

SPEAKS THE ICE MAIDEN.

(See Hans Christian Andersen's exquisite wonder tales of the Ice Maiden.)

Hark to the avalanche,
Thundering down,
Bearing the rock
And the wood on its crown,
Deep in the valleys
Trail water courses,
Champing the foam,
As restive as horses,
Hark to the wind's career,
Felling the grove,
Up from such dangers dear,
Come, O my love.

Here, where the mountain top
Touches the cloud,
Here, where the snow is spread,
Meet for a shroud,
Come, I will sing my song,
Sweetly the whole night long,
Patience endowed.

Hark to the avalanche,
Sweet, art thou there?
Treading the giddy verge
Have thou a care,
Heed, lest thy body's weight
Sound the abyss,
Not there should kindly Fate
Teach thee death's bliss.

Cold as the stinging frost,
Such is my breast,
Cold are my mountain snows,
Yet shalt thou rest,
Come, I will sing my song,
Sweetly the whole night long,
Patience possessed.

.....
Mine! Mine!
I kiss thee, thou art mine.
Safe through the death
That waits for all,
Safe from the cares,
That hold in thrall,
From mortal to divine
I bear thee, thou art mine,
I kiss thee, thou art mine,
Mine, mine.

—Mary E. Blanchard.

Millions, Me.

The Truth About Christian Science.

E. Wake Cook.

(From the "Contemporary Review," London,
Eng., Oct., 1903.)

Christian Science has come to stay, and the more clearly we realize the great and timely benefits it brings the more effectively we can deal with its grave spiritual and moral defects. In "The Newer Dispensation" (see "Contemporary Review," November, 1902), I explained that Christian Science was the narrowest of the triad of mystical movements which are the complement and corrective of the splendid, but one-sided, advance of Physical Science. The very narrowness of the new cult gives it concentration and effective intensity, and it will go far ere its force is spent.

When an Emotion mistakes itself for a Thought I do not trouble to analyze deeply what it says of itself, but try to discover its true inwardness. A religion may contain profound truth even if it cannot be reduced to intellectual clearness and consistency; as the doctrine of the Trinity may hint eternal verities in spite of arithmetical difficulties. Mrs. Eddy has revived a great truth which should reinforce Protestantism in its contest with Romanism, and give an added impetus to Christianity and the higher spiritual movements. Christian "Science" is a religion of feeling rather than of thought, and its futile claims to be a philosophy, or a science, obscure the good to be found in it.

Mrs. Eddy's insistent claim to understanding, a claim she sustains on every page, would, if valid, reduce the whole thing to an impotent phase of rationalism. Miss Sturge, in "The Truth and Error of Christian Science," subjects it to a clever philosophical analysis, but those who can follow her reasoning will not need it. She has been misled by Mrs. Eddy's use of the term "metaphysic" into taking it as a system of philosophy; whereas the word is opposed by Mrs. Eddy to "physic," or medicine, so meta-medicine would be nearer her meaning! Taken seriously as a philosophy, analysis reveals endless contradictions, and confusion of thought and terms; but taken as a stimulating religion endowing man with God-like attributes, offering health, power, and plenty as a result of right-living and spiritual culture, it is big with promise, and has to be reckoned with.

No writer so stimulates and inspires me as Emerson, who claimed the right to contradict himself ad lib., and he did; so that it is almost impossible to educe any clear and consistent doctrine from his writings, and the attempt to do so is like trying to cook one's dinner over a catherine-wheel. But he seems to show us the very gates of heaven by his verbal coruscations; and in trying to grasp his thoughts he awakens the higher intuitions and makes us feel ineffable truths. In like manner Mrs. Eddy suggests more than she can express, and gives us a higher phase of Christianity; and shows, as the saints and the Spiritualists had shown before, that we may be media of higher powers, and by living the Christ-like life we may do Christ-like works.

Professor Wm. James in his admirable work, "The Varieties of Religious Experience," treating of mind-healing, quotes Dresser, Henry Wood, Trine and other New Thought writers; but almost ignores Mrs. Eddy, who preceded them and made the thing a startling success. The young Seer, A. J. Davis, preceded them all, and it is scarcely fair to give later writers credit for the movement and for ideas they have largely borrowed without due acknowledgment, and to ignore the earlier Prophet. Professor James is naturally attracted to the more philosophical expositions of Mind-healing; but, as he remarks, it remains to be seen whether the later schools will score the practical triumphs of the less critical and rational sect. They certainly will not in our time; because although they are beautiful religious philosophies, they lack an essential element of a vigorous religion, they lack the personal element.

Religious emotion needs a personal idol to bring it to a focus. Mrs. Eddy's picturesque figure supplies that need—for the present. She adorns herself with a golden nimbus, and makes such amazing claims that she is the centre of a new Mariolatry. Even where her claims are not taken at par, there is an ever-flowing stream of gratitude to her for restored health, and for spiritual benefits which are regarded as of higher value. Although to some she is the stumbling-block, and a cause of exasperation which keeps them from accepting the healing, she is still the central power in the movement. She is a practical mystic, and, as Lord Rosebery said of Gordon, that is a most powerful combination. Indeed, all the world-movers have been practical mystics; they have access to a source of Power and of Light to which the purely intellectual man is a stranger. With her religious mysticism Mrs. Eddy combines a commercial, an organizing genius second to that of none of the great Trust founders; she has set the whole thing going; it cannot be understood if we ignore her, and it is only by understanding it that we can grasp its benefits and reject its errors.

The principal merits of this most unscientific of religions are:

(a) The optimistic affirmation of the Allness of Good; the Omnipotence of Love; and the nothingness of evil, sin, sickness and death.

(b) The healthy and invigorating dismissal of all morbid fears and fancies; and the affirmation that perfect health is our birthright in virtue of our Divine origin.

(c) It reinforces Protestantism just where it is weakest, and clears away half the difficulties regarding "miracles" by doing them, thus showing that Jesus meant exactly what He said: "He that believeth on Me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do."

(d) It helps to confirm the claims previously put forth by Spiritualists and Theosophists, and later, and to some extent, by the Society for Psychical Research, that we all possess latent faculties and powers of unknown extent, which raise us immeasurably in the scale of being as partakers in Divine Power.

(e) It not only appeals to high moral and religious sentiments, it also appeals most cunningly to the weaker side of human nature by offering health, pecuniary gain, and a sense of indefinite power to "demonstrate" (obtain, or bring about) whatever is desired. But while we may credit Christian Science with these merits, and the further merit of awakening new interest in the sayings of Jesus and revivifying all phases of religion based on the Bible, it yet has very grave spiritual and moral defects. In explaining these a general idea of the teachings, claims and practice of the new system will be given, so that this article may be intelligible even to those who have not read the statement of the doctrines given in "The Newer Dispensation."

II.

In the first place, Mrs. Eddy claims that the revelation given through Jesus needed completing, and as the first part was given through a man it was fitting that the second part should come through a woman. She claims throughout that Christian Science is the only "Divine Science," and was revealed solely to her through a study of the Scriptures. This amazing claim she defends energetically, and resents the charge that she borrowed ideas from a Dr. Quimby, whose patient she was in 1862. We may accept her statement, as Dr. Quimby was a natural healer and no more understood the mysterious power than Mrs. Eddy understood her healing powers. But my suspicions were aroused by her curious and uncalled-for attacks on Spiritualism and "Animal Magnetism;" they suggested that she was kicking down ladders by which she had risen. So I explored the works of the father of Modern Spiritualism, Andrew Jackson Davis, the "Poughkeepsie Seer." In the first volume of "The Great Harmonia,"—"The Physician," I found nearly all that is best in Mrs. Eddy's book, published sixteen years before she made her "discovery." The works of Davis made a great noise in America, and a new

edition of "The Physician" was called for nearly every year for some time, so that it seems impossible that a person of such an alert mind as Mrs. Eddy should have been ignorant of it.

Theodore Parker said that the works of Davis were the literary marvel of the 19th century. They will, I think, be thought more marvelous still at the end of this century, when humanity comes abreast of them, and when Science has realized, by its own methods, some of the profounder truths and the splendid conceptions suggested by the young Seer. I regard his first work, "Nature's Divine Revelations," and "The Great Harmonia," as a rough sketch of the Philosophy of the Future, uniting in grander synthesis than ever before deemed possible the essentials of science, philosophy and religion.

"The Physician" contains nearly all the principles and ideas, and even the peculiar terms afterwards employed by Mrs. Eddy; but the work of Davis bears all the marks of a genuine revelation, being the outcome of what has gone before and a prophecy of that which is to come; and it falls into its place as part of a grand system of thought. Mrs. Eddy's work, on the other hand, is a confused apprehension of these principles and ideas, resulting in the contradictions which many of her disciples at first find so exasperating; and she shows an utter inability to develop her thought, a sure sign that it came from without, not from within. Whatever the subject she starts to explain, it leads her at once into her mill-horse round of vain repetitions, and she gets no forwarder. Where she differs from Davis she generally goes wrong; but some of her additions are of great temporary value, and she has shown an organizing genius rivaling that of Rockefeller and Pierpont-Morgan. She wisely bases her work on that of Jesus; claims it as a fulfilment of His promise, and appeals to the Bible and all believers in it. While Davis does not do this, his practice is more like that of Jesus than Mrs. Eddy's is. In character the two teachers greatly differ. Davis has always been modest and retiring; would permit no "halo business;" declined to be made the head of a church; and on the completion of his first great work, which soon ran through thirty editions, he renounced any share of the profits. Mrs. Eddy, on the contrary, has contrived a marvelous organization to secure to herself an absolute monopoly of honor, power and profit, and has allowed herself to become an object of thinly disguised worship. To whatever extent she was indebted to Davis for her ideas, her genius made the marvelous success of the movement, which has come as a Nemesis on the medical profession for neglecting their clues, and for permitting the noble science to sink into a crude materialism which paralyzes its efforts. So while sanitary and surgical science have been rapidly progressing, the curative art has been almost at a standstill. The doctors seem to have microbes on the brain, are searching for remunerative cures rather than preventives, and are still groping without clue for the causes of the direst scourges of our time.

They knew, as Dr. Schofield has recently pointed out, that the mind can and does cause disease, that worry is its prolific parent, and that imagination can produce the symptoms of every malady under the sun. Every medical student knows that the reading of symptoms is apt to produce them in themselves; the doctors know the effect of faith in giving efficacy to drugs; yet they never thought of boldly following up these clues to the true Medical Science. They have preferred to introduce all sorts of horrible things, at great risk, into the human system, and to gain their knowledge of these "remedies" by the ghastly horrors of vivisection and the worse than a living death to which our poor dumb friends, the animals, are subjected. If this is really the right track then the end may justify the means, and we must console ourselves as best we may for the pangs inflicted on animals by remembering that they do not prolong the agonies by the purely human tortures of anticipation, that they are soon over, and that they may be the means of saving more sensitive human beings, who would increase the suffering by anticipative imaginings. But there is that awful "if." In any case the mind revolts against the idea of introducing these horrible serums into the human system, even if cures are effected by them. They seem a desperate last resort; and there must be a better way if we can but find it. By the topsy-turvydom of our arrangements we pay men to cure rather than prevent disease, and so the search for cures is the more energetically followed. Prevent disease and the doctor's occupation is gone; and there is no reason why it should not be prevented. Even with present knowledge if a doctor dined occasionally with his prospective patients, and noted the quantity of food taken and their manner of eating it, he should, knowing something of their general habits, be able to foretell within a little their coming diseases years in advance.

Over-eating is our National vice, stimulating, and stimulated by, the drinking habit. It dulls our brains, and inclines us to athletics and brutalities, rather than to spare living and high thinking. John Bull must get rid of that corporation of his if he is to hold his own. If men would only eat less, masticate more, drink deeply only of the breath of life—fresh air—and avoid those Lethal Chambers in which we slowly commit suicide, hot and stuffy rooms and overcrowded cars, we might defy all disease. But while men will not live rationally and avoid excesses, doctors or mind-healers will be needed.

Andrew Jackson Davis in the "Physician" says the healing and the teaching professions should be united: that when the teacher has done his work there is no need of a healer; or that the healing should be done through teaching. So he urged that parsons and priests should enlarge the scope of their teaching and embrace that profounder philosophy of life which includes everything in science and religion bearing on spiritual, mental and bodily health. He says that health is harmony, disease is discord, a want of balance of the finer forces in the system; that all disease is of mental origin; that every atom of matter is moved to its place by mental or spiritual means, so that to keep the mind, both conscious and subconscious, right is to keep all right. The discord arising from the want of balance between the positive and negative forces can be adjusted by "virtue" passing from healer to patient, as in the case of the woman who was cured by touching the hem of the Saviour's garment. The enormous power of Faith—"thy faith has made thee whole"—is insisted on, and illustrated by the very cases quoted afterwards by Mrs. Eddy. He denounces "scientific" drugs, and says that they not only cause disease but greatly hamper the healing powers of Nature, as she has to fight both the disease and the drugs. That many of the cures claimed by Christian Science result from ceasing to interfere with Nature is beyond doubt. There are boundless stores of vital energy always flowing from the Sublime Fount of all Existence, if we would but lay ourselves open to receive it.

The only true medicines in Nature for existing diseases, and the only true and divine elements which, by operating magnetically upon the body through the spiritual principle, unfold and advance individual health and happiness, are the following: Dress, Food, Water, Air, Light, Electricity and Magnetism. These are regarded as media or "vehicles" by which the Divine Essence of nature always heals nature, or spirit always communes with spirit through these omnipresent and energetic mediums." In all these media the most potent agencies are just those which elude analysis.

The Christian Scientists will repudiate all these things as too material, and in doing so they make a grave blunder and confessedly lay themselves open to the same number of "clinams" (first symptoms of disease) as other unenlightened people; and they have to "treat" themselves, or go to healers as often as other folks have to see doctors. In this respect Mrs. Eddy has turned half a truth into a whole error. By observing the simple rules laid down by Davis, no one ought even to have a claim, or need treatment; except when the Fates force him into those lethal chambers, those poison baths, into which people convert their rooms by over-crowding, and the exclusion of the breath of life—fresh air.

(To be continued.)

The Sunny Side of Life.

1. THE BEAUTY OF LIFE.

How delightful it is to sit down and have a talk with a friend, one who is willing to take you into his true confidence and tell you what is in his heart. It is listening to another soul and catching its gladness as a real influence of light and sweetness. It does us good for the moment, and it is a memory of blessing for many and many a day. This is sunshine to our lives in darkness, and this is how I wish us to help and encourage each other. The listener is also a giver of good, and appreciation of purpose and word helps the expression of what the heart would like to utter.

It is not easy to tell what we think about ourselves, our circumstances, and all our living. We must always keep much in the background—there is a root in the earth that the stem and flower may be in the air. This is part of the beauty of life, its wonderful mystery, its depth past all our searching and finding out.

You see the matter is new to us every breath we draw. Here we are before ourselves students of the facts of being. We have reality we cannot question or doubt. I am—a true spirit in the flesh—with life pulsing in me and giving me gladness. Strangely out of the past I come with a consciousness that I am here by right none can dispute. I feel I was wanted—that I am in my native place as much as the lily in the valley and the bird in the air.

We do not come as wrecks from some other

shore. Not a bit of it. I recall my satisfaction when I first sensed I was on this planet and had the privilege of looking up at the stars, and then on the broad field of day. It was all good. It was all there for me, and I was in fellowship with it all once.

My circumstance was in poverty, and pretty hard at that—but it did not seem to matter. I had a richness of soul that delighted in everything as in the region of romance. It was worth while being born to feel the thrill of the new, old situation. My eyes were apparently looking on old scenes, as if I had awakened from a sleep. I found it intensely interesting to become acquainted with myself and the world in which I was. Nothing was a surprise in itself or foreign, and yet my home and its garden, my mother and the children I played with were ever bright and fair.

My theology poured into my ears, jumbled this, and tried to spoil my vision—but the truth held in my heart as a perfume that life was sweet and wholesome and from a good source. That battle I had not to fight, it was won for me, and it holds by me as a blessing that life is real and earnest and beautiful in every respect.

We need to be rooted and grounded in this connection. We need to get hold of this assurance, and stand by it all the rest of our days without any wavering whatever.

I am not preaching. I am telling what I feel in sincerity about this. We fret and fume because we are doubtful about our place and prospects. We suppose in a blind way that we could have chosen much better, that we could have been vastly improved at the start—if things had been a little different. I sensed I was somehow right, if I would only do right.

And mark you that is the secret of it all that comes to us overwhelmingly in some golden hour. It is the great knowledge that right is in us, in our seeing, in our planning, in our performance of duty.

There were time marks touching me that I regret and wonder at. The marks of a lower life, as if they crept in on the body and were bound to be with me. Yet I recognized them as not belonging to me. I think that discernment is in our nature from the beginning. We know the difference between black and white, between purity and its opposite, and it is grand if we win our way at once to stability of good, to wish for the good, to stand by it as the essence of all peace and power.

There are some things we do that apparently are to get us into trouble. And if there is a process of perfection going on in suffering, most of us get it. Perhaps the purest metal passes through the fiercest fire. Perhaps, for I am not so sure about it now. I am coming to think that it is true of the spirit that it may express itself in harmony hour by hour, and the circumstance may not interfere with pure placidity of the soul.

The real life may smile at any happening because it is conscious that the smile and the frown change, that the sunlight and the shadow chase each other, but the heart may be one of calm in it all.

This is beauty worth having. It is not seeking the support of the outer. It is all there in itself, a permanent gift of the soul.

Then comes happiness, for man is made lord and master of time and his place. The provoking things no more annoy, they are of the hour—and the soul can overlook them.

A man then is in friendship with life. It is good to him as it was to Shakespeare, looking out on the motley scenes of his day. It is a poem in the heart to you and me as it was to Wordsworth. The harp-strings of love vibrate with musical sounds, and we live a life of blessing and sweetness.

Now this is what I wished to say as a primary feeling, to inspire us with as if we were walking out into a new springtide of thought and feeling, and as if all the frost and snow were gone, and we were like the first soul in a garden of delight and the eternal goodness—was our faithful friend, as He truly is, and as He truly must be forever and forever and forevermore!

Brother Sunlight.

SILENCE.

The silence of the heart is sweet,
Yes, beautiful as early morn—
Before the tramp of busy feet,
Before the day's desire is born!

The silence speaks of power supreme—
To hold the whole of life so free;
'Tis all enclosed as in a dream,
The leaves unstirred by wisdom's tree!

And to the silence all things turn,
As pausing for a deeper breath;
And sense of peace from sleep we learn,
And so have hope from silent death!

—William Brewster

He who turns a furrow straight, or makes happier the declining years of his father and mother is a greater preacher and teacher than the most eloquent orator or pulpiteer who ever swayed the multitudes by the might of his tongue.

DO I DREAM?

Today, as I look at the wintry skies,
And the masses of blue white snow,
At the grey-brown limbs of the stately trees,
And hear the rough wind blow
My heart of a sudden flies over the years
Then folds its white wings down,
As it rests once more, at a farm house door,
In a quaint old country town.

Do I dream? Do I dream? Ah no! I see
Loved ones of the years gone by,
Mother and father, and sisters and friends,
While blue gleams the tender sky,
My youth comes back, and my blood runs
Pulsing with life's young day,
I gather sweet flowers, from odd fashioned
bowers,
As I walk down the old pathway.

A voice falls tenderly on my ear,
And love's eyes look in my eyes,
As the old story is told again
Under the summer skies,
O! how my heart sings, and the world sings
too,
While the river ripples by,
For a love is born, fair as rose-flushed dawn,
That can never, never die.

Once more I look on the wintry skies—
Come back, oh! come back, my heart!
For those days are buried in long ago,
And my love and I live apart;
He dwells where the world is forever young,
While I am seventy today,
Take courage, my heart, for I'll soon depart
To be with my love always.

Elizabeth L. Merrill.
Skowhegan, Maine.

Banker and Printer.

J. Andy Fortz.

CHAPTER V.

Now that I had met Miss Mendon I could readily understand why Sandy was so loud in his praises of her good qualities. Her hair, which was abundant, was as fine as silk, and covered a head of shapely proportions, rather a large head, in seemed, but not too large. The color of her hair was golden, not exactly yellow, but of a tint not often met with. Her eyes were large and blue, intensely blue, and full of expression. She talked with her eyes, or at least I thought so. In person she was tall, with large shoulders and tapering arms. Her complexion was as clear as marble. There was a faint tinge of red in her cheeks and her teeth were as white as snow. Her manners were refined and her language faultless. That she was a student and that her mind was stored with useful knowledge was apparent.

"I am glad to get away from the city," she said. "I have grown tired of the so-called pleasures of society. Its never ceasing rounds of social duties became burdensome to me and I longed for the quiet of the village. Now that I am here I am sure I shall enjoy life as soon as we are settled in our new home. I shall have more time for study, more time to devote to my music and painting. You may think it absurd in me, but I have decided to acquire another accomplishment—housekeeping. Taking it altogether, I think I shall have quite enough to keep my time employed."

Miss Mendon gave utterance to the foregoing sentiments just after clasping my hand. It was a sort of an appendix to that extended conversation which I have just described. Then she passed down the narrow stairway, entered her coupe, which was waiting at the curb, and was driven away.

I then regained consciousness. Not that I had been asleep or hypnotized, but I at once realized that I was in my shirt sleeves, that my sleeves were rolled up to my elbows and my general appearance was anything but prepossessing. I had been utterly oblivious to my surroundings for, I do not know how long. I was now myself again, my insignificant self, a poor, struggling newspaper man.

Cy looked upon me in astonishment.

"Well," said he, with a puzzled expression, "you are a good one! If that wasn't a clear case of love at first sight, I don't know what the term means. But that's all right, Markley, go in and win, marry the girl and then we can pay off that pestiferous mortgage, put in a power press and paralyze all the Jay bird shop in the town. Say, do you know how long you talked to that girl? Just one hour and seven minutes. I timed you."

I said nothing. I was in a confused state of mind. I resumed my labors, and at length the last sheet of the week's edition was printed. I hoped that Sandy would call during the evening. He was now duly installed in his position with the Mendons. I would say nothing to him about Elsie's visit. I wondered if she mentioned it to him and if so, what she said about it. But Sandy did not come.

It was Saturday afternoon. I dressed myself with unusual care. A new suit fresh from the tailor's hands was donned. A previous visit to the barber-shop had improved my personal appearance to some extent. A glossy tie completed my apparel and with cane in hand I went forth for a stroll. The weather was balmy, the sun shone forth from a cloudless sky and the birds were singing in the tree tops, for spring had come.

I strolled down to the village park. Why did I go there? I did not know. The place at this early period in spring was not particularly attractive. I opened the gate and walked about the park in a dreamy sort of way. I was not nervous, neither was I in a state of expectancy. I was at ease. The cares of the week did not disturb me. I had just passed around a sharp turn in the path and I stood facing Elsie. She extended her hand and greeted me with warmth, with more cordiality than I had a right to expect. That she was pleased I knew at once. We walked leisurely about the little park for a long time. Never before had the world seemed so bright and life so precious. The birds twittered among the branches, making such music as I had never heard before. I felt that with Elsie at my side I could walk on and on forever. We grew confidential. Some words passed which are too sacred to be repeated, especially on paper.

"I should be happy indeed to have you as a guest at our home, but papa—"

"Never mind," said I, "I understand the situation. Words are unnecessary. We understand each other, do we not?"

Her eyelids drooped, a slight flush spread over her cheeks. Her hand was in mine. I pressed her hand slightly. There was a pressure in response, followed by a kiss upon her lips. There was a thrill of pleasure, of joy born of a new hope. That little park was transformed into a paradise. Elsie was now silent. Words under such circumstances are superfluous. I had not asked her to be mine. Such a question was unnecessary. She would be my wife. I knew this, and she knew it. Just as well as I did. But there were obstacles, obstacles that seemed unmountable, obstacles which might delay the realization of our fond hopes for years.

I did not deem it prudent to escort Miss Mendon to the village. We parted at the gate, but we lingered and were still talking, oblivious to our surroundings, when a harsh voice broke upon our ears.

"Elsie, daughter, what do you mean? Where have you been? Come, come, we will go home this moment."

She took her father's arm. As she did so I noticed that her face was crimson and that she trembled violently. As they walked away I heard harsh words. Her father was demanding an explanation. Whether he obtained it I never learned, but I rather believe that he did not.

As I have before stated the debt on the printing office was past due. It had been past due for a long time, for that matter, but that fact gave me no uneasiness, as my creditor was evidently in no hurry. Hamlet was still with us, working faithfully and saying nothing.

It was two weeks after I met Mr. Mendon at the park when he bolted into the Free Lance office. I spoke, but he did not exchange compliments. In fact he ignored me entirely. He walked straight up to Hamlet and inquired:

"What's your name, sir?"
"I don't know, sir."
"You don't know?"
"No, sir."
"Explain yourself, sir."
"Nothing to explain, sir."
"You are from the east?"
"Yes, sir, from New York. They say I was born there. The name that I sign is one that I gave myself—John Stanton."

Mr. Mendon now seemed more nervous than ever. After gazing intently into Hamlet's face for some moments, he left the office as abruptly as he had entered it.

Late that night Cy and myself had a long talk together. What was the meaning of Mendon's strange conduct? Why should he rush into the office and ply that tramp printer with questions? There was a mystery, a mystery which Cy said was unsolvable at the present. The future might reveal something startling, but it was no use to waste time now in the attempt to unravel it.

CHAPTER VI.

A few evenings after Sandy came in, and in his breezy manner began to talk. Sandy was a wonderful talker, though not particular as to the words which he employed to convey his meaning.

"Boys," said he, "I've got the softest snap on earth. Don't half to work half of my time. I take Elsie out for a drive in the coupe or whatever you call it every day. Regular picnic. Just like playin' and gittin' paid for it. Got in three months already and got the spondulix for it, every cent of it. Save \$30 every month and I'm puttin' it into shoats and calves, mostly shoats. Lots o' money in hogs. I owe two hundred on that forty that I bought of old man Jenkins and inside of six months I'll be out o' the hole. Say, Mark, you haint met Miss Elsie yet, have you? Pines for her ever met; nothing like her daddy. Of course he's my boss, and he treats me all right, but I'll tell you, boys, he would do anything for money. Jist look and see how he cleaned up Jim Ferrander and Al Lansing and about a dozen others. But the old scamp will die some day and Elsie will get every cent of his money. I've heard lots o' folks say he was worth over a million and I spect he is. How many fellows do you 'spose Elsie has on the string?"

"How many?" I asked in a suppressed tone.

"I'll bet a conskin that fifty wouldn't count 'em. Letters? She gits several every day, but then she don't answer very many of 'em. Last week a couple of plug-hatted fellows from the Lord knows where was at the house. She played and sung for 'em and treated 'em all right enough, but she don't care a continental for either of 'em, I could see that."

A high-toned rooster blown in from somewhere yesterday and he's now at the house, but he's not doing any good. I can see that. He might jist as well pull out. The old man, though, seems to think a power of this feller. They say he's a furrier or somethin' like that. I heard the old man talkin' to Elsie. He said Mr. Greathouse—that's the feller's name—was a member of one of England's oldest families, and had a title. He said he was a earl or somethin' like that and Elsie must treat him with great respect. But when Elsie said she couldn't bear the sight of him, the old man got mad and left the house. What is an earl? Has a title, eh? Well, he looks for all the world jist like that dude of a barber that used to work down in Jones' shop. No wonder Elsie don't like such a spindle-shanked critter. My idea is that when Elsie gits married she wants a man, title or no title, one without a title preferred, if anything. But I'm to take this young lord and Elsie out drivin' this afternoon and I wish you could get a squint at him."

I was not particularly anxious for a "squint" at the young English nobleman. Neither was I disturbed to any great extent; at times I felt that if I were in a position occupied by the young Englishman Elsie would be far happier. But I knew she would keep her word. I knew she was true, and eventually all would be well. Sometimes I tried to convince myself I must have dreamed it, and there was no reality in my relations with Elsie. Then I would recall our first meeting and much that had followed. I had a living witness in Cy and then that meeting in the park—there was no dream about that. Did not her father chastise her in severe terms for what he regarded as an indiscretion upon her part? All was indelibly imprinted upon my memory. But for all that I was restless. The fear that death or something else, I knew not what, might occur to prevent the realization of my hopes made me wretched at times.

It was just before publication day. Cy was busy "making up" the forms. I had just finished writing an editorial upon the money question, when the sheriff walked into the office carrying a suspicious legal document in his fingers.

"I have come to demand this property," he said. "The mortgage has been closed in favor of William Mendon."

"What does this mean?" I asked, in great astonishment.

"I don't know anything about it," replied the officer. "You signed one of those iron clad mortgages, one that can be closed without notice or suit. I suppose Mr. Mendon bought your notes. No, it will be useless to see him. He went to New York this morning, and will not return for two weeks. Too late now to raise money to pay off the claim. The mortgage is closed. I will be in this afternoon and get the keys."

Cy turned pale, but said nothing. I staggered to a chair and dropped it. It was a blow as unexpected as it was severe. I sat for a long time in silence. Cy dropped his composing rule upon the stone and gazed upon the unfinished forms. Hamlet straightened his leads upon the centrepiece of his case and drew on his coat. He leisurely filled his pipe, took a few whiffs and extended his hand, saying:

"Good bye, boys. I am going. I hope we shall meet again, and the next minute he was down stairs and on his way to the next town."

We did meet again, but under very different circumstances. There was nothing left for us to do but to deliver the keys of the office to the officer. For four years I had labored incessantly to secure a printing office and had almost attained my object when my hard earnings were swept away like dry leaves before a gust of wind. I had been robbed, robbed in broad daylight. But the robbery was done according to law.

"Down with such laws! Down with all laws made for the benefit of rascals. The sacred dollar must needs be protected, but there is no law to punish the scoundrel who takes advantage of his fellow man's circumstances and robs him of his last dollar," said Cy, in a burst of indignation.

Immediately after dinner a meeting was held in the office. Those present were James Ferrander, Albert Lansing, Sandy, Cy and myself. Ferrander, who knew more law than any of us, said it was useless to go to law, that I had lost the property beyond all hope of redemption.

The closing of the office meant the suspension of the Free Lance. The paper was dead, for Mendon had made no arrangements to have its publication continued. I decided to leave the town at once. I had a few dollars in my pocket and in company with Cy, would go out into the world to make an honest living.

Sandy was in distress. He was a staunch friend of the paper and had secured many subscribers for it during the past year of its existence.

Our friends retired and I sat momentarily expecting the sheriff. There were foot falls upon the stairway, but they were not those of the officer. I turned about. There was Elsie. She seemed to be in distress.

"I was afraid that I would miss you. Sandy has just informed me that you are going away, and I came to bid you good bye. Have but a moment to stay. Here is a little keepsake for you."

It was a locket, a beautiful specimen of the jeweler's art. I took her hand in mine. Then there was an exchange of words, words that I am unable to reproduce on paper, and, moreover, would not if I could. Often during my subsequent trials, in my darkest hours, these last words uttered by one who was a part of my being, came to me like a ray of sunshine, giving me strength and encouragement. I knew I had a friend whose affections and purposes were as unchangeable as the laws of the universe.

The sheriff came. There was a brief conversation. He took the keys. Cy gazed longingly at the faithful old hand press and then we all went out together. The sheriff locked the door and the Free Lance was no more forever.

CHAPTER VII.

We left the town on the evening train. Ferrander, Lansing and Sandy were at the depot to see us off. We were all in good luck. We entered the coach and in a few moments the train was under way. Where we would go we did not know. We desired, however, to place as much distance as possible between ourselves and the town where our venture had proven so unfortunate. It was near midnight when our train pulled up in front of a depot. We found our way to a little hotel and secured lodgings. After retiring we exchanged a few words and went to sleep.

Springing for myself, my slumber was disturbed by frightful dreams, and at 2 o'clock I was wide awake. The occurrences of the past twenty-four hours were still fresh in my mind. My nerves had been wrought up to such a pitch that sleep was impossible. I arose, lighted the gas and opened my valise. It contained Elsie's locket, and this I drew forth. Strange as it may appear I had not as yet examined it. I pressed the spring and its lid flew open, disclosing an excellent photo of Elsie. I studied the picture for some minutes. There were those same trusting eyes looking straight into mine. I was deeply absorbed in thought when Cy awoke. I apologized for disturbing his slumber and once more retired, not to sleep, for that was out of the question.

We ate a poor breakfast and proceeded to the printing offices. There was no work. There might be in a few days. We remained in town for several days, showing up at the various offices every morning, but without success. We were in a natural gas town. There were four daily papers and three or four weeklies. The place had had a boom, but, as one real estate man termed it, "the bottom had fallen out."

We soon learned that a boom town with its boom sleeping the sleep of death was not a good place for printers out of a job.

In the meantime our funds were running low. We would soon be penniless. To travel by rail would reduce our funds more rapidly than we were now. But the idea of going into a town in quest of work "carrying the banner," as Cy termed it, was not a pleasant one to entertain. A man may travel on foot and not be a tramp either. It was only a question of time when we should be compelled to call upon the members of the craft for aid unless we should be fortunate enough to secure employment.

After discussing the situation Cy made a proposition and I accepted it. We would make a long overland trip, through the mountains, over the railroads as much as possible. We secured a map and jotted down the towns through which we would pass. We would stop at farm houses for meals and lodging, thereby reducing our cost of living to the lowest possible figure. Cy believed we should eventually be able to secure work before we had completed our contemplated tour.

It was on a beautiful June morning that we walked out of the "gas town" in the gas belt. We were not used to this mode of travel and before the noon hour arrived we were foot sore and fatigued. But we were not disheartened. The fresh meadows, the trees clad in their new garments of green and the song of birds that filled the tree tops with melody did much to soften our cares and cause us to forget for the time being the unpleasant memories of our late misfortune.

We took our first meal at the home of a well-to-do farmer. Our host was a man of intelligence. After dinner we adjourned to the porch and an animated conversation followed. We had made ourselves so agreeable that the farmer absolutely refused a cent in payment for the excellent dinner with which we had been served.

By 1 o'clock we were again on the road. At 3 o'clock we entered a town of about 600 population. There was a printing office there, but the editor, who did the typesetting as well as the editing, was too poor to hire printers. We were again upon the highway, and at 5 o'clock, hungry and fatigued, stopped at a farm house and asked for supper and lodgings. The house, as I remember, was painted white and was almost surrounded by a well kept lawn. Maple trees in full leaf made the place homelike and inviting. It was my ideal of a country home. After a few moments of conversation the owner of the farm, who appeared to be a man of more than ordinary intelligence, said that he could entertain us. We sat down to a good supper.

After the meal was finished we adjourned to some rustic seats under the shade trees. Our host began the conversation.

"You see that big white house over there on that hill? That's old Sammy Jones' place. He is dead now; died this morning. Jones died as he had lived, a bachelor. Very peculiar man. Five years and years he lived alone. He was always saying queer things. He used to say that the chief mourners at a funeral were the happiest people in the procession. And when it came to religion he had all sorts of queer ideas about the hereafter. For instance, he said he believed that every man and every woman built a house in heaven while living here on earth. That some rich men would go to heaven and find a box to live in and there were poor men who would find a place waiting for them. They would receive what they earned. Palaces for good men and hovels for bad men. Queer ideas. Old Sammy had no relatives to inherit his property, but he had two or three

very warm friends, persons who professed to be his friends, and everybody around here supposed that these 'friends' had been remembered in his will. But I knew better, for I wrote the will myself. Of all the queer wills I ever heard of this beats them all. As I told you old Sammy was a bachelor. When a young man he made a heroic effort to secure a wife, but somehow he failed. Then he began a hopeless job. He accumulated a good deal of property and had ten thousand dollars in bank when I wrote the will, a month ago."

By this time Cy was becoming interested. He gave me a look, as much as to say that he had run up against a living encyclopedia, possessing a fund of information highly interesting and out of the ordinary channel.

"Old Sammy," continued Squire Perkins, for he informed us later on that he had been duly elected a justice of the peace in and for this said township. "Old Sammy," as I said, was well off. Now how do you suppose he disposed of his property? Well, sir, he willed it to ten women—the ten women who had refused to marry him, giving each an equal share with the exception of \$3,000 to pay his funeral expenses. He made all the funeral arrangements himself a year or two ago. He engaged all the livery teams in the county. Then he had one thousand invitations printed and signed them with his own name, asking the person to whom it was sent to attend his funeral. It had been his hobby to have the largest funeral procession ever seen in the state. Queer idea, wasn't it? And then hired the finest layoff in the county sent, a cab with gold and silver mountings, to be drawn by two white horses to lead the procession. This cab was for his own personal use."

"What," interrupted Cy, "I thought dead men were carried in hearses."

"You don't understand. Old Sammy had queer ideas. He believed that when a man died he didn't die at all; he simply stepped out of the house he had lived in and was then more alive than ever, if anything. Old Sammy believed that he could accompany the funeral procession to the cemetery and be an eye witness to the whole proceedings. So he hired this fine rig in which to ride to the cemetery. Queer man, wasn't he? The fact that the sexton would bury his body—the old dilapidated, storm beaten house, did not disturb him in the least. He used to compare his body to a suit of clothes that were no longer presentable. He was anxious to be rid of it. Queer old duck, wasn't he? Old Sammy said there was no reason why a funeral should be a solemn affair. Death was only an unimportant event at most, and that since it enabled us to pass into a world superior in every way to the world we now live in we should be happy when it came. Now Old Sammy left with me a list of names of persons whom he wished to be present at his wake. He wanted the young folks there, young and old together. He left word that his wake should be one of the liveliest meetings of the kind ever heard of in the neighborhood. My daughters and I are going over, but my wife don't want anything to do with it. If you gentlemen care to go I guess it will be all right."

Cy gave me a significant wink and we accepted the invitation.

Just as that moment a stranger in a buggy drove up in front of the gate and alighted. He wanted lodgings for the night. He lived in a distant part of the state and was an old friend of Mr. Jones, deceased. He was here to attend the funeral of his old friend. The stranger drew from his pocket one of those printed invitations, requesting his presence in Mr. Jones' funeral procession.

It was 8 o'clock that evening when in company with our host and his daughters and the stranger, we walked over to the Jones homestead. The stranger was a nervous sort of an individual, but without reticence. There was a mysterious air about the man. Somehow I felt that I should like to know something of his history. He was not different from other men, except in his mysterious manner.

(To be continued.)

"Science Knows Nothing About Ghosts."

The Chicago American of Sunday, Sept. 17, has an article by Prof. Serviss on the above subject, which in a captions and off-hand manner, rules ghosts and all spirit-appearances into the realm of nothingness.

Who is "Professor Serviss"? The weight of the matter depends on the man, for some men's opinion is almost as valuable as a demonstration. According to the standard reference book on biography, "Who is who in America," he is a plain editorial writer, and author of several sensational pseudo scientific books. There is no law, as there should be, against any one writing "Prof." before his name. It is a common practice of a class of lecturers and quacks. There are readers who would regard the opinions of "Prof." Serviss as of greater force than if expressed by one without that title.

This explanation is made necessary by his lofty language about "science" and its demands, which would tend to the belief that he was president of a world's scientific congress.

The American, as all the journals controlled by Hearst, is ready to publish anything and everything against Spiritualism and sneeringly reject everything favorable thereto. The article of "Prof." Serviss is therefore a delectable morsel and is presented with stunning headlines. "Prof." Serviss does not directly attack Spiritualism. He does not even mention the name. His efforts are directed against the old time ghosts and the Psychical Society. He says:

"Moreover it has happened again and again, that supposed ghosts of whose reality as ghosts the seers have no doubt whatever, have turned out on investigation to be pure illusions. Such being the case, science would be untrue to its principles if it did not demand something far different from a collection of ghost-stories as the basis of investigation of these phenomena."

The voluminous reports of the Society of Psychical Research is just such a collection of stories which only brings ghost seers more prominently before a wider public, and "worthless as scientific proofs."

What is science which Mr. Serviss sets up as judge of a court from which there is no appeal? Science is knowledge, demonstrated, being understood. In its concrete branches it is a record of facts, observations and theories founded thereon. Mr. Serviss says:

"The methods of the society are not truly scientific, because they are concerned almost entirely with testimony, while science stands not on testimony but on experiment."

No one will dispute that there are branches of science founded on, and cultivated by, experimentation. In the wide realm of Natural History and Botany, there is no experimentation. These sciences call simply for observation. In chemistry, experiments lead, as they do in physiology. It must be clear to every one who has thought on this subject, that the various branches of science should be studied each on its own lines, and with the material furnished. If you study Botany you want flowers; hence you gather and compare them. If you are engaged in Chemistry, you want apparatus and the substances with which to form and disorganize compounds. If Astronomy attracts you, then a telescope and other instruments to make and record your observations are essential.

Mr. Serviss will not have it so. All "science" must be studied in the same way. If you have seen a ghost, he cries, do not

stand idly telling us about it, but bring your ghost before us and let it testify. If you cannot, science knows nothing about you.

The thirty, or more, original members of the Psychical Society were leaders in science. Men like Wallace, Varley, Crookes and Myers ought to know what the scientific method is and how to observe, and when they began the study of this new science they should have known its requirements.

A ghost cannot come at beck and call. It must seize the favorable occasion. The literature of the world abounds in these stories. Possibly they might throw light on spirit manifestations. The members firmly believed that these ghost-stories were delusions and that they would readily prove them to be so. There was but one way open and that was to gather all accounts of ghosts attainable and by critical investigation throw out all those that could not be explained by other causes, reserving the residuum which allowed apparently only of actual ghostly visitations. The members believed that there would be no residuum, that all would vanish in the light of investigation. They were disappointed. Enough remained to fill many volumes of reports.

They found that all "supposed ghosts" were not "pure illusions," but on the contrary the evidence of the senses and the conclusions of reason could not be depended on anywhere, if not here.

The departure made in this study changed psychology into a new science. It extended the reign of law over the domain of spirit. Myers, Crookes and their co-workers did not confine themselves to testimony, as Mr. Serviss would have believed. They were furnished the means of making experiments in true scientific style by the kindly office of mediums, and the circles, thus evoking ghosts and supplementing the "testimony," by facts observed with that care which has given them world wide distinction as scientists.

Now when Mr. Serviss says: "If a man says to me, I have seen a ghost, my responses will be, show it to me," the reply can be made that ghosts can be brought in evidence, mediumship furnishing the means.

The objection of Mr. Serviss that ghosts always appear as when alive, which he puts forth as an unanswerable argument, that they are creations of fancy, has no force if we accept the spiritual doctrine of the survival of personality after death.

Instead of saying that science knows nothing of ghosts, with the light of spiritual phenomena, we say it knows or may know everything. Spirit, its evolution, development and its future, is thus taken from the domain of religion and theology and made the foundation of a new branch of science of more intrinsic value to mankind than all others combined.

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

Children's Book.

OHIO-A-DEE-DEE.

Juliet Older Carlton.

The sky was all gray, and the earth was all brown,
The frost-withered leaves came fluttering down,
And fluttering down 'mong the grasses and weeds
The chickadees came for their breakfast of seeds;
And out on the air so chilly and drear
They sent a blithe song full of jolly good cheer,
As they glided like shadows, here, there, to and fro,
"Chick-a-dee-dee, it's going to snow."

"O chick-a-dee-dee! you are cute little chaps
In your pearl-colored vests and your black velvet caps,
But tell me, I pray, am I anxious to know
How you know—don't you know?—that it's going to snow?
Are you kin to the goose that lives up in the sky,
That the old woman picks and the feathers lets fly?"
They twittered and chattered, "Chick-chick-a-dee-dee,
Chick-chick-a-dee-dee! just wait and you'll see."

"You small fluffy prophets with beady-black eyes,
How came you to be so remarkably wise?
Can you read all the signals the weather man sends—
Are you fellows and Old Probability friends?"
Then from the dark clouds bending low o'er the world
With their zigzag motion the fleecy flakes whirled,
And the birds wheeled away through the fast-falling snow,
Singing, "Chick-a-dee-dee-dee! I told you so."

—Ex.

Pony to the Rescue.

George Ethelbert Walsh.

"Pony kicked up his heels, threw down his head, and cavorted around with all the grace and coquetry of his proud mother, who for years past had held the championship record for fleet trotting. Winfield, twelve years old, and strong and sturdy of limb as his pet colt, held out a beseeching hand, and called:

"Come, Pony! Come, now! Where there?"

But Pony was in no mood for play. His young master down the turnpike to the ocean, but preferred to graze quietly in the heavy grass pasture which spread so temptingly before him.

"Now, Pony, now come here! Gently!"

Then in disgust, with the perspiration running down his hot cheeks, Winfield flung the halter angrily at him, and said: "You mean old thing, go it! You won't get any breakfast this morning!"

Throwing the few ears of sweet corn across the fence, Winfield turned and started to walk up to the house. Pony stopped and watched him, and even vented to follow a short distance. He dearly loved sweet corn and choice selected oats, and now he seemed to understand that they were to be denied him.

Winfield went up to the house and soon reappeared with his bathing-suit in his hands. The short cut to the ocean was across the lower meadow, and he was in a mood for a romp close to Pony's pasture lot. Pony, as if sorry for his behavior, greeted him with a pleasant whinny, and trotted up to the fence. But Winfield was angry and refused to rub the silken nose pushed between the rails toward him.

"No, no! I don't want you now," he said, as if administering a severe rebuke to his pet pony. "I won't take you this morning. And that breakfast! There it is inside the fence."

He pointed to the heap of sweet corn, and even tossed a few of the green ears up in the air. Pony pleaded with eyes and voice for just one taste, but the appeal had no effect.

When Winfield had disappeared from view Pony trotted back to where the uneaten breakfast was placed. The corn looked so cool and tempting that the colt stretched his neck as far out as possible, vainly hoping to reach the nearest ear. But it was too far! Then he grew excited at his disappointment, and began to rear and jump. Three times he trotted back a hundred feet, and raced toward the fence as if to jump it. The fourth time he did not stop, but made the venture.

With all his power and strength he sprang upward, and with a clean jump he vaulted the top rail.

It was so easily accomplished that Pony seemed to smile at his former doubts. He was half tempted to jump back again just to show how easily he could do it. But the breakfast of sweet corn was lying near his feet, and he decided to eat first. With a contented sigh he slowly ate the corn, and licked up the last grain that had fallen from the ears. Then he turned to trot around in the new field. There was no fence to this lot, and nothing could prevent him from taking his favorite trot down to the ocean.

He slowly advanced along, stopping occasionally to nibble some of the fresh meadow grass, and to roll in the soft bed of alkali moss and rushes. In a few minutes the white foam of the surf loomed up ahead. Then Pony trotted faster, the charm of the water drawing him forward in ever-increasing speed. As he hurried along he looked keenly about, as if anxious to catch sight of Winfield. He had decided that he would not be captured, but would enjoy the morning, racing around at his own sweet will.

But Winfield could not be seen anywhere on the beach. Few people had come down that morning, and the long stretch of sandy shore was deserted. Pony trotted down to his favorite place and looked around. There were his master's clothes piled up in a heap near a sand dune, but Winfield was nowhere in the vicinity.

Pony raised his head and neighed. He was really lonesome, and wanted his companion. There came to his ears a faint reply, which made him rock up his head. It was the unmistakable cry of Winfield, calling:

"Pony! Pony! Come here!"

But how faint and far away it seemed! Pony looked around, up and down the stretch of sand. Then the faint voice called again. It seemed to come from over the water, carried in on the top of the waves. The young colt looked across the seething billows, and suddenly descried a small black object far out in the waves. He reared up on his hind legs, looked again, and then with a neigh rushed toward the water and plunged in. There he saw Winfield swimming far out in the surf.

Pony was a powerful swimmer, and he breasted the waves with strong strokes. In a few minutes he was near his master. He heard again that faint voice: "Pony! Pony! Come quick!"

Pony did not understand human language, but he did seem to know that something was wrong. That white face was barely out of the water, and the eyes looked unnatural.

He gave vent to a whinny, and swam to Winfield's side. The boy had just strength enough to throw up his arms and grasp the mane of his pony. Then he nearly fainted from the pain and cramp which had seized him.

Pony turned toward the shore, and swam back as fast as he could with his burden. Winfield was so exhausted that he lay on the sands for a long time unable to rise. Pony trotted around him, and occasionally rubbed his nose in his hands.

Finally, when strength partly returned to him, the boy said: "Pony, you saved my life, you dear fellow! I wonder if you know it." The colt whinnied and kicked up his heels. Did he know it, or not? At any rate, he stood still while Winfield climbed painfully upon his back, and a few moments later he trotted quietly up to the house, meekly carrying his rescued burden home.—Sunday School Times.

A Perfect Regulator of the Stomach and Bowels

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

For sale by all leading druggists.

Testimonial to W. J. Colville.

On the first Sunday in November, 1878, W. J. Colville began his work as a public lecturer in America.

In response to the expressed desire of many friends in different parts of the country, the twenty-fifth Anniversary of this event will be celebrated by the presentation of a testimonial from friends who desire to show their appreciation of benefit received from the spoken and written words of this popular speaker and author during the past quarter of a century.

As the object is to give everybody an opportunity of contributing, donations of a single nickel and upwards are cordially invited.

The presentation will be made during a Public Meeting, to be held in Flood Building, Room 11, 809 Market Street, San Francisco, Monday, November 2, 1903, on which occasion W. J. Colville will lecture at 8 p. m. on "Twenty-five Years Before the Public as Lecturer and Author in America and Other Lands."

Miss M. M. Young, 2116 San Jose Ave., Alameda, Cal., is receiving offerings to this fund, and will acknowledge all incoming.

If Tired, Restless, Nervous,

take Haddon's Acid Phosphate. It quiets and strengthens the nerves and brain, restores the appetite and induces refreshing sleep. Strengthens permanently.

Tidings from Puget Sound.

On Friday evening, Oct. 2, W. J. Colville concluded two weeks of very successful lecturing in Portland, Oregon. The farewell lecture delivered at Advance Thought Hall, 126 4th St., was attended by a large and representative audience, which expressed a body sincere regret that the course of instruction had so quickly come to an end.

The previous evening, Thursday, Oct. 1, was marked by the opening of a fine house, 81 7th St., by Mrs. Selp, formerly of San Francisco. W. J. Colville officiated as orator and poet of the occasion. Formal exercises lasted from 8 till 10, and then till long past 11 friends enjoyed bountiful refreshments provided by the liberal and genial hostess, coupled with delightful social interchange of ideas and pleasures.

Portland is to be sincerely congratulated on the several centres of practical, spiritual and reformatory work now open, and flourish-

ing within its wide and rapidly enlarging borders.

On Sunday, Oct. 4, W. J. Colville commenced a brief engagement in Seattle, Washington, by delivering two powerful lectures in Pythian Hall, Pike St., under auspices of First Spiritualist Association. Very large audiences greeted the speaker at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Good Citizenship, Resurrection and Judgment, also The Divine Pedigree of Man were subjects presented by the audience for discourse.

After the evening lecture Mrs. Lee Prior gave some very interesting and highly satisfactory exhibitions of clairvoyance.

W. J. Colville spoke in same hall Sundays, Oct. 11, 18, and will speak Oct. 25 at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. On Monday, Oct. 5, W. J. Colville opened a class for three weeks' systematic study of psychic problems in Theosophical Hall, 1118 3d St., at 3 p. m. Though weather was anything but element there was a large attendance of earnest students and on same date, at 8 p. m., this active speaker lectured by special request in answer to the query, "Now that Spiritualism has entered the Church, is its Mission Fulfilled?" Many requests have been made that this lecture be redelivered before a still larger audience and reported in extenso, as the lecturer showed plainly that Spiritualists outside of all organizations, as well as those within all ecclesiastical and other pale have still a great missionary service to accomplish. There are a great many active workers in the spiritual vineyard in Seattle at present and calls for Mr. Oyston's famous book, "The Purpose of Life," are loud and frequent.

All letters, etc., for W. J. Colville should be addressed for the present to 102 Queen Anne Ave., Seattle, Wash.

The Combination Oil Cure for Cancer.

Has the endorsement of the highest medical authority in the world. It would seem strange indeed if persons afflicted with cancers and tumors, after knowing the facts, would resort to the dreaded knife and burning plaster, which have heretofore been attended with such fatal results. The fact that in the last six years over one hundred doctors have put themselves under this mild treatment shows their confidence in the new method of treating those horrible diseases. Persons afflicted will do well to send for free book giving particulars and prices of Oil. Address Dr. W. O. Bye, Drawer 1111, Kansas City, Mo.

Boston Spiritual Temple.

At the Boston Spiritual Temple, New Century Building, 177 Huntington Avenue, the pastor, Rev. F. A. Wignin, spoke last Sunday morning upon the subject, "The Practical Application of Spiritualism," and said: "The thoroughly comprehensive view of the application of Spiritualism are daily illuminating the understanding of man, but as yet these views are exceedingly limited and narrow."

"The destiny of that most sacred of all institutions, the home, the government of municipalities, states and nations, is hanging in the balances and is dependent upon a consciousness, capable of giving a thorough spiritualized recognition to the importance of life."

"Nature's objective panorama is the product of mind, which has its work-shed within the soul's realm, and the objective in nature will always bear upon it the unmistakable imprint of certain characteristic qualifications of the mind producing it."

"The responsibility, or cause, for everything of beauty, everything that consoles and comforts, everything that pulsates with harmony, order and loving kindness, everything which lifts the soul into its natural sphere, divine ecstasy, which each individual adds to the sum-total of these important qualities of life, is directly chargeable to the mind and its states."

"Wherever and whenever such features in the objective world obtain, and become the cause of humanity's spiritual progress, they are easily traceable to mind, and, if that mind is assigned directly to Omnipotence, it will invariably be discerned that the Divine Being has always called into his partnership, for the purpose of objective expression, human or other mundane agency."

"Darker of losing, or even for a time, missing the best in life, is no more to be attributed to a total neglect of the development of the mind, than to a certain mind training, which forgets or ignores the importance of mind culture, which always gives recognition to the value of an harmonious adjustment, which, in turn, is impossible where the spiritual is left out of consideration."

"While Spiritualism cannot be said, in any direct sense, to be a political movement in the world, it is, nevertheless, an agent toward the expression of pure government, and national affairs can only be upon a safe and sure foundation, as spirituality possesses the minds and consciences of both government officials as well as the people whose interests they should serve."

"Looked at from whatever point of view, true Spiritualism is not an appendage to any movement, having in view the betterment of man in his various vicissitudes of life, but is the quintessence, the sum-total of all life's hopes and of life's safe-guards, and is the very soul which gives the real inspiration and power to that vast machinery which propels mankind onward and over the billows of time and which will eventually land the soul within the harbor of a divine consciousness of peace and security."

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

Briefs.

Cambridge Society of Spiritualists held regular meeting Oct. 9. (Unintentionally the name of Miss Susie Clark was omitted as one of the speakers.) Mrs. N. J. Willis gave an invocation, followed by a few words of welcome by the president. Miss Reba Capen rendered a pleasing piano solo. Miss Susie Clark gave an inspiring address. The president gave spirit messages, which were all recognized. Mrs. N. J. Willis closed the services of the evening.—Emma E. Zwalhen, clerk, 18 Wright St., Cambridge.

Greenfield Progressive Spiritualist Society opened meetings Sept. 6, Mrs. Fannie H. Spaulding of Norwich, Conn., speaker. Mrs. Spaulding did good work and made many friends. Sunday, Sept. 13, speakers and test mediums, Mrs. Alice S. Waterhouse of Somerville, Mrs. Sanger of Waltham, Dr. Willis of Boston, Mrs. Hattie C. Mason of Boston, Mrs. Eva Hill of Northampton, Mrs. Alice Wilkins of Worcester, singing, Geo. Cleveland of Boston, Miss Gertrude Sloan, pianist. Sunday, Sept. 20, A. P. Blinn of Boston, speaker. Mr. Blinn was at his best. He had a large audience as he always does here. Sunday, Sept. 27, Mrs. Nellie Temple Brigham gave perfect satisfaction and has many friends in Greenfield. The Society is now in a prosperous condition.—R. F. Churchill, president.

Although a stormy Sunday, a large number greeted Mrs. Clara B. Strong on Sunday, Oct. 11, in her opening services at Armory Hall, 67 Warren St., Roxbury. A truly spiritual meeting was held both in the afternoon

and evening. A cordial invitation is extended to all.—A. M. Strong, sec.

The Sunshine Club has opened its meetings for the winter, nine new members being admitted. There is a grand work being done here and any one conscious of mediumistic powers would do well to investigate. There are but a few chairs left.—A. M. Strong, sec.

Fitchburg, Mass.—Emma B. Smith of Lawrence was speaker for the First Spiritualist Society Sunday, Oct. 11. The attendance was large for a stormy Sunday to hear again this gifted speaker and test medium. The addresses were well presented and were supplemented by a large number of convincing spirit messages. Miss Howe pleasantly rendered several selections.—Dr. C. L. Fox, president.

The First Church of Spiritual Progression of Newark, N. J., held regular service at hall corner West Park and Broad Sts., Sunday, Oct. 4, at 8 p. m. The largest and most enthusiastic audience we have had this season came out to welcome the phenomenal clairvoyant medium, Roy B. Thompson, who occupied the rostrum, assisted by the pastor and medium, Rev. Henry C. Dorn, who gave spirit messages. Mr. Thompson, under control, delivered a masterly appeal to reason in favor of Spiritualism. Bible quotations, the results of scientific research, were coupled with development of the present day and presented as arguments in favor of the religion he believes in and teaches in a manner that can scarcely fail to convince. He held the audience enthralled from start to finish. At the conclusion of the lecture Mr. Dorn gave spirit messages. He is clairvoyant and clairaudient to a marked degree and is still improving in that direction. His descriptions, as well as the messages he gives from our spirit friends, are truly marvelous. Altogether it was a most profitable evening for those who had the good fortune to be present. We hope to have Mr. Thompson with us again in the near future.—Chas. G. Miller, sec.

The Bible Progressive Spiritualists' Society held services Oct. 11 in Templars Hall, 36 Market St., Lynn. Meeting opened with Scripture reading by the president, prayer by Delia E. Matson, followed by cornet and selections, Nellie Miles. At 2:30 Delia E. Matson gave psychometric readings. Remarks and tests by Annie J. Braman were readily recognized. At 5 p. m. hot supper was served to many in banquet room. Circles were held by local mediums. At 7:30 remarks, tests, astrological readings, Mr. Walcott Brooks of Boston. Sunday, Oct. 18, William H. Hardy at 2:30 and 7:30.—Anna J. Quinde, pres., Delia E. Matson, sec.

The Society of Spiritual Truth held meeting at Crosby Hall, 423 Clason Ave., Brooklyn, Sunday afternoon, Oct. 11. The speakers were J. Thompson, Rev. E. Calhoun and Dr. Fannie Sauborn. Mr. Thompson spoke on the subject of "Life and Science." He said in part:—"My beloved friends, treat your fellowmen as equals; bear envy, malice, toward no one; be charitable and just to all; help each other; then you will have a faint conception of the true spiritual life. Your earth life is the primary school. The spirit land, my home, is secondary, the preparatory school that prepares us all for graduation into the angel home, Heaven, where Universal Harmony, the Great Spirit, is the divine ruler." Dr. Fannie Sauborn then gave several psychometric readings. Among the articles was a small book. She said that the owner was a deep thinker, and named several of his friends in the spirit world which he instantly recognized. The public was well satisfied. These meetings will be held each Sunday at 3 o'clock. Aug. Reclit, sec.

The Malden Progressive Spiritualists held services Oct. 11. Mr. Harry Redding, conductor. The development and healing class was helpful to spirit and body through the spiritual ministrations of Mrs. Gerry, Mr. and Mrs. Smith of Boston. At 7:30 the exercises were as follows: Invocation, Mrs. Bonney; poem, address in verse, and spirit messages, Mrs. Redding; Mr. Redding, with spirit assistance, closed the services. All earnest mediums welcome.—R. P. Morton, sec.

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.

AFTER DESPAIR—HOPE.

Sitting alone with my conscience
Where the shadows darkest fall,
Dreaming of old, old memories
Gone now, beyond recall;
Weaving the web of remembrance
In a long and terrible chain,
Past duties before me; so plainly
When they cannot come again.

Once I had no thought for the morrow
Cared not what the dawn would bring;
Cared neither for pain nor sorrow,
Or the beautiful promise of Spring.
But now in the golden Autumn
When the leaves are falling fast,
I find my own bitter mistakes
Are the terrible things that last.

Alas! this chain of memory,
Forged in sorrow and pain,
Welded in woe and heartache
And of many a hope, now slain;
It brings to my heart a question
That I fain would humbly ask:
Shall I find in the halls of memory
One well completed task?

And in that brilliant future,
In the glorious "Other Room,"
Shall I find a place for me prepared
After this life of gloom?
Taking no time for righteousness,
No time to seek my God—
Can it be, I'll be dust and ashes,
My all—beneath the sod?

In that land of eternal progress,
Where all spirits shall be free,
Will I find my bitter conscience
To be judgment enough for me?
Though I do my duty bravely
From this day, so dark with woe,
I will find many hours of anguish
From the past—that will not go.

But shall I find some true, sweet spirit
To take me by the hand,
And guide me patiently footsteps
To a room in the Summerland?
Shall I find my angel mother
Has watched my way with tears,
Knowing her unhappy daughter
Had no hope—far off in the years?

Shall I find my friends—so many—
Have in sorrow, turned away,
When they saw their old companion
Found no joy in the "coming day"?
Oh! my judgment will be bitter
Ere I find some true, kind friend,
Who will plead for me in mercy,
When my earthly days shall end.

Under Spiritualism's banner
Much is grand, and good, I see;
Telling all to look up bravely,
That their spirits shall be free;
That the angels guide our footsteps,
Leading us toward the Right;
And these years of gloom and sadness
Be as a long and dreary night.

THOUSANDS HAVE KIDNEY TROUBLE AND DON'T KNOW IT

To Prove What Swamp-Root, the Great Kidney Remedy, Will Do For YOU, Every Reader of the Banner of Light May Have a Sample Bottle Sent Free by Mail.

Weak and unhealthy kidneys are responsible for more sickness and suffering than any other disease, therefore, when through neglect or other causes, kidney trouble is permitted to continue, fatal results are sure to follow.

Your other organs may need attention—but your kidneys most, because they do most and need attention first.

If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, because as soon as your kidneys are well they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince anyone.

The mild and immediate effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney and bladder remedy, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. Swamp-Root will set your whole system right, and the best proof of this is a trial.

14 WEST 17TH ST., NEW YORK CITY.
OCT. 15th, 1902.
I had been suffering severely from kidney trouble. All symptoms were on hand; my former strength and power had left me; I could hardly drag myself along. Even my mental capacity was giving out, and often I wished to die. It was then I saw an advertisement of yours in a New York paper, but would not have paid any attention to it, had it not promised a sworn guarantee with every bottle of your medicine asserting that your Swamp-Root is purely vegetable, and does not contain any harmful drugs. I am seventy years and four months old, and with a good conscience I can recommend Swamp-Root to all sufferers from kidney troubles. Four members of my family have been using Swamp-Root for four different kidney diseases with the same good results.

With many thanks to you, I remain,
Very truly yours,
ROBERT BERNER.

You may have a sample bottle of this famous kidney remedy, Swamp-Root, sent free by mail, postpaid, by which you may test its virtues for such disorders as kidney, bladder and uric acid diseases, poor digestion, when obliged to pass your water frequently night and day, smarting or irritation in passing, brick-dust or sediment in the urine, headache, backache, lame

EDITORIAL NOTICE—If you have the slightest symptoms of kidney or bladder trouble, or if there is a trace of it in your family history, send at once to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., who will gladly send you by mail, immediately, without cost to you, a sample bottle of Swamp-Root, and a book containing many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women cured by Swamp-Root. In writing to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure to say you read this generous offer in the Boston Banner of Light.

I shall find my angel mother
Has not pleaded so oft, in vain
For the soul of her earthly daughter
Is found, she now is free from pain.—
From the pain of her own sad conscience
And memories of duties undone,
Knowing in the bright, glad future
She will not walk alone.

Thank God for the guidance of Spirit;
Thank Him for the glories of Right;
Thank Him for all that is peaceful
In this terrible world of might.
And thank Him for this privilege,
That all may read and see,
That with no help from His angels,
A terrible judgment would be.

To know by our own sad blunders,
In this pitiful land of doom,
We would have always to sit in judgment
Kept out of the "Other Room"—
Kept out from all that is holy
By all that is weak and vain,
Never finding the pathway to glory
On the roads of sorrow and pain.

Not sitting alone in the gloaming,
Far from the land of Right—
Having no hope for the morning
Our all—the eternal night.
But looking and listening ever
For the summons: "Child, come home,
We have a room prepared for you
You need not fear to come."

Gone—the days of bitter yearning,
Gone—the nights of dark despair
Gone—the weeks of pain and heartache
And the years of doubt and care;
Found—the triumph and the glory
And God's Way, so clear and bright,
Found the truth, and found the justice
In the mighty paths of right! A. B. C.

A Fine Kidney Remedy.

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

The Gentleman from Everywhere.

At all seasons of the year but most of all at holiday times a very attractive book, beautifully bound and finely illustrated, will prove a desideratum. To all who are looking for an especially charming presentation volume "The Gentleman from Everywhere" will prove particularly attractive as a Christmas, New Year or birthday offering.

The story is graphically told of how a country boy experienced many changes in thought and in condition, indeed the evolution of a very noble type of characteristically American manhood has been traced with a master hand in this unusually attractive volume which combines the charm of poetry with the delights of noble prose.

Though literally brimming over with sound and even profound philosophy the general tenor of the book is such that youthful as well as mature readers are carried along from incident to incident as easily as though they were reading a superficial tale.

It seems impossible for any intelligent man, woman, youth or maiden to peruse this delightful narrative without being deeply impressed with many highly important life lessons of equal value to people in every walk of life.

The general get up of the book is singularly in its favor. The press work and binding are as good as can be procured and the numerous illustrations are appropriate and beautiful.

One of the chief charms of this fascinating story, which impresses the reviewer as a truthful autobiography, is that every event is recorded easily and naturally; there is no straining after literary effect, yet the book is a gem of literature.

Life's lights and shades, its joys and sorrows, its comic and pathetic aspects, are all deftly interwoven and out of all experiences we behold a constant rising of the human soul to heights of spiritual attainment which could only have been reached by the inter-

back, dizziness, sleeplessness, nervousness, heart disturbance due to bad kidney trouble, skin eruptions from bad blood, neuralgia, rheumatism, diabetes, bloating, irritability, worn-out feeling, lack of ambition, loss of flesh, sallow complexion, or Bright's disease.

If your water, when allowed to remain undisturbed in a glass or bottle for twenty-four hours, forms a sediment or settling, or has a



cloudy appearance, it is evidence that your kidneys and bladder need immediate attention.

Swamp-Root is the great discovery of Dr. Kilmer, the eminent kidney and bladder specialist. Hospitals use it with wonderful success in both slight and severe cases. Doctors recommend it to their patients and use it in their own families, because they recognize in Swamp-Root the greatest and most successful remedy.

Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and is for sale the world over at druggists in bottles of two sizes and two prices—fifty-cent and one-dollar. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

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mingling of bitter and sweet, of rough and smooth along the journey.

This book ought to occupy an honored place in every library and in every home where youth is being educated.

W. J. Colville.

Queries.

That we exist as human beings today, no sane person will dare to deny. And we think we know from whence we come—from the Infinite depths of the past—from the eternal ocean of Nature. And we think we know whither we are going—to a condition of life beyond the tomb. But whether to exist there eternally as intelligent, objective life entities as we know ourselves today, minus the corporeal, is a question, perhaps no man can answer, not yet the angels as far as I have been able to learn. We must be content to have knowledge of life beyond the tomb, and of the duties involving there, as well as the pleasures arising from its harmonies, believing, if we will, that these conditions endure forever. But how did we become objective beings is now an all important question.

I hold to the theory that nature is an Infinite ocean of life entities. But are these entities as various in their constitutional nature as the various forms of objective life now on earth would indicate? Or, in other words, are these human entities distinct from all others—from the horse, the ox, the sheep, the monkey, the lizard, etc., or is the nature of these entities all the same to be molded by peculiar conditions into one form or another?

If the latter, may they not have a mission, so to speak, to fill, which when filled, may lapse back to the original condition, again to be evolved in an objective life form, perchance the same or in some other form—and so on forever? Here another question arises: In such cases will each evolution bring the entity to a higher condition of life? Or are the plans of life as fixed as the formations of nature, with entities for each plane?

If the former and the human has been a distinct entity for the past forever, and will continue to be such co-eternally with the future in the process of nature's evolution, how came the evolution as we see it today?

This is a question on which men are divided: some claiming that all entities of life are just alike, but environment shapes the forces and brings to the surface a cat, or a dog, or a human being, as the case may be, while others claim that the human entity is distinct from all other life entities, and the evolutionary environments of nature bring these to the surface of the objective ocean of life to await conditions of further development.

As far as we can observe human life today, its beginning is in the human form, where the germs, positive and negative forces of life, form a union, an objective centre of attraction, which centre of attraction draws to itself kindred elements, not the elements, perhaps, that would build up a horse or an alligator, but only such as would mold into a human form.

But where in this process is the immortal part? Did two eternal entities come together at this time, and the union thus formed to endure forever as one entity of life? Who will give us light on the subject?

Wm. Phillips.

Clackamas, Oregon.

TRUTH.

Truth is lovely, it is love,
All its influence like a flower:
Truth is gentle like a dove,
Truth is man's immortal dower!

William Brunton.

Thou must be true thyself
If thou the truth would teach:
Thy soul must overflow,
If thou another soul would reach:
It needs the overflowing heart
To give the life full speech.
Think truly, and thy thought
Shall the world's famine feed:
Speak truly, and thy word
Shall be a fruitful seed:
Live truly, and thy life
A great and noble deed.
—Fineman.

BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

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THE BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY, located at 204 Dartmouth Street, Boston, Mass., has for sale a complete stock of Spiritual, Progressive, and Miscellaneous Books at Wholesale and Retail prices.

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

Remittances can be safely sent by an Express Money Order, which will be issued by any of the large Express Companies. Remittances under \$10 can be sent in that manner for cents.

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

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

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1903.

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON AT 4 O'CLOCK FOR THE WEEK ENDING AT DATE.

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Frederic G. Tuttle.....Treas. and Bus. Man.
Harrison D. Barrett.....Editor-in-Chief.
Marguerite C. Barrett.....Assistant Editor.

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Our New Departure.

With the issue of November 7, the Banner of Light will make several changes in its appearance, contents and literary character. The paper will be enlarged to meet the ever increasing demands of our intelligent patrons and of the interested public. The old heading, so dear to every Spiritualist, will be retained, with all of the features which have made it so long the leading organ of the philosophy and religion of Spiritualism. The Message Department, it is hoped, will be resumed at a very early day through the same gifted and spiritually unfolded medium who has hitherto so acceptably served in this capacity.

The wide field of New Thought, now absorbing so much attention, and which is already so vital an issue in the advancement of humanity, will receive the recognition its claims demand from all progressive thinkers, and able writers from this school may serve to remind Spiritualists how to practice more perfectly their own principles.

The "Inspiration Club Department" will be an interesting, as well as unique feature of the paper. Its name indicates its character, and all who do not understand its import from its title will want to subscribe for the paper in order to ascertain the full facts regarding it. Suffice it to say it will be one of the great features of the Banner.

We shall introduce an up to date "Home Department," and seek to fill the columns thereof with practical instruction, helpful suggestions, and spiritual inspiration. The Children's column or columns will be continued, and made more attractive than ever. We realize that the future success and permanency of our movement depends largely upon the children of the present. We shall also introduce a "Fiction Department," in which a series of short stories of high literary and spiritual character will be presented to our readers.

We shall also maintain an editorial page, and department of news items brought up to date each week. We shall aim to make our editorials brief, crisp and to the point. A managing editor has been engaged and will exercise the functions of that office as duty may require.

Contributed articles from advanced thinkers in all schools of liberal thought will be presented from time to time, as well as an occasional lecture from one of the leading exponents of Spiritualism. In fine, the Banner of Light will be made the leading exponent of the Higher Spiritualism and progressive Occultism in the world.

All who have ever read the Banner will now want it more than ever before. While those interested in psychology as a science and occultism as the highest expression in the thought of the day in respect to religion, will turn to the Banner of Light to have their wants supplied. All who wish to be in the advance guard of human progress should subscribe for the Banner now, and thus be sure of receiving a copy of the initial number.

The National Convention.

As we go to press, the eleventh Annual Convention of the Spiritualists of America, under the leadership of the N. S. A., is in session in Washington, D. C. Before these words shall have been read by our patrons, its work will have passed into history. Our hope is, and we believe we voice the sentiments of all progressive Spiritualists, that its work may be performed under the direct guidance of the spirit, and that its every effort may be toward a spiritual end. Spiritualism can be brought to all of earth's children, when the spirit, not expediency, is in the lead. Behind the N. S. A., from its inception, has been a host of the arisen patriots of our Republic—leaders of men—whose one great purpose is to emancipate all of the children of men from the slavery of creed, caste and pseudo science. So long as this host shall lead the Spiritualists of earth, just so long is our movement safe, and the chief roadway of man to the vantage ground of the spirit. May the work of the Convention redound to the highest good of our Cause, and may the officers chosen be the instruments for good in the hands of the illumined ones of the angelic host. Co-operation, altruism, Spiritualism! These three are one, and as one stand for the upliftment of humanity and the establishment of the kingdom of truth and righteousness over all the earth.

Andrew Jackson Davis

still remains with his people in the form, and "long may he tarry with us," is the prayer of fully one million of souls. He has long been a teacher of teachers among the children of men, and takes first place as the greatest among all the prophets who have ever lived in the form. Dr. Davis is hale, hearty and full of inspiration as ever, and is indeed a physician to body and soul. He will be tendered an ovation by the Convention in Washington as soon as the president mentions his name. No man has done so much to enlighten the world as has he, and he deserves well in loyal love and gratitude at the hands of all liberals in all quarters of the globe. "And his works do praise him, and ever will the children of men rise up to call him blessed."

Japan and Russia.

Over in the Orient, Japan and Russia have assumed a warlike attitude, and stand ready to spring at one another's throats at the slightest provocation. This is hardly in keeping with the spirit of the Pacific Nicholas, and Occidentals cannot but wonder why he has permitted his nation to go so far. Of course, the occupation of Manchuria caused no little trepidation throughout the world, but Russia's positive declaration that the open door of trade would be maintained seemed to allay all suspicion. Japan has entered the lists without manifest fear or trembling, and demands certain concessions of Russia, or war. A secular journal, in a clever cartoon, likens the challenge to that of David to Goliath in the days of old. It is a question, however, whether or not Japan's sling will prove as strong, or her fine pebbles as smooth as were those implements of David. A Russo-Japanese war is greatly to be deplored, and all Spiritualists should exercise their spiritual powers in full to prevent it. Even if it does facilitate trade, or improve American markets, those facts count for nothing when weighed in the balance against human lives and desolate homes. Czar Nicholas knows the price of war, and realizes in full its spiritual cost. He owes it to the world to put it down with an honorable peace, such as he can command, if he so elects. All lovers of law and order should pray without ceasing that this struggle may be averted. War is Satan's workshop, and the lumps of the blackest hell find their chief delight therein. Let us seek to have "On earth peace, goodwill toward all mankind."

The Chinese Outrages.

Boston is occasionally the theatre of action for legalized ruffianism, as well as for the ruffianism of the mob. The mobbing of Rooker T. Washington last July on the part of ignorant negroes had its counterpart last week in the raiding of Chinatown, Boston, by the police under the order of an officer of the law. These Chinamen were arrested for no particular offense, but under the arbitrary fiat of a man or body of men clothed with a little temporal, as well as temporary, power. The yellowmen were terrified beyond the power of words to tell, and could not understand the rough treatment accorded them. Without leave or license, probably without warrants, these people were arrested, hustled into all sorts of conveyances and taken to prison. They had done nothing to warrant arrest, and were in no wise disturbing the peace when they were hustled off to jail. No provision was made for their comfort there, or for supplying them with their customary food.

The raid was a highhanded outrage for the sake of obtaining a little notoriety and apparent glory for a few officials whose vanity is greater than their wisdom. It does not excuse the outrage to say that these Chinese are not citizens, and cannot become such. They are here as residents; they are peaceably inclined and are usually engaged in the noble art of minding their own business. The Highbinder, a Chinese secret order, have recently caused some trouble in Chinatown, resulting in the murder of one Chinaman. But the rank and file of the Chinese are no more to blame for this trouble than

are the rank and file of the Americans when like tragedies are enacted among them. It is not right that the murderers of Chung should be brought to justice, but this raid was not undertaken for the purpose of finding them. It was simply a general legal round-up to show the power of the Commissioners of Police, and was wholly unwarranted.

If peaceable Chinamen can be corralled like cattle by brutal policemen, how long will it be before peaceable American citizens will be subjected to a like indignity? The demand for certificates from the Chinese setting forth their right to remain in America only added to their terror. Many of them had their certificates hidden away for safe keeping; some had lost them, and others in their terror did not understand what was wanted. For the aggrieved parties there is no redress. They must endure their sufferings stoically, and tamely submit to the outrage inflicted upon them. Had like conditions prevailed in "Little Italy" (the Italian district) or in the negro settlements, or among Polacks, we venture to say nothing would have been done. These classes have votes, and the Chinese have none. Far worse troubles are of frequent occurrence in all of the foreign sections, but no one ever heard of a squad of police being sent among them to make wholesale arrests. All decent people should rise in indignant protest against this flagrant outrage upon the Chinese in Boston.

The Christian Scientists

of New Hampshire have won a signal victory before the Supreme Court of that State. A decision has been handed down declaring, in substance that their methods of healing do not constitute the practice of medicine in the meaning of the law. The Boston Herald affirms that this ruling will "let in" all other irregular schools of practice who follow similar lines. This would include magnetic healers and spiritual scientists. Our Spiritualist friends in New Hampshire have the Christian Scientists to thank for this precious bit of freedom awarded them by the Court. They did nothing for themselves, for they have no State association to represent them, and few, if any, local societies possessing any perceptible influence. We congratulate our Christian Science friends in New Hampshire upon their great victory. We further venture by advising the Spiritualists of that State to take a few lessons in the art and value of organization from the followers of Mrs. Eddy.

Compulsory Vaccination.

The Massachusetts Anti-Compulsory Vaccination Society purpose taking the famous Jacobson Case to the Supreme Court of the United States to test the constitutionality of the law that forces people to submit to vaccination against their wills. The Society has secured the services of that eminent attorney, Hon. George Fred Williams, who promises to make every possible effort to achieve success. The cost of carrying this case to the highest judicial tribunal in the land will be at least fifteen hundred dollars. It is a good case, with evidence in abundance to sustain the position taken by all opponents of the present law. The Society has appealed to the public for funds, with which to prosecute this case to the final issue, and promises to return all moneys received should the requisite sum fail to be forthcoming. The object of this Society is a most worthy one, and will appeal to all Spiritualists as being especially worthy of their sympathy and support. We certainly wish our friends, "The Antis," every success in their noble work. All contributions to the Jacobson Fund should be sent to J. V. Greene, Room 78, 1 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. Mr. Greene will promptly receipt for all sums placed in his hands, and will return the same to the donors in case the suit is not carried to Washington.

"The Great Psychological Crime."

Our esteemed contemporary, The Progressive Thinker, devotes the entire issue of Oct. 17 to criticisms by several well-known authors and lecturers, who unsparingly dissect and expose the assumptions and fallacies of the volume. We give our readers the following quotations, so that they may appreciate some of the sentiments expressed by competent authorities. But in order to appreciate the point and force of the quotations, we state that, for the most part, the author of the book undertakes to prove that mediumship is dangerous and brings ruin to the medium, while he admits that spirits may be seen and conversed with by an independent method, which he professes to enjoy. He declares hypnotism (what formerly was called mesmerism or magnetism) is full of dangers and should be avoided.

FROM HUDSON TUTTLE.

We now come to the pivotal question of mediumship, which the author says "is nothing more nor nothing less than spiritual hypnotism." My acquaintance with mediums reaches over almost fifty years. I have seen cases where the possession of this power was abused, as every good thing may be, but these were exceptions. Understood and rightly used it tends to physical healthfulness and intellectual and moral exaltation.

FROM PROF. J. S. LOVELAND.

No reasonable person can fail to see that a very large share of what are termed spirit manifestations are merely the results of the exercise of the innate powers of humanity. . . . And right here I put in my protest against the unblushing and almost universal slander of the world of spirits. Spiritualists, as a general custom, charge all the folly, fraud and crime of all phases of mediumship upon "the spirits," when the malignant spirits had nothing whatever to do with the matter. The responsibility all rests upon themselves. . . . It is nearly forty years since I made the discovery that most so-called spirit mediumship was simply mental reflection! That the mediums were mirrors, and very largely reflected the seeker upon himself. His hopes, day dreams, constituted, in the main, the spirit messages and prophecies which he received. . . . But this I know, that we can attain to that condition where, if there are any spirit intelligences, we can converse with

them as intelligibly as with our fellows, and receive predictions covering years of time. This I term "Higher Mediumship."

FROM PROF. W. M. LOCKWOOD.

The author of The Great Psychological Crime has a special object in view in the publication of his book; and that is to cast a stigma of prostitution and intellectual blight upon every phase of mediumship. If his pen had been actuated by a monkish Jesuitical priest of the 17th century, it could not have manifested greater duplicity and cunning hatred. . . . Much of his thought, and many of his statements would have been more in keeping with popular opinion fifty years ago.

FROM CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

One thing seems at least reasonably sure, that is, that whatever errors may be incorporated in the teachings of this book, they will soon be brought to light. . . . For more than fifty years many prominent mediums of Spiritualism have been before the world. They are neither depleted physically, intellectually nor morally. . . . Nothing is mediumship that is not so admitted; much is not mediumship that is so designated. If it is psychology, that is another subject. But the author of The Great Psychological Crime would saddle upon the name of mediumship every subject of nervous and other insanity that is found in the insane asylums, contrary to the facts of the case. . . . I think you will all admit that I have had opportunity in the course of fifty years of speaking and writing as a medium of knowing something on this subject. . . . Unfortunately a good many Spiritualists think that many cases of insanity are "obsession." This brings me to the point: In some cases among Spiritualists there seems to be that which at first view justifies the thought of obsession. . . . I, for one, will not consent that hypnotism, spirit influence, or mediumship shall be saddled with the known diseases of human beings, who at certain periods of life are liable to have all kinds of illusions, all kinds of nervous symptoms, and all kinds of delusions and who frequently hear voices that do not speak, and consider that they are pursued by spirits. A person in the delirium of fever sees faces and hears voices and often the best friends near him are thought to be enemies. Therefore he must be under the control of evil spirits. That is according to what this author says. Here are people suffering from delirium tremens, their nerves are overwrought from unnatural stimulants and there is reaction; they see forms and hear the sounds which their condition creates. There are no spirits in heaven or hades doing anything whatever to them. More than that, many people are trying to help them in this world who can, and all spirits are trying to help them in the other world.

It is a falsehood to say that deceased drunkards or deceased criminals of any kind are fastening themselves upon human lives to destroy them, or to carry forward their purposes or appetites for liquor. Drunkenness is of the body, but the mind, the spirit, is weaker than the weakest infant. . . . The doors of the other world have been swung wide open, it is true, but the average human being is neither an inebriate, a murderer, nor any other class of a criminal. The majority of human beings are expressing their lives in response to their highest knowledge. The law of spirit control is, that no one lower than yourself can for a moment approach you to do you harm. It is the spiritual nature that is the dominant nature; it is the moral nature that is the dominant nature. If you have any spiritual or moral convictions no hypnotist can interfere with them. The absence of these is weakness, not power to do harm.

The Slanderer

is a person who has wandered so far away from his soul as to become a social derelict even as a dismantled ship becomes such at sea. Such a ship is ever a menace to all honest commercial traffic, while the slanderer is a menace to all honest commerce of thought, hence is useless to himself, and dangerous to society. Spiritualism has a few (?) of these derelict beings drifting about upon its seas, whose only purpose seems to be the besmirching of honor and the wrecking of character. Such beings only injure themselves in the end, but they make scores of good no end of suffering while engaged in their unholy work. The chiefest sin of all sins is to injure one's own soul; this the slanderer is ever doing when he attempts to destroy others. Black, indeed, is the nature of any mortal who seeks to gain the confidence of a trusting fellow being for the express purpose of betraying the same to an unsympathetic world, to the eternal injury of the innocent being who trusted, not wisely, but too much. Gossip is the mother of Scandal and Slander and these twin have filled the earth with their spawn of ill for all the children of men. Spiritualists, of all people, should live above these hordes of infamy and seek to eradicate the same from the world by the light of character, honesty, and pure moral worth.

Dr. Lyman Abbott

In his recent book, "The Outer Room," is said to be getting dangerously near the doctrines and teachings of Spiritualism. Dr. Abbott is a man of ideas, generally abreast with the times, and quite willing to receive information upon subjects with which he is not familiar. He is by no means willing to be called a Spiritualist, yet his teachings are often far in advance of many of the people who presume to speak from spiritualistic rostrums. We need a few brave spirits like Dr. Abbott in Spiritualism today. There is room for him and a hundred others like him. They will come to us when we become as ready to receive the truth as they are to give it.

Pride.

"Let not pride overcome thine inner nature with vainglory, nor with the assumption of virtue thou dost not possess." A distinguished Turkish author once had cause to feel the force of those words, according to a story he tells of himself. "When I was a young man," he said, "I was wont to leave my bed in the dead of night to fast and pray and read the Koran. One night my father discovered me at my devotions. 'See, father,' I cried, 'here I am at prayer while thine other sons, my brothers, lie idly sleeping.' 'Son of my Soul,' he replied, 'I would that thou wert now even as thy brothers are, than here in this vainglory pride, boasting of thine assumed superiority over them.' This rebuke made a man of the young student and thereafter his pride was his servant—not his master."

Pen Flashes.

The Pagan Peoples.

NO. 21.

The great psychologist, Prof. James of Harvard, in his chapter on the analysis of self, makes the following divisions: 1, The Material Self; 2, The Social Self; 3, The Spiritual Self; and 4, The Ego—the pure, conscious, inmost self. Theosophists, borrowing directly from the Hindus, make seven divisions—the physical body, the soul body, and the spirit, beautifully symbolized by the orange rind, the orange pulp, and the orange seed, in which is centered the germinal principle of life.

The two large volumes of William White entitled "Emanuel Swedenborg, His Life and Writings," are not only historical and scholarly, but they are decidedly interesting to Spiritualists, liberalists and all lovers of truth. I had the honor of meeting Mr. White about a quarter of a century ago in London, and I must say that seldom or never did I meet a more calm, gentlemanly, and royal-souled man. He was a lover of truth. And the truth with one or two, is infinitely better than error with millions.

Swedenborgians, or New Churchmen, have been among the most violent in denouncing the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism. This has been especially true of two or three of their few preachers. They have attacked the moral character of sensitives and pronounced their inspired influences demonic. In fact, they have pursued much the same course towards Spiritualists that the preachers pursued towards Emanuel Swedenborg in his career of twenty-seven years' converse with angels, spirits and demons.

These volumes of William White's report Swedenborg as having at one time called himself "The Messiah," and Mr. Wesley inserted in his Armenian Magazine, for January, 1781, accounts of Swedenborg while lodging in Mr. Brockmer's house. He seems to have been entranced by demons, too, for he "foamed at the mouth, made a frightful appearance, his hair standing almost upright. Coming into the house, he pulled off his clothes and rushing out, rolled himself in deep mud in a gutter. Mr. Brockmer took him to a lodging and put him under the treatment of Dr. Smith. . . . Mr. Mathias, Mr. Hindmarsh, Rev. Mr. Burghman, minister of the German church, Savoy, London, are mentioned in testimony of these idiosyncrasies of Emanuel Swedenborg. Mr. Robsahm, General Tuxen, relate the social irregularities and practices of Swedenborg's life when some forty years of age, and the Roman Catholic Reviewer in the Weekly Register, mentions Swedenborg's insanity, and also his "lack of morality, which may be instanced in his allowing fornication," etc. These reports, published and republished, are doubtless quite as true as those occasional press reports concerning the conduct of many spiritual mediums.

Mr. Shearnsmith, with whom Swedenborg lodged for a time, informed Mr. Peckitt that when Swedenborg went to lodge with him he was "affrighted with him by reason of his talking in the night and day; that he would sometimes be writing, and sometimes stand talking in the door-stead of his room, as if he were holding a conversation with some unseen person." In brief, Swedenborg was a spiritist medium, subject to diverse influences, and demon obsessions, and Swedenborgians should be exceedingly modest in their condemnation of now-a-days Spiritualist sensitives, the most of which are the peers, morally speaking, of Swedenborg or New Churchmen.

That there are good and evil-disposed men on earth, none dispute,—and that there are good and evil-disposed spirits just across the divide mingling their lives with ours, few if any, deny. Death is not a sponge that cleans off the slate of life. The event of death does not make savages saints, nor philosophers of fools. Identities and tendencies are maintained across the crystal river.

That evil spirits hypnotize, entrance, control mortals is generally conceded by Spiritualists. Controls by low, selfish, undeveloped spirits are called obsessions. They are very common, and are classed under three heads,—external, internal and infernal. And not exactly understanding how internal obsessions would be looked upon and defined by a high order of spiritual intelligences, I wrote to the controlling intelligences of Dr. G. Lester Lane, Boston, asking them to give me an exposition of this phase of obsession as they saw it from their superior standpoint of vision. Here follows their reply verbatim:

"Spirit Life.—To our esteemed friend in earth-life, and distinguished exponent of advance thought, Dr. Peckitt:

"Replying to your letter of enquiry sent to us through our cherished sensitive, Dr. G. Lester Lane, regarding internal obsession, we take pleasure in stating—

"First,—that spiritually undeveloped entities, absolutely devoid of a tangible spirit body, drifting entities, or atoms with no fixed purpose, or thought of progression, of which there are millions floating about, and through the lower plane of the earth's atmosphere and among the individuals inhabiting the earth atmosphere, do under certain conditions, and by virtue of an existing law of attraction, enter into the human structure of individuals possessed of magnetic, or mediumistic natures, then by and through the law of gravity reach not only the nerve centers of the brain, but the body as well, and there clinging tenaciously to the nerve fibers, valves and transmitters of the necessary nerve fluid that sustains life, do actually sap and drain such avenues of flowing vital force (they still being dependent on material food) that the persons thus afflicted often become mere shadows of their former selves,—this is internal obsession. We could cite many cases where people have been driven insane by the thought-power wielded through this environment, obsessed condition, aye, there are thousands and millions of cases where internal obsession exists within the individual, so that people become diseased thereby, and various ailments spring up; blindness, especially when the optic nerve becomes paralyzed by virtue

DRAW ASIDE THE VEIL.

In the land beyond death's shadow,
Where immortal spirits are;
Stood apart, one, gazing wistful
Toward earth's dim and distant star.
All the air was sweetly ringing
With heaven's holy minstrelsy,
But those near her heard her murmur,
"How I wish that I could see
Those on earth so dear to me!
I would know how they are faring,
Would that I might look and see:
Tender angels, pitying angels,
Draw aside the veil for me.

"Just a year ago I left them,
Do they miss me? Who can tell?
Would that I might look upon them,
Softly whisper, 'All is well.'
If they only knew how happy
After death our souls can be;
But I fear they are grieving—
How I wish that I might see
Those on earth so dear to me!

"My one girl, a little blossom,
With God's sunlight in her hair;
And my rosy, sweet boy baby—
Do they miss my love and care?
And the father, husband, lover—
Ah! my heart is human yet;
Angels! let me lean and whisper:
"Still I love you; don't forget.
Still I love you; don't forget."
I would know how they are faring,
I would like to look and see.
Holy angels; pitying angels;
Draw aside the veil for me.

Canaan, Conn.

B. A. Hitchcock.

The Great Psychological Crime.

Alexander Wilder.

The treatise lately published at Chicago under the title of "The Great Psychological Crime," appears to be regarded as the introduction of a "Storm-Center" in the ranks of Spiritualism. It seems certainly to have created much disturbance and unrest. Yet the genuine believer will hardly find it an occasion for alarm. If it should prove to be a winnowing fan passing over the threshing-floor, it will only blow away the chaff, which is fit only to be burned. Or if it is the production of a reaper at the harvest, it will prove to be a separation of poisonous tares that have grown with the wheat.

The wind which is blowing over the earth with violence will only shake what can be shaken, be it the earth or heaven; and we may be sure that only that which is shaken will be removed from its place. Only one of two things can be of real danger to the continued existence of "Modern Spiritualism." One is, if it has accomplished its mission as a herald and demonstration of immortality; and the other if it is a system of error and mischief in the world. Whether it has accomplished its uses and is henceforth to be a losing factor in the world-movement, is a matter to be considered by itself. The problem of the present volume is a graver one and involves the whole matter of the very foundations.

It is insisted by the writer of this book that hypnotism and spiritual mediumship are substantially the same in their nature, phenomena and results; and that they alike derange the brain and nervous systems of the subjects, deprive them of the control of their own will and voluntary organs, making them automatic instruments under the domination of the operators or "control," and so eventually wrecking bodily, mentally and morally.

To set this forth more distinctly it is stated that "science" has verified as results that most mediums develop passions abnormally increased and uncontrollable, that they display hysterical or ungovernable temper, inordinate vanity, and "some discoverable form of selfishness, sensuous desire, emotional weakness, or degrading physical appetite." In short, that the mediumistic process in no instance develops marked individual improvement from a moral standpoint; natural degeneracy of the medium being a direct result of the process, and that it is due to the direct and overwhelming domination of vicious controls.

It is stated that in one of the largest Western institutions for the insane six hundred diagnoses were made which showed with absolute certainty that fifty-eight per cent. of the cases thus examined had "mediumistic subjection" for their immediate cause. But he qualifies his statements by including Hysterical Insanity, Religious Insanity, Religious Mania, Emotional Insanity, and so-called Delusional Insanity of all kinds and degrees under the head of Mediumistic Subjectivity. As misery is said to "love company," Spiritualists can take comfort of that sort from having in the category the nervous women, individuals crazed in religious revivals, persons worn out by passion and emotion, and crazy folk generally.

There may be justice in the classification, but it is a virtual exonerating of mediumship as existing among Spiritualists from bearing the brunt of the assault. Nor is it at all improbable that if the same criticism should be placed on various religious, political or financial movements, as great or even greater percentage of mental and moral aberration would be found. I do not mean to criminate, but there should be impartiality in the judgment.

Nevertheless, it is to be acknowledged that there is much moral and physical deterioration among mediums, as the writer charges. Many are dishonest and dishonorable, and the excessive frequency of the procedures tends directly to wear out mind and body. I do not know, however, that mediumship is any more destructive than Wall Street gambling, or the madmen's race to acquire wealth. Today the very foundations of society are threatened by the competition that everywhere exists, by the general disregard by business men of common morality in their transactions, by a demoralized civil service, and by the unnatural warfare between employers and employed. Mediumship may share in the general contamination, but I do not believe that it exhibits any worse abnormality mentally or morally than exists in business and religious circles. Indeed, I am disposed to protest like the backwoodsman when put on trial for felonious assault. The indictment specified a profusion of murderous implements, like gun, sword, pistol, etc., and finally he interrupted the reading. "Mister," cried he, "it was bad enough, but you are making it a mighty sight worse than it is."

By incessant contemplation of an object, everything seems to blend with it. Men who are engaged with a single phase of human character are prone to imagine that it includes numerous other traits and qualities. A physician is liable to regard every one that he meets as having some disease. A policeman often seems to look upon every man as a rogue who has not been found out and arrested. So, when ruminating over insane mediums, naughty mediums, and tricksters generally, it will come natural to a narrow-minded observer to suppose that all mediumship is abnormal, morbid and destructive to health and morality.

Nevertheless, this is not a way to evolve the truth, or to reason fairly. The facts are that mediumship is a matter of vast antiquity and in ancient times was regarded as a divine function, that it exhibited similar phenomena, and was liable to similar acci-

idents to those which are now enumerated. There were schools for developing and instruction. Trees or catalepsy, with clairvoyance and clairaudience accompanying, was a conspicuous occurrence; and prophets or inspired persons were also denominated as "mad." In regard to "controls" and hypnotists, the readers must decide for themselves.

When Elisha sent the young prophet to anoint Jehu as king, the other officers at Hama-Gilead called the visitor a "mad fellow," yet the madness did not in the least deter them from joining in the conspiracy to dethrone King Jehoram. When Elisha himself was asked by the three kings to counsel them in their strait he called for a minstrel. "When the minstrel played the hand (or power) of the Lord came upon him." Again, it is told that when Saul left the house of Samuel at Ramah he met a company of prophets coming from the place of worship with music, and prophesying; and the affliction came upon him and he likewise prophesied.

There were colleges or "natioth" at Ramah for instruction and discipline, over which Samuel presided. When Saul sent officers there to arrest David, they, too, were affected and prophesied. Afterward the king repaired thither himself, and came under the same influence. "He went on and prophesied, until he came to the natioth in Ramah. And he stripped off his clothes also, and prophesied before Samuel in like manner, and lay down naked all that day and all that night."

Trance-vision was also well known, as indeed it now is in several countries of the East. Balaam the prophet made use of enchantments to enable him to speak by inspiration, and he "saw the vision of the Almighty, falling into a trance, and having his eyes open." Daniel also describes a vision that he saw. "There remained no strength in me," he says, "I was in a deep sleep on my face, and my face toward the ground; yet heard the voice of his words."

These accounts show that what is now known as mediumship was a familiar matter in former times; and it was by no means regarded in any essential sense, as a "psychological crime." On the other hand, Moses, having selected his synod of seventy Elders, who all prophesied, a hubbub was raised because there were two men in the camp also prophesying. Then Joshua appealed to Moses to silence them. But Moses answered, "Would to God that all the people were prophets."

The fact is that God does not carry on his work on the principle of any man's back yard. The operations of Nature go forward without being disturbed or in any way regulated by the classifications and directions made by limited men. They all go on a larger scale. There are diversities, but one life common to all. We have no call to judge one another in relation to his qualifications; to his own master everyone must individually stand or fall.

It is hardly in good form to condemn hypnotism or mediumship as wholly evil and pernicious. What is ever other and wrong is but a former good perverted and "wringing out of its proper place. Indeed "there is a soul of good in things evil."

The Rev. Dr. Abbott, while careful to "save his face" by declaring himself not a Spiritualist and that Spiritualism has little of public service and enduring comfort to show, yet admits its power for having "borne witness to the truth which the church of Christ has now ignored and sometimes denied, that death is not a final state of life, but transition; and that the dead are not dead, but living—are not departed, but living near at hand, having only stepped across the threshold into the other room."

This testimony which thus gave Spiritualism its power, was derived from mediumship and hypnotism. The author whose work has called our attention himself acknowledges that mediumship is "scientifically demonstrated" fact, but endeavors to make the point that the spiritual controls are individuals that have entered upon the life beyond with the same impulses as before, that find it possible by the hypnotic process to attach themselves to persons yet in the present mode of existence. He explains that such spirits find mediums whom they can control, and through these educate others. Mediums entrapped by them are often led into drunkenness and other sensual indulgences of which they would not otherwise be guilty.

This hypothesis may be and doubtless is correct, as far as it goes. There are two sides, nevertheless, to every religious faith, and every human enterprise. There are those who engage in a movement for its nobler purposes, and those who are swayed by personal and selfish considerations. Observers are apt to pass judgment according to the side which they have been contemplating. There are those who contemplate the character of Jesus and those who see only the recreant Peter and the traitor Judas Iscariot.

Spiritual mediumship may be regarded in like manner. If spirits of an evil and degrading character have to do with such as are afflicted with them and on the same moral plane, then the converse is far more true, that there are those nobler nature, that commune with the better men and women for nobler purposes. Certainly, if the world has been brought to know something which the church of Christ had ignored and denied, that man dying continued to live, then mediumship had primarily a divine errand and has nobly performed it. And however many ignoble and demoralizing elements may be about the atmosphere, there are still the same divine agencies to continue the work.

It is idle to cite the evil which has accrued as being the whole, or even the principal characteristic of the matter. Because some men gorge and feed like swine, it is no reason for absolute fasting. Because my neighbor drinks wine and inebriates himself, I am not precluded from drinking water.

No, mediumship has come to stay. We are all encompassed by a cloud of spiritual influences, and they breathe their inspirations into our minds. "As a man thinketh, so is he," and so are his intuitions.

This, however, is not a controversy for professed Spiritualists alone, or for the mediums. It concerns all thinking men and women, all who aspire to the higher and better, all who entertain hope of immortality. For the dangers which the writer has pointed out, it is well to be on our guard. Meanwhile, beyond the cloud which veils that sky, the sun is shining. We belong in that region.

High Aims.

Kate R. Sikes.

In this changeable and sometimes seemingly fateful state of existence, it is not always easy to externalize one's higher and more interior purposes. Even the best intentioned person often finds it difficult to keep close to the line of principle, regardless of where the chips of his hewing may fall.

In this life we seem at times to be so completely hedged about by circumstances not of our own choosing, that despite our determination we will not become victims of circumstance and environment, there are moments when we are made painfully aware of the fact that our boasted strength is but weakness, and that we are in the toils of the web of an inexorable fate from which we are powerless to extricate ourselves, as is the fly that finds itself caught in the intricate meshes of the spider's web.

This is the common experience of the common humanity. All are at times in the con-

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Suffered for Years with Kidney, Heart, Stomach and Rheumatic Troubles—Made a Well Man Again by Vite-Ore.

COVINA, CAL.—I owe to Vite-Ore that I am alive today. For eight years I have suffered from kidney trouble, called by different names according to the whim of the doctor treating me, and I can honestly say that I never knew a well day. I became so bloated and fat that it was burdensome to me to make any exertion and a continual pain about my heart never left me. It was impossible for me to lie on my left side and sometimes I could not lie down at all. In addition to this I was tortured with Rheumatic pains, and even my Digestive Organs were diseased, acute attacks of cramps and neuralgic pains of the stomach being so severe as to threaten death.

Four years ago I was attacked with typhoid fever and two doctors attended me. They broke the fever and treated me for other troubles, but I became weaker and weaker and every one thought me past recovery. My sister would not give up hope, but persuaded me to try Vite-Ore. She and my wife said if I would swallow a few doses I would find myself improved; if I did not they would cease urging me. I began taking it, and the result which they predicted came about. I began to improve at once and became in the course of a few weeks a well man and have continued so ever since. I am able to do the hardest kind of manual labor. My heart never gives me any uneasiness, and my cramps, pains and fat are things of the past.

I could write as much more about the wonderful cure it effected, used as a gargle and swab in a case of Virulent Diphtheria. The case was of only mild and he is alive and well, while many others died who were treated by doctors. I cannot sufficiently praise Vite-Ore, and only wish I could reach all sufferers with a message of health and happiness.

A. T. SIGSTAD.

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

THEO. NOEL COMPANY, B. of L. Dept., Vitae-Ore Building, CHICAGO, ILL.

dition of the biblical character of ancient days who said "find that when I would do good evil is present with me."

Shall we therefore supinely submit to what some may choose to call Fate? Shall we drift carelessly and hopelessly along with the tide of circumstances, putting forth no effort to save ourselves from the rocks and shoals which lie in the current of every life? Shall we lower our standard of life because it is difficult of attainment? Shall we not rather hold ever aloft the banner of High Aims, even though we seem to make but little progress in our efforts to reach the goal of our aspirations?

The simple lines of our childhood

"If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again,"

are quite as applicable to our later years. The homely advice is timely to children of more mature experience, and we opine that even when we shall have passed the Rubicon of Death, we shall still have need to "try, try again," for there, as here, we shall, without doubt, find that we cannot attain to our high aims and lofty ideals without constant and persistent endeavor.

We no longer believe that we are to be "carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease," but that here or there, we must work if we would win.

Let us cultivate a spirit of optimism, and feel that our discouragements and seeming failures may be the very spurs we need to impel us onward toward a more perfect realization of the nobler aspirations of the soul. Let us draw hope and inspiration from the words of the beloved poet Whitier, "Good but wished with God is done," which we would interpret as meaning that whatever we will or truly desire to be, that we really are, even though we may not be able to at all times make our outward acts fully conform to our high ideals.

The Great Psychological Crime.

In your issue of August 29th appears an article over the name of August Buesing in which he says:

"The author of 'The Great Psychological Crime' confesses that he is not a medium; that he never has been a medium, etc. If true, then he is not fitted to judge them nor the duty that devolves upon them. His lack of knowledge makes it impossible for him to substantiate the truth of his assertions."

The subtle fallacy contained in the foregoing statement will be apparent to most of your readers, but possibly not to all of them, for it is evident the writer himself did not discover it.

Mr. Buesing informs his readers that he has been a Spiritual Medium for etherealization, healing, etc., for thirty years. But if his statement above be true, then he is not fitted to treat any disease which he himself has not actually experienced. Is he willing to abide the logic of his own assertion? If so, then it is safe to say that he has for "thirty years" been receiving money under false pretences, for treatments he has administered to those who suffer from diseases which he has never had. Is he willing to make this open confession to the public through your columns?

His statements, reduced to their final analysis, mean that no man is fitted to judge of anything outside of himself. A physician has no right to say his patient suffers from ty-

phoid fever unless the physician himself has had typhoid fever and learned its symptoms in that way and that way only. He has no license to announce to the world that strychnia is poison unless he has himself taken it and suffered from its destructive effects. He has no right to say that whiskey will make men drunk unless he has demonstrated that fact by taking it into his organism and experiencing the sensation for himself. He must not be believed when he declares that morphine will put a man to sleep, unless he first puts himself to sleep with it. He goes outside the limits of his jurisdiction when he asserts that lightning is destructive to human life, unless he has been struck by it and suffered its destructive results.

In other words, the sense of sight and the powers of observation we are able to exercise through these channels, must be relegated to the background as entirely useless. But it is upon these that Mr. Buesing depends when he assumes that there is a book entitled "The Great Psychological Crime," and upon his powers of reasoning thereon that he concludes that the book has an "Author," and that this author has misjudged him.

If it were really true, as he assumes, that no man is fitted to judge correctly any of the processes of nature until he had become a subject of them, then science of all kinds has neither meaning nor value, for it is a fact which none will deny, that the basis of science is the power of intelligent observation. The science of astronomy is entirely dependent upon it. The science of medicine grows out of it. Physical science in all its departments and branches is referable to it.

For instance,—Men of science have crucified the animal kingdom that they might, through the power of observation, obtain exact data as to the physiology and pathology of disease. By the same process they have even pushed their discoveries into the field of psychology. It is true that the vivisectionist does not experience the sensations of the helpless dog or rabbit when he removes his brain, but this is not necessary to enable him to know with absolute certainty that the process employed by him is destructive to animal life and intelligence.

Although not a medium himself, the author of the G. P. C. has for thirty years been a close student of the subjective psychic process, and a scientific observer of the effects of both mediumship and hypnotism. He is not the only man of science who has been engaged in this work. The brightest and ablest scientists of nearly all the leading nations of earth are his collaborators in the work of demonstration and the accumulation of data.

Quoting again from the article referred to, Mr. Buesing says:

"A medium has the power to attract any flesh-robed persons or reject their approach. He need not be under anybody's control. Spirits cannot control unless with the permission of the medium."

Can it be possible that there is a medium living who has practiced mediumship for thirty years, and is still entirely ignorant of the law of obsession? Can it be possible that this gentleman has never seen such a case of so-called "insanity" which is, in fact, but a case of complete mediumistic subjection? It would seem impossible.

However this may be, it requires but a single case of obsession, or "delusional insanity," the result of subjection, to refute each and every statement above quoted. If Mr. Buesing is entirely ignorant on this branch of the great subject of mediumistic subjection, he should lose no time in becoming

CURED OF SYSTEMATIC CATARRH.

E. B. W. Coleman, of Beecher City, Ill., Tells the Public of His Cure.

Every Organ Was Affected—Doctored for Three Years with No Benefit—Grew Worse from Day to Day—Better After One Week's Use of Vite-Ore and Is Now Cured.

BEECHER CITY, ILL.—To the public, in general, I wish to say that I cannot praise Vite-Ore enough, as I am positive that this remedy saved my life when all other medicines and doctors failed. For the last three years I have been a sufferer from systematic catarrh, so badly that it affected every organ within me and every one was expecting me to die. I had given up all hopes of ever feeling the spring-time come again. Though I had two of the best doctors here attending me I grew steadily worse.

I was confined to the house and to my bed during all of last winter and during month of February gave up all hope, as did my friends and relatives. Through the generosity of Mr. Theo. Noel, I began the use of Vite-Ore on the 1st of March, 1901, and began to improve immediately during the first week. As soon as I got it I dismissed the doctors, as I thought I had to die anyhow, not having much faith or hope for a cure. In a week time I was out of bed and around the house and steadily improved from day to day. The enclosed picture was taken the first of May, but two months after I began the use of V-O.

I consider it a God-send to poor afflicted people! It will only give it a fair trial and test its merits as I have done. Myself and young son cut and put up 350 stocks of corn during the fall, besides doing lots of hard work, and I am the same man that thought the spring of the year would find me in my grave. You can proclaim with me that Vite-Ore is the best remedy on earth for the afflicted, and I will be glad to tell all what Vite-Ore has done for me.

E. B. W. COLEMAN.

ing acquainted with Dr. J. M. Peebles, of Battle Creek, Michigan. Here is a fellow Spiritualist who has made an exhaustive study of the subject, as I am informed, and who is just giving to the public the benefit of his long study and observation along these lines. Without knowing the position Dr. Peebles takes, I will stake the author's reputation that Dr. Peebles will contradict every statement above quoted.

Moreover, Mr. Buesing himself betrays in the very next paragraph the fact that he knows more about this subject than the statements above quoted would indicate; for he says: "The power to refuse spirits' approach should be understood by each medium." If this suggestion means anything, it means that this "power" is based upon the "understanding" of the medium, and that this "understanding" is a matter of education. It follows as a natural sequence, that those mediums who do not have the "understanding" to which he refers, lack the "Power to refuse," etc.

Although the writer of this letter classes himself as only a mere student of Natural Science, yet he has during the last ten years come into personal contact with a number of cases of involuntary obsession or subjection, wherein the medium had no more power of resistance to the approach of the obsessing controls than an infant has to withstand the power of a cyclone. She has witnessed the treatment and cure of these cases by the author of the G. P. C. and if her powers of observation are of the least value whatever, she knows that such cases do exist, and that their cure is very largely a matter of education after the control has been once broken.

And finally, Mr. Buesing in his closing paragraph says: "Such constitutes a small part of mediums' work and he who denounces them for their performed labor adds nothing to the cause of science," etc. This is an attempt on his part to convey to his readers the impression that the author of the G. P. C. "denounces" mediums, etc.

In reply to this suggestion, I desire to say, for the benefit of those who may never have the opportunity to read the book for themselves, that there is not a word, phrase, sentence or paragraph in the entire book that can be construed by any honest or fair-minded reader as a denunciation of any honest or conscientious medium. On the contrary, the entire book breathes the most profound sympathy for all such, and endeavors to point the way to their emancipation from the slavery of psychic subjection.

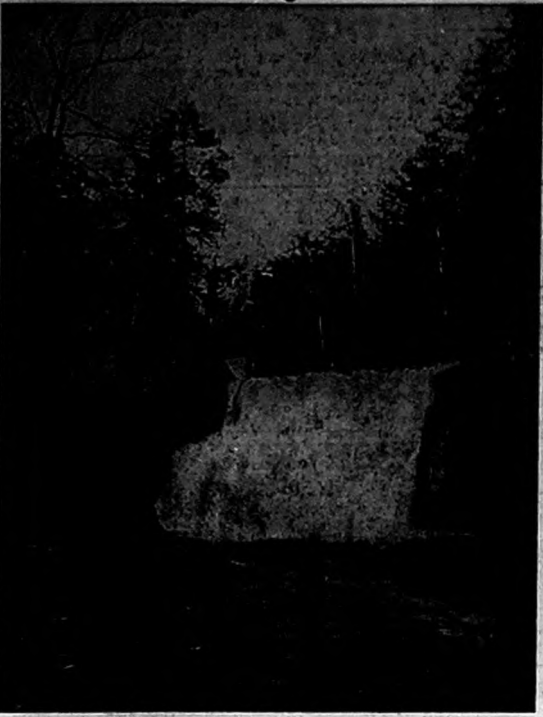
Florence Huntley,
Editor of the Great Psychological Crime.

Heaven in Little Things.

Every task is worthy of our best endeavor. There is no work given us in which all our powers cannot be well employed. The world needs not so much those who can do great things as those who can and will do little things well. If in some desolate heathen land all the common people should suddenly come to appreciate personal cleanliness, comfortable clothing, wholesome food, and healthful work; it would seem as if heaven had begun there, even if in all the country there were not a pipe-organ, a fine painting, or a great book. Let us not do carelessly any common task. Joseph Parker said that he who thinks his work is beneath him, and not worthy of his powers, is "only a fussy idler in a garden of weeds."—Ex.

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WEST SHORE R. R.



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This Page

Gives the clientele of the BANNER OF LIGHT complete information in regard to Railroads and Hotels to be used officially for the N. S. A. Convention held in Washington, D. C., Oct. 20, 21, 22, 23.

The Grand Pacific, Chicago
The Iroquois, Buffalo
The Empire, New York
The Regent, Washington

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Jeffersonian Simplicity.

Thos. Jefferson, third president of these United States, was skeptical of the science of medicine, believing in permitting nature to re-establish order in the system when any function was deranged, and discussed the subject frequently, with the same interest and earnestness that he did theology and politics.

"I believe," he said, "that there are certain substances by which, applied to the living body, either internally or externally or both, nature can be assisted, and by such assistance accomplish in a short time what Nature otherwise would do slowly."

The Vitae-Ore remedy, with which the readers of this publication are largely familiar, is offered by its discoverer and proprietors as an aid to Nature, to assist in the natural healing and recuperating processes. It is itself a product of Nature, a geological discovery, mined from the ground as are gold and silver, different from anything which has ever been offered of a remedial character, and as such should commend itself to even those most prejudiced against the use of advertised treatments. It contains in its composition free iron, sulphur and magnesium, elements ideally calculated to, as Jefferson says, "assist nature." The fair and liberal offer to send one month's treatment on trial, made in these columns by the proprietors (Theo. Noel Co., Chicago), is certainly most deserving of consideration.

"The Fellowship of the Mystery."

The power that worketh salvation can neither be weighed nor measured. The regenerating process is a force that can be felt only by the individual. As regards words and explanations, it is utterly inexplicable. We cannot communicate the process no matter how seemingly great the need. It is a mystery, a secret between the spirit and ourselves. How, why, or from whence we may not state. It is a breath without vibration, a subtle working in the inmost recesses of a realm which we know not how to locate. The cause is elusive, but the effect is visible to all eyes. Something has happened. The earth, heretofore so hard and so sterile, blossoms like the rose. The seed entered, but no human eye discovered the ploughing or the planting.

This is the mystery. This is the secret of the corruptible putting on of incorruption here and now; not in a distant city with golden pavements the jeweled gates and a throne in the centre thereof.

We may not explain the mystery, but we know that it holds all the sweetness and richness of life. Houses and lands, precious stones and chariots go down before this tender secret, this breath without vibration like thistledown in a summer breeze. The world has nothing to offer in exchange for this indescribable something which relates us to everything in the universe.

To those who know the "Fellowship of the Mystery" there is no past and no future. The prophets and disciples, the cherubim and the seraphim abide with them. They are "encompassed about with a cloud of witnesses." They know no death and no "dead," and every witness is a friend. The angels have charge over them, and even bear them up in their arms lest at any time they dash their feet against a stone.

What a Mystery and what a Fellowship! Known of all who know God, knowing all because knowing God.

To those who have felt the mystery, even its very slightest breath touching another soul without stir or noise is perceptible. The soul may be afar off, but the power of this invisible working is almighty. It transfigures the face and shines through the eyes with a light that cannot be simulated. Even at its dawning it transcends all other lights. There is no fellowship like that of the mystery. It is universal and limitless. We may not say, "Lo here or lo there." The voiceless breath did not come from the north, south, east or west. Our earthly father did not send it, and there is no friend among us whom we can thank for the gift.

People in all ages have endeavored to build fences round the mystery. Creeds have been instituted and churches built, but the few who sat in the pews could not feel the mystery because of the cumbersome machinery that sought to confine it. No man ever put a chain upon the mystery, and no man was ever fettered by it.

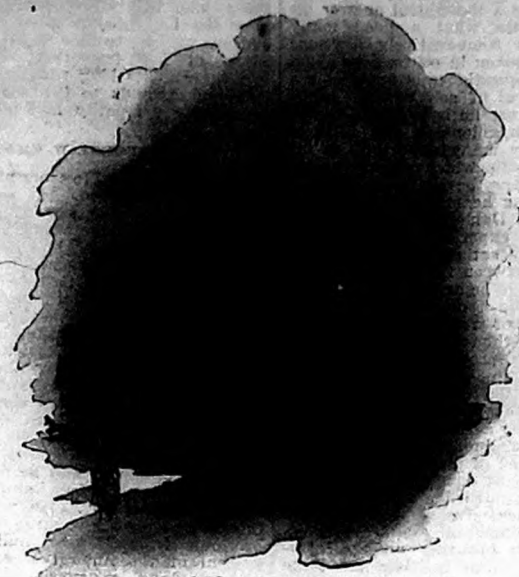
It is the essence of freedom, because it is God's love shed abroad in the heart.

Eleanor Kirk.

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

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

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

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