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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 barp
Breathes He chords of being into life,
Deathlass, boundless, enhoing clear and sharp
Themes of grandeur with progression rife.

God, whose countless worlds outpour Light that spran; from Him (h) Changeless Source Holding Life's great norelyge before Time was chimed for earth's full-charted course;

Preconceives the glorious Goal, Framed in goodness for the good of all Men, or n tions 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-volces, swell Songs of victory, thankfulness, and praise; They, His singers, of His Goodness tell Sweetly in a thousand different ways.

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

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

Thoughts are breathings of God's breath -Chords from the Eternal Harper's soul, Sounding from beyond the sea of death — Pilot-lights to mark the Harbo:-Goal!

Words of sympathy and love Are the heaven!/ Gate ways, seen through tears, They, who speak or sing t iem, soar above Happy l.ke the angels of the Spheres.

Acts of ministration gleam Like the sun that shines bis 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 glors doth our beings reflue.

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. 100 at 200

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

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

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 homely attire and thus masquerading before the multitude in order that the cells of the human brain, a mirror in which we see nature reflected, may become adjusted to the new concept necessary in the operation or procedure 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 socalled matter is "no-matter." but simply a phenomenon or manifestation of energy commonly known as air, or oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen 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 addresses 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 concrete 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 spectroscope, X-ray and chemical analysis find that all forms of so-called matter are "no 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 must have been red from the cultured Emerson, for you remember he commanded you to "Hitch your wagon to a star," and there is really no difference between "catch on" and "hitch on." The greatest scientist we have any record of, our own Edison, says that there is a universal, 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 post. By "catch on" Mr.

key, or tone, to this perpetual power-wisdom'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 commercialsm necessary to our material operations.

We have only recently discovered that socalled 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 is we live and move and have our being in a universal highly attenuated element and that All forms of so-called matter are condensations 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 substance 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 phil-

osophy relating to this great truth in his poem on Brakm, 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 immortal.

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 Substance—the body of God. These atoms are the ultimate aroms or Rionlasm-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 aeronaut 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 emphasized by Pope in "Whatever is, is right." and the universe, are either governed by law or we are not governed at all, and all operations are haphazard choice. If we are governed by a Supreme Law-and to think otherwise seems insanity to me-then all the operations 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 individualism. In fact, the expression is a direct and loud protest against selfishness and vanity and frequently has a greater and better effect

"The whole hog or none" is an old slang phrase well worth considering. The real esoteric meaning is based in the unity of beingthe 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

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 hy 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

Edison means that machines may be so the Baptist prophesying the iconoclast—the nicely adjusted that they will correspond in idol-breaker. It typifies the false idea of the importance of overmuch possessionsmy Saint Whitman says, "The mania of owning 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. Spiritual 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 belief in the Unity of Being.

"Up-to-date" is a very common slang phrase and indicates an awakening of humanity 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 wisdom. 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 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 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 very 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 its business" and never fails to give its perfect returns. The Prodigal Son-an allegory of individual concept-was "taken down a peg" when he realized that all substance came from the Father and that he must return to his father's house, typified by n belief in unity of Being instead of individ-

"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 incarnation, and that good or bad Karma always serves us just right. But when the individual consciousness vibrates "In tune with the Infinite," it begins to realize that called Karma is the operation of wisdom that neither rewards nor punishes, but simply proceeds along the "Way of the Great Necessity."

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 follows that he "Serves us right."

Let us not despise slang-even though we do not use it-but try to realize that the intelligence or life that gives expression to these symbols, first through the organism of the common, plain, and many times uneducated people, is the same life that placed Orion with his clustering lamp of Peace in the Southern sky; stationed the Sentinel Arcturus with his bended bow above the Northern pole; holds the heavens in balance with Alcyone and the circling Suns of the Pleiades; sends the comet, its swift electric telegraph, to the outer circle of creation beyoud 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 binds in one the universe, "Whose body na-ture is and God the Soul."

We are not deceived by the costume of disguise 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 tloy flower to distant star, My good is thine and thine is mine, Is said by all things near and far. Each on its ne gubor doth depend, No matter what its name we call. Life, love and law, in all things blend, 80 l nking 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.

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 content with what is just and good. 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 imperfection 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

In the large sense everybody, in this rudimental world, is restless because everybody is a "pilgrim and a stranger," journeying onward to the Summer-land. The poet, although 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

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 iden, 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 because we are a result of everything that ever has been, as we are a part of everything that now is; thus logically and necessarily sympathizing 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 intuitionally 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 little things, thus generating mutual distrust and eventual repulsive hatred. Let us look a the causes and varieties of dishonesty and error.

An honest mind is constantly liable to err; but such a mind cannot be false. The inwrought 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 gnorance. Although error is allied to pride, and, therefore, very hard to conquer, yet ignorance is profoundly indifferent, because i is satisfied with itself. Error, if honest, is anxious to obtain truth; but ignorance, without ambition and without light, is content to remain in its own imbecility. A false-minded person is hypocritical and dangerous, and no trustworthy in any place; but an erroneous mind may be a true friend, noble, just, and patriotic. Errors are common along the interminable path of progress Errors in feeling, errors in judgment, errors in opinionstones 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 fail 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-

"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, ander the temptation and magnetic generosities of social good nature, that you easily hesitate or equivocate, remen 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, externally, in your business, trade, or profession, 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 harmonial principle that "Perfection and truthfulness of mind are the secret intentions of Nature."-From Ethics of Conjugal Love.

Eternity.

Time and space have no beginning nor ending. Their centre is everywhere and their limit nowhere. Both are the place, the laboratory 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 creation, 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 existence."

Pluralism is the grand basis of the work of evolution, in the great Universal. There is plurality of evolving, progressive, transforming inhabited worlds as there is a plurality 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 extinct 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 millions 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 ns 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 renovation, a change, a perpetual renewal. Inertness, immobility, death are not possible.

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

Isadore 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!

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William Brunton

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!

A man may be too proud to beg, too he steal and too laxy to work and yet me to exist.

RMORY, THE LIFE OF THE SOUL.

Les 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 soil of futurity to strengthen And mature Thee. Great as thou may'st be Man knows thee not. Enwrapt in ignorance, He sways back and forth like a pendulum Hetween life and the throes of death, a weal Manifestation of himself. Memory become blinded.

He loses the real instinctive power-God.

ses the real instinctive power-God

Given,
By education and lust. His mind ceases to be
The Throne from which the fountain of
wisdom Quebes forth, and he mopes in the dark until To dust his body goes, and his mind is once

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 accomplished

eomplished
In the way of regeneration. The now weak
and frail body,
So abused by the ills attendant upon a diseased 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. Stored as it is in the confines of the mind,
It cannot but be consciously known when
allowed freedom.
This must come through a knowledge of thy
latent powers.

Inter powers.

The Power of powers that controls the very centre,
Will give the thought quick action when wisely directed.

Learn of thyself thine own inheritance. Delve

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

And impress the conscience with the wisdom of itself. itself.

Was It the Same Woman?

Mary E. Blanchard.

CHAPTER X.

"At the Setting of the Sun."

"At the Setting of the Sun."

Years sped away, a dark cloud, fleeing across life's waste into eternity. One day, mear the sunset hour, in a pleasant coast-girt 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 incompetence of a man when called upon to find-anything whatsoever under the 'eyes of those disconverting gods, the Medes and Penetes.

"Fader! you drives me crazy with yours fumbilings; 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 bootless 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, valiantly 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 lines and his face hore 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 shapely; but rheumatism marked him for its own and the swarm of trifles that infest the hours had pursued him through the day with nore 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?"

Midway of yonder field, and hence in a direct line with his vision, there stood a spreading tree, tall, stat

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 shows 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 leathern handle. "Hump!" he said, "I doubt it."

He looked at the tree coning and and the control of the looked at the tree coning and the control of the control of

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 becken him away.

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

sand, finder his breath, "Of course it is not here; but to please mother you'd better look a little; her scolding worries Mattie, who is not well."

"A brawling woman on the housetop is a pencemaker compared with the nagger 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 sees water. At the open entrance the vine appeared again, its cataract of foliage spraying the stoop with shadows, over whose tide the sunbeams alipped 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 estemed that quality which is next to godliness, 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 fashlons, their pictorial colors showing a predominance in blue, and all shining like jewels. On the cooking range, which glistened with the splender of fresh polish, were various pots and pans, whose hiended 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 ontside, his head from the drawn back in the region of self-esteem:

used groan, elicited by a darting pang of

pressed groan, elicited by a darting pang of rheumatism.

A pretty octoroon, dainty and shy, who sat crooning 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 tilited 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 bim attentively, but with a far different manner from that of his young wife, and that was an old negressy 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 tobacca. Yours ole daddy toated through shine and shade in times gone by to fetch yous up like quality an' give yous larnin' an' now, in him ole age he have your peacock flauntings for his thanks. De Scripter say—an' de Lor know it am true—an ungrateful chile am sharper than the tooth of rattlesnake."

Her large, black, sullen face looked grotesque 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 cars of some small animal, which added to the wierdness of her aspect.

"There, Chloe," said the old man, soothings, "Usen her days no heave."

of her aspect. "There, Chloe," said the old man, sooth-

small animal, which added to the wierdness of her aspect.

"There, Chloe," said the old man, soothingly, "I'aul has done no harm."

"Hol' your tongue, husbair. 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 mether, so as to face Mattic, whereupon he laughed in pantomime, 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 Niggar, an' now there am no room found for him in de house, you is that big."

Paul sauntered towards her and sifted into her brown and hardened palm the fragments of tobacco lie had whittled saying carelessly, "We canne to please you, mother, but Mattie is homesick away from her own folks; we will shift for ouselves again—tomorrow, if you say so—and that will suit everybody all round."

"Good riddance," said the mother.

She had no netion of letting them depart,

round."
"Good riddance," said the mother.
She had no netion 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 settle, in a thicket of hollyhocks, under the shade of the vipe-embowered wall, and

Lifting from its case a violin, I'aul passed out of doors and sat him down on a rustic scttle, in a thicket of hollyhocks, under the shade of the vine-embowered wall, and played all to himself some simple airs, showing 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 little 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 foolscap, with the name of his little son, who died long years ago, scrawled over it in pencil; 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 himself when he was young. Among these he espied one in especial that fixed his gaze; this he drew forth and pocketed. 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 lapithen rid herself of the hat, calling for bread and butter, topped with sugar. Seeing the ball she pounced on it like a hawk. "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' yous be a-worryin' yours gran'dad," reprimanded her grandmother, who never permitted others to shere with her the luxury of tormenting him. She gave the child to eat and began to set the table for the supper.

the supper.

The girl grew quiet and ate her bread with The girl grew quiet and ate her bread with relish, watching the old man unpack this overloaded ship, freighted with rubbish. By and by he came to an old almanac, bound about with a shred of yellow ribbon—an unfinished 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, resembled him mentally. A loose poem lay between the leaves; this he reserved, also. Next came a large envelope. He shook forth the contents and found a letter, a clipping son, whose home was in San Francisco, resembled him mentally. A loose poem lay between the leaves; this he reserved, also. Next came a large envelope. He shook 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 something 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 muttered, not looking at the object; "go out and play; gramp is busy now."

The child ran off, tossing the ball, and joyons 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

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

Chice stared at him, but held her peace. It occurred to her that perhaps he had softening 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 supper 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 because of the stiffness of his joints; the pressure of his staff crushing out the odors from the hearts of the bending blossoms and making 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 the air!

Simeon 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 curicous 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 side; next, came the announcement of her death, which he had cut from a Boston daily years age; then, a brief letter, from Paul Malvern, written the night of the suicide. It was couched in endearing terms and stated that he had written to his mother, instructing her to make over to him, Brown, a small leguey, 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 secrething flames of wasted years, "Best so," he muttered, "the hear needs no souvenir."

Then he rend the poem

savage art of vituperation woman excels the man; she is more persistent, more versatile, more loquatious; 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 having first run him through the gauntlet. It is doubtful if either Johnson or Dean Swift could have quite held their own against Xantippi. Anyway, once inside the iron cage of matrimony, the taming of the shrew proved to be more difficult to Simcon than his limited experience in cellbacy had led him to suppose.

ited experience in cellbacy 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 hounds, falls into the clutches of the wolf, and is too far spent either for resistance or further flight.

hounds, falls into the clutches of the wolf, and is too far spent either for resistance or further flight.

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 Francisco, and one sunny Sabbath day he was of the congregation. She was in the gallery leaning over the railing, which was garlanded with flowirs, against which shone the tremulous feathery plumes of potted palms. There had been holden some days previous 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 intensity than ever the black blood in his veins, which he had always hated, he fell officasy prey to her wiley angling. He told himself bitterly that he "belonged to Niggers," 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.

"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 the reason that he had married far below him mentally. This would not have so greatly mattered had Chloe been of different disposition, for an inferior wife, if passive and content with her wifely cares, is 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 dallyings 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, Simeon 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 knowledge; it was in the days of slavery, in Virginia, in the mapsion of a planter, an afistocrat; who had a scapegrace son, a lover of would not have so

her in an absent-minded way. "Yes," he muttered, not looking at the object; "go out and play; gramp is busy now."

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"Fader!" said his wife, who had been to the door and back again, "this 'ere ball belonged to little Wallie. What can yous be a -thinkin' of to give it to dat chile to pull to pieces? An' what am dis 'ere ribbin? It must ov been our Angie's; I disremember seeing it afore. She wore pink an' yarlar an red an' sich; dis am w'ite." 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 creat with his long fingers. "Yes," he said, in a strange tone, "this bow belonged 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 reasoned. In a mollified tone she said, "Her ole mann 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 saye it best so, husban."

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

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 success; but he never liked the enterprise and in time he wormed himself out of it altogether, giving the reins over to Paul's handling, and retiring into the suburbs and onto a liftle farm, which had been in his possession 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 council with the yellow-footed ducks, as sleek as cabbage and as quaint as goblins; and studying the old-fashloned industry of his gallenaceous friends who flocked around him; pruning his vines and watching the unfolding 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 silence. And again the son was summoned to the rescue; and Paul, as the result of the entrenties of his mother (but against his wish, for he abborred the country), had transferred his family to the farnhouse, 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 arrangement 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 how again with free and easy, joyous, dashing motion over the rosined strings, as he poured out on the air the strains of a new walts.

"Never mind, Matt," he said, "so long as we remain here father will have held in an

waltz.

"Never mind, Matt," he said, "so long as we remain here father will have help in entertaining 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 beat 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, Simeon mused on under the tree, as the twilight deepened and the stars came out, studding 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 under his own roof and being in turn invited to their homes; for his wife had a large connection, and they were a social family, believers in hospitality. Simeon received them as his own, for he was of them—he told himself that over and over. It puzzled him not a little to understand why it was he was so remote from them in his taste; he seemed to have nothing in common with those of his own color. wn color.

More than usual he was thinking of this

More than usual he was thinking of this now, as he sat under the tree, heavy of heart; for the past had risen from its holy tomb and was calling him through the wilderness 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 nover-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—a clod?

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

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

Consequently, Chloe was no more fit to be his wife than the untutored squaw, squatting in the squador 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 her comprehension.

In his soul Simeon 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 forgetting that dark 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 sots 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 over to despondency he sinned 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 tolling in the rice swamps of the South. Man is in duty bound to develop to the greatest of his ability the best there is in his character. Simeon, disheartened by conditions, allowed himself to drift, and so was miserable.

He had mated with a black—and his heart was hungry and his life was des

was a widow for several years; had he been of her own color and unmarried he might 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 opportunities, mental starvation—such was his mournful past.

A rush of tears flowed over his wrinkled cheeks and lost themselves in the glisten of the dew. Wasted love, squandered opportunities, mental starvation—such was his mournful 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 drowsy 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 spake and said:

"O doubting Soul, I swear to thee by that wenty cross, thou bearest, yea, and thy crown of thorns, that thou shalt wear the majesty of the angels. Seest thou you shadow? Within it end all physical conditions. Gird up thy Joins; endure; take heart of grace. Thine are the worlds and worlds, hound about with chains of gold at the feet of God? thine are their endless years, rich in requital. 'Wait! and all things shall come round to thee!"

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

BE KIND.

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

We cannot all sing as sweetly
As Pattl, 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: Says, "Pa, won't you draw me a picture?"
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 falling;
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.

know life contains many failures I know life contains many failures.
You've land 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 ba 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 consciousness 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 approach—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

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 sure—or to implore, by menns of some sin offering, His mercy and favor.

There is this pretty and interesting ceremonial 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.

All visible things are emblems. The fragrant roses and lilles 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—altogether in vain—but that the sweetness evolved from the life of the most neglected fragrance as incense, and so likewise may fragranc as incense, and so likewise may fragrance as incense, and so likewise may 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

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

Rice red and white from both hands."

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

To this same intent were the words of the

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 understanding and with all the soul and with all the strength and to love his neighbor as bimself is more than all burnt offerings and sacrifices."

We have

rifices."

We have outlived the altar and the smoking 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 hungered," 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 into 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 day my before the toll begins to hold off evil from the sky shove and earth beneath and all We have outlived the altar and the smok-

What though our fathers taught "at every dawn before the toil begins to hold off evil from the sky above and earth beneath and all the winds that blow," by this or that sacrifice; we know a better way—for to love one's neighbor as one's self and to lend him a helping hand as the opportunity calls for are more than all whole burnt offerings and sacrifices.

A Great Soul.

A great soul meets all souls as equals. Such a one has realized the oneness of Life and things and is naturally polite and courteous to all. It is this universal love and nothing else that can make one well-mannered. In describing his first call on Relph Waldo Emerson, Mr. Charles Mailoy says: "It was a terrible test to see him alone, the eyes of the Uriel looking calmiy into mine. I trembled as I knocked at his door, and was almost sorry I came. The rich, strong, sonorous voice bade me come in, and in a moment he was not terrific. On the contrary, he met me with such kindness, such humility and deference, that a spectator might have thought that-I was the great man, and not he. The wide disparity was annulled, and in a way I was made an equal. Such is the power of manners in a natural king; and I also was a king, and was not atraid."

Harvest Moon Pestival.

The Oniset 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 line of the children of the control of the contr

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 Efna (Maine) Campmeeting. She was one of the main stays of Ladies' Aid Society at Elna, 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 Enting

Take Horsford'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. 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 wind 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, 2 and 4, in Grand Army Hall (Custer Post). Mr. Harrison D. Barrett, Edgar W. Emerson and Mrs. Etile 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 \$560.00 in 80 days selling Dishwashers. 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.

Resolutions of Sympathy.

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

In her, we possessed the influence and assistance of one of earth's 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 be it.

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

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.

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

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. Greives, Frof. Grimths, Mr. Marston (of Allston), 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. Cutter, Mrs. Bemis, Mrs. Fox, Mrs. S. C. Cunningham, Mr. Hardy, Miss Strong, Mr. Mason, Mrs. Millen, Mrs. Blanchard and Mr. Woodruff. Tuesday, healing circle; and Thursday at 2.30 meeting for phenoma only—many fine healers always present. Julilee Singers Oct. 4.

—Reporter.

Fitchburg, Mass. The First Spiritualist Society had a large attendance at both services the constitution of The services.

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, Planist, 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 excellent, and her work as a phychic 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 Classon 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. Deleree 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. Rossmussen, who organized the society, said: "God did not create man, flowers or trees merely for an earthly life." Mrs. Henderson, of Jersey City, after giving a number of messages, turned suddenly to Mr. Deleree and said: "I see a big black dog like a Newfoundland. He seems to be leaping up against you repeatedly as it in great joy. Do you recognize him?"

"I had such a dog in my youth," he replied.

Mr. Rossmussen then gave several mes-

plied.

Mr. Rossmussen 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, Newport, N. H.; chairman of business committee. Thomas Burpee, Sutton, N. H.; second. C. E. Gove, Riverdale, N. H.; third. Mrs. Harriet C. Comstock, Newport, N. H.; Auditors, C. C. Davis, Hartland, Vt., Mrs. Harriet C. Comstock, Newport, 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.

inore. 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. Spalding 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 attended to their duty and got the lease extended attended 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, was well received. 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 by a good audience. At 1 p. m. a seance was given in the hall by Mrs. Fannie H. Spalding. 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.

I.orenzo Worthen, sec.
[We apologize for delay in publishing above report.]

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The Power of Spirit.

Waverley Home, Sept. 20—An incident occurred here today illustrating the wonderful power of Spiritualism in uplifting the heavy heart and inspiring the sonl 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

After the regular meeting in the assembly

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 ladles 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 fast; her lips were asking eager questions; her eyes shone with added brilliance 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 experiences of 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

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. Bernis, Mrs. Ott; Mr. Marston, remarks; Mr. D. Bemis presided.—J. H. Lewis.

The Next Great Step.

W. J Colelle.

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 mulice premediated.

At 7:45 p. m., the fopic was "Spiritual Science and Philosophy" practically applied

premediated.

At 7:45 p. m., the fopic 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 practise 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 overstant.

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 tendencles 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 gazings 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 unpractical philosophy is ridiculous, because apart from the inspiration gathered 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

lecturer contended for a practical applica-tion of the highest ethics of spiritual phil-osophy, 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 plat-

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 he 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 tempers as will yield us blessedness in the realms beyond earth's shadows. To be practical we must be earnest.

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

How much can be rightly delineated depends upon the render'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.

ter, whatever may be pretended or displayed in public.

But simply reading character is not prophesying. We may infer the effect should the cause sensed be permitted to control. But who knows better than the individual himself which of these inclinations are his favorates? 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.

im. No prophet or reader of psychic influence

can obtain a correct interpretation of con-ditions enforced or trailmented.

But as it is impossible for some to be perfectly natural unless alone or among fa-miliars, self-prophecy offers a rescue from doubt or the despair of misunderstood feel-ings, inclinations, bad dreams, restlessness, etc.

doubt or 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 in-

curacy 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.

Arthur F. Milton.

Plato's Republic.

Horatto Dresser.

The ideal state is the moral republic of God. Any one who is able to distinguish Belng 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.

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 sound and sweet. There is no evil power. Clothed in their right minds, all men really love the good. They do wrong through folly, intemperance, 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

fect 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 citteen 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 diving art, it must itself be an artist, poised, balanced, harmors lous, rhythmical, orderly. Thus shall a soul be worthy of a place among the Ideas. Truly Plato's Republic would be realized if we could regard all men from the standpoint of the ideal.—Unity. could regard all r

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

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

—Emily Dickinson.

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That Conspiracy.

In a recent issue of the "Banner of Light' that justly eminent and rogrageous with Hudson Tuttle, makes some strong points in regard to a conspiracy that exists on the part of the allied secular press against Spiritualism. Mr. Tuttle makes out more than a case-he proves his every allegation. He shows that Spiritualism is not only unjustly attacked by the secular press writers, but that articles in its defence from prominent and scholarly Spiritualists are always rigorously excluded from the columns of all of leading papers. There are some notable exceptions in some localities, but as a rule, sustained by the facts. In some of the largest cities of the United States, Spiritualism fares worse and worse at the hands of the press. Its followers are mercilessly cartooned and caricatured, the savings of the speakers misquoted and distorted, and its mediums made the subject of abuse. It must be borne in mind that this is true only of some American cities. Such writers as Julian Hawthorne, Miss Dix and others treat Spiritualism and Spiritualists with respect, yet the very papers that publish their articles will publish on another page, the would-be smartness of the conscienceless reporter, who is always in search of a new sensation, regardless of truth and justice. Spiritualists realize the injustice and falsehood of many of these attacks, yet they complacently fold their arms and declare they can do nothing to change things. They look upon newspapers as their masters, and crawl at their feet as the veriest slaves, kissing the very hands that smite

Such Spiritualists deserve every castigazion given them by the secular press. They are to blame for the existence of this conon on the part of those who so unmercifully abuse them. They have hagged every takir, traud and criminal who claimed to be a medium, closely to their hearts, and cried "Persecution!" whenever honest people whenever honest people exposed their knavery. They have counteled, immoral men and women to the minupon its platform as exponents of its prin-They have refused to join any organription of Spiritualists, fearing they would have to give a dollar or two to the Cause, and perhaps be obliged to do something for somebody else without getting big pay for it. They are the individualists who peats so loud-ur about "personal liberty, the rights of man," and other abstract propositions. In many

ness, they are worshipers at the shrine of henomena, and have never learned that the realms of Truth were yet to be explored. From the above remarks it will be seen that Spiritualists are themselves largely to blame for the present attitude of the secular press. Had they organized local, state and National Associations, then loyally sustained the same, there would now be no place in spiritualistic circles for the fraud or counterfeiter. Schools would long since have been established, men and women of character, with scholarly and spiritual attainments, would advancing toward and stepping upon the plat-form of Spiritualism every year. It is now to the Spiritualists" themselves to say what they are going to do about this coudition that has already become intolerable to every self-respecting follower of the cult. If they would free themselves from this wicked tyranny, they must become Mennot servile followers of selfish and unprincipled politicians. They must dignify their religion by taking it out of the category of the dime museum show, and by keeping freaks and ignoramuses off from their platforms They must take an interest in local and State politics, and put men of broad minds, honest hearts, and clear heads into office. Today they vote for their party first, and for the principle afterward. The average Spiritualist would vote his party ticket straight even if it contained the name of a man whom he knew to be the arch-enemy of his religion, and would, if elected, circumscribe his every privilege. "The King can do no wrong," is an old saying, but many Spiritualists believe in it today. They believe the Democratic and Republican parties can do no wrong, and meekly vote to enslave themselves and their fellowmen. They prefer to be party slaves to being broad minded freemen. When they are educated out of their present servility to party, something may be done for Spiritualism, but what will become of Spiritualism while this education is going on? Will it stand alone, unaided, and be ready to move forward when these unfortunates catch up with its needs? Will it not, rather, be swamped on the rocks of selfishness, and some other humanitarian, truly spiritual movement have taken its place? Which is it to be, Spiritualists of America? It is "up to you" to answer.

In Heaven by Himself.

We read the poems and prose writings of Mr. William Brunton as we with reverence read authentic messages from persons in the heavenly homes. He writes from the most interior recesses of his own spirit, and this explains why he illumines the better ways in which all should feel and think and travel.

In Foreign Lands.

Our good friend Charles P. Cocks of New York City has our sincere thanks for his kindly greeting from Interlaken, Switzerland, Bro. Cocks and wife are traveling for health and pleasure in Europe, and we are pleased to learn that they are being greatly benefited thereby. We trust they may be completely restored ere they set their faces homeward.

Reincarnation with a Black Eye.

Energetically, and with a well-sustained argument, our old (young) friend, Pilgrim Peebles has recently in "Pen Flashes," and a London, Eng., paper, delivered a broadside against Theosophy and the charming oriental romance of ignorance and superstition, in these days entitled reincarnation. In fact, as readers well know, everything Mr. Peebles writes is worth profound consideration while we may not always agree with his conclusions.

The Lost Trail Discovered.

We enjoy reading and communing with "a real live book," don't you? Charles B. New comb, of Boston, has written such a volume the above title, overflowing with the grandest and most comprehensive inspirations. He terms self-love a "cancer." and says it can be healed. In the "Harmonia," by A. J. Davis, all diseases are traced to the sorders of the spiritual (or psychical) ciples. Better than finest gold is this discovery of the lost trail by Mr. Newcomb.

Hypnotic Sicknesses.

Do you go to bed and get up mornings with an evil (hateful) feeling toward any one? Are you keeping up the fires of jealousy? Do you cherish envy? When you have suffered what you call "an injustice," do you cultivate feelings of severe resentment? If ves, then you will soon have a nervous head ache (hate); or neuralgia and various symptoms of rheumatism (jealousy); or, for your resentments, you will have digestive disorders and the various forms of skin dis-

The National Convention.

The National Convention in Washington D. C., Oct. 20-23 inclusive, should be remembered by every Spiritualist in America. It is the most important gathering that has ever assembled under the banner of Spiritualism and every true friend of the Cause owes it to himself and his religion to attend that convention. Other denominations have no diffi cuity in rallying thousands to their annua conclaves, and Spiritualists are abundantly able to do the same. They lack the will to do their duty in staying away from the convention. Some Christian Scientists journayed all the way from New Zenland to attend their annual convention in Boston last July. Con-Spiritualists in America who can go to Washington as well as not, and simply refuse to do so. Is it any wonder the Church succeeds, or that Spiritualism progresses so slowly?

All New England Spiritualism are interested in the Convention and should go there in large numbers. The time is slicetimes and

orders for tickets ought to be in hand at once. This excursion ought to take ten cars orders for tighets ought to be in hand at once. This excursion ought to take ten cars to accommodate the people. Such would be the case if all of our people were awake to their duty, and willing to discharge that duty in a conscientious manner. The eyes of the world are upon the Washington Convention, and New England should be at the front at that important exthesion. Sand in your case. that important gathering. Send in your or-ders for tickets to J. B. Hatch, Jr., 74 Sydney St., Dorchester, Mass. Be sure to go to the Convention yourself, and urge others to do likewise.

Appendicitis a Hypnotic Disease,

Since the distinguished Dr. Richardson years ago described diseases to which the human veriform appendix is liable, scores of intelligent persons have been hypnotic-ally stricken with all the alarming symptoms supposed to indicate the congestion and dangerous inflammation of this innocent appendage at base of large bowel. Surgeon have accordingly done much mischief to patients, while in fact the whole trouble be mastered by discontinuing the use of solid food a few days, and frequently drinking half an ounce of olive oil and plentifully imbibing

Hon. Alonzo Thompson.

From a personal letter, we learn that this generous friend of our good Cause, has been enjoying a prolonged trip through Ireland, Scotland and Wales as well as England. He reports himself and son as being delighted with all they have seen and heard, and are especially loud in their praises of the hospitality of the Spiritualists they have met in the United Kingdom. They will soon cross to the Continent, where they will visit nearly all of the European nations, then go on to the Orient, and home via Australia probably. Mr. Thompson says that he is in the best of health and is enjoying his visit to the uttermost. His American brethren wish him every good wish in the way of health and happiness, and a safe return home.

Prof. Fred P. Evans.

This gifted psychic has returned to San Francisco, Cal., and is now located at 1112 Eddy St. He will henceforth make San Francisco his home, and his many friends throughout the world will take due notice of that fact. Prof. Evans made his mark in New York City and the East, and will be missed by all of his special friends, to say nothing of his numerous converts who were wont to call upon him in New York. The loss of the East is a gain to the West and we are certain that our brother will receive-has received-a warm welcome to his old home. We shall miss our old friend greatly, but we wish him, his good wife and daughter, every success in their new-old abode, and trust that the blessing of health will follow them wherever they may dwell.

Psychological Crime Exposed.

We wonder whether our attentive readers vere impressed duly with the criticism by Mr. J. J. Morse, of London, Eng., now visiting this country, concerning the "Great Psychological Crime," a book by a citizen of Chicago. This most candid criticism was published in this paper on Sept. 19 and will hear careful re-reading. In one sentence he says: "Personally the writer's experiences give no countenance to the criticisms leveled at mediumship, and he ventures to say that the greatest psychological crime one can be guilty of is to make anonymous criticism with bias against, and intent to degrade, the experiences or studies of honest, pure minded and intelligent investigators in a field which the critic professes he has explored by meth ods peculiar to himsen, but undisclosed."

Pen Flashes.

The Pligrim-Peebles.

NO. 18.

It often is. I have met solid, substantial Spiritualists in my travels gifted with clairvoyance and clairaudience, who never sat in a scance room, or heard a Spiritualist lecture. These grew up into Spiritualism naturally, as the towering oak grows up on the hillside, defying storm and tempest.

There is one branch of psychology relating to Spiritualism that has not received proper attention. I refer to obsessions. These re quire the most careful and patient study. All too often in seances the purpose is amuse-ment, the finding of buried treasures, the hoped-for discovery of a will, or a deed, a preferable conjugal mate, or the finding of a new "oil-gusher." This class of seances leads to obsessions. They constitute an open door for wandering ghosts-or spirits, anxious to continue the gratification of their earthly

A normal, spiritual seance should be con ducted upon scientific principles. A candid, unselfish, religious and prayerful influence should be dominant Sincerity, purity prayer and love call the angels into our pres

Obsessions prevail. A large majority of those in lunatic asylums are obsessed. late distinguished Judge Edmonds said this to me only a year previous to his transition to the better realm of being. I have known of obsessional cases of diakka, or demon spirits, too horrible to print. Some call these obsessions "Karnic discipline." I call them demoniac infestations from the realm of the infernals—infernals such as people underground bar-rooms and city alums, waiting to

In the palmy days of Egypt and in apostolic limes there were exorcists. There were also noted in the early Catholic Church. There

are such today gifted with more or less power. Exorcists as individuals, should not only be firm and positive, but kind and spir-itually minded, influenced and aided-by pure and exalted spirits. And further, those ob-sessed should leave their accustomed sufroundings and fice to some mountainous part of the country, if they can conveniently so do. They should breathe the purest atmosphere, and keep their persons rigidly clean and sweet. They should strictly avoid trivial, promiscuous seances. Thanking the loving Spirit-Father of the universe for all past clessings, they should pray to the holy angels, and the good spirits for help. They should seek the baptism of peace, good will and a deeper love for the right and the good and the true. And they should, moreover, exercise their own will power-a most positive will power in the direction of everything that is uplifting and beautiful.

Writing thus of obsessions and demoniacal influences. I have no reference to that semiomnipotent devil of mythic Eden, but rather o ignorant, undeveloped and sometimes malicious spirits once on earth, but now peopling the cimmerian spheres of moral darkness. I know nothing of any sylphs, gnomes, goblins, ill-shaped elfs. Irish fairies, one-eyed pucks or any sort of fantastic, indescribable elementaries. Dismal imaginations, symbols, psychological presentations, and a distorted second sight, should never be confounded with clairvoyance-independent clear-seeingsuch as characterized the seer A. J. Davis. . . .

It gives me pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of a copy of Longley's "Beautiful Songs," a splendidly bound book of nearly a hundred pages, full of melody, songs and words adapted to spiritual meetings and social home gatherings. Mr. Longley's facial features and sunny eyes look into ours as we open the book-a telling hulf-tone cut. These cheering, inspiring songs of his will live long on earth after he had passed to the highlands of immortality, where motion is music, and harmony as abiding as the stars. This book of songs is published by the Banner of Light. . . .

E. L. Dohoney, of Paris, Texas, forwards us his latest book entitled, "The Constitution of man." The volume is dedicated to Prof. Joseph Rhodes Buchanan, and is illustrated. It treats of a great variety of subjects and bounds in copious quotations deeply interesting. Printed by the Reed Publishing Co., Denver, Col.

In the "Seven Practical Lessons of Healing." by Brother W. J. Colville, I find these paragraphs, "Heredity is greatly overestinated; and it is really a sign of the highest culture of the present age, to largely dis-countenance any belief in it. . . . No Theosophical tenet of reincarnation or of the effects of Karma accumulated in a previous existence, is anything like so dumbfounding as he conventional belief in heredity."

It is to be regretted—deeply regretted—that Brother Colville should have published such statements, so utterly at variance with the principles of psychology, with the testimonies of the crudite, with the study of foetal development, prenatal environment, and the experiences of every intelligent physician in the

Sensible men, writing of farming utensile would call a spade a spade, but pregnant word-mongers, instead of writing spade, would write thus, "that peculiarly shaped iron instrument cunningly constructed and specifically adapted to agricultural industries, denominated a spade." Down on this wilderness of poly-syllabic words, to convey little

A venerable old brother of much reading vrites asking me what I think of "the lost Atlantis." "L'fhink, or "guess'it was lost, that's all I know about it. There are the Philippines and other oceanic isles not lost, whose physical, mental and moral development interest me deeply.

"God is in his Heaven, All's right with the world."

So sung Browning, full-fed and reclining in his easy chair. But is all right with the world, physically or morally? How about that terrible volcanic tragedy not long ago in Martinique? How about this war in the Balkans? Already 100,000 have been slain by the Turks. At Kastoria 10,000 men, women and children were massacred very recently one hundred and twenty-five villages have been pillaged, burned, and the most of the inhabitants butchered, and "all is right with the world," is it? If all this be right, what is the wrong? We have a class of easy, "pop-goes-the weasel" philosophers, who inthing is lovely, and yet, so far as my experience with them goes in times of trouble, they are among the worst of growling pessimists What are principles worth unless practiced? Writing puffy paragraphs of self-lauda-

tion, and then asking editors to publish them as legitimate editorials, is not only unjustifiably tricky, but ambitious and scheming, touching the borderland of deception, if not downright moral dishonesty.

I have received a dozen congratulations for again being on the Editorial Staff of the Banner of Light, as I was for four years during the reign of Colby and Rich. My prompt reply has been, "I am not there." more to do editorially with the Banner than the mythic man in the moon. I simply jot down a column or two of pen-flashes each week, that's all.

These words of Whittier are sermons o onsolation,-

"Yet in the maddening maze of things, And tossed by storm and flood. To one fixed stake my spirit clings, I know that God is good.

"And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm can come from him to me,
On ocean or on abore."

"I know not where his islands lift.
Their frended palms in air:
Fonly know I cannot drift.
Beyond his love and care."

But who wrote these lines so hopeful and cheering to earth's storm-tossed sallors?

"Earth is as inland, parted round with fears,
The way to heaven is through a sen of tears.
It is a stormy passage, where is found
The wreck of many a ship—but no man
drowned."

It is well known to students and the literati that many valuable books and manuscripts once famous to the world have been lost, burned, or in some mysterious way destroyed. In such old Church Fathers' writings as Origen, St. Jerome and Useblus, references were made to the ancient "Hebrew according to the Samaritans," as distinguished from the "Hebrew according to the Jews," and notes were made of certain discrepancies existing between them. What could these refcrences mean? No one in Europe knew anything about a "Samaritan Hebrew." this merely an error of those ancient Fathers, or did there somewhere exist a Hebrew Bible different from that which had come down to us through the Jews? The time went on and nothing was discovered. The inquiry itself had nearly been forgotten, or relegated to the region of ancient fiction; until one day early in the 17th century, scholars and biblical students were startled by the announcement that a copy of this mysterious document had reached Europe, having been discovered among the Samaritans of Damascus. It was a weird and venerable looking old manscript, written in unfamiliar ancient Hebrew letters, and therefore very difficult to read. Soon after another copy was found in Egypt and brought to Europe, and by 1630 six other copies had been obtained, making altogether about sixteen manuscripts or Pibles in the European libraries. The most famous copy is the "synagogue roll" at Nablus, where the Samaritans still cling to the ancient seat of their race. It has been guarded with the most sacred care. It was written on skins 25 inches by 15, and according to the Samaritans, the skins of rams offered for sacrifices. It is never exhibited except on the great Jewish day of atonement.

These two biblical manuscripts of ancient times agree in nearly everything concerning the Jewish history and the Jewish religion; yet they differ in some respects. The deviation of one from the other is a proof of their genuineness, because for long, weary years the Jews and Samaritans had no dealings with each other. "Nearly all the deviations." says that great scholar, Gesenius, "were owing to the grammatical blunders of the Samuritan scribes."

Fighting organizations, sneering at prayer, opposing true, heart-felt devotion, declaring all religion superstition, calling the mediumistic martyr of Nazareth a myth, or a tramp and a thief, pronouncing the old mediumistic church fathers hypocrites and liars, do not seem to me to have been the most efficient instruments for producing harmony, revealing the beauties of spirit communion, or vesturing Spiritualism in its most attractive attire. The Cause demands fraternal toilers, broadminded elucidators, manly concessions on minor matters, and skilled constructors embodying in themselves a strong personal mag-

The spiritistic iconoclast, with hammer for pounding, torch for burning and lips for spiting spite at the churches, has had his day. He is a back chapter. The Polemic period has largely passed. If we Spiritualists have drunk from the fountain of eternal life, if we have joined hands with the spiritual world, if we have knowledge for faith, confidence for fear, it we have something better than the orthodox sectarists, let us show it in our phenomena, our philosophy, our methods, our families, and in our daily practical lives, exhibiting all the manly virtues, all the womanly graces, illumined and crowned with pure love; unselfish and altruistic.

Kindness and self-sacrifice is the secret of facial beauty. Selfishness drives sweetness from the singer's voice, and dealing in dimes and dollars dulls the brightness of the eyes. Misers grow to look like mummies. Those who sing for, or talk about gold, find their voices becoming metallic. And some one has said that "when the painter's brush grows voluptuous, it falls like an angel from heaven." The sculpturer in bringing out the angel from the marble angelizes himself-the

The old Sanskrit Hindus put the seven principles of man into English in this manner: Rupa, the body; Prana, or Jiva, vitality; Linga Sharira, astral body; Manas, human soul; Budhi, spiritual soul; and atma, spirit. Theosophy largely copying ancient Hinduism and Buddhism, goes by sevens. A Master replying to "figures" relating to re-

incarnations, said:

"Try to solve the problem of 777 incarnations." I can't say how that is to be done. I can only vaguely indicate that 7 × 49 = 343, and that 431 is the difference between 777 and 343. It may therefore follow that if a monad were incarnated seven times during each of the periods, while the seven races of men which occupy this earth during this fourth round of its history were living upon it, then that monad would have suffered 343 incarnations here. Perhaps the other 434 incarnations may be accounted for somehow in connection with six other worlds, which are parts of the chain of which this earth is a link?" "'Try to solve the problem of 777 incarna-

I guess this is all so,-but don't know a thing about it. Honestly, who does?

But all, the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account,
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled

That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount;
Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act.

Fancies that broke through language and escaped;
All I could never be,
All, men ignored in me.

This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

—Browning.

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

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Many strangers, new to the philosophy of Spiritualism were in the audience, who spoke to Mr. Baxter at the close of the meeting and so closely did they hold him by inquiry and questioning as to the many points of his leave the hall.

Mr. Marsh, the president, is slowly recovering from his injury and is as earnest and hard a worker in the Cause as earnest and hard a worker in the Cause as earnest and hard a worker in the Cause as earnest and hard a worker in the Cause as earnest and hard a worker in the Cause as earnest and hard a worker in the Cause as earnest and hard a worker in the Cause as earnest and hard a worker in the Cause as earnest and hard a worker in the Cause as earnest and hard a worker in the Cause as earnest and hard a worker in the Cause as earnest and hard a worker in the Cause as earnest and hard a worker in the Cause as earnest and hard a worker in the Cause as earnest and hard a worker in the Cause as earnest and hard a worker in the Cause as earnest and hard a worker in the Cause and do good work. subscription list. For one new one full year, we will send you Dr. Peebles' great work, accompanied by as many volumes

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In most of the large-cities of the United States there are certain local ordinances imposing a license tax on the practice of mediumship. As Spiritualists we consider such ordinances unjust, illegal and in direct violation of the religious right and privilege guaranteed to us by and under the constitution of the United States.

On the 14th day of June, 1903, I entered upon my duties as pastor of the Seattle Spiritual Association of Seattle, Wash., and in connection therewith commenced giving private readings at my pariors, 49 Vendome Hotel. On the 25th day of August, 1903, I was served with a warrant of arrest for re-

My soul is sad and asks an alms,
From out the depth of bending sky,
A gift of love that soothes and calms—
And comforts us—we know not why:
Something as sweet as mother's care
To heal life's canker and its smart,
A breathing answer to our prayer—
For peace and blessedness of heart!

William Brunton

To the Convention.

All roads run to Washington in October, but only one road has special car for the convention, "The Royal Blue Line." Write J. B. Hatch, 74 Sydney St.; for particulars and join the New England party leaving Boston Sunday, Oct. 18.

Note Bene.

Mr. J. Frank Baxter writes us that he is surprised and annoyed to suddenly and unexpectedly learn that through an alleged misufficient of them, leave him at this late date with no engagements thereon. He would be glad to negotiate on favorable terms with any society or individual that would take his services for one or more or all those dates. He has a few scattering Sundays later in the season, and is also open for week evenings or for funerals. Address him at 8 Franklin street, Chelsen, Mass.

Mr. Barrett at Unity, Me.

Mr. Harrison D. Barrett gave two eloquent Mr. Harrison D. Barrett gave two eloquent and soul-stirring addresses to a large and attentive audience in the Union church, Unity, Me., Sunday afternoon and evening, Sept. 20. He spoke at Etna, Me., Sept. 24, at Winterport, Sept. 25, and at Stockton Springs, Sunday, Sept. 27. We all hope to have Mr. Barrett with us again in the near future, for he is considered here the finest speaker that ever graced a pulpit.

Clara B. Crosby.

Clara B. Crosby, Thorndike, Me.

Miss Florence Morse.

Miss Florence Morse, daughter of our English visitor, will lecture at Marlborough. Mass., on the first Sunday of October, and the following Sunday at Norwich, Conn. No doubt the friends will accord her a hearty welcome, and be much benefited by her addresses, and pleased with her clairvoyance. Other arrangements for October are pending of which notice will appear. Miss Morse is open for calls from points in the states of Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, or elsewhere between Boston and Washington city, and New York city and Chicago. All letters for her should be sent to this office. She offers very reasonable terms to socicties.

Mr. J. J. Morse.

The above named gentleman concluded his work in San Francisco with a powerful address before the closing assembly of the annual convention of the California State Spiritualists' Association on Sunday night, September 6. Two days later, in company with Mrs. and Miss Florence Morse, he commenced his trip across the centinent arriving in Hoston in due course, and since has taken a well earned rest in this city.

On Sunday next, Oct. 4, he commences to fulfil his engagements for the time of his stay in the United States with the First Association of Spiritualists, Washington, D. C., lecturing the Sundays of the month. He will lecture in Brooklyn, N. Y., for November; Toronto, Canada, for December; and next year in New York City for January, Philadelphia, Pa., in March, Battle Creek, Mich., in April, and for the first two Sundays in June in St. Losis, Mo. He has now only the months of February and May of next year to offer societies desiring his services. Partles wishing to correspond with our good brother can address him care of this office, and their letters will be promptly forwarded.

Mr. J. Frank Baxter in Providence, R. I.

Sept. 20 Mr. J. Frank Baxter spoke afternoon and evening for the Providence Spiritualist Association before large audiences. Sometimes when we think of the many years a person has devoted to the work we wonder that any new thing can be said relative to our religion, until we begin to think of all it embraces and then we are not surprised.

prised.

Both of Mr. Baxter's lectures were full of good points and the practical illustrations demonstrated the truth of all his arguments. The evening lecture dealing with Spiritualism as a factor in the affairs of men and naism as a factor in the affairs of men and nations could not help but carry conviction to the earnest seeker for light and truth upon spiritual matters. If the testimony of men was desired, certainly there was sufficient to prove that some of the strongest of the nation's leaders had been convinced of the value of spirit influence upon their lives. The lecture was strong in its logic and convincing in its testimony.

The messages given in the seance were minute in detail, all being fully recognized. Pacts connected with the life of the person manifesting were so clearly given there could

An Appeal to the Spiritualists of the United States.

Announcements.

Mr. J. Frank Baxter has been lecturing of late Sundays in Providence, R. I., to large andlences, and concluded there for the present Sunday, Sept. 27. He has several other appointments there later in the season. Sunday, Oct. 4, he is secured by the German Spiritualist Society of Lawrence. His exercises there will be in English and so all Spiritualists there, and in vicinity, may anticipate and benefit by his coming if they will.

E. J. Bowtell spoke at Pine Grove, Niantic, Conn., Sept. 6, 13 and 20. At liberty for engagements 1903-04, Sundays or week nights. Requests that all correspondence be addressed 26 l'equot Ave., New London, Conn. Geo. A. Fuller, M. D., lectured at Camp Unity Sept. 13 and 20; at Greenwich, Mass., Sept. 27. He will be at Pawtucket, R. I., Oct. 4; Fall River the 11th and probably at the Convention of the N. S. A., Washington, D. C. He has only two Sunday dates in May and two June of 1904 unengaged. Address Onset, Mass.

Cadet Hall.—The Lynn Spiritualists' Association, Alex Caird, M. D., president, will open meetings for the winter season Sunday, Oct. 4, 2.30 and 7.30. Rev. May S. Pepper will be the speaker. Circles will be held from 4 to 5; supper served at 5; song service at 6 and concert by Chase's orchestra at 6.30.

Mr. Max Gentzke, publisher of the "Lichtstrahlen," will deliver a lecture on Spiritualism on Monday, October 5 at 8 p. m. in the First Spiritualist Temple, Exeter and Newbury Streets, Boston. Written questions will be, answered after the lecture. Spirit messedges by Mrs. Annie Banks Scott.

The First Association of Spiritualists, New York, will resume its meetings for the season of 1903 and 1904 on Sunday, October, 4, at the Tuxedo, Madison Avenue and 59th St.

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please address him.

Lizzie D. Butler of Lynn, test medium, will address the First Spiritualist Society, Fitchburg, Mass., Sunday, Oct. 4.

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ple of Bealth.

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, Emms 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 highAll the joy and bloom;
Called the noble and the wise
To a council in the skies,
Where they studied 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 Rap 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 o'erhead, And the shadows fled.

Lo! The mourher'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,
High and true and blest;
Not a weary one but may
Find within it—rest.
Doubts and fears and tremblings cease,
And the troubled soul finds peace.
Through it, patters ever sweet,
Sound of childish feet.

Sinning ones most low and vile, Here the way may find: Catch again the dear God's smile, Lost by cyes too blind. 'Neath its dome so vast and tall, There is room enough for all; And its bell chimes clear and free For humanity. 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 altar now, Conning 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;
Itut 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 Not a nand 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 do will show In the future's glow.

Hail! O Temple, first and best, With thy heavenly grace, Truth be e'er the honored guest Art 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 Em-, bodiments. II.

Dr. Helen Densmore.

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

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 refer to my article in the issue above mentioned. I wish them to see for the mealers how uttarks without foundation. 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 docnot demonstrate the correctness of the doc trine nor prove the contention." It woul seem strange that anyone could read these words and affirm that I refer to the affirmaof 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 authorities. the least any more impressive or authorita-tive. 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 spirsubject 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

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 he explain the surprising paradox that a spirit that has existed for all past eternity after access 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 termity without any embodiments, suddenly took the notion into its head of trying it on once and then is forever debarred 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 dillemma, since by his theory 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, past 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 mobdiments or taught by the theosophists are still of the opinion that the human spirit has its beginning in consciousness at or soon after foetal life; and, as beforecasid, 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

1. "It is opposed to science as studied and clucidated by all German and great Englishspeaking scientists."

2. "It is opposed to the only legitimate in-ference derived from the accumulated facts

ference derived from the accumulated facts of psychic phenomena."

3. "It is opposed to that philosophy which is the attainment of truth by way of reason."

4. "It is opposed to psychology, which is the analysis and classification of the 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 in-

5. "It is opposed to that rigid logic, the in-ferences of which are based upon solid premises and the fixed principles of nature."

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

philosophy to support the above live 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 embediments is true. I do not. I have no more recollection of a previous life than I have no more doubt of such an existence than 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.

evolution has been reached.

3. I believe that the spirit enters upon (mbodiment at the moment of conception, and that the spirit builds the body and is not, as I formerly supposed, the result and product

In 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 camibal mother is not able to attract a saint and is in no dauger of giving embodiment to one and a mother with a saintly nature and aspiration is in no dauger of giving lifth to a New-Zealand cannibal.

6. If Dr. Peebles will become a student of

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 criticise a system which he has not studied, he
will come to understand that it is the spirit

will come to understand that it is the spirit that is the expression of the soul.

Does Dr. Peebles believe in the sternal justice and righteousness of an overruling power? If so, will he explain how a just God could so arrange it that some 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.' 'Is life worth living?'' must be determined by the results. Christ "had overcome the world' in all of its representative experiences, and I all of its representative experiences, and I would ask Dr. Peebles if such a life and such an exaltation is not worth "ploughing U.rough all experiences."

When we come to reason about this matter When we come to reason about his anates 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 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 runnery. One must be embodied and immured in the fiesh to be subject to the temptations of the fiesh, 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 explation or punishment.

ishment.

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 Bodity 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 these is any chieft worthy, the restort

"If there is any object worthy the patient and continued attention of humanity, it is surely these great and pressing problems of whence, what and whither that have occupied the attention of prophet and philosopher since time. The arms apply the discovered the continue of the continue

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 Or. 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:

from Sir Oliver's review of Mr. Myers' book:

"The doctrine which Mr. Myers arrived atafter 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 dark, 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 them, reproducing them, assimilating them, reproducing the of the elaborated sap called experience, and thereby growing continually into a more perfect and larger whole."

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 sansible manifestations, but supporting them, dominating them, reproducing them, assimilaring their nourishment in the form of the elaborated sap called experience, and gaining a similar satisfaction by these expressions that a great artist experience, and gaining a similar satisfac-tion by these expressions that a great artist has in embodying a beautiful thought on

I do not offer the extraordinary unanimity of the systems of thought separately propounded by Mr. Myers and through 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 he absolutely certain of the correctness of this system, he then sees that it is because truth is inherent in every human breast 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.

T'will not avail me to cry or fret; I must be hopeful for other'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 freshet 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.

may not come for many a day, . Rut just as surely and certainly As after night, comes the sunlight's ray Something good is coming to me. Canan, Com.

Light at Last.

A woman stands in an open door-way, shading her eyes from the setting sun with one toil-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 lank frame is brought into wonderfully bold relief, while her faded calico 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 kirchen, as clean and cozy as can be made, tells us that, however unlovely in outward appearance its occupant may be, she has a 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 mouth has a droop at the corners that indicates 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 intenseness but for a pair of soft grey eyes that are filled with unshed tears. Her whole attitude indicates wearlness, 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 cirl to whom every one who knew her gave largely of love sind tenderness.

Hut as sunshing gives place to shadow; so there came a time of uncaterable source to The woman turns and enters the house

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

Clara, preity Clara Howard, went about smilling 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 effectually quenched her merry laugh and her features gradually assumed the stern expression we see today.

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, laundress 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 un

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 have lived similar lives and lived them just as uncomplainingly, many will live them ngain. 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 tighter closing of her lips, no one would have believed her other than a happy, care-free woman.

under the mask of a cheerful smile, so that, but for her increasing thinness and the tighter 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 where he went 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 own 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 eemed to stand before her. She was not 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 remember this, clouds cannot always last. Hope still, for sunshine will surely come. Earnestly strive to be conte

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 nightfall, she would go to the door and eagerly gaze in every direction as far as possible and then disappointedly and sad would close the door. For three years her faith had been tried and often found wanting. And so we find For three years her faith had been tried and often found wanting. And so we find her, old before her time, but loved by overy 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

This night on which we see her, her quick ar 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 Ereddie Jones she turns to see a tall, bearded man of preclusps forty vers.

perlians forty years.

"(iood 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

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

"I'ut 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 a spirit came and covered you with a mist, then turning to me shé 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."

She raised no objections, for she was only too glad that her lonely life was over.

Soul inherits all that soul can dare.- Emer-

A New Sensation.

I am reading a new book. Its title is, "The Great Psychological Crims." This is significant. But then, are not all crimes psychological? Can a crime be committed against a lody that has no Soul? Or can a crime be committed by a body that is without a Soul? This book assumes that hyppolism deals epicially 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 deciared to be identical, and destructive to individual life. Hypnotism is held to be a psychic process, acting upon the Soul of the subject, and me physical effects are secondary and temporal, while the psychic effects endure indefinitely; and the same is held of mediumship. But who is entitled to say that 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 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 hep-motic trance are so nearly separated that t

Lyman C. Howe.

Three Books.

Do you want to be amused, interested and

Ibo 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 experiences 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 'lentleman from Everywhere will show you that they have never left you—but instead are always fiear in spirit to bless and comfort. Do you love the poetical in nature and luman life? Then your taste will certainly be gratified, for here you will find some of the nost 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.

joy, hope and love.

It was our 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. 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 we'll qualified to do most excellent mission-ary work. From some few words that were dropped during a conversation I think that he 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. He 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 our great pleasure to read this book soon after it was published. It is a most-wenderful book, and should be both read and studied by the great body of Spirit-nalists. 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. There 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 classies 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 cither in soil 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. Payson 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 I 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 1 rof. Longley has given us many songs—with most appropriate music. This written. May he live long to sing the beautiful songs of the angels into our hearts.

Geo. A. Fuller, M. D. Onset, Mass.

THE SPIRIT OF LIFE AND LOVE.

Thou hear'st the rustling amongst the trees And feel'st the cool, refreshing breeze, And see'st the clouds move along the sky, And the cornfields waving gracefully.

"Pis the Wind that rustles among the trees, That comes in the cool, refreshing breeze, That drives the clouds along the sky, That causes the corn to wave gracefully.

The Wind is something thou canst not see,
"Tis thin Air—and a source of life to thee,
And it teaches that something may really be,
May exist, and work, which thou canst not

And those who are under the Spirit's control Perceive in their minds, and feel in their soul, That the Spirit of Light which comes from

Is a Spirit of Life, and a Spirit of Love. -Sacred Musical Offering.

Dharmapala.

Dharmapala is of medium stature, of very dark complexion, wears raven-black hair and a short, curly, black beard. He speaks the English language fluently, expressing himself in the strongest Anglo-Saxon upon whatever subject he may talk. The remarkable part of this is that he never attended an English institution of learning, but acquired his linguistic gift solely through reading and intercourse with English-speaking people on his travels.

inguistic girt solely through reading and intercourse with English-speaking people on
his travels.

He is but 35 years of age, and did not
leave the home of his father in Ceylon until
he was 21, and yet he has practically traveled over the whole world.

His greeting to a Times, reporter recently
was cordial and not characterized by that
peculiar reserve we are led to expect from
any of the eastern peoples. His accomplished and confident use of the language is
undoubtedly responsible for this admirable
freedom of manuer.

"Would you not rather sit out here under
the trees—it seems more oriental?" was his
first word of greeting.

"I have come to America," he said, "at
the instance of Miss Josephine Holmes, at
whose home I am a guest, having met her in
Calcutta last year, while I was there engraged in laboring for the moral emancipation of the people of India, who number about
280,000,000.

"I want to enlist the tender sympathy of

280,000,000.

"I want to enlist the tender symnathy of the American people in behalf of the 200,000,000 of human beings in India who are like a race of donkeys, without a ray of shope, sunk in the mire of polytheistic sensually and pantheistic pessimism.

"To clevate these people I think is the noblest work of man. What is the use of the great civilization of America, its electric lights and its trolley cars, and all that, if America does nothing to uplift humanity? Is this life to drink small beer and wine and then die?

this life to drink small beer and wine and then die?
"My mission here is purely for moral manbuilding, and has nothing whatever to do with priests or occultism.
"My first visit to America was in 1893, as a delegate to the Parliament of Religions, and at the close of the World's Fair I went immediately to my home in Ceylon. In 1897 I again returned to America, and made a tour of the larger cities, from San Francisco to Boston, lecturing upon Christianity and the Brahminic and Hindoo religions, after having made a study of all the ancient religions and doctrines, including those of China and Persia. China and Persia.

China and Persia.

"I then began the study of the degradation of the people of India. It is incomprehensible to me why, under all these years of English rule, my people are in such extreme depths of degradation, when all other countries are making advancement. After deep research, I have come to the conclusion that the Brahminic religion and the bureaucratic government—the red-tapeism you may say, if you like—of England, are the causes of the stagnant condition which stops all development.

"I have come here to tell to all the wide-

"I have come here to tell to all the wideawake, intelligent, philanthropic men and
wonen of America of the degradation of my
people, and to get their help in the work of
amincipation, by giving a general education
in science and art.

"It is my purpose to introduce the advanced
industrial methods adopted by the Americans.
I will not have anything to do with sectarianism, because the Indian people have
330,000,000 gods which they worship already,
and I do not want to add one more to that
Pantheon. It would be like carrying coals
to Newcastle or adding a bucket of water to
the ocean.

Pantheon. It would be like carrying coals to Newcastle or adding a bucket of water to the ocean.

"With the aid of America, and the most advanced Asiatic race in Japan, I hope that in twenty years India may, with its vast population, be made happier than it is today." I hope to create a band of young men and young women, with the noblest ideas of humanity, to take up this great work, and then to take the young children of India and build up a new generation on the principles of American morality and progressive educationalism.

to take the young children of India and build up a new generation on the principles of American morality and progressive educationalism.

"This is my message, and I want the noblest of the 70,000,000 Americans to respond to this appeal, and to make a heaven out of what is now a slave-house. I have seen so much of the unhappiness and degradation that I cannot stop without doing all that is in my power to change the condition."

Dilarmapala has traveled over America, Ceylon, Burmah, Siam, Japan, England, Prance, Belgium and Italy. He has with him in Los Angeles a Hindoo god, made of stone, and carved by the people who lived in India 1800 years ago. This particular god is known as the statue of the Prince of Kapilis Vasty, a city near the Himalayan Mountains, and is in the attitude of a teacher. It is in colors of red, yellow, blue, gold and green, and is covered with ancient Hindoo writings. It is a noble and authentic specimen of the art of that remote period. It weighs perhaps 100 pounds, is about twelve inches wide and twenty inches high.

Pharmapala talked interestingly of the Buddhist religion, which was planted in Ceylon 2,200 years ago, by the royal missionaries, the son and daughter of the great Emperor, Asaka, a thing unique in the history of the religions of the world.

"One of the tenents of this religion was compassion to all living beings," he said, "and so the slaughtering of animals was ignored, as was "the ritualisms of the priests, and the differences of caste. Brotherhood was established, as were hospitals for manand beast. Woman was emancipated and made the equal of man.

"Under that religion India and Ceylon flourished for several centuries, but the old Brahminic polytheism (worship of mangods), under the priestly influence again asserted its power, by which man's individuality is destroyed, freedom of thought denied, and the Brahminic dogmas acknowledged.

"To realize happiness in this life, man should be absolutely free from acknowledgeding the dogma of revealed religion, occult manifestatio

by ennobling thoughts and good deeds. He will not be disturbed by idiotic dogmas, presented by half-insane people, who talk about thinking.

"These are the principles of the religion that was given 2,200 years ago by the Prince of Kapila Vastu, who was later on known as the Buddha."

Thoughts.

The thoughts man entertains in life, when he leaves the body, will remain in the world's atmosphere as the sum total of his spiritual ideal. One writer has defined the human soul "A harp with a thousand strings." When the purpose of man's life has been to honor and glorify his Maker, that life is as a harp all of whose strings vibrate in perfect unison. The harpist thinks, when he smites the low-cst chords, he has attempted a difficult task. He finds, as he tunes the next chord, it responds more readily, and each successive string becomes easier to tune. When he reaches the middle string it is easily tuned. It bears him upward, and he finds the strings in the higher octaves are already in tune. So, as man passes from the physical to the spiritual, he finds every spirit string was tuned by the hand of Divinity, ready to harmonize with man's effort to seek truth. But the highest notes of the human soul will be inaudible until the lowest notes are tuned. Upper harp thoughts are the thoughts of the seers of all ages. These harps have for their themes the eternal entities.

Thus, it is perceived, the evils that come into our lives are those we admit. Every man and woman presents a perfect physical photograph of their own mental conception. Spiritual thoughts do not mar the body. Man manifests in his body what he believes about his fellow-men, and thus through the whole category. The Law is absolute. It has no variations. Were the race today to put itself in the attitude of waiting for a passive, harmonious thought, it would find the meaning of Christ's statement, "My peace I leave with you," and every human heart open to that thought vibration would sound that note of peace.—S. A. Weltmer.

Cheerfulness.

"If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life, forget your neighbor's faults. Forget all the slanders you have ever heard. Forget the temptations. Forget the fault-finding, and give little thought to the cause which provoked it. Forget the peculiarities of your friends and only remember the good points which make you fond of them. Forget all personal quarrels or histories you may have heard by accident, and which, if repeated, would seem a thousand times worse than they are. Blot out, as far as possible, all the disagreeables of life; they will come, but they will only grow larger when you remember them, and the constant thought of the acts of meanness, or, worse still, malice, would only tend to make you more familiar with them. Obliterate everything disagreeable from yesterday, start out with a clean sheet for today, and write upon it for sweet memory's sake only those things which are lovely and lovable."—Anon. "If you would increase your happiness and

"What is my life-work?" I asked. "It is first to conquer yourself, then to develop and use wisely your physical, intellectual, and spiritual being.
"Do this, and you will find your sphere of influence widening, your five talents become ten."—Light on the Hidden Way.

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the lowliest children of earth If they will recognize the
union of the Earthy and Heaventy—and while battling
union de the Earthy and Heaventy—and while battling
bring to them the eche of "Angels" Soogs."

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Children's Nooh.

A Little Comforter.

Dear Ranner 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 COMPORT.

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 Amni P. Storer through mediumship of Ira M. Storet 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

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 hy 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 pocket-book.

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 the so in love with his little sister Edna we have to be sone left here.

Alfred the so in love with his little sister Edna we have the hold with the thin he had just as much fun until afterwards, when he came in with year feet. Then he requisited he had a say and hand in hand. When Edna left us he was broken hearted.

He was a dyous hope, but the challest he high get a way of the papa asked, "Alfred, did you break it?" the answer came promptly, "Yes, sir," and his papa

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

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A Day with Dollybugs.

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 Dolly-

A Day with Dollybugs.

Ho, ho, youngsters! Isn't this fall weather grand? Doesn't it remind you that nutting 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 nutting some Saturday with Petieboy? 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. Then she deesses herself with Mama's help and attends her dolles. Then down stairs and out to the barn where the numerious family of kittles 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 cata look on very wisely and sedataly 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 another. They

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. Petioboy 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 pointoes 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 smilling 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.

Uncle John.

CONFIDENCE.

Among the changing scenes of life, Amid its pleasures, cares and strife, There comes a feeling I have known That I've 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 floor rented by the year 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. Towle, at the box-office, on the first Sunday of the opening of the meetings. This beautiful hall really hus no undesirable seats, but there are some more desirable than others and the first to apply will be the first to receive them.

Mr. Wiggin 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' Schu-bert Ountet which has done such faithful

in the evening for twenty minutes answer such questions as may be passed in from the nudience, 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.

There is a voice, "a still, small voice" of love, heard from above.

But not amidst the din of earthly sounds which here confounds;

By those withdrawn apart it best is heard, and peace, sweet peace, breathes in each greatly word.

gentle word.

what is the blessing of Love? It is to love without any desire, thought or striving for roturn. 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 creater than the greatest joy we can imagine, for it will live to stay.

It may take many struggles, and many upheavels 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. Ave, 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 radinnee 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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