 in 80 days selling Dish-washers. I did my housework at the same time. I don't canvass. People come or send for the Dish-washers. I handle the Mound City Dish-washer. It is the best on the market. It is lovely to sell. It washes and dries the dishes perfectly in two minutes. Every lady who sees it wants one. I will devote all my future time to the business and expect to clear \$4,000.00 this year. Any intelligent person can do as well as I have done. Write for particulars to the Mound City Dish-washer Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. W. B.

Resolutions of Sympathy.

A deeper wave of grief and heartfelt sorrow has never submerged our hearts than the one that was brought with the words: "Bethia H. Chase has gone from our little band."

In her, we possessed the influence and assistance of one of our purest and most noble mothers and women, one whose life labors are worthy of our emulation.

We are comforted in the sweet assurance that she has only answered the summons, "Child, come home," and that although we feel as if we have met with an irreparable loss, we shall be blest with her presence and ennobling influence. Hers was a life of purity, her soul was filled with love and charity and earnest endeavor for all humanity and to be.

Resolved, That in her we are called to part for a season with one who will be sadly missed.

Resolved, That we extend our deepest sympathy to her children and family.

A copy of these resolutions shall be placed upon our books, sent to her family and printed in "The Banner of Light," which she loved so well.

Ladies' Aid Society of Camp Etna,
Amelia G. Stevens,
Mary Drake Jenne,
May Prescott,
Committee on Resolutions.

Briefs.

Commercial Hall, 694 Washington Street. M. Adeline Wilkinson, conductor. At 11 A. M. a Spiritual Conference was held. Subject: "Future Life." Speakers present: Mr. A. F. Hill, Dr. Frank Brown, Mr. Greaves, Prof. Griffiths, Mr. Marston (of Alston), Miss Sears, Mrs. Wilkinson. The following speakers and mediums assisted during the day in proving the continuity of life: Mrs. Peabody McKenna, Mrs. Anna Morgan, Dr. Blackden, Mrs. Strong, Mrs. Catter, Mrs. Bemis, Mrs. Fox, Mrs. S. O. Cunningham, Mr. Hardy, Miss Strong, Mr. Mason, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Blanchard and Mr. Woodruff. Tuesday, healing circle; and Thursday at 2.30 meeting for phenomena only—many fine healers always present. Jubilee Singers Oct. 4.—Reporter.

Fitchburg, Mass. The First Spiritualist Society had a large attendance at both services, the opening Sunday Sept. 20. The subjects of the speaker, Fannie H. Spaulding of Norwich, Conn., "Spiritualism: The Abiding Truth" and "Waiting Upon the Spirit," were most ably discussed. The spirit messages were correctly given. Miss Howe, Pianist, finely rendered several selections. Dr. C. L. Fox, President.

Rev. May S. Pepper of Providence, R. I., occupied the rostrum of the Haverhill Spir-

itual Union, Sept. 20. As usual she was greeted by very large audiences at both sessions, afternoon and evening. People came from Boston, Lower Lawrence and adjoining towns. Her lectures were par excellence, and her work as a psychic was never better. She conducted the services Sunday, Sept. 27. The meetings are held in the G. A. R. Hall instead of Brittan Hall, which has been converted to other purposes. W. W. Sprague.

A New Society.

At the newly organized Society of Spiritual Truth, which held its first meeting Sunday afternoon, Sept. 13, at Crosby Hall, 423 Clason Ave., Brooklyn, there was a large gathering. The meeting did not differ from others and the keynote frequently sounded was the gospel of Love and Charity stripped of everything selfish and sorrowful. George A. Deleere declared that the Philosophy of Life is back of communion with the Unseen. And again—sowing seeds of kindness in life brings out the Divine within us. Christ taught us to love one another and the Angel world surrounds us day by day.

J. Rosenmussen, who organized the society, said: "God did not create man, flowers or trees merely for our earthly life." Mrs. Henderson, of Jersey City, after giving a number of messages, turned suddenly to Mr. Deleere and said: "I see a big black dog like a Newfoundland. He seems to be leaping up against you repeatedly as if in great joy. Do you recognize him?"

"I had such a dog in my youth," he replied. Mr. Rosenmussen then gave several messages. A child wanted a flower to be given to a person in the audience and he took one from a jar on the platform and delivered it. Another message in German was given with a flower; it was the spirit of a man who had shot himself. He wished to talk to his sister. She instantly recognized the communication. The meetings will be held every Sunday afternoon at three o'clock sharp.

Investigator.

Blodgett's Landing, N. H., Lake Sunapee Camp.

Aug. 25 at 10.45 a. m. the annual business meeting was held. The officers elected are as follows: President, John Gage, Henniker, N. H.; vice-president, Mrs. Effie I. Webster, Lynn, Mass.; secretary, Lorenzo Worthen, Hillsboro Br., N. H.; treasurer, Mrs. Harriet Comstock, Newbury, N. H.; chairman of business committee, Thomas Burpee, Sutton, N. H.; second, C. E. Gore, Ilwaco, N. H.; third, Mrs. Harriet C. Comstock, Newbury, N. H.; auditors, C. C. Davis, Hartland, Vt., Mrs. Harriet C. Comstock, Newbury, N. H. A committee of two was appointed to meet Mr. George W. Blodgett and to have the lease of the grounds extended five years more. That committee was Lorenzo Worthen, Hillsboro Br., N. H.; John Gage, Henniker, N. H.

Aug. 26 at 2.15 p. m. a conference: at 7.45 p. m. a seance in the hall by Mrs. Sadie L. Hand of Boston, Mass., as Mrs. Effie I. Webster had cancelled her engagement. Aug. 27 at 2.15 p. m., Memorial service, conducted by Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock of Providence, R. I., and Mrs. Fannie H. Spaulding of Norwich, Conn., in memory of those that still live just over there.

Aug. 28 at 1 p. m. Lorenzo Worthen and John Gage, the committee of two to meet George W. Blodgett to get the lease extended to their duty and the lease extended to seven years from Aug. 28, 1903, and the papers made out and signed and delivered to Lake Sunapee Campmeeting Association, all in harmony.

At 2.15 p. m. a lecture delivered by Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock on the subject of "Spiritualism and its Success" to a large audience. Aug. 29, at 2.15 p. m., conference. Aug. 30, at 10.45 a. m., lecture by Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock of Providence, R. I., on these three words, "Some Reason Why," which was listened to with good audience. At 1 p. m. a seance was given in the hall by Mrs. Fannie H. Spaulding. At 2.15 p. m., closing address by Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, who spoke well and held the audience so still that you could hear a pin drop. The meeting has been a success in every way.

Lorenzo Worthen, sec.

[We apologize for delay in publishing above report.]

A Constipation Cure that Actually Cures

is Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine. It is not merely a relief. It permanently cures any kind of a case of constipation, no matter of how long standing. It is not a purgative nor an irritant cathartic. These simply lash and hurt the bowels, and bring but temporary relief. The condition left behind is worse than the first. Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine does just the opposite. It is a tonic laxative of the highest order. It tones, strengthens and gives new life and vigor to the bowels. Only one small dose a day removes all the causes of the trouble, and leaves the bowels well and able to move themselves without the aid of medicines. It cures dyspepsia, kidney and liver troubles, indigestion, headaches, catarrh of the stomach, and all other diseases and conditions growing out of a clogged condition of the system. Try it free. A sample bottle for the asking. Vernal Remedy Co., 120 Seneca Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

Sold by all leading druggists.

The Power of Spirit.

Waverly Home, Sept. 20—An incident occurred here today illustrating the wonderful power of Spiritualism in uplifting the heavy heart and inspiring the soul with hope and cheer. Two ladies called at the home on personal business; one of them a widow whose husband had recently passed away, the other, a married lady, who accompanied the first as companion. Both of them were laden with heavy hearts; the one, for the loss of a dear husband, the other in sympathy with her friend. Both of them were believers in a church that is not in sympathy with Spiritualism. Neither of them had ever attended a Spiritualist meeting. When they were about ready to return to their homes, the people began to arrive for the afternoon meeting. The matron of the home kindly invited them to attend the services; they accepted the invitation, and were deeply interested.

After the regular meeting in the assembly room, all went out on the lawn, where circles were formed for the receiving of messages from our spirit friends. These two ladies helped to form the circle. One of the mediums present crossed over to where these ladies were sitting and said: "I see a train of cars; now they seem to be toppling over; they have collided with another train of cars. I now see a man in the wreck; he comes to you, lady, and says: 'I am glad to see you sister; I am alive and well; I am not dead, nor in Purgatory, but am happy here in the life of the spirit.'" "Good Heavens," said the married lady, "this is my dear brother Tom, who was killed in a collision on a freight train while serving as brakeman. My! my! Can this be all

true? Does my poor dear brother Tom really and truly live, and know me?"

The tears of a sister's affection, in memory of her brother's sudden death, were now falling from her eyes, and she was asking questions; her eyes shone with added brilliancy through her tears as a new hope and a new joy entered her soul, that her brother was safe and well.

"How wonderful, O, how wonderful is all this!" said the sister. "I feel as though I would cry for very joy in my heart, for poor dear brother Tom has come to me."

The spirit of the widow's husband did not appear, but her darling little girl in spirit life came to comfort her mother and the mother's heart was made glad by the promise of her spirit child to bring father to her.

When the meeting was all over, what a marvelous change in the demeanor of these two strangers to Spiritualism! They came to us cast down and heavy laden with care and sorrow; they parted from us with joy and gladness in the new born hope that their beloved lives and loves and knows them still.

"What a comfort all this is to us," said they to the matron of the Home—"we shall never forget the events of this day."

Dear friends, the above illustrates the simple and beautiful power of Spiritualism to uplift the weary heart, to instill hope, courage and fortitude in the experienced life, and to know, with what intelligence we may possess, something of the great active world of the spirit.

There were many excellent workers with us today. Mrs. Abbie Burnham gave an address. She was made heartily welcome by all present; it was her first appearance this season. The mediums who did most excellent work were: Mrs. Berry of Portland, Me.; Mrs. Fisher, Mrs. Burns, Mrs. Bemis, Mrs. Ott; Mr. Marston, remarks; Mr. D. Bemis presided.—J. H. Lewis.

The Next Great Step.

W. J. Colville.

On Sunday, Sept. 6, W. J. Colville functioned in St. Louis in the large hall of the Odeon, Grand Ave. At 2.30 p. m. the subject of discourse was "The Next Great Step in Human Evolution," this the lecturer declared to be the abolition of war in all its phases. Numerous questions were asked and answered after the lecture, several of these related to labor difficulties and the prospect of a reconstructed social organism. Though the speaker insisted that all lasting reformation must proceed from within outward, the admission was freely made that though people are intrinsically the same in all environments, most people decidedly behave better in one set of circumstances than in another, therefore, we should welcome and work to attain those conditions which will assist instead of hinder the unrobing of the best that is contained within the multitudes who more often err through ignorance than sin from malice premeditated.

At 7.45 p. m., the topic was "Spiritual Science and Philosophy" practically applied to human welfare. This lecture elicited rounds of applause and was pronounced a singularly forcible and eloquent production. The speaker began by defining and justifying the practice of "building castles in the air" and undertook to prove that seership and imagination are very close of kin and without these twin angels we could take no steps forward.

Memory is a vastly overrated faculty. What we need is more discrimination and penetration, coupled with insight and foresight. Dwelling upon the past is necessarily unwholesome, because it bars the way to progress by placing ideals behind us instead of in advance. Architects are all builders of air castles, and so are scientific men, even though their tendencies be as materialistic as were those of Prof. Tyndall who paid high tribute to "scientific imagination."

There are five directions in which we can turn our mental gaze—backward, outward, inward, upward and forward. All these five things have their use, but when we are confined to the former two, and neglect the latter three, or if we embrace the former three but neglect the latter two we are surely downhearted and pessimistic, as we usually see much to regret and little to encourage us. It is the upward and forward look that is truly helpful, then we can look within, behind and around and interpret the phenomena of existence aright and grow serenely optimistic as we come to realize that a great purpose is in process of fulfillment.

The charge brought against idealism that it is an impractical philosophy is ridiculous, because apart from the instruction derived from ideals we have little incentive to noble endeavor and scarcely any encouragement to work for the improvement of our state.

The lessons of Labor Day are manifold, and among the greatest of them is the proof that in union there is strength; but union must not be selfish or tyrannical or it will dissolve. All such epithets as "scab" applied to non-union workers must cease, for the only way to prove the good of united effort is to show that union tends to ennoble the characters of the united.

Dealing with the question of prison reform and the elevation of all addicted to pernicious habits outside of prison walls, the lecturer contended for a practical application of the highest ethics of spiritual philosophy, and logically urged upon every hearer the necessity for demonstrating in home life the mighty truths which are so readily applauded when enunciated from the platform.

To be practical we must be earnest, systematic, devoted to our work, active without hurry and industrious without worry. We must concentrate our attention upon our duties one by one, doing each so faithfully and completely that we shall have made true preparation for whatever we shall next be called to meet, and this counsel must apply to preparation for the life beyond the mortal, the only true way to get ready for which is to cultivate such inward temper as will yield us blessedness in the realms beyond earth's shadows.

Seeing Into the Future.

Prophecy, as well known, is the mirroring of future events in dreams, through clairvoyance, or by interpreting the inclination of the forces or principles governing the life's plan of the individual soliciting such information.

How much can be rightly delineated depends upon the reader's knowledge of such inclinations—what he or she understands of their import—their real meaning. There is no doubt about sensing them; for every one susceptible to psychic influences feels something in connection with mortals that is super-sensuous—not material—and is thus enabled to judge of their true character, whatever may be pretended or displayed in public.

But simply reading character is not prophesying. We may infer the effect should the cause be sensed be permitted to control. But who knows better than the individual himself which of these inclinations are his favorites? He seldom displays them or permits them to manifest when he has his psychic photograph taken. Either he feels his best or has his mind bent on hearing something entirely foreign to the cause upon him—something contrary to the possibilities in store for him.

No prophet or reader of psychic influences

can obtain a correct interpretation of conditions enforced or trilled.

But as it is impossible for some to be perfectly natural unless alone or among familiar, self-prophesying offers a rescue from the despair of misunderstood feelings, inclinations, bad dreams, restlessness, etc.

Our own cause or underlying principles naturally must be unchangeable or absolute for certain effects or aims to be achieved in the unfoldment as immortal beings. Now, to the observant student of his own consistent and ever-recurring feelings or inclinations it must finally become manifest that they do not exist without reason. From these ever-recurring inclinations he may prophecy according to their exercise or the liberty allowed them. If good, no harm can accrue. If the reverse, it is for one's better nature—conscience or the principles on which one's aspirations are founded—to govern and suggest remedies for their removal or their subjugation.

But in addition to feelings or inclinations for physical expression exclusively, there are those which denote action extraneous to the body—that of packing a trunk, for example, without other reason than the mere desire—the inclination. The experienced relate that such action preceded an unlooked-for journey. The cause upon us can not speak plainer.

Now, there are many such inclinations, which, if noted and rightly studied, speak volumes to us, and constitute the voice of prophecy with each individual. Introspection reveals them, and practice accustoms the sense of feeling to observe them with the accuracy of a compass-needle and interpret them as readily as a chemist does a material element.

From what is thus sensed or we are inclined to do we can often interpret our immediate future. How this is known to the cause upon us—the law within—or what puts it into action, must be left to individual explanation. Fact is, that the soul thinks independent of the head—as being reminded of forgotten duty from the region of the solar plexus rather than from the brain centre. And, if the soul can think, it must be a conscious entity—without which there would be no head thinking, no inclination or bodily movement felt.

But some live so exclusively in the body that the soul has no chance to manifest independently or make itself known to the exterior man—thus can neither warn against danger, nor prophecy anything it cognizes as a causal principle.

Intuition is dead, as it were—held dormant by too much materiality, be it a sensually selfish passion or an emotional one, such as envy, jealousy, hatred or malice.

We may prophecy all kinds of troubles for such a condition of mortality, whether we sense them in others or know them to be our own inclinations, for they are antagonistic to the vibrations with which nature infuses the soul for perfection.

But when the soul's influences does break through, it is sensed as a sudden awakening to a higher understanding—among them the inclination to know of a future life—prophetic inquisitiveness spiritualized. Continued investigation on that line constitutes the most practical method of studying the art, and converts prophecy as a faith into a science of facts.

Arthur F. Milton.

Plato's Republic.

Horatio Dresser.

The ideal state is the moral republic of God. Any one who is able to distinguish Being from Becoming, to live for the realities of things instead of for the appearances, and, above all, he who lives righteously, is already a member of that state. It is too pure an ideal ever to be fully realized on this earth, but the important thing is to approximate it, to copy the perfect as well as we can. Hence Plato is extremely practical precisely because he refuses to capitulate to the demands of what is eulogistically called "practical" by those whose eyes are blinded to the eternal. Plato is consistent throughout in holding to the ideal as something to be pursued. The ideal is above and beyond. It is in striving to approximate it that our lives have worth. Without the ideal life is mere appearance, valueless. Inspired by the ideal, we may really lift our lives toward the true, the beautiful, and the good; we may really become "at one" with ourselves, orderly, just, sane, rational. Unless we understand Plato from this point of view we shall miss his larger meaning.

Plato believed in the essential goodness of man, and the beauty of the universe. He is a thorough-going optimist of a keenly rational type. The constitution of things is, for him, entirely good and sweet. There is no evil power. Clothed in their right minds, all men really love the good. They do wrong through folly, ignorance, ignorance. No man would either voluntarily choose the greater of two evils, or choose evil at all, if he saw what he was doing. Evil is solely attributable to the ignorantly directed activities of man, asleep in the darkness of the world of sense. Let a man hold his head up and behold the sun, and he shall find that all things are fair. All things are more or less imperfect copies of the beautiful. Man is by nature a moral being; the universe is moral. The entire rational organization of things is for the sake of the moral ideal.

Modern philosophers would tell us that Plato overlooks many of the conditions of virtue; that he passes lightly by the dark spots on the world. But one might reply that modern thinkers are apt to forget the ideal meaning of life's conflicts. The important thing is not the darkness, but the light, the discovery that the darkness is darkness—that is one of the great messages of Plato. There is a moral law; we are souls, and there is an eternal order to which we belong. Let each begin to live as a loyal citizen of the eternal republic, and the other things will take care of themselves. The lower order of life simply cannot be understood by itself. You must see the eternal to know the temporal. Therefore turn your vision towards those perfect Ideas whose collective being constitutes the divine order.

There need be nothing far off and abstruse in this mode of life. If you would make a concrete application, do not think of your friend as his physical appearance leads you to picture him. Do not think of his ideal as mere prudence, the best he can attain in this life. But regard your friend as a soul, a word which means more for Plato than for most anyone who has ever used it. The ideal of your friend is that which would give his life the divinest significance as a citizen of the republic of God. It is a "heavenly pattern," a unity of goodness and beauty, combined in unique fashion, that is, fit to do its own particular work as well as it can be done. A product of the divine art, it must itself be an artist, poised, balanced, harmonious, rhythmical, orderly. Thus shall a soul be worthy of a place among the Ideas. Truly Plato's Republic would be realized if we could recast all men from the standpoint of the ideal—Unity.

At last to be identified! At last the lamps upon thy side The rest of life to see! Past midnight, past the morning star! Past sunrise! Ah! what leagues there are Between our feet and day!

The heaven unexpected came To lives that thought their worshipping A too presumptuous psalm.

—Emily Dickinson.

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THE HEBREW AND OTHER CREATIONS.
THE DEITY OF DARKNESS; OR, EVIL IN THE LIGHT OF EVOLUTION.
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COMPILED AND EDITED BY

ROBERT J. THOMPSON,

Officer of the Legion of Honor of France, Late Diplomatic Envoy of the United States to France, Secretary of the Lafayette Centennial Commission, CHICAGO.

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LIFE OF

Jesus of Nazareth.

BY DEAN DUDLEY.

Having made an exhaustive study of the first Genaean Council of Nicea, it was but natural, Mr. Dudley says, that he should supplement that work with the life of the man concerning whom the Church Fathers dogmatized so much at their first great convocation. This work of Mr. Dudley's first great conclusion, from the standpoint of a pronounced free thinker, is free from many of the objectionable features that usually obtain with works of this kind. It is brief and to the point, and best of all, will compel the people who read it to think and reason for themselves as they peruse it. The plain unadorned facts are tersely stated by Mr. Dudley, who has combined in a few pages that which one might find in the numerous volumes written upon the same subject. It is a veritable gem in prose, and should be in the library of every Spiritualist.

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"The mind may, by the exercise of its great love-and-will powers, eliminate both the causes and the consequences of its inherited faults, evils, and errors."—A. J. Davis.

SPIRITUALISM.

THE FIRST SPIRITUAL TEMPLE.

Emma Train.

All the world in shadow lay,
Hope had flown afar;
Dread Materialism gray
Hid faith's sombre star.
Sorrow's rain of falling tears
Pattered along the blighted years,
While the gloom of dread despair
Threatened all things fair.

When the Angels, hovering nigh,
Saw this deepening gloom,
They left their shining homes on high—
All the joy and bloom:
Called the noble and the wise
To a council in the skies,
Where they stood out for earth
A sublimer birth.

There they planned this Temple grand
For Humanity,
Whose majestic walls shall stand
Throughout eternity.
Firm they laid its corner stone,
Just the tiny Ray alone—
That a gleam of truth unfurled—
Startled all the world.

Then they hewed its timbers strong
With Philosophy;
Nailed them down with science's song,
Reason's prophecy.
High the windows ope'd above,
Clear with messages of love,
Till the sky grew bright overhead,
And the shadows fled.

Lo! The mourner's grief was still,
Doubt was vanquished quite,
Knowledge sat upon a hill,
Earth's divinest light.
Broad its arches and sublime,
Bridging o'er the mists of time,
Till the night of mortal fears
Vanished with the years.

Fair this Temple stands today,
Rich and true and blest;
Not a weary one but may
Find within it—rest.
Doubts and fears and tremblings cease,
And the troublous soul finds peace.
Through it, pattern ever sweet,
Sound of childhood feed.

Sinning ones most low and vile,
Here the way may find;
Catch again the dear God's smile,
Lost by eyes too blind.
Nenth its dome so vast and tall,
There is room enough for all;
And its bell chimes clear and free
For Humanity.

Holy Temple, first and last
Reaching human needs,
Lighting up the sombre past
With its dismal creeds;
Blest are we who learn to bow
At its sacred altars now,
Coming lessons pure and sweet,
Where the two worlds do meet.

We would ever sit and learn,
Free from earthly care,
Where the deathless tapers burn
At its altar stair;
But low voices, wise and true,
Tell us there is work to do,
That the Temple still may grow,
Brighter truths to show.

Not a hand too small or weak
To help the work along;
Not a voice too low or meek
To swell its holy song.
Waken then, for builders we
On this temple broad must be,
And the work we will show
In the future's glow.

Hail! O Temple, first and best,
With thy heavenly grace,
Truth be'er the honored guest
At thine altar place.
Justice, Purity and Worth,
Mark thy glory o'er the earth,
Till all souls above wrong's wiles
Shall walk thy magic aisles.

Reincarnation or Successive Embodiments. II.

Dr. Helen Denmore.

In the "Banner of Light" of Sept. 12th, page 2, will be found Dr. Peebles' reply to my article published in the "Banner" of Aug. 29th.

Dr. Peebles quotes from my article that "assertion is not argument," and then says: "And yet, with almost the next pen-stroke she refers authoritatively to Mrs. Richmond as affirming the doctrine of successive embodiments." I hope readers of the "Banner" who are interested in this topic will take the trouble to turn to my article in the issue above mentioned. I wish them to see for themselves how utterly without foundation is Dr. Peebles' statement. The following quotation from my article covers the ground: "Each individual must finally determine for himself what is true. It is this that distinguishes the free-thinker from the slave to authority. Mrs. Richmond, Mr. Colville and some other writers affirm the doctrine of successive embodiments. These affirmations do not demonstrate the correctness of the doctrine nor prove the contention." It would seem strange that anyone could read these words and affirm that I refer to the affirmations of Mrs. Richmond or anyone else as authority.

It is probably well to correct an error which occurs in the foregoing quotation. I refer to Mrs. Richmond affirming this or that or the other doctrine simply as a matter of convenience; as a matter of fact, it is not Mrs. Richmond, but outside intelligences, which are known as her Guides that make these affirmations. I do not think this makes it in the least any more impressive or authoritative. Dr. Peebles' affirmation is as much authority to me as the affirmation of any spirit. For myself, I take none of them, but subject the affirmations or teachings of spirits in the flesh or out of it to the plane of reason as it appeals to me. But let it now be permanently understood between Dr. Peebles and myself that Mrs. Richmond nor her Guides, nor Dr. Peebles, nor anyone else, is any authority or that the affirmations of any of these persons constitute any argument for or against the correctness or incorrectness of any hypothesis or philosophy. It is an easy thing to make reckless assertions; it is usually a difficult and a very different thing to sustain these assertions by arguments deduced from facts and logic.

Dr. Peebles disposes of what he calls my "half-column paragraph" about "nothing being lost" by saying he "favors the theory of the spirit's eternal past existence." Will Dr. Peebles kindly explain whether he thinks "the spirit's eternal past existence" was an existence of self-consciousness and that it was without beginning? If so, will he explain, since he has such a horror of successive embodiments, why it was necessary for this eternal spirit to embody at all, and will explain the surprising paradox that a spirit that has existed for all past eternity after some of millions of years suddenly changes its mind and takes on an embodiment in earth

life, and, since Dr. Peebles does not believe in any more embodiments, why it is that this spirit, having existed from eternity without any embodiments, suddenly took the notion into its head of trying it on once and then is forever debarr'd from trying it again? Since science has come to recognize that the material universe is eternal, that it is without beginning and without end, that there always has been and no doubt always will be an endless procession of the birth, growth, maturity, decay and death of worlds—since, I say, this is becoming recognized by science, the doctrine that the soul is also uncreate, that it has existed from eternity to eternity, is reinforced and strengthened by the eternity of the material universe. This past existence of the conscious ego must not be confounded with the hazy, misty motion of the theosophists that the soul came to consciousness from a pre-existence in rocks and plants and animals, and so into consciousness in man. If this is the theory of the spirit's past existence which Dr. Peebles favors, he is still in the same dilemma, since by consciousness there came a time when consciousness had a beginning and this beginning of consciousness was practically the creation of a soul. I hazard the conjecture that none of the eminent teachers to whom Dr. Peebles refers "favor the theory of the spirit's eternal past existence" in consciousness. I recollect very well when I first heard the doctrine of successive embodiments and the eternal nature of the soul, since, as well as future, that I thought it eminently absurd, and I am of the opinion that Spiritualists and Christians and all those who have not been taught this doctrine of successive embodiments or taught by the theosophists are still of the opinion that the human spirit has its beginning in consciousness or at soon after foetal life; and, as before said, this is practically a creation. Either horn of this dilemma seems to me unthinkable.

Dr. Peebles has scored one point and urges that it is inconsistent in me to ask him for facts that disprove successive embodiments. With his permission, I will amend my request and ask him for facts to prove the statements that he has made concerning embodiments. In my first article I quoted five of these statements, and they occupy so small a space that I am hopeful the editor of the "Banner" will permit their reproduction:

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

Since Dr. Peebles agrees with me that no one's affirmation is authoritative, will he kindly point out to the readers of the "Banner" some argument based on fact or logic or philosophy to support the above five statements?

1. I hope Dr. Peebles will accede to my requests as readily as I have done and will do to his. He asks if I know by sense perception that the doctrine of successive embodiments is true. I do not. I have no recollection of a previous life but I have of the first months of infancy; but I have no more doubt of such an existence than I have of my existence in infancy. That which coerced conviction of the correctness of this theory is the fact that it solves what had heretofore been insoluble problems, and makes consistent and simple what without this doctrine is chaos and night.

2. I believe successive embodiments are a matter of choice after an adequate degree of evolution has been reached.
3. I believe that the spirit enters upon embodiment at the moment of conception, and that the spirit builds the body and is not, as I formerly supposed, the result and product of the body.

4. I believe that the soul is the source of consciousness in all human embodiments; that the spirit embodied is an expression of the soul, and that the soul is conscious not only while the spirit is "secluding itself in another uterine imprisonment," but is also conscious of all preceding embodiments. I will refer to this matter further on.

5. A mother can tell to a certainty by her own state of development of the general scope and nature of the one about to be embodied. Like attracts like. A New Zealand cannibal mother is not able to attract a saint, and is in no danger of giving embodiment to one; and a mother with a saintly nature and aspiration is in no danger of giving birth to a New Zealand cannibal.

6. If Dr. Peebles will become a student of the system of philosophy known as successive embodiments, and before he ventures to criticize a system which he has not studied, he will come to understand that it is the spirit that is the expression of the soul.

Does Dr. Peebles believe in the eternal justice and righteousness of an overruling power? If so, will he explain how a just God could so arrange it that none of his children should pass through the most unfortunate developments and situations, and other of his children escape them? I believe in the doctrine of absolute democracy and that it will one day be perceived that God is no respecter of persons, and that "every person born, high or low, is fated to go through every possible experience." Let us have patience. As life worth living must be determined by the results, Christ "had overcome the world" in all of its representative experiences, and I would ask Dr. Peebles if such a life and such an exaltation is not worth "ploughing through all experiences."

When we come to reason about this matter it is easily seen that one cannot overcome temptation unless one is tempted. A woman confined in a nunnery is entitled to no credit for not yielding to temptation. She must be living in the world with the opportunities of the world and must "overcome the world" before she reaches the highest pinnacle of virtue. It is also easily seen that one in spirit life is in no more danger of sensual temptation than one living in a nunnery. One must be embodied and immersed in the flesh to be subject to the temptation of the flesh, and this is why successive embodiments are necessary to give each and all an opportunity to overcome all representative weaknesses; and this, according to the philosophy of embodiments, is for experience and satisfaction, and not for expiation or punishment.

Dr. Peebles makes many references to science. He will find some interesting matter in Frederick W. H. Myers' recent work on "Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death." He will also find most instructive matter in the last report of the "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research." The latter contains, among other interesting matter, Sir Oliver Lodge's presidential address and four reviews of Mr. Myers' book, one of which is written by Prof. William James and one by Sir Oliver Lodge. In Sir Oliver's presidential address he says:

"If there is any object worthy the patient and continued attention of humanity, it is surely these great and pressing problems of science, what and whether they have occupied the attention of prophet and philosopher since time immemorial. Already the discovery of telepathy constitutes the first fruits of this society's work, and it has laid the way open to the discovery of much more."

It is well for anyone, before flippantly treating this subject, to bear in mind that such scientists as Sir Oliver Lodge and Professor James are devoting a great deal of their attention to the solution of these problems. Professor James accords to Myers the rank of scientist similar to Darwin, and regards him as the founder of a new science, that of the Subliminal Self. I wish to ask Dr. Peebles attention to Sir Oliver's explanation of Mr. Myers' doctrine. I am indebted to the New York "Independent" of September 10th for the following quotation from Sir Oliver's review of Mr. Myers' book:

"The doctrine which Mr. Myers arrived at after years of study, is that each individual, as we perceive him, is but a small fraction of a larger whole, is, as it were, the foliage of a tree which has its main trunk and its roots in another order of existence; but that on this darker, inconspicuous and permanent basis now one and now another system of leaves bud, grow, display themselves, wither and decay, while the great trunk and roots persist through many such temporary appearances, not independently of the sensible manifestations, nor unassisted by them, but supporting them, dominating them, reproducing them, assimilating their nourishment in the form of the elaborated sap called experience, and thereby growing continually into a more perfect and larger whole."

Students familiar with the doctrine of successive embodiments as given through Mrs. Richmond will be as surprised as delighted upon first reading the above quotation. Paraphrased and stated in the language with which these students are familiar, Sir Oliver's statement would read substantially as follows: "The doctrine which Mr. Myers arrives at after years of study is that each individual as we perceive him is but an embodiment of a larger whole, is, as it were, the foliage of a tree which has its main trunk and its roots in the soul which gave it existence or breathed it into life; and on this hidden, inconspicuous and eternal basis of the soul now one and now another embodiment buds, grows, displays itself, passes to spirit life, there lives out to full fruition all the buds and blossoms of its embodiment; while the great trunk and roots, the soul, persists through many such temporary and successive appearances or embodiments, not independently of the sensible manifestations, but supporting them, dominating them, reproducing them, assimilating their nourishment in the form of the elaborated sap called experience, and gaining a similar satisfaction by these expressions that a great artist has in embodying a beautiful thought on canvas."

I do not offer the extraordinary unanimity of the systems of thought separately promulgated by Mr. Myers and Mrs. Richmond as an absolute demonstration of the correctness of either; but if, as taught through Mrs. Richmond, truth is inherent in every human soul, and if the student, noticing a multitude of these confirmations in history, in literature and in science, comes to be absolutely certain of the correctness of this system, he then sees that it is because truth is inherent in every human soul that Mr. Myers and the Guides of Mrs. Richmond, quite independently of each other, have announced substantially the same system of truth.

SOMETHING GOOD IS COMING TO ME.

Belle A. Hitchcock.

It may not come for many a day,
It may not come for many a year,
But just as sure as the sunlight's ray,
A beautiful good is drawing near.

It will not hasten nor yet delay;
I must be hopeful in storm or calm;
For even if ever so far away,
It still is coming to bring me balm.

'Twill not avail me to cry or fret;
I must be hopeful for God's sake;
God's infinite love is guiding yet,
He understands all the yearning ache.

Ah, long and weary this waiting seems
With heavy pulses and fainting breath;
It may come softly as midnight dreams;
It may not come until after death.

But still I wait for it every hour,
That spring-like freshness of joy to be;
Unfolding sweet like a perfect flower,
Something good is coming to me.

So I'll keep singing through storm and chill;
Though tears half drown all my notes of cheer.
In life or death, as God doth will,
A beautiful good is drawing near.

And I shall know it, and be so glad;
From restless longings my heart shall cease.
And I shall wonder why life was sad,
Knowing God's pathway has led to peace.

It may not come for many a day,
But just as sure as the sunlight's ray
Something good is coming to me,
Canaan, Conn.

Light at Last.

A woman stands in an open door-way,
Shading her eyes from the setting sun with one
tall-hardened hand, while the other rests
in calm strength by her side. Her hard
rugged features are partly concealed by the
shadow of her hand, but her long dark frame
is brought into wonderfully bold relief, while
her faded night dress and apron lend no
beauty to the picture. Even her dark brown
hair, because of its abundance, seems to accentuate
the forlornness of every other feature.

As she looks we will enter the house. A kitchen, as clean and cozy as can be made, tells us that, however unlovely in outward appearance its occupant may be, she has taste and love for the beautiful. Beyond the kitchen we see three more rooms which display the same characteristic neatness throughout.

The woman turns and enters the house. Her face, seen more clearly, is less unlovely than at a casual glance it would seem to be. Her more than a droop at the corners that indicated the long suppression of what is held most dear, while the tightly closed lips show her a person of strong will and endurance. Her face would be almost repulsive in its intensity but for a pair of soft grey eyes that are filled with unshed tears. Her whole attitude indicates weariness, despair and her spirit seems completely broken. But as she goes about her regular duties, her step becomes more elastic and her head more erect, showing that hope has returned to make life endurable and in a measure joyous.

Very barren of comforts is the little house but it is home to the solitary woman who occupies it. Within a stone's throw of it she was born and here almost the whole of her thirty years have been spent. For a few years, she was with her uncle's family in the thriving town of X—. She was then a handsome girl to whom every one who knew her gave largely of love and tenderness. But as sunshine gives place to shadow, so there came a time of unexampled sorrow to

this light-hearted girl. There had been a season of love making and then with a very brief adieu, handsome Robert Brown went away never to return. No one knew the particulars, not even their most intimate friends. Robert, laughing heartily when interviewed about the matter and said: "Even the worm will turn when trod upon."

Clara, pretty Clara Howard, went about smiling as usual for a time, but soon a tired expression came upon her happy face and then she, too, went away to return no more. Once more among her native hills she fought for her old care-free, happy life. She attended all the country festivities and was apparently the gayest of the gay. But when the merriest laugh was upon her lips, sometimes her eyes would take on a far-away expression that even the most dense could not fail to notice.

Then came more poignant sorrow that effectively quenched her merry laugh and her features gradually assumed the stern expression we see to-day.

First the mother was stricken, a hopeless invalid for some years. Clara was obliged to assume not only the role of nurse, but of housekeeper, cook, landress and all the duties upon a small farm, for the finances of the Howard family, never very large, were greatly reduced by the extra expenses of sickness. Her cheerful face was a constant source of comfort to the invalid and none of the household wants and denials ever entered the sick room. The mother's last words were to ask a blessing upon the dear head of her only and idolized daughter.

Her father now failed visibly, for, deprived of the gentle and loving companion of a life time, he was as a vessel without a rudder. He could not endure the buffeting of the waves, and after a brief illness died, leaving a son and daughter to comfort each other as best they could.

With still much to live for, these two bravely faced the duties before them. Clara personally assisted her brother in the care of the garden, which was the source of most of their small income.

Great souls we regard often with awe, but to those who endure uncomplainingly the vicissitudes of every day life, as did Clara Howard, we do not give a thought. Sweetly and even cheerfully she went about her work. Sometimes she would dream of Robert's laughing face and then would rise pale and listless; but work, that great cure-all for day dreams, brought cheerfulness again.

Many lives have lived similar lives and lived them just as uncomplainingly, many will live them again. Every one has his own burden to bear though the world knows not of it. Down in her heart Clara Howard often rebelled at her hard lot, but she possessed the rare faculty of being able to hide her grief under the mask of a cheerful smile, so that, but for her increasing thinness and the sinister closing of her lips, no one would have believed her other than a happy, care-free woman.

Accustomed to hard work, she worked harder than ever with each succeeding year, growing thinner and with a saddened expression that was really pitiful to see whenever she thought herself alone. Robert Brown held her whole heart, though she never knew when he was or anything relative to him after he left her. She always pictured him as, perhaps, happy in a home of his own, with a wife and children about him. Many times the tears could not be restrained when she called this fancy to her mind, for she knew in her heart that he had loved her far better than he could ever love another. Each day seemed to make him dearer to her. Good and kind men came to her with offers of marriage, but she gave them all a gentle dismissal and kept at her work, ridding herself of troubled thoughts by the energy she could always summon on such occasions.

In another year a fever had smitten her darling brother. In vain did she pray and work for his life. How could she give him up? One terrible thought came, to end her life and be buried with him; her better self finally enabled her to take up her burden of life again, but with no ray of light to comfort her aching heart.

During one of her solitary evenings, as she sat in the twilight that was fast deepening into darkness, a soft, mellow light seemed to pervade the whole room. No objects were visible, but gradually the form of her mother and father came to her with the force of a frightened, for it was so good to be near her own again. For a moment a deep stillness seemed to hold them as in a loving embrace. Then the mother spoke:

"My dear daughter, how much we appreciate your tender care for us. Now we know all your trouble that you so carefully concealed from us when we were with you, but since you are always dear in spirit to us, comfort. Do you love the poetical in nature and human life? Then your taste will certainly be gratified, for here you will find some of the most beautiful of poems, both original and selected. To me this book is like an oasis in a desert, for here one finds peace, joy, hope and love."

Clara roused herself at last. Had she been dreaming? She knew she had not. What, then, could it mean? Yes, her spirit mother was surely watching over her and trying to comfort her. But what sunshine could come to her with all her heart once gone? Only Robert could bring happiness to her now and he was lost to her as much as though she had seen him laid in his grave. But from that moment she seemed impelled to watch for him. Every evening, just at twilight, she would go to the door and eagerly gaze in every direction as far as possible and then disappear and say with a closed door.

For three years her faith had been tried and often found wanting. And so we find her, old before her time, but loved by every unfortunate neighbor for miles around; her one solace being to comfort those upon whom the hand of affliction had been laid. "As thy days so shall thy strength be," so Clara Howard by helping others found strength to bear her own burdens, sorely heavy as they were.

This night on which we see her, her quick ear detects a faint knock upon the door. She thinks, "They have come for me to sit up with poor, old lady Jones," and calls out cheerily, "Come in!" as she removes her apron. Instead of freckled faced Freddie Jones she turns to see a tall, bearded man of perhaps forty years.

"Good evening," he says, cheerily, "Do you know me, Clara?"

"Know him! hadn't she watched for him every day for more than three years?"

"I expected you, Robert," she said. "Yes, I really think I expected you."

No silly sentimentality can come between them now. Time had been preparing them for each other.

"But how did you think to hunt me up after all these years?" asked Clara after they had talked a long time.

"I am almost ashamed to tell you," he replied. "I had a vision one night and seemed to see you kneeling by an open grave. Only for a moment could I see you, and then spirit came and covered you with a mist, then turning to me she said, 'Find her, she needs you.' That was more than three years ago. At first I tried to forget about it, for I am not a superstitious man. Finally I yielded to some power, invisible to me. When I at last started, I did not know where to find you. Remembering your relatives at X—, I went there, but they had gone West somewhere, and it was a long time before I could find any one who could direct me to you. It is a long story, but I am here at last. We will wed tomorrow, for we have been apart long enough."

Sir Oliver Lodge's explanation, for she was only too glad that her lonely life was over.

Soul inherits all that soul can dare.—Emerson.

A New Sensation.

I am reading a new book. Its title is, "The Great Psychological Crime." This is significant. But then, are not all crimes psychological? Can a crime be committed against a body that has no Soul? Or can a crime be committed by a body that is without a Soul?

This book assumes that hypnosis deals especially with the Soul, and therefore differs from all actions or agencies that act directly on the body. Some experiences are cited to show that it is the Soul that is hypnotized, and the inference seems to be that the impression does not weaken or fade with the lapse of time. Then does a hypnotic suggestion hold its power forever? Do all such impressions and commands, acting by authority of the will of the hypnotist, continue in force endlessly? How can these effects produced by a special process on the united Soul and body, be limited to the Soul? Where a hypnotic manipulation, accompanied by a word, or suggestion, renders the whole body rigid, it would seem that the influence is somewhat physical, as well as psychic. When a motion of the operator's hand will cause the blood to recede, and a finger to grow white and cold in a few minutes—or seconds—and a similar, but reversed, motion will as quickly restore it, it appears very much like a physiological fact, governed by physiological laws and causes.

The aim of this book is directly against hypnotism and mediumship. They are declared to be identical, and destructive to individual life. Hypnotism is held to be a psychic process, acting upon the Soul of the subject, and the physical effects are secondary and temporal, while the psychic effects endure indefinitely; and the same is held of mediumship. But who is to be held responsible for effects produced upon a Soul, in a body, and all the interdependencies of physical and mental relations intact, is any criterion by which to estimate the influence of similar acts between souls unflushed, or when one is in and the other out of the flesh?

Because a spirit out of the flesh has all the characteristics of individuality, and disposition that it did while in the body, it does not necessarily follow that actions, impressions, and compound influences, are the same, when all the relations are changed as they are by death. A thought, a word, a command, impressed upon a Soul in the flesh—even though the physiological functions seem to be for the time entirely suspended—may be very different from the same thought, word, or command impressed upon a Soul entirely freed from all relations to the body. Of course this is not a dogma. It may be that the body and Soul in the hypnotic trance are so nearly separated that the influence of a suggestion is not affected by the body at all. But who knows this to be the case? Until this can be demonstrably settled the case cannot proceed, without the liability of error that will vitiate all further reasonings on the subject. If this can be settled affirmatively, and a fraction of influence upon the hypnotic suggestion be found to be due to the relations of the body with the hypnotized Soul, then we must go slow, and hold all final conclusions in abeyance until more is known of the Soul in the body and out. Here let us pause and reflect, before following the subject through its many phases.

Lyman C. Howe.

Three Books.

Do you want to be amused, interested and instructed at the same time? If so, read "The Gentleman from Everywhere." When I read it I was tired from a hard summer's work and it rested me. It is original in its conception, blending the loftiest of philosophy with rare wit and humor. Through it all runs a vein of optimism that causes one to brush away the tear even while reading of some of the saddest experiences in life.

There is not a dull page, paragraph or sentence in the book. Commence reading and it is almost impossible to drop the book until the word *finis* is pronounced. If you never laughed before you will certainly laugh loudly and heartily while listening to some of the really funny stories and episodes. The author lays before you, if you don't laugh it is because there isn't any laugh in you. Then again you will be lifted into the heights and there listen to the wisest of philosophy. Have you lost the loved and dear? Then will you most certainly find them again for this "Gentleman from Everywhere" will show you that they have never left you—but instead are always dear in spirit to you, comfort. Do you love the poetical in nature and human life? Then your taste will certainly be gratified, for here you will find some of the most beautiful of poems, both original and selected. To me this book is like an oasis in a desert, for here one finds peace, joy, hope and love.

I feel your pleasure to meet the author many times during the past summer at Onset—although only once to really know him. His personality is like his book—for here one finds sunshine, peace and love. In one of our conference meetings he gave us some of the rich treasures of his well stocked mind. He should be called out into more active work for Spiritualism on our platform. He is well qualified to do most excellent missionary work. From some few words that were dropped during a conversation I think that he could be induced to take a place on our Spiritualist platform. A letter addressed to James H. Foss, care of the Banner of Light, would undoubtedly reach him. Be sure to read his book and then you will want to hear him speak.

"The Melody of Life," by Miss Susie C. Clark. It was one of the pleasures to read this book soon after it was published. It is a most wonderful book, and should be both read and studied by the great body of Spiritualists. It is not only a prose poem, but at the same a philosophical treatise. It is a text book upon spiritual healing that presents in most lucid manner the laws underlying the same. It is an inspiration about it that uplifts and gives new courage and strength to the tired and weary of earth. A magnetic power for good goes with it that is simply wonderful.

The book is certainly destined to take its place among the classics of the New Thought. It is a book that may be read and re-read, losing none of its power and influence thereby. Have you a friend who is discouraged or disheartened by some of the bitter experiences of life, sick either in soul or body? then send them a copy of this book and it will bless them with its sunshine of immortal hope and love.

Have you seen Prof. C. Parson Longley's latest book of spiritual songs? If not, and you are in the least interested in good music, you should have a copy. Sometimes wonder why so little attention among Spiritualists is given to the selection of songs appropriate to our meetings. As a rule it has been thought that most anything would do for music, and the words that are sometimes sung in our meetings give a lie to all that the preacher says. But this need not be—for Prof. Longley has given us many songs with most appropriate music. This last book is fully equal to any that has been written. May he live long to sing the beautiful songs of the angels into our hearts.

Geo. A. Fuller, M. D.

Onset, Mass.

Children's Book.

A Little Comforter.

Dear Banner of Light,
Anni P. Storer was born May 24, 1891, and passed to spirit life Sept. 1, 1900.
He comes to comfort me by writing messages through my hand. I thought they might comfort other mothers so send them to you.
Yours respectfully,
Ira M. Storer.

MESSAGE OF COMFORT.

Spirit faces, sweet and tender,
Hover round with loving care;
Do not worry, darling mother,
We will help you everywhere.

All the sunshine and the shadows,
We will soften as they go;
And the dark spots in your journey,
We will make as white as snow.

And the sweet and tender mercies
That you scatter day by day,
Are like spots of golden sunshine
In your mansion o'er the way.

Given by spirit Anni P. Storer through mediumship of Ira M. Storer May 24, 1903.

ANOTHER MESSAGE.

My mother and I will wander some day,
Hand and hand through the valley,
Where the waterfalls play;
When the spray looks like crystals
And in splendor sublime,
The light from our Father,
In grandeur will shine.

O'er the hill top and mountain,
O'er meadow and brook,
Where Nature will teach us like words from a book
Of the wisdom of God and our dear angel friends,
How they watch o'er His children,
Through time without end,
And never a soul will be lost on the way,
For all parts of the Father, be they ever so small.

Will reach the high throne of Glory
Where there is welcome for all.

Through the mediumship of Ira M. Storer,
May 25, 1903.

Alfred Wallace Boyce.

Perhaps some of you read a few weeks ago that Alfred Boyce had gone to spirit life to stay with his little sister Edna.

We asked Alfred's mama to tell us something of her boy and this is what she says: Alfred Wallace Boyce was nine years old May 2, 1903. The 19th day of May he was taken sick with malignant scarlet fever. After 21 days of suffering, but with such patience that the doctors said they wanted him to get well for he was so brave, June 8 he passed out. The body had grown too weak to longer hold the spirit. The doctors were obliged to perform two operations upon the throat. He bravely bore it all—tried to cheer mama by making light of it. He was such a good little business man that he had earned during his sickness quite a sum which he kept in his pocket-book under his pillow. One day the chore boy came to the window to ask Alfred's papa for some money. Mr. B. told the boy to wait as he did not have the change just then. Alfred, hearing the conversation, said, "How much do you want, papa?" and when told, asked to have it taken from his pocketbook.

All his little friends loved him. He was happy here and we hope that in his new home he is as happy. We know he will be cheerful and bright, and we know that the children are together now—four over there, only three left. Alfred will find there a brother, Lewis Scott, who was drowned in 1891, twelve years old at the time; a sister, Inez Ella, who was taken when an infant two months old, would now be 17 years old. They make that other life of great interest to the ones left here.

Alfred was so in love with his little sister Edna, who had been snap shots of the two hands in hand. When Edna left he was broken hearted.

He was a joyful, so full of life that he needed to be looked after closely. If it rained, it didn't matter to him, he had just as much fun until afterwards, when he came in with wet feet. Then he would look real sorry because mama told him that he was very careless and was fearful lest he might get cold. He was very generous. When given anything he would slip out to the kitchen to share with the cook, who loved him dearly. She would put away choice morsels for him or help him to cut a piece from the cake of maple sugar.

His teachers loved him, not because he was so good, but because he was always smiling. He would off a scolding by being always honest and truthful. If he broke a window throwing stones or snowballs and papa asked, "Alfred, did you break it?" the answer came promptly, "Yes, sir," and his papa said he felt more like taking the boy in his arms and kissing him than he did like scolding. That is the way to be good, just be happy and honest. One day, knowing his school report was bad, he came smilingly up to his papa and handing him the report, said, "Papa, I only got two D's." D means deficient.

His sense of humor was very keen, yet he did not make fun of people, but as a child he would imitate a laugh to the great enjoyment of the friends.

This is the bright boy who has gone out of the home and I feel with the poet:

"I cannot say, and I will not say
That he is dead; he is just away;
With a cheery smile and wave of the hand,
He has wandered into an unknown land,
And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be since he lingers there."

Bessie M. Boyce.

CATARRH CAN BE CURED.

Catarrh is a kindred ailment of consumption, long considered incurable; and yet there is one remedy that will positively cure catarrh in any of its stages. For many years this remedy was used by the late Dr. Stevens, a widely noted authority on all diseases of the throat and lungs. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Catarrh, Asthma, Consumption, and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 347 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

"Have faith and work. Believing that the will and purpose of the God who created this earth is that it shall grow unto a perfect paradise; that the object of life is to express the power and majesty of the Creator; that we should live in a state of Heaven, here and now; that, yielding to the promptings and leadings of such a Divine Spirit can only lead us in the direction and fulfillment of all that is necessary to its complete accomplishment."—God's Will.



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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., 309 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, 10th Pennsylvania Ave. and 15th St., near Treasury Building. The rates at this hotel for delegates and all visitors to convention will be special—\$2.00 per day, large room, two persons in a room—single room, for one person, \$2.50 per day. These rates include first-class board. Those taking advantage of the same are expected to remain during full

convention, while all who travel on certificate tickets must remain till noon of the fourth day. As a certain number of certificate tickets must be guaranteed to the railroad, 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.

A Day with Dollybugs.

Ho, ho, youngsters! Isn't this fall weather grand? Doesn't it remind you that nattering time is almost here? To wake up to see the clear autumn sunshine pouring in and then for a run out of doors before breakfast, how it makes you feel like a young colt!

How would you like to go nattering some Saturday with Petey? I think we will take that in pretty soon.

Would you little girls like to know how Dollybugs spends her days? Well, she is usually awake in her crib before anyone else in the house is stirring. She lies there wide awake a little while, a very little while and then climbs over into Mama's bed and cuddles down beside her. Mama wakes at once. If the little stirring in the crib and the little whispered "Mama," has not already waked her.

Then she dresses herself with Mama's help and attends her dollies. Then down stairs and out to the barn where the numerous family of kitties greets her with tails in the air. She picks up her favorites and cuddles them for a little bit and then she has a game of romp or tag with her pets.

The old cats look on very wisely and sedately while Dollybugs, looking in the morning sunlight like a sprite dancing over the dewy grass, tries to catch first one kitten and then another. They seem to enter into the fun and, crouching in a little heap, each kitty waits until Dollybugs almost gets her, then off she goes with a jump as much as to say, "You can't tag me, Mistress Dollybug."

When this game is over, the little girl comes in all out of breath but fresh and rosy as sunlight and dew-laden air can make a little country girl. Then for breakfast of hominy and cream and some fruit, then out again, all on a run, to swing or to hunt for peeps until Papa comes out to drive to the car. Dollybugs is in the carriage first and sits enthroned in Papa's lap and drives to the car with him. On the way other children leap in behind (the carriage is usually an open one) until when the schoolhouse is reached the load is as large as it is lively, which is saying a good deal. Old Bill, the horse, has had this trip so many times, he would go over the route almost as well without a driver as with one.

Mama often allows her to do so. But if it is fair, her little legs don't make much of the run home. Then she snatches a few bites of "something to eat," talking all the while, and off she goes to get in as much time for play as she can before the bell calls her again to school.

After school; it is all play till darkness makes play impossible. Peteyboy and his play fellows have an oven in a hole in the over-hanging bank of the "sand hole" and there after school Dollybugs, with her boy companions, bakes potatoes and tries to think they are good.

At dark Papa gets home and Dollybugs has dinner. Then unless she gets too wild, there is a romp till bed time at half past seven. The little eyes drop off to sleep very soon after a day in the pure country air. She wakes quite easily and often when Mama goes to bed and looks at the crib to see if Dollybugs is all right, she sees two little smiling eyes looking up at her, wide awake. At such times Dollybugs likes to have a little quiet talk all alone with Mama.

So let us say Goodnight to Dollybugs and wish her sweet sleep and pleasant dreams until another day calls the little fairy to new pleasures and fresh delights.

Uncle John.

CONFIDENCE.

Among the changing scenes of life,
Amid its pleasures, cares and strife,
There comes a feeling I have known
That I'm a little older grown.

The furrows 'pon my cheeks appear,
There presence brings a silent tear;
For now I'm "going down the hill,"
I simply yield unto God's will.

He knoweth all. He knoweth best,
I am resigned to His behest;
Our coming, going, who can tell,
I know "He doeth all things well."

I'm here because He wills it so,
His purpose wise, ah! who may know?
His power we witness everywhere,
His bounty each and all may share.

I would not drift from Him apart,
I need His presence in my heart,
'Tis His design in me revealed,
His loving presence not concealed.

A helpful presence all may know,
As thro' life's journey here below,
We wend our weary, toilsome way,
He's with, to guide us every day.

And give us strength from realms above
If we His faithful children prove.
Oh Lord, we of Thy strength would share,
Enfold us in Thy loving care.

May we behold ourselves within,
Protect, and guide us from all sin;
Reveal to us the Heavenly Light,
And we'll walk humbly in Thy sight.

And when at last our work is done
Convey us to our Heavenly Home—
Where all earth's weary ones may rest,
"Among the mansions of the blest."

Dr. G. W. Fowler, Lynn, Mass.

Boston Spiritual Temple.

Next Sunday, in the New Century Building, Huntington Avenue, the meetings of the Boston Spiritual Temple will be opened for the season of 1903-4. It is expected that there will be a very large attendance upon this occasion, that all the members of this society will endeavor to be present and all the friends of the Cause will unite in making this opening meeting a good start in the work which is before the society for this coming year.

There are yet remaining a number of desirable seats which may be secured for the season, admitting the owner free of all further charge to all Sunday meetings held by this society from September to June. These seats are rented at the small price of five dollars for the year; the holder can use them, or transfer his claim to any friend at any time. All seats not so rented, will be absolutely free to the public, on Sunday mornings. A few seats will also be free to the general public for evening sessions. But the majority of seats "hot rented" by the society will be rented to strangers and friends who are not members or regular seat holders for ten cents for the evening. It will be greatly to the advantage of those who anticipate attending these meetings during the season to rent their seats by the year. In order to secure a desirable seat it will be well for all to make application to the secretary, Miss Minnie E. Fowler, at the box-office, on the first Sunday of the opening of the meetings. This beautiful hall really has no undesirable seats, but there are some more desirable than others and the first to apply will be the first to receive them.

Mr. Wiggins will speak on Sunday morning upon a subject pertinent to the occasion, and in the evening for twenty minutes answer such questions as may be passed in from the audience, devoting the rest of the time to the giving of spirit messages. The Ladies' Schubert Quartet, which has done such faithful and acceptable work for the society during the past four years, has been re-engaged for the coming season, and will be present upon the opening Sunday as well as upon all subsequent Sundays to render music. Their reputation is too well known to require any commendation here, and all who attend will be charmed by their vocal efforts.

Let the hall be filled to its fullest capacity upon this, the opening Sunday.

LOVE.

There is a voice, "a still, small voice" of love,
Heard from above,
But not amidst the din of earthly sounds
By those withdrawn apart; best heard,
And peace, sweet peace, breathes in each gentle word.

What is the blessing of Love? It is to love without any desire, thought or striving for return. It is to simply love: to live in the gentle element of love, and our lives will be so rich, so full, that there will be no room for anything else to come in. Our love will then grow so large that it can take all in who come across our path, and the peace which comes with such love will be greater than the greatest joy we can imagine, for it will live to stay.

It may take many struggles, and many upheavals to reach this great and wonderful love, but it is worth all the clouds we pass through, and all the soul's giving up to reach it, and keep and live it. Aye, live it, for that is the real test, to be, and all the doing will follow. To be as the flowers, shining sweetly and quietly, and taking in all of God's love, and the giving out in pure, sweet radiance everywhere and at all times. Then we can walk where we will, and no harm can come nigh.—Rose L. Amos.

If the vain and the silly bind thee,
I cannot unlock thy chain;
If sin and the senses blind thee,
Thyself must endure the pain.
If the arrow of conscience find thee,
Thou must conquer thy peace again.
—Julia Ward Howe.

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Who are these Spiritualists? And What Has Spiritualism Done for the World? By J. M. Peebles, M.D., M.A. An excellent treatise, out of the hands of inquirers. Cloth, 75 cts., Paper 35 cts.

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

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A most elegantly bound pamphlet of 122 pages, giving Dr. Peebles' lectures delivered in Hydesville, March 31, 1898, in Rochester, and later in London at the International Congress of Spiritualists. These lectures, illustrated, are rare, meaty and scholarly. Price 25 cts.

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This book goes to the foundation of things—health, the laws of health, the foods to eat, the subject of marriage, who should marry and who should not marry, the causes of disease, the proper time for conception, gestation, the determining of sex, and all that pertains to the physical and mental well-being of the individual. It is a most interesting and scholarly work. Price, \$1.25.

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SPIRITUALISM VERSUS MATERIALISM.

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

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