BANNER OF LIGHT.

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY — AN EXPONENT OF THE — TWENTIETH CENTURY.

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The Mississippi Valley Spiritualists Association.

SOMETHING OF ITS HISTORY.

Twentieth Annual Camp Meeting.

In the autumn of 1882, after an extensive correspondence among the prominent Spiritualists of Iowa, a call for a mass meeting, to be held at Ottumwa, Nov. 17-18, was issued with the signatures of about one hundred people.

Pursuant to the call an enthusiastic meeting was held. Col. D. M. Fox, then editor of "The Spiritual Offering," was chairman, and Mrs. C. S. N. Sotherland of Mitchelville was secretary. Among the speakers on this occasion we note the names of Cora L. V. Richmond, Nettie Pease Fox, Juliet H. Severance and C. W. Stuart.

A permanent organization was effected under the name of the Iowa Conference of Spiritualists, with the following officers: D. M. Fox, Ottumwa, president; Emily Phillips, Ottumwa, vice-president; J. L. Enos, Cedar Rapids, secretary; M. Larkin, Oskaloosa, treasurer; John A. Snodgrass, C. S. N. Sotherland, O. H. Jackson, T. J. Douglas, C. F. Weston and Juliet H. Severance, trustees. The association was duly incorporated according to the laws of the State. The closing address of this convention was made by Mrs. Richmond, upon the subject, "The bread of life broken for the hungry souls," which seems to us prophetic of the work to be done by this body.

The association grew and prospered to such an extent that all of the States of the Mississippi Valley became interested, and in the spring of 1885 it was deemed advisable to change the name to that of "The Mississippi Valley Spiritualists' Association."

In the meantime, through the assistance of Father Skinner of Clinton, Ia., the twenty acres of land now comprising Mt. Pleasant Park had been acquired, and improvements there were going on with the intention of making a permanent home for the association where knowledge might be disseminated. This purpose has been attained. For several years a heavy debt rested upon the Park, but in 1898 Dr. O. G. W. Adams and Dr. C. H. Fisk concluded that the debt must be lifted and went about with their persuasive powers and raised the funds among those who were devoted to the Cause, and the incumbrance was removed, and the beautiful grounds are now owned by the association free of debt, much to the satisfaction of all concerned. The camp meetings held there are largely attended each year. Strangers are warmly welcomed and soon become members of the large family.

The twentieth annual camp meeting will open at Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa, on July 27th, and continue up to and including August 24th, 1902. The officers and various committees are preparing a continuous feast for their visitors during the entire time. The writer is fully warranted in saying that no other association catering to the public ear has continuously presented on its platform a higher grade of intellectuality than has the M. V. S. A. This season will be no exception.

Among the speakers who will be there are Harrison D. Barrett, who needs no recommendation, as his reputation as an orator and a scholarly expoanent of Spiritualism is thoroughly established everywhere; Miss Lizzie Harlow, who first appeared in the West last year at Mt. Pleasant Park, and was so well received that an outspoken demand was made for her reappearance this summer. While comparatively new to the platform, her address is commanding and her logic forceful; Jennie Hagan Brown is always welcome with her graceful presence and most pleasing lectures; Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Kates will again be at Clinton, the first time for a number of years (their abundant success as missionaries testifies to their worthiness both as lecturers and in test work); Mrs. Georgia G. Cooley, who is quite at home at this camp, where she is so well known and honored as a true instrument for the spirit world, will give several test seances; J. Homer Altemus of Washington, D. C., will appear for the first time in the West on Sunday, Aug. 10, and continue giving seances to the close of the meeting. His well known reputation in the East gives assurance of his excellence. W. F. Peck, president of the association for four years, will be present throughout, presiding on all occasions and delivering several of his always interesting and instructive lectures.

The literary and musical entertainments, as well as the dances, will be under the very efficient management of Mr. C. P. Eisenmann of Ohio, who has acted in that capacity heretofore with such marked success. Excellent music will be furnished for the dancing by Prof. Adolph Weise and a competent orchestra. The Professor will also furnish instrumental music for all occasions where it is needed, giving band concerts on Sundays.

Prof. Zumbach, who has so faithfully and satisfactorily served the association for some time, will again have charge of the vocal music. He and his estimable wife and daughter will assist in every way possible in making the camp meeting a success.

N. S. A. day will be Aug. 1st, when Mr. H. D. Barrett will represent the N. S. A. and look after its interests especially. On Aug. 2d will be State day, devoted to the interests of the State Spiritualists' Association of Iowa, which will be represented by its president, Dr. G. A. H[illegible]ton, and Mrs. Eva McCoy. Memorial day will be Aug. 7th.

On Sunday, Aug. 3d, the labor question will be discussed from the platform. The principal speakers being President Peck and Miss Harlow. The labor unions of the city of Clinton have signified their intention to cooperate on this day and make it a success.

Last year it seemed best to the ladies to change the name of the Ladies' Independent Union to that of Woman's Union, and make it auxiliary to the association, whereas it had before been entirely independent, as its name indicated. On Aug. 11 this Union will conduct a Fair, which will be interesting and advantageous, as the various members of the Woman's Union and their friends are now preparing for it. Aug. 13th will be Woman's day, and this is truly the red letter day of the camp. The gentlemen are quiet and well behaved on this day and always wear an expectant look, while the ladies seem to bear their burdens lightly. A special program is being prepared by the committee in charge, under the auspices of the Woman's Union.

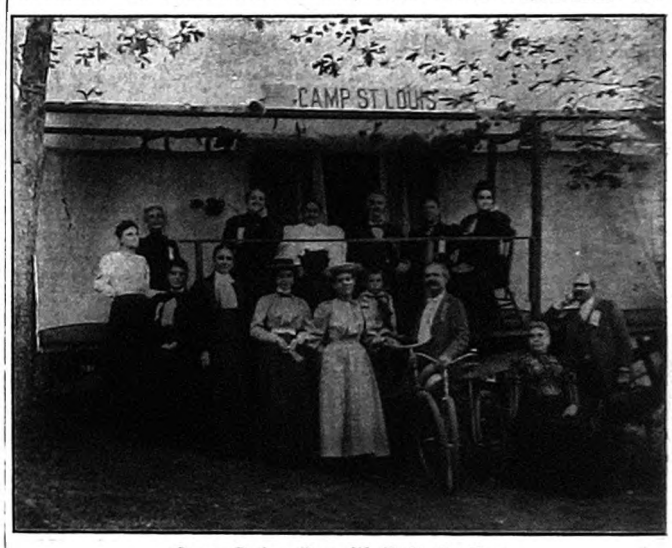
Mt. Pleasant Park is situated on a high bluff overlooking the city of Clinton. It is shaded with grand old forest trees and in all respects is an ideal camping ground, being cool, healthful, and the natural drainage perfect. An abundance of clear cold water is supplied by two deep wells, while water for many uses is procured from the city water works. A large number of tasteful cottages have been erected by private individuals. An auditorium seating 4000 people, and a pavilion furnish ample accommodation for lectures, conferences, seances, entertainments and dances. The dining hall has a seating capacity of two hundred, and here, with a well-equipped kitchen attached, Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Stowell will furnish excellent table board at $3.50 per week or twenty-five cents by the single meal. At the restaurant, fresh fruit, tea, coffee and lunch can be had when called for. The lodging hotel is substantially built and finished, and provided with screens and all necessary furniture. It is in charge of Mrs. Christine Cooper, who has demonstrated the fact that she is a model landlady, having occupied the same position for several years. All who wish to secure rooms in advance can do so by writing to her at Clinton, Iowa.

Tents can be rented of the association at reasonable rates by applying to the Supt. of Grounds, Mr. L. M. Rose, Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa. The tents are provided with platforms and flies put up ready for use. Bedding and all necessaries can be rented on the grounds. The Park is being especially beautified by the erection of vine-clad arches and the planting of numerous flower-beds this summer. The Superintendent and his able corps of assistants are leaving nothing undone to provide both beauty and comfort for their many visitors this season. The Park lies within the city limits and the electric cars pass the gate. Excellent cab service to and from the city is also provided at the very reasonable rate of twenty-five cents per passenger, including trunk. Another advantage to those who wish to camp and board themselves is the regular visits of grocery, vegetable, milk and ice men. The price of admission to the grounds has always been the same as now, ten cents a day, or fifty cents a week; two dollars for the season.

The Park has become much more than a camping ground; it is a charming summer resort, and to those seeking a location for their summer outing it offers many advantages. Fine scenery abounds on every hand. The miles of well-paved streets of the city afford the bicyclist unsurpassed opportunities. The river furnishes a chance for those who wish to glide over the water, while the largest saw mill in the world is an item of interest to many. The advantage of being in touch with such a city as Clinton and still being in the leafy woods, are many. This beautiful city is located on the banks of the Mississippi river, midway between St. Louis and St. Paul. It is 128 miles west of Chicago, 218 miles from Des Moines, 354 miles from Omaha and Council Bluffs, and is a rapidly growing city of over 28,000 inhabitants. It has six banks with capital stock of $1,000,000 and deposits of over $4,700,000.00. There are twelve miles of brick street pavement in the city and numerous manufacturing and other industries, some of which are the following: Two large sash, door and blind factories, five large lumber mills employing over 2000 men, engine and separator works, a large lock factory, two large box factories, two shoring mills, a large bridge factory, two large paper mills, a large wagon factory, a carriage factory, three furniture factories, a bed spring factory, two large breweries, two foundries, two highway bridges over the Mississippi River, elevated so that steamboats can pass under them, a railway bridge, a court house costing $175,000.00, two opera houses, five railroads, viz.: Chicago, Burlington & Quincy; Chicago & Northwestern; Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul; Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern; Indiana, Illinois & Iowa. There are ten large public school buildings, a high school building, a college (Wartburg)—German Lutheran—well attended, nine miles of electric street railway, electric light and gas works, an excellent water system, obtained from overflowing artesian wells 1200 feet in depth, six newspapers and two job printing offices. The avenues of the city are lined with magnificent residences and the streets have some of the finest and best stocked stores to be found in the State, and, taken all in all, the city of Clinton is city

(Continued on page 8.)

Entrance to Grounds of Mt. Pleasant Park.



Group Before Pres. W. F. Peck's Tent

Maquoketa Avenue, Looking West from Entrance, Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa.

Lodging House and Ladies' Bazaar, Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa.

Grand Avenue Looking West from Pavilion, Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa.

BODY AND I.

MARY WOODWARD WEATHERBEE.

I seem to be I, and yet somebody else
Looking and watching my very self,
As if unwitting I had followed the call
Of a voice unheeded in castle or hall,
And quicker than thought without body or wings
I seem to be out past the shadows of things;
And the strange part is, as a will-o'-the-wisp
I am with you still ere a word you lisp.

I seem to be I, yet beyond control
In the way of the soul to my seeming self,
For the house where I dwell, it has walls so high
There are outlook windows far up in the sky,
And its inner court is from East to West
With orient palms and gray olives crest;
Yet the way of my spirit I cannot tell
Though here in the body it seems to dwell.

I am not I, if the soul's not all;
How can the spirit of self be stayed!
Because in the likeness of God I fare
Shall I not meet Him, yes, everywhere,
And know as He knows and wander free
Unfettered by whatever may seem to be,
And my body, be I, on its tenting ground
Till God in His world is surely found.

Feb. 3, 1899.

Convention in Elmira, N. Y.

NEW YORK STATE ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

A reception was given the officers and trustees of the New York State Association of Spiritualists by the society of Elmira, and short addresses were made by Rev. Moses Hull, Mrs. Mattie Hull, Mrs. Lewis Duhl, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds, Mrs. Von Kanzler, Mrs. Lizzie Brewer, F. Corden White, Mrs. S. C. Ellis and Herbert L. Whitney. This charming evening resulted in the State Board and the local society becoming well acquainted with each other, and was a most delightful beginning to the brief stay we made in the beautiful city. We met with very cordial welcome by the local society and were royally treated, even though they did place our medium, F. Corden White, and the State scribe, in the hands of a policeman, but he proved a most genial and jolly host, and had a very interesting and kind-hearted family, who looked well after our needs and comfort.

The morning of our first convention day dawned bright and clear and a goodly number of delegates early gathered at the First Spiritualist Church. Promptly at 10.45 a. m., President Moses Hull called the convention to order with the entire board of officers and trustees present. The address of welcome and the responses were set aside till evening, in order that the ex-Mayor might be with us, and the president proceeded to appoint the following committees: Credential—H. W. Richardson, Mrs. Lewis Duhl and E. G. Reilly. Order—Miss M. J. FitzMaurice, E. G. Reilly and Mrs. Laura A. Holt. Ways and Means—Mrs. C. E. S. Twing, Mrs. T. U. Reynolds and Birch Ellis. Sergeant-at-arms, Ira Smith of Elmira; assistant secretary, Mrs. Louise E. Zimmerman, Elmira, and Mrs. Lewis Duhl, musical director.

Brief addresses were made by Mrs. Lizzie Brewer of Syracuse, Mrs. S. C. Ellis of Auburn, Mrs. M. E. Clark of Syracuse, Mrs. Mary C. Von Kanzler, pastor of the Elmira Spiritualist Church. The secretary read a letter of greeting from Clara L. Stewart, secretary of Morris Pratt Institute Association of Whitewater, Wis., followed by remarks by Mrs. C. E. S. Twing of Westfield, Mrs. J. H. R. Matteson of Buffalo, F. Corden White, Lily Dale, Mrs. Mattie Hull of Lily Dale.

Motions were carried allowing Mrs. Lizzie Brewer to act as delegate, Mrs. J. H. R. Matteson and Mrs. Sully for Buffalo society. Motion carried that E. G. Reilly be empowered to act as proxy for fifteen individual members forming an auxiliary society. Motion carried to suspend Article 4, Sec. 3, of By-Laws, by allowing Mrs. Mattie E. Hull to act as delegate for Jamestown society. Adjourned.

Friday Afternoon.—President called meeting at two and named Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds, Mrs. Lewis Duhl, E. G. Reilly, Mrs. L. A. Holt, Miss M. J. FitzMaurice of New York City, as committee on president's report; Resolutions: Mrs. S. C. Ellis, Mrs. Lizzie Brewer, Mrs. M. C. Von Kanzler, H. W. Richardson; Secretary and Treasurer's Reports: Mrs. Lewis Duhl, W. B. Whipple of East Aurora, Mrs. J. H. R. Matteson, Mrs. M. C. Von Kanzler, Mrs. Laura Holt of West Potsdam, E. G. Reilly. Credentials Committee, through Chairman Richardson, reported forty-two delegates and members present. The president's, secretary's and treasurer's reports were read and referred to their respective committees. Missionary and delegates' reports were received from Mrs. Lizzie Brewer, H. W. Richardson, Mrs. T. U. Reynolds, Mrs. S. C. Ellis, Mrs. M. E. Hull, Mrs. Von Kanzler, Mrs. Holt, H. L. Whitney. Reading by Miss Victoria C. Moore of Dryden. President Hull appointed as Nomination Committee: Mrs. Brewer, Mrs. Duhl, Mr. Whipple, Mrs. Holt, Mrs. Matteson. Adjourned.

Evening Session, May 30.—Instrumental music by McHenry's orchestra of Elmira, N. Y.; invocation, Mrs. M. C. Von Kanzler, pastor of First Spiritualist Unity Society of Elmira; solo, L. H. Emblem of Elmira; reading, "The Author's Night," Miss Victoria C. Moore of Dryden, N. Y. Address of welcome by Dr. Frank H. Flood of Elmira, who in the unavoidable absence of the Mayor from the city, in a brief address bade us welcome to their beautiful city, as follows:

"Visiting Officers and Delegates of the Spiritualistic Association of the State, Members of the Local Church, Ladies and Gentlemen:

"Owing to the unavoidable absence of his honor, the mayor of this city, I was asked this afternoon by the 'local committee on entertainment' to extend greeting to visiting delegates on behalf of the citizens of Elmira.

"I consider it an honor to have this privilege, but do not know why I was chosen to perform this agreeable service, unless it was that your committee knew that I am no speaker, and, anticipating a finished address later, desired that the prefunctory words be brief.

"The people of Elmira give you, as individuals and as representatives of a religious cult, hearty welcome. Our citizens are noted for their hospitable treatment of the 'stranger within their gates,' and I bespeak for you edification and generous entertainment while you tarry with us.

"I trust that your stay may be fraught with benefit to your association, to the local society and to the community; that your members may make many profitable and lasting friendships, and on departing, that you may carry with you pleasant memories of Elmira and her people.

"I can say nothing of your religious belief or system of worship, for I do not understand either; but I am sure I express the sentiments of the community in saying: Elmira bids you welcome, and hopes your stay with us may be protracted, and that you may find it pleasurable soon to come again."

The response by President Hull was in part as follows: The address of welcome was short, but there was a true cordiality in it. I think we all enjoyed it. We have never been treated better anywhere than thus far in Elmira. I noted that the speaker called Spiritualism "a religious cult." It has not been long since one of your reverend gentlemen denied that Spiritualism was a religion—because there was no hell in it. He denied that we believe in the divinity of Christ. We believe, not only in the divinity of Christ, but in that of every child that has ever been born into the world. We believe much more than he.

We come from all parts of the state, and as you see us so we are. As we believe so we know our religion to be. We believe in an experimental religion, and wherever we go we try to carry our religion with us. We come here, not to display eloquence or to define Spiritualism, but to meet Spiritualists and to discuss methods of aiding in the dissemination of religion in the world.

The day for laughing at Spiritualism is past. It is 50 years old, and today the great men of the world are looking to it to down Sadduceeism, agnosticism, infidelity and materialism.

I have enjoyed your city—and especially so for its reminiscences. Today I passed the church where Thomas Beecher preached so many able sermons, and as I passed his statue I took off my hat, recalling how he preached Spiritualism. I remembered, too, these words of his: "The great astonishment to me is that there is so little of Spiritualism in the world, when the Bible is so full of it."

I passed the house, too, where Samuel J. Clemens (Mark Twain) found the companion who helped him to become great—an author who wrote one of the works most helpful to Spiritualism. Elmira is a fit maker of great men. It was the inspiration of your environment that led James G. Clarke to write the song, "The Beautiful Hills," as he himself once told me.

We accept the welcome in the spirit in which it was given, and we hope the people of Elmira will not regret having had the New York State Association of Spiritualists in its midst.

At the conclusion of his response to the address of welcome, the president gave a discourse on the general theme of how Spiritualists use Bibles. The chief points made were these: Spiritualists believe in the atonement, but not in an atonement that affects God at all or ever reconciles Him with sin—rather an "at-one-ment," and man's eternal tendency to rise.

They do not believe that the Bible was inspired, or that any bible ever was. God cannot inspire a book; inspiration means a breathing in, and the best God can do is to inspire men. Inspiration is as universal as humanity. The speaker has copies of parts of seven bibles of the believers in as many religions, and he stated that he could find as good things in them as in our Bible, and as bad things in the latter as in any of them. He believes all the good there is in this Bible and takes it all; but if he could tear out the 31st chapter of Numbers and substitute Mahomet's instructions regarding war, he believes it would be better.

Finally, he asked this question, which he never yet had a minister answer: Did Samuel and Saul, or did they not, talk together in the presence of the woman of Endor? An affirmative answer means an acceptance of Spiritualism, a negative a denial of the Bible statement.

In the course of the address the speaker dwelt on many points of controversy regarding the Bible and mentioned some of the modern discoveries that have affected belief in some of the old dogmas.

The session concluded with "ballot test manifestations," by F. Corden White of Lily Dale.

Saturday Morning.—The convention was called to order at 10.30 a. m. by President Moses Hull. The first business of the convention was to welcome our veteran worker, Lyman C. Howe of Fredonia, N. Y., who made a brief address. The Committee on Resolutions presented their report and a motion was carried, after reading, to take up each clause separately and discuss; this interesting discussion occupied all the morning session and was continued for a part of the afternoon.

Saturday Afternoon.—President Hull called Convention to order promptly at 2, and about half an hour was devoted to the continuance of the discussion of the various resolutions. The report was then adopted as a whole. Committee on president's report recommended its adoption after a slight change, which was carried. Committee on secretary and treasurer's report recommended their adoption; motion carried. An amendment to the By-Laws was presented by E. G. Reilly of Syracuse referring to auxiliaries and a motion to amend by adding Article IV., Sec. 5, to By-Laws, as follows:

"Whenever individual members of the State Association residing in the same locality shall unite as a social body auxiliary to and for advancing the best interests of this association, they may register with the secretary as auxiliary societies under sanction of the board of trustees, and when so registered for at least sixty days prior to an annual convention they may be represented by delegates in said convention on the same basis as are members of chartered societies."

Motion passed instructing the secretary, whenever he learns of any State Association being in session, to send letter of greeting to such association. A letter was read from Clara L. Stuart, secretary of the Michigan Spiritualist Association, conveying greetings, and a resolution adopted that same be accepted and placed on file. H. W. Richardson and Mrs. Milton Rathbun were unanimously elected to represent the N. Y. State Association at the next annual Convention of the National Spiritualist Association, to be held at Boston next October. There were two candidates for third delegate, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing and Mrs. Harriet Duhl. There were 237 votes cast, of which Mrs. Twing received 128 and Mrs. Duhl 109. There being no other business before the convention, the nominating committee, through its chairwoman, Mrs. Lizzie Brewer, announced the following ticket: Harvey W. Richardson, president, of East Aurora, N. Y.; Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, Westfield, N. Y., vice-president; Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds, Troy, N. Y., 2d vice-president; Herbert L. Whitney, Brooklyn, N. Y., secretary; W. B. Whipple, East Aurora, N. Y., treasurer; Mrs. Laura A. Holt of West Potsdam, N. Y., Mrs. S. Comstock Ellis, Auburn, N. Y., E. G. Reilly, Syracuse, N. Y., Mrs. Lewis Duhl, Elmira, N. Y., trustees. Mrs. Mattie Hull then moved to place Mrs. Milton Rathbun of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., in nomination for treasurer also. Mrs. S. Comstock Ellis refusing to accept nomination for trustee again, the convention placed Miss Marie J. FitzMaurice in nomination. There being no opposition to any of the nominations except that of treasurer, it was moved and carried unanimously that the secretary be instructed to cast a deciding vote for all the other offices except secretary, which vote was cast by H. W. Richardson. W. B. Whipple and Mrs. Milton Rathbun both being in nomination for treasurer, ballots were prepared and the result is as follows: There were 215 votes cast; Mrs. Rathbun receiving 167, W. B. Whipple 58. Mrs. Rathbun was declared elected. Short addresses were then made by the newly elected officers, after which a vote of thanks was tendered to our retiring president, Rev. Moses Hull. A vote of thanks was extended to Mrs. Mary J. Newton for the gift of a bound copy of "The Spiritual Telegraph" for the year of 1852. Also a copy of the "Hartford Bible Convention" and sundry valuable pamphlets. This closed the business part of the convention.

Saturday Evening.—The meeting was called to order at 7.45 p. m. and was given over till 9.15 to the Elmira Society, with its president, Mrs. Duhl, in the chair, and was devoted to the dedication of the First Spiritualist Church and installation of its pastor, Mrs. Mary C. Von Kanzler, by the Rev. Moses Hull. The exercises were opened with a selection of music by McHenry's orchestra; invocation, Moses Hull; congregational singing, Mrs. Mattie E. Hull made the charge to the church. After an orchestral selection, H. W. Richardson, our new president, was introduced to the audience and took the chair. Prof. Harrison D. Barrett of Boston, president of National Spiritualist Association and Editor of Banner of Light, then made a short address, followed after music by communications by F. Corden White of Lily Dale, N. Y. Adjourned.

Sunday Morning.—Meeting opened by Bro. Richardson at 10.30, with congregational singing; invocation by Mrs. M. C. Von Kanzler; address by Frank Walker, followed by Mrs. Lizzie Brewer. Congregational singing. Address by State Secretary Whitney on "Love, Brotherhood and Success." Followed by an address on "Anti-Vaccination" by Mrs. S. Comstock Ellis. Benediction by Harrison D. Barrett.

Afternoon.—Congregational singing; poem by Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing; "Our Martyred President"; reading, "The Prince of Peace," Miss Victoria C. Moore, our talented elocutionist; address, Mrs. M. C. Von Kanzler; song, Mrs. Lewis Duhl, "I am Waiting," sung by request; messages, Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds; benediction, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing.

Sunday Evening.—Singing; invocation, Mrs. T. U. Reynolds; spirit messages, F. Corden White; music, McHenry's orchestra; address, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing; reading, "Bobby Shafto," Miss Victoria C. Moore; music, McHenry's orchestra; address, Harrison D. Barrett. President Richardson announced that a message just received from President Norton of California Spiritualist Association sends greetings to N. Y. State Spiritualist Association. Benediction, Mrs. M. C. Von Kanzler.

This closed our successful convention; then came the handshaking and the good-byes with our old friends and the new ones. We were royally treated by the good people of Elmira, who did everything in their power to render our brief stay in their midst as pleasant as possible. Great assistance was rendered me personally in my multitudinous duties by my assistant secretary, Mrs. Louise E. Zimmerman of the Elmira society. The thanks of our Association are also due to McHenry's orchestra, Mr. L. H. Emblem, and to our elocutionist, Miss Victoria C. Moore, whose readings were given in a most delightfully effective manner. One of our old State Association workers was very conspicuous by his absence for the first time in all our five years of work—W. Wines Sargent of Brooklyn—and many were the inquiries regarding him.

Herbert L. Whitney, Sec'y.

65 Howard Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Abbey Chimes, or the Mystery of Glen Avon.

MABEL A. VAN HISE.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

It was with considerable difficulty that they managed to get Marie upstairs and into bed. A doctor was immediately sent for and pronounced her sickness brain fever, consequent on too much excitement, Marie being of a highly nervous temperament.

After returning home from the trial of Mrs. Priestly (at which she was such an unwilling witness), Marie complained of violent pains in her head and went to her room to lie down, thinking that perfect quiet might relieve the pain. Clarice darkened the room for her and bathed the poor little aching head with cologne; then, telling her to try to sleep, she went out, gently closing the door. She went directly to Mrs. Priestly's room, and not hearing anything more of Marie, although she went back and listened at her door once, she thought the young girl had fallen asleep.

Marie tried very hard to be brave and bear it, but the pain grew gradually worse, until she finally became delirious.

An official inquiry into the probable cause of the sudden death of Lestor Avon was held, followed by an autopsy, but no trace of the subtle poison could be found. It was a mysterious preparation, known only to Zephane, the gypsy. Its action was quick, sure, and it left no trace. Lady Avon's name, therefore, was (as far as outsiders were concerned), still unsullied, and the cause of her insanity was attributed to the loss of her only son, whom she had dearly loved.

The funeral was conducted very quietly. Everything possible was done to keep the knowledge of it from Sir Cecil. Marcus and Uncle Dick had, also, to invent all sorts of stories to prevent him from going to his wife's room to see her.

Every day when the doctor came Sir Cecil would ask about his wife, begging to be allowed to see her. All foresaw that it would be impossible to keep the truth much longer from him, and a consultation was held by Marcus and Mrs. Priestly, each trying to suggest some way out of the difficulty. At last it was thought expedient to break it to him as gently as possible and Mrs. Priestly decided that Clarice was the right one to do it.

Clarice was in constant attendance on her school friend. Poor little Marie lay tossing from side to side, moaning, "Oh, Lestor, my love! my love," till her heart-breaking cries would drive Clarice from her side weeping. Mrs. Priestly, noticing the young girl's increasing pallor, observed that if Clarice did not take some rest, there would soon be another invalid in the house. After being told what she was expected to do, Clarice declared emphatically that she had not the courage to tell her father the dreadful truth. However, a little gentle persuasion from her lover dispelled her fears and she consented to undertake the painful task.

Towards evening, Marie's symptoms changed; she grew much quieter; the violence of the fever abated and she sank into a deep sleep. Mrs. Priestly and Uncle Dick watched in turns by her side during that long sleep. It was the crisis; she would either never wake again or would wake to live.

Mr. Richard Lejoindre was fast recovering from his love-sickness and seemed more like himself. As yet he had not breathed one word about the little new arrival at the Marsh Towers, to anyone at Glen Avon. Mrs. Priestly told him that she would return to the Marsh Towers with Marie (should she live) just as soon as she was able to be removed.

"Housekeeping will be too great a responsibility for Marie, even if she recovers, for many a long day, and I think I will come and take charge of you all, Cousin Dick," she said. "I have so much to tell you, Dick, but perhaps it will be better to wait until after Clarice and Marcus are safely married before I speak. Yes, as the mistress of Glen Avon, Clarice's future will be secure and I may speak out."

"How can she be the mistress of Glen Avon if she weds a stranger? You have hinted that Clarice is not Sir Cecil's daughter, I know, but that only makes her chance of being mistress here all the more improbable, I may say impossible. How on earth you got such an idea into your head as that, Cousin Marian, I can't imagine," returned Uncle Dick. "If she is not Sir Cecil's daughter, then whose child is she? You should tell me, Marian; you know you can trust me."

"All in good time," replied Mrs. Priestly. "All in good time, Dick; don't get impatient."

Uncle Dick hated mystery, and could not clearly see why there need be any. Mrs. Priestly had set herself the task of unraveling the mystery, and of righting a great wrong. Most difficult of all would be the task of pouring into the ears of the trusting husband the story of his wife's cruel deception.

Sir Cecil was resting comfortably among the cushions of his large arm-chair when Clarice entered.

"Well, daughter, you have come to see me at last," he said. "I thought you had forgotten the poor old man. Is your heart so full of the young one, child, that there is not one corner left for your poor old father?"

Clarice bent her dignified brown head and kissed him on the forehead.

"No, papa, dear; though I love Marcus, I shall never forget my duty to you," she replied gently. "Now, what shall I do to amuse you? for I have come to stay with you awhile. Shall I read something? Ah, here is today's paper; I don't suppose you have read it all, have you?"

"No, child; I had an accident and dropped my glasses, and—well, the fact is, I did what I very seldom do,—dropped off to sleep with them on and down they went and one of the glasses was broken, so, you see, papa became disabled and had to give it up."

"Here is an interesting article by a member of the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, about fox-hunting. Would you like to hear it?"

"No—don't read; talk to me, child, instead. Clarice, where is Lestor?"

He had asked the question so abruptly as to almost startle the young girl off her guard.

"And what is the reason I cannot see your mother? I managed to get as far as her door, but I found it locked. If she is sick, that is no excuse for her not answering me when I knocked and called her name. I could not make anybody hear, so I got back here. I don't believe she is in there. Where is she?"

Clarice's face paled and her lips quivered. She tried to smile, but it was a miserable failure.

Sir Cecil's sharp eyes detected her confusion. He had felt all along that there was something being hidden from him, and now he was determined to find out the truth.

"Clarice, I command you to tell me where your mother and brother are."

Clarice hesitated a minute and then throwing her arms around his neck she told him that Lestor had died quite suddenly of heart disease, and that Lady Avon was out of her mind with grief for the loss of her boy.

"She is being taken every care of, papa, dear, but the doctor thought it would retard her recovery if she continued to reside at Glen Avon, the scene of her trouble, where everything around her would tend to remind her of her loss. He recommended complete change of scene. The doctor has taken her to a country house of his, and he is going to keep her there for a few weeks. We all hope, please God, that with care she will soon regain her reason. She loved Lestor so dearly, papa, you know, and it is quite natural that she should be deeply grieved and distressed at his loss."

Sir Cecil's arms had relaxed and fallen to his side, and as he did not speak, Clarice, having kept her eyes averted during the sad recital, now looked at him. His face was deathly pale, his lips blue, his eyes wide open in a fixed, stony stare. In terror, the young girl flew to the bell-rope and tugged at it. Marcus, who had been waiting outside, fearful of the effect the news might have on the invalid, rushed in at the first sound of the bell.

"It is only a slight spasm," he said. "See, he is coming round now. Get me a glass of water. There, now, see, he'll soon be all right again. It was the shock that did it, no doubt. But it was best that he should know, and I'm glad it's over. Clarice, darling, go and ask Mr. Lejoindre to come and help me get him back to bed. He may sleep and perhaps when he wakes he will think it is all a dream."

But Marcus was mistaken, for when the invalid did awake after a few hours of sleep, he called Marcus to him and asked him to tell him all, and to reserve nothing.

Marcus wisely told him, word for word, only what he already knew.

"When and where was Lestor buried?" the old gentleman asked.

"His body is in your vault in Glen Avon Cemetery," replied Marcus. "We managed it all very quietly, for fear of disturbing you."

"Do you really think there is any hope of my wife's complete recovery?" asked Sir Cecil in a trembling voice.

"Well, yes," answered Marcus cautiously, "the doctors seem to think so, and if you would only make haste and get well and take her abroad again, the change would complete her cure."

"Ah!" sighed Sir Cecil, "I am an old man, many years older than she is, and instead of getting stronger, I get weaker every day; I know it, I feel it. I am thankful that my child will have a protector in you, when I'm gone. As far as money is concerned, for your future there is nothing to fear."

Marie did wake from her long sleep, and in full possession of all her faculties, her mind perfectly clear, but she was much changed; her dimpled face had lost much of its roundness, and the red roses had faded from it. With care and good nursing she grew slowly better. Uncle Dick spent most of his time with her, trying to make her forget the sad scenes she had witnessed at Glen Avon. He talked of the Marsh Towers and how lovely everything would look, now the beautiful springtime was coming.

"I have a surprise for you, little Marie; a very great surprise in store for you, little Marie; but the"—

"Is it here?" asked Marie, brightening up.

"No, dear, the surprise is at the Marsh Towers," replied her uncle, smiling. "I left it there."

"Oh, Uncle Dick, do please say what it is," cried the young girl coaxingly.

"Now she'll improve," thought her uncle. "I've hit the right nail this time, and she'll make haste to get strong just to see what my surprise is, I know; she's like all the girls when their curiosity is aroused; she'll get it satisfied somehow."

"We shall soon go home now, pet," he said aloud, "so you must have patience until then."

"No," said Mrs. Priestly, coming in just in time to hear those last few sentences. "No, you won't be going home for quite a while yet. Sir Cecil has told me to make arrangements for the marriage of Clarice and Marcus, and to set about it at once. He is desirous of seeing them united soon, for he seems to think that his end is not far off. I think that as soon as things have quieted down some, he will improve and may possibly live for years. He has had an iron constitution, there can be no doubt of that."

"Well," answered Uncle Dick, "what has all that to do with us? What I mean is, why should the fact that Marcus is going to be married keep us here?"

"We shall be expected to assist at the happy event. I am sure a little change will do us all good, after so much sorrow and trouble. If some little diversion was not forthcoming soon we should all go melancholy," laughed Mrs. Priestly.

The wedding was to take place in the house, and very quiet it was to be, or else what would the neighbors say at the sight of a wedding so soon after Lestor's funeral?

"We cannot bring the poor fellow back to life," argued Sir Cecil. "And what is the use of delaying the happiness of the living?"

The thought of being Clarice's bridesmaid, hastened Marie's recovery, and she joyfully set about helping to plan things. The preparations for the union of the young people went smoothly on, and just six weeks after the death of Lestor Avon it took place.

The drawing-room was beautifully decorated with white flowers for the occasion. Only the immediate parties concerned and one or two trusted friends of the family were present. Oh, excuse me; I had forgotten to mention one person, and that one, reader, is Miss Pecksniff!

Marie had, with her usual tormenting perverseness, begged permission to invite her.

"She'll be useful, you know, Clari, dear," urged the young girl, "and can help us lots."

So she came. Her dress! Well, it certainly was gorgeous!

(To be concluded.)

Citation and Reply to Mrs. Eddy's Christian Science.

MRS. HOOKER M'EVOY.

The fundamental proposition of Mrs. Eddy's Christian Science is summarized in the following propositions; each if read backward agree in statement, as will also our affirmations. Our object is the desire for truth, and truth only.

Proposition First: God is all in all. We accept this proposition and affirm that God is good in man. God is Life, and Life is all.

Second Proposition: God is good, good is mind. We accept and affirm that good man in mind is God, that God is mind, and mind is man.

Third Proposition: God's spirit being all, nothing is matter. We affirm God is substance, spirit, life of matter.

Her fourth proposition we will quote and answer in another article.

That God is all in all, Mrs. Eddy denies when she asserts that there is no God in man, no mind in the body of man. The word God is an abbreviation of Good, hence all the good we see, is God manifested. The action of man is an expression of the internal Good or God, and without this outward expression we would not know the God in man.

Jesus said, "The kingdom of God is within you." Then God, the King, must likewise be there, to rule the kingdom.

Job said, "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding."

This denial of the existence of matter that Mrs. Eddy makes is a would-be denial of God's own work, of his power of manifestation. All of Nature's garments of material form are but the exterior manifestation of an eternal interior. We find everything has an external of the life essence within. What would we know of the life germ is not manifested through matter?

Mrs. Eddy says: "The brain can give no idea of God's man. It can take no cognizance of mind."

The brain may take no cognizance of mind, but mind has need of the brain and finds much work for it to do, just as the God-mind finds work for matter. Matter is for use and not abuse. Just as brain is the seat of man's reason through which he expresses his ideas, so likewise is matter the embodiment of life, through which Idealistic Idealism of the I Am of Life manifests his presence, his eternal power of creative force.

Mrs. Eddy says, "Human birth, growth, maturity and decay are as the grass springing from the soil, with beautiful green blades—afterwards to wither and return to native nothingness. . . . In one sense God is identical with nature, but this nature is spiritual and not expressed in matter."

Then who is the author of the beautiful green grass, and who the constructor of the physical body of man, if not God?

She says, "The valves of the heart opening and closing for the passage of the blood, obey the mandate of mortal mind as directly as does the hand, moved evidently by the will. We say, 'My hand hath done it.' What is the my but mortal mind, the cause of all materialistic actions? . . . Mortals develop their own bodies and make them sick or well, accordingly as they move through mind. . . . The motion of the arm is no more dependent upon the directions of mortal mind than are the organic action and secretions of the viscera. When this mind quits the body, the heart becomes as torpid as the hand. . . . Mortal mind and body are one. . . . There is no sensation in the body. Nerves are not the source of pain or pleasure."

If brain, nerves, stomach are intelligent—if they talk to us, tell us their condition, and report how they feel—then spirit and matter, truth and error commingle, and produce sickness and health, good and evil, life and death. And yet she says, "A change of belief changes all of the physical symptoms, and determines a case for better or worse. . . . Nerves carry a changed report over the body, according to the changed belief."

Thus she denies her statement that the body has no sensation, that the nerves are not a source of pain or pleasure, or have power to report the same.

She says: "What God cannot do, man need not attempt. If God heals not the sick, it is because he cannot or will not. In either case feebler attempts would be hopeless."

Thus she lauds mortality, with uncertainty of God's ability or desire to heal the sick, and yet she affirms that he is omnipotent power, all good. If we accede that he could but will not heal the sick, and assent that he is good, then we must conclude that he permits sickness, because it is good. If this be true, then Christian Science is working against God's permitted good. On the other hand, if God cannot heal the sick and Christian Science can, then Mrs. Eddy's science is a more powerful good than God. If we admit that mortal mind develops and matures the mortal body, what shall we conclude develops the infant, which has no conscious thought pertaining to a future maturity? Who keeps up the circulation of its tiny body? Should it sicken and die, will it be the result of its mortal mind? If mortal body has no sensation, why do children cry out with pain when hurt?

Two years ago I was encamped one night in the Rocky Mountains. Our fire was built of pine, which showered forth a profusion of sparks. While eating supper, we heard my six months' old granddaughter, who was asleep, give a painful scream. We discovered her bed had caught fire and was burning her feet. No mortal mind set the bed on fire, nor was it a delusion that she screamed from pain.

If sickness and death are delusions, then God ought to be able to dispel them, at least, if Christian Science can. Matter and mind are so blended that no science can draw the line of separation. Matter is a necessary external, of the internal "I am" principle. Everything in nature has a manifold external. The nut has not only the hull and shell but also a thin tissue must yield before the kernel is revealed. There is a germ life in the kernel awaiting opportunity of required conditions to shoot forth into new life called green shoot, which as maturity develops gives place to the name of tree. The manifold exterior must yield to the law of growth and yet these discarded exteriors are not lost nor have they lost their life giving qualities. They are turned into other channels of expression, fulfilling their missions of manifestation. All matter is subject to the

refinement of mind emanations. Every atom is an individualized entity on its own plane of existence, subject to the all governing force of energy, ever reaching outward and upward for a higher expression and a more vigorous manifestation.

All life has its external vesture and all vestures are subject to change, of refinement, of mind unfoldment. We note these changes in the development of intellect and spirituality, nor is this confined to mortality, for we also note the spiritualization of the vestures of immortality, and these last mentioned changes establish the fact that spirit is not immaterial. Spirit is the vesture of soul and is subject to the refining emanation thereof. Even soul has its intellectual sheathes, which are its expression of manifested experience of unfoldment, all of which are the combined force of the quality and qualifications of the soul. The internal I am Life has manifold exterior expressions. These exterior expressions are but necessary expressions of interior force. Hence we have no condemnation for matter nor desire for denial of its useful existence. Evidently matter is a convenient, if not a necessary embodiment of life, a protective external of the internal ever productive and perpetual life motion. Without this external expression we would have no cognizance or conception of the internal I Am. Matter manifests the Idealistic Idealism of God, hence is a convenience if not a necessity for life expression.

(To be continued.)

A Chance to Make Money.

I have berries, grapes and peaches a year old, fresh as when picked. I used the California Cold Process. Do not heat or seal the fruit, just put it up cold, keeps perfectly fresh, and costs almost nothing; can put up a bushel in ten minutes. Last year I sold directions to over 120 families in one week; anyone will pay a dollar for directions when they see the beautiful samples of fruit. As there are many people poor like myself, I consider it my duty to give my experience to such and feel confident anyone can make one or two hundred dollars round home in a few days. I will mail sample of fruit and full directions to any of your readers for nineteen (19) two cent stamps, which is only the actual cost of the samples, postage, etc. Francis Casey, St. Louis, Mo.

Lily Dale, New York.

The association opened the grounds with a June picnic. This is the twenty-third anniversary of the dedication of the grounds to the Spiritualists of the State of New York. Mr. A. Gaston, the president of the association, and his assistants left nothing undone to make it pleasant for the visitors to this beautiful spot. Prominent speakers and workers in the spiritualistic field were here, and they very kindly donated their services for three days of the picnic. Among the prominent speakers were: Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, not forgetting her dear good husband, Lyman C. Howe, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Sprague, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Noyes, Mr. and Mrs. Hull, Mrs. Clara Watson from Jamestown, N. Y., Mr. E. W. Bond from Florida, and Mr. and Mrs. Barton.

Mrs. Jahnke and Mrs. Hull gave an entertainment for the benefit of the training school which was well attended, and we gained some idea of the work by listening to the exercises. The dancing was led by Mr. and Mrs. Witherell and the auditorium was filled to its fullest capacity by old and young.

Mr. A. Gaston, the president, offered a vote of thanks to those who had carried out the musical program and who had contributed to the success of the meeting.

This year promises to be the banner year for the camp; the hotels and cottages are filling up. The Grand Hotel is under the management of Mr. E. Abbott. The Banner of Light, The Psychic Era, and Progressive Thinker will have their headquarters here.

The season is opening earlier than usual. The programs are just out, giving the names and dates of the prominent speakers and workers, with a schedule of railroad rates and engravings. Send postal for a copy.

Correspondent.

Ohio State Convention.

At Columbus, Ohio, on May 23, 24 and 25, occurred the annual convention of Spiritualists for the State, Mr. Thomas Black, of Cleveland, presiding, and Mr. John C. Hemmeter, secretary.

The day sessions Friday and Saturday were devoted to business entirely. The reports of the various officers showed about twenty-six societies working under charter, but only six of them who had responded in paying up the per capita tax. On account of lack of funds and support, no active work had been attempted or carried out the past year, and less than one hundred dollars expended as a State organization; however, all bills were paid, and no outstanding obligations. Considerable discussion of the field was had regarding the need of work and the possibilities for the coming year.

The newly elected officers for the ensuing year are as follows: Dr. Albert W. Wadsworth, Cleveland, president; J. F. Dunlken, Cecil, Ohio, first vice-president; Mrs. Hattie Webster, Columbus, second vice-president; John C. Hemmeter, Cleveland, secretary; Mrs. Carrie Firth Curran, Toledo, treasurer, and Miss Alice Thompson, Springfield, A. P. Oliver, Ashley; J. J. Beard and L. A. Grove, of Columbus, trustees.

Considerable interest was aroused and determination expressed to do active work. New members were received and some money raised to commence work.

By way of program, on Friday evening, Dr. Wadsworth delivered an address on organization, which was well received. Saturday evening Mr. Willard Hull, of Columbus, delivered one of his characteristic addresses to an appreciative audience. Sunday morning Mr. D. A. Herrick, of Alliance, gave an address, followed by spirit messages by Mrs. Carrie Firth Curran.

At one o'clock the funeral services of Mrs. Rosa Soence were held from the church, conducted by Mrs. Marian Carpenter, of Detroit, which seemed to add to the impressiveness of the convention.

On account of this the afternoon meeting was changed and short addresses were given by retiring President Black and President Wadsworth, Secretary Hemmeter and Mrs. Laura G. Fixen, of Chicago; also a recitation by Master Jason Hemmeter, of Cleveland, a twelve-year-old Spiritualist.

Sunday evening the address was by Mrs. Marian Carpenter, of Detroit, followed by spirit messages from herself and Mrs. Hatfield Pettibone, of St. Louis, all of which were exceptionally fine and well received.

The weather was stormy, and yet the meetings were well attended and the general feeling was that the convention was the best one held and would result in good work. The meetings were held in the First Spiritual Church, corner of State and Sixth streets, and the music of the convention furnished by their choir, and was a great inspiration to all. Next year the convention will be held at Toledo.

Albert W. Wadsworth.

Briefs.

The Advance Conference, the oldest Spiritualist Society in Brooklyn, at its regular meeting Saturday evening, June 14, held a memorial service for those of its workers who have passed on. Dr. J. C. Wyman presided. Major Hopkins read a poem and addresses were delivered by Mr. Herbert C. Whitney, sec'y of the N. Y. State Association, Mrs. Alice F. Ashley, Jerome H. Fort and others. Among the arisen workers were mentioned Mrs. Heiser, Mr. Chas. Miller, Mr. Samuel Bogart, Mrs. Towers, Mr. Josiah Lafumee, Mr. Rand, Mrs. Emily B. Ruggles (the founder of the Conference), Mr. Greene, Mr. Samuel B. Nichols and Col. Hodges.

Waverley, Sunday, June 15, we had a very enjoyable meeting at the home. The sky was overcast with clouds, and threatening rain, but sunshine, joy and hope filled the hearts of those in the well filled audience room. The wonderful diversity of psychic gifts always makes spiritual meetings interesting, and to the student of our philosophy, these meetings are doubly interesting, as showing the personality and the peculiar traits of character persist with the spirit out of the form as when he was in the flesh. Among other pleasing incidents that occurred at the meeting was the presentation of a donation of money to the V. S. U. by the Ladies' Aid Society of Chelsea, Mass., due acknowledgment of which will be made officially later on. Those who assisted in the exercises were, Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Fisher, Mrs. Ott, Mrs. Kneeland, Mrs. Moody, Mr. Webster, Mr. Baxter, Mary F. Lovering, pianist. J. H. Lewis.

The Union Meeting held at Unity Camp on June 15, under the auspices of the Lynn Spiritualists' Association, was very successful, notwithstanding the decidedly unpleasant weather. Visitors were present from many of the surrounding towns. Services were held at 11, 2, and 4. At the 2 o'clock meeting President Caird briefly outlined the object of the meeting to be, to discuss ways and means by which the interests of Spiritualism in the State should be advanced, and it seemed to be the opinion of most of the speakers that it might be conducive to the good of the Cause to form a State Federation, of as many of the regularly organized societies as might be induced to join it, for the purpose of holding occasional union meetings and for doing whatever other work might seem desirable. Among those who participated in the exercises were Mr. and Mrs. Coggeshall, Mrs. Arthur, Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Jones, Mr. Taft, Mr. Fuller and others. At the 4 o'clock service Mrs. Hattie Webber gave a short address followed by Mrs. S. C. Cunningham, who gave some most excellent communications. An original poem was read by Mrs. M. W. Fisher. Sec.

Letter from W. J. Colville.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Dear Sir—It seems a long time since I last wrote to my innumerable friends in America who peruse your always richly laden columns; but time passes very swiftly and I am so incessantly occupied that I have but very little leisure to chronicle the many events of interest and importance with which my busy life is actively concerned. Of course you learn from your excellent English contemporaries "Light" and "Two Worlds," the bulk of all that any special correspondent might descant upon, but I know friends are often glad of a personal word from a distant worker, therefore seek occasionally to contribute to the kindly press in familiar strain over my own signature.

I have never addressed so many large audiences in so many places in succession during any of my previous residences in England, as within the past few weeks. Engagements simply pour in and wherever I go I receive an enthusiastic welcome. London, as you are well aware, is the head centre of my activities, but despite incessant activity in the great metropolis, I have been compelled to yield to the importunities of old friends and new in Lancashire and Yorkshire where the populace is immensely enthusiastic and travel to all sorts of places and speak from all kinds of platforms and usually to overflowing audiences.

Liverpool, Manchester, Blackburn, Bradford, Sheffield, Morecambre, Colne, Accrington, Darnen and Nelson are but a few of the places where I addressed crowded assemblies who have clamored for return visits. But the climax seems to have been reached in Halifax where the popular demonstration was extraordinarily large. Of those great meetings I send you a separate report as they have already become remarkable in the history of the propagation of spiritual philosophy in England.

Peace having been proclaimed, trade is good, and everybody seems hopeful. The war cloud has passed and let us devoutly hope it is now dissipated never to regather.

My lecture on Tesla's view of automatic warfare and eventual peace has created a sensation wherever I have delivered it and it is now selling in pamphlet form all over the British Empire. The Throne of Eden is taking well with London readers, but large books are too cumbersome to handle at great public meetings in provincial towns where small works at low price sell by hundreds. There is now a growing demand for this singular book and I expect it will soon be all over the country as I am receiving letters containing orders for it daily. 50,000 copies of my "Psychic Experiences" in penny pamphlets have been sold in the past three months.

The interest in all matters occult, mystical, spiritualistic, chirological, astrological and theosophical seems now at white heat in England. Mrs. Besant is drawing immense audiences in London and the gatherings of all advanced thinkers are being numerously attended. The Conversazione of London Spiritualist Alliance in St. James Hall May 31 was truly brilliant. The very elite of society streamed in and out of the spacious and magnificent salon from 7 till 11 p. m.

Mr., Mrs. and Miss Morse are being sent to the Antipodes with flying colors. Miss Florence Morse has developed into a beautiful inspirational speaker and fine clairvoyant, and is receiving great applause wherever she appears. She is also a charming vocalist and will surely prove a most valuable co-worker with her highly gifted father during their travels through Australia and New Zealand, whence I receive invitations to return and resume my successful work under the Southern Cross almost by every mail boat.

One of the pleasantest trips I have made from England has been to the beautiful islands, Jersey and Guernsey, in the English channel. I was invited to Jersey by the enterprising editor of an extraordinary magazine, "Annbis," to which I am a contributor. I delivered eight lectures in four days to fine audiences and had many opportunities for walks and drives about the lovely country.

London is now fuller by far than even during the time of Queen Victoria's Jubilees. People from every part of the world turn up most unexpectedly in my audiences and it is truly delightful to be in the midst of so truly cosmopolitan an assembly. The decorations and illuminations all over the city in view of the approaching Coronation are superb and there is now every prospect that all arrangements will be carried forward without a hitch.

I have decided to leave Liverpool for New York July 16, on a Leyland steamer which is safe and comfortable but not swift. The passage will probably take ten days in which event I shall have ample time to proceed leisurely to Boston and thence to Onset to fill the engagement which opens my forthcoming American season. Though I had anticipated after my Antipodean wanderings a prolonged residence in England, the hand of destiny seems again pointing me to California, so I shall probably once again cross the great American continent in obedience to that mysterious decree which forces me to keep on traversing the planet in fulfilment of the mission to which I am evidently appointed.

I must beg to apologize in print for neglect of hundreds of friendly letters, but press correspondence, lecturing and authorship, accompanied by almost incessant travel render simply friendly letter writing almost impossible. I thank all my correspondents most heartily for their charming missives which it is a true delight to peruse even though I cannot usually reply. With many pleasurable anticipations of my summer's campaign in glorious America, believe me, always your sincere co-worker.

W. J. Colville.

22 University St., London, W. C., June 13, 1902.

Halifax, England.

The Spiritual Science Society, Halifax, Yorkshire, England, held its first anniversary services in Mechanics' Hall, on Sunday and Monday, June 8th and 9th. Four discourses were delivered by W. J. Colville.

Morning service was held at 10.30. Subject of lecture, "Our True Resurrection, and Regeneration." Collins Brigges, Esq., an eminent jurist, presided. Afternoon meeting at 2.30 when "Robert Browning's Great Message—God's in Heaven, All's Right with the World," was the topic of discourse. Hanson Hey, Esq., a very prominent citizen and active worker in many good causes, presided. Evening service at 6.30, when "Spiritual Science Applied to the Problems of Daily Life," was the theme of the oration. Councillor James Parker, a parliamentary candidate, presided. Monday evening at 7.30, great public meeting, when "Science and Religion: from Dust to Divinity, the Final Outcome of Evolution," was the topic. Morris Hey, Esq., a distinguished Spiritualist, presided. An impromptu poem was given by Mr. Colville after each discourse on subjects chosen by the audience.

A splendid choir of 70 voices, under direction of Colonel Eastwood, rendered "Pray for the Peace of Jerusalem," "Then Round About the Starry Throne," "How Lovely are the Messengers," "Lift up Your Heads," from Handel's "Messiah," and Mozart's "Kyrie and Gloria," from 12th Mass to English words. Miss Florence Bennett, an eminent soprano, sang "But Thou Didst Not Leave His Soul in Hell." The music on all occasions was simply magnificent and reflected immense credit on the indefatigable choir master.

"Don't miss this Treat. It will be the event of 1902 in this Town," were the striking words which greeted all visitors and residents in Halifax for several weeks before the event came off. 500, 700, 800 and 900 were the numbers present in succession at the four great meetings which have never been equaled in the history of the public advocacy of Spiritualism in Halifax. Crowds came from neighboring towns to hear the music and the speaker. The local press gave excellent reports and the general impression made on the community was extremely favorable. Spiritualism is spreading rapidly in England. Old prejudice against it is practically defunct.

The Throne of Eden.

A PSYCHICAL ROMANCE BY W J COLVILLE

This excellent work is now before the public, and is attracting the attention of all who are at all interested in psychical thought. It is written in Mr. Colville's happiest vein, and is filled with most intensely interesting and instructive subject matter. A complete review of this fascinating work will appear in these columns in the near future, but only a careful reading will give one a correct idea of the distinguished author's thought. Travel, romance, mystery, philosophy, science, ethics, metaphysics and religion are all dealt with by the gifted author, whose versatility of gifts is revealed with wonderful clearness through the dexterous manner in which he has dovetailed the widely variant subjects together by means of his fertile pen. This work should be in the home of every Spiritualist in the world. Read the table of contents and then order a copy of the book.

Contents: A Glimpse of Sydney; An Australian Sunday; The Problem of Mutual Service; Body, Soul and Spirit; A Delightful Trip to Melbourne; Melbourne in All Its Glory, A Mystic Order and Its Sacred Rites; Dr. Lemoyne, An Up-to-date Physician; A Delightful Day in Adelaide; Last Glimpses of Australia; Glimpses of Ceylon, Again the Mystic Order; Between Colombo and Suez; Miss Catte's Impressions of Australasia; The Red Sea, The Suez Canal, Egyptian Pyramids; A Visit to Port Said, The Genius of the Ring; A Visit to Pompeii, The Shrine at Herculaneum; Dr. Lemoyne's Initial Lecture before a London Audience; Mrs. Parrot's Experience in New Zealand; A Marvelous Instance of Potent Healing; Still Further Mysteries; A Strange but Glorious Christmas Celebration; Mental Science in Belgravia, Good Gowns and Telepathic Problems; A Lesson in Ontology, Dr. Lemoyne, His Disciples and His Critics; Further Studies in Ontology; An Ideal Circle for Spiritual Communion, Mrs. Parrot's Return to London, The Mysteries of Palmistry; Through War to Peace; The Mission of the Sapphire Star; The Garden of Eden.

12 mo. Cloth, 468 pages. Price $1.00. For sale by BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

Man is a prevalent force and a new law unto himself.—Thoreau.

A Smallpox Preventative.

While in Mississippi and Tennessee one year ago, the smallpox was so prevalent, especially among the colored people, that I had a fear of contagion, but while stopping upon the beautiful plantation of Jerry Robinson of Albin, Miss., those fears were set at rest.

Mr. Robinson had never been vaccinated, but went fearlessly around among those ill with the disease, coming back to his family without deeming it necessary to change his clothing. His overseers and clerks manifested the same fearlessness, although they were daily exposed to the dread disease.

For explanation Mr. Robinson said: "For a great many years I have used a receipt given me by a German physician and chemist, which I believe to be one of the best preventatives known. It is that which we have called our appetizer, which we pass around before each meal."

I had partaken of it since I had been there and it tasted very much like lemon juice and water.

There are exceptions in all cases, and people may take this remedy and still contract the disease, but I did not hear of a case.

I know Mr. Robinson will be glad to have people know of its value and therefore give you the formula.

Acid Muriate, 2 drachms; Acid Sulphuric, 4 drachms; Acid Phosphoric, 1 oz. Mix in one gallon of water. 1 teaspoonful three times a day in 1/3 tumbler of water.

I was exposed to the disease after I left there, but believe the above "microbe killer" had rendered contagion impossible for a time at least, and shall not be long without it, especially when there is any known danger.

Sincerely,

Carrie E. S. Twing.

Campmeetings for 1902.

Cassadaga Lake Free Association, Lily Dale, N. Y., from July 11 to Aug. 24, inclusive.

Freeville, N. Y.—July 27 to Aug. 18.

Onset, Mass.—July 13 to Aug. 31.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.—July 28 to Aug. 31.

Unity Camp, Saugus Centre, Mass.—June 1 to Sept. 28.

Camp Progress, Mowerland Park, Upper Swampscott, Mass.—June 2 to Sept. 28.

Earnscliffe Grove, Lowell, Mass.—July 6 to Aug. 31, inclusive.

Sunapee Lake, Blodgett's Landing, N. H.—Aug. 3 to 31.

Niantic, Conn.—June 24 to Sept. 9.

Verona Park, Me.—Aug. 2 to Aug. 23.

Grand Ledge, Mich.—July 25 to Aug 24.

Briggs Park, Grand Rapids, Mich.—July 6 to Aug. 3.

Haslett Park, Mich.—July 25 to Sept. 1.

Island Lake, Mich.—July 27 to Aug. 25.

Vicksburg, Mich.—Aug. 2 to 25.

Forest Home, Mich.—Aug. 3 to 25.

Bronson's Lake, Mich.—June 14 to 30.

Ashley, O.—Aug. 17 to Sept. 7.

Mantua, O.—July 28 to Sept. 2.

Lake Brady, O.—July 7 to Aug. 25.

Summerland Beach, O.—Aug. 10 to Sept. 1.

Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa.—July 27 to Aug. 24.

Delphos, Kan.—Aug. 9 to 26.

Ottawa, Kan.—Aug. 24 to Sept. 2.

Cedar Vale, Kan.—July 13 to 29.

Chesterfield, Ind.—July 17 to Aug. 24.

Franklin, Neb.—July 19 to Aug. 4.

Wonewoc, Wis.—July 12 to 28 inclusive.

South Boulder Canyon, Colo.—July, August, September.

New Era, Oregon.—July 5 to 25.

Los Angeles, Calif.—Aug. 17 to Sept. 14.

A wise and learned man has said that the hardest words to pronounce in the English language are, "I have made a mistake."

I do not know of any way so sure of making others happy as of being so one's self.—Sir Arthur Helps.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1902.

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Editorial Notes.

Prof. Thomson J. Hudson's promised annihilation of Spiritualism is now appearing in a syndicate of prominent daily papers on each succeeding Wednesday. He again affirms that the phenomena presented in the name of Spiritualism actually exist, and that they are genuine, but he reiterates the opinion he has advanced on many occasions in past years, and once more emphatically asserts that these phenomena do not prove spirit communion, neither do they owe their origin to disembodied spirits. He talks learnedly of "psychic force," and declares that "psychic force" does not prove spirit communion. He makes one peculiar admission that is worthy of notice—that there is within us an intelligent entity that survives the dissolution of the body, and that, therefore, spirits do exist beyond the grave. Even with this admission, Prof. Hudson has the temerity to assert that this fact by no means proves that the spirits of the dead communicate messages to the living through mediums!

• • •

Prof. Hudson has admitted too much for his own argument to stand the test of logic and reason. If this "psychic force," that moves ponderable bodies, produces slate-writing, levitation, and other phenomena, to say nothing of the mental phenomena with which he has not yet dealt, proves that an "intelligent entity" has survived the grave, what is that very proof if it be not of the presence of an excarnate human being? These phenomena all indicate that they are caused by intelligent action, under the dominion of will. If they do, when analyzed with painstaking care, reveal memory plus intelligence, do they not prove that persons who once dwelt in human bodies are trying to communicate with their friends on earth?

• • •

Given a phenomenon of a mental or physical order. This proves that a force has been employed to produce the visible result. That force has a cause; what is that cause? Does it not spring from mental action of some kind? In earth life, does it not take the will power of man to guide the pencil or pen that writes an intelligent message? Does it not take mental energy, guided by will, to lift tables, or to move bodies even larger than tables? If an inanimate piece of stone without the touch of a mortal hand, writes an intelligent message that contains internal evidence of fact to the one who receives it, does it not follow that said message was prompted by one who knew the fact in question and gave testimony to it? Prof. Hudson admits the fact of the writing of such messages by inanimate stone and pencil, therefore the argument that such things never occur is ruled out of the case at the outset. Does it not take intelligence to produce intelligence? Is it possible for a non-intelligent force of any character, psychic or otherwise, to produce intelligence from nothing?

• • •

Prof. Hudson knows better than to claim or assert such a thing. The phenomena of Spiritualism unitedly testify to the fact that they owe their origin to intelligent mental action. This mental action proves over and over again that it possesses memory, will, and reason. It shows its knowledge of the past by revealing to the party or parties in the body certain facts of which they had never heard even a rumor, and only verified by painstaking search after they had been told of them. To such phenomena as these, thousands of people are willing to testify, and to offer evidence that is neither guesswork, nor theory, nor vague speculation. Prof. Hudson admits that such phenomena are abundant, and that they prove that an intelligent entity has survived the tomb. Despite this broad admission, he yet dares to argue that excarnate spirits cannot communicate with their loved ones yet in the form! Verily the learned Professor has strained at a gnat and has swallowed a camel!

• • •

The arguments of Prof. Hudson are of interest to all Spiritualists, even though he does sneer at them by calling them "Spiritists," and their religion "Spiritism." His series of articles are replies to those recently published in the columns "Answers by Experts," in a large number of secular papers over the signature of President Barrett of the N. S. A., in support of Spiritualism. The first instalment of Mr. Barrett's articles appeared simultaneously on May 21, in the columns of the Buffalo Commercial, Chicago Record-Herald, Philadelphia Bulletin, and many other papers of equal rank. The same papers of May 28, June 4 and June 11 continued and completed his series, and now Prof. Hudson will respond to them in sequence, in serial form, for the purpose of showing the fallacy of Spiritualism. Spiritualists should read both sides, and thus be prepared to defend themselves from all attacks.

• • •

Ella Wheeler Wilcox has recently published some startling and soul-stirring facts with regard to child labor in the factories in different sections of the nation. In one of the finest factories in the land, children from five years of age upward are employed, and are forced to put in full time, which means from ten to twelve hours per day. Some of them work at night, and in many cases their wages actually reach the munificent sum of ten cents per day. In some States, these tots are compelled to make up all holidays, even Thanksgiving and the Fourth of July being included. They toil from 6 a. m. to 6 p. m., with no one to say nay, no one to protest against their living death.

• • •

This problem is one that demands the thoughtful attention of every respectable man and woman in the United States. It is too serious a matter to be passed by with a shrug of the shoulders and cruel indifference. Can it be said that the destruction of the lives of innocent children is nothing to the citizens of our nation? Do the members of Congress, the President and his advisers care more for the trusts that own these factories than they do for these little sufferers whose toil is torture to them of the worst kind? If not, why do they not act in the premises? Surely, the body that created the trusts, the Congress of the nation, has the power to unmake them. But, it is argued, the profits of the mills are of greater moment to their owners, and more to the nation, than are the lives of even a few thousand children, or men and women either, as for that matter!

• • •

Was there ever a colder blooded proposition stated in words than this one? That people should be called upon to labor on July 4 and Thanksgiving Day is not strange. A prominent statesman was recently invited to deliver an oration in honor of American Independence. He declined, saying that there was now no excuse for the observance of the day, as it had lost its original meaning, and that its celebration now would be offensive to Great Britain and her citizens, therefore he objected to speaking on that occasion, as he preferred the friendship and influence of English monarchy, to the ideals of an America that once was free! Objections to Thanksgiving Day of the same character are also advanced. In view of them, it must not be considered out of place to pass these days without notice.

• • •

Many argue that there is even now a surplus population in the United States that should be reduced for public safety. Such ones can view the murder of innocents with complacency, and even ask that more factories be given the same privilege to kill by torture. Such arguments are in keeping with those advanced by many people in support of England's destruction of the Boers, and America's extermination of the Filipinos. They belong to inferior peoples, therefore it is perfectly legitimate to kill them. Ergo, the children are inferior, and also deserve killing! What do you think of these propositions, Spiritualists of the world? Do they meet with your approval? Do you believe they are endorsed by the true teachers of mankind in spirit spheres? If not, have you not a duty to perform in respect to these child toilers in our factories? Should they not be set free, and educated to become useful citizens?

• • •

Has money really become of greater moment to the people of America than human lives? Startling testimony in that direction is offered by Mrs. Wilcox, and it is corroborated from other sources. In the harbor of one of the large American cities several steamboats and wharves were ablaze. Men, women, children and merchandise were indiscriminately hurled into the sea. Rescue boats were at once employed, but they were ordered to save the goods first, and to let the people take care of themselves. "If lives are lost, it does not involve us in financial distress, nor injure our business, therefore it is better for people to drown than it is for our goods to go to the bottom of the sea," was the argument of the thrifty agents of commercial America. Scores of people perished, but what did that amount to, so long as the goods were brought safely ashore? Surely a great statesman was right when he said, "The dollar is greater than the man in the United States."

• • •

A gifted writer in the New York Journal of recent date claims that it is scientifically proven that thoughts and conduct make and mark an individual's face. There is nothing so very new or strange about this assertion, as it is one of the fundamental principles of mental science, and many of its branches. If thoughts are things, or even "modes of motion," as many people contend, then it is only logical to declare that one's face can be and is shaped by the power of thought. If thoughts are mere modes of motion, then their vibrations will certainly tend to fashion one's countenance so that it will be a correct picture of the power that lies behind them. The Journal writer brings forward Leonardo De Vinci's great painting, "The Last Supper," as an illustration of the power of thought in the shaping and modeling of a human face. The great artist found a young man, strikingly beautiful in feature, and noble in soul, to pose as the figure of Jesus in his picture. He then sought for one who would represent Judas Iscariot. After many years, he found his model, a vicious looking wretch in a prison in Rome. After he had used him as his model, imagine the artist's surprise when he learned that the villain who posed as Judas was none other than the one who had posed as the figure of Jesus in the far-away past. Years of evil living and vicious thinking had made the transformation from an apparent saint to a demon.

• • •

The great artist's experience does not stand alone. Myriads of proofs are at hand to substantiate the statement in the editorial in the Journal. If thought stamps a man's character upon his face, it behooves him and all of his kind to see to it that his thoughts are pure, true, and helpful, alike to himself and to all others. The face, as the mirror of the soul, should be kept spotless, and its integrity preserved in every respect. An ugly face has been, can be and often is made beautiful by the action of the soul in its expression of thought. It is said that one of the greatest philosophers of the ancient world possessed in his early life a most repulsive face. Those who saw it were wont to shudder, and often turned away from it in disgust. He referred to the matter in about this manner: "What I once was, thou seest in my face; look closer and thou wilst see that which I now am, for I have overcome in thought all of my former life." His soul now looked through the eyes of purity, and goodness was stamped upon his homely, irregular, yet honest face.

• • •

Let the thoughts that occupy the minds of men be clean, wholesome and true, and civilization as a race factor will move forward with rapid strides. Whose duty is it to take the lead in this work? Does it not fall upon the Spiritualists as a body and should they not respond as a unit to the call? If they are thinking thoughts of envy, of jealousy, of malice, of hatred, of revenge, and of sensualism, let them desist, lest they become in their faces these very things in outward appearance as well as in soul-essence. Let them substitute love, good-will, brotherly kindness, unselfishness of spirit, and purity of heart for the above named vices, and lo! this earth of ours becomes the fit abode of angels, and angels in and out of the form will gladly dwell in it. Let the fact be also emphasized that mortals must sometime meet their thoughts, view them in all of their hideousness or their beauty, and there will come an immediate change in their actions. They will exercise their soul-muscles in prayer that they may grow in goodness, in purity and in truth.

• • •

It is sad to note the pitiable showing that Spiritualism makes each year in its influence locally upon the people of any given community. Frequently not one-tenth, nor even one-fiftieth of the people of the city or town know that a Spiritualist society exists there. There are many families that hold their own home circles, who are sincere Spiritualists at heart, yet refuse to identify themselves publicly with the movement. Some Spiritualists in certain places visited by the writer were unaware of the existence of a society in their home place. It was not advertised among the churches of the place, nor was there ever any reference to it in the daily papers. The leaders of such societies seemed to feel that it was a disgrace to be publicly known as Spiritualists, and acted accordingly. In some instances, under certain kinds of leadership, it does take a goodly amount of moral courage to avow one's self a Spiritualist. The cost is great, and the one who does it must pay the penalty to the uttermost farthing. Still he is to blame for not calling those of his own kind around him and electing reputable men and women to take the lead. This can be done whenever true men and women will it to be done.

• • •

There is no valid reason why Spiritualism should not be as thoroughly respected as any other religious body. It has the sublimest philosophy ever taught, and the loftiest ideals ever placed before the minds of men. There is no excuse for the low levels to which some would-be leaders descend. Notices of all Sunday services can be placed upon all church bulletin boards, when the assurance is given that those services are for spiritual and intellectual culture, and not for a mere show. Today, in many places, the Spiritualist who is a traveling man, finds neither a notice in the paper, nor a sign to point him to the place of meeting. It is claimed that some secular papers refuse the Sunday notices of the Spiritualists, through the religious prejudices of the editors. This claim is the sheerest nonsense. When the Spiritualists pay for their advertisements promptly and put reputable people upon their platforms, they will have no trouble, nor will they ever lack in local influence.

• • •

Settled speakers of mental ability and reliable psychical powers are needed to bring about this required reform. All of the evils that now pertain to our public school system can be remedied through long term pastorates on the part of our own and other liberal speakers. The itinerant system leaves our people without a permanent leader, and lays us open to attack from all sides on the part of our enemies. Even with the present condition of things, Spiritualists can secure recognition to a greater extent than they do, if they will but try. They can post notices of their places of meeting at conspicuous points, such as in hotel offices, and upon bulletin boards, besides putting out an illuminated sign that will attract the attention of all who see it. They can also gain entree into the columns of the secular papers, provided they will do business in a business-like way, and put good talent before the public.

• • •

A question has recently arisen in Massachusetts with regard to the legality of marriage ceremonies when performed by Spiritualists. This is an ever-recurring question, and will be argued pro and con until the State Association of Spiritualists settles it for all time by appealing to the State Legislature for an act similar to the one passed in the interests of the Quakers some years ago, or that secured by the Hebrews not many years afterwards. The opinions of the authorities differ with regard to this question. Some contend that the Spiritualists have established no church usages, nor settled any pastors, save in a few instances, in this State, hence are not recognized under the law. Others hold that Spiritualist ministers, ordained as such by a legally incorporated spiritualistic society, as a religious body, have as much right to unite people in marriage, as have the clergymen of any other denomination. This view appeals to many Spiritualists as being in harmony with common sense and justice, while others claim that no chances should be taken in the premises.

• • •

One thing is certain—whenever a man and woman honestly believe themselves legally married in this Commonwealth, the law holds that they are so married, but it provides a heavy fine for the one who tries to marry them when not legally entitled to do so. One way out of the trouble, and I believe it to be the only right way, is to prohibit clergymen of all denominations marrying people. The civil law is invoked to divorce them, and the civil law is, or should be, qualified to unite them in marriage. This is really a needed reform, and one for which all Spiritualists should earnestly labor. As it is today, there is no reason why the ministers of Spiritualism are not entitled to all the rights and privileges enjoyed by the clergymen of other forms of faith. With that thought in mind, the Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists should appeal to the next Legislature for the enactment of a measure that will clearly define the status of Spiritualist ministers with regard to the performance of the marriage service in this State.

• • •

"Bunker Hill Day" has come and gone. Its observation, as usual, was almost wholly local, and local to such an extent as to be confined to Charlestown District, Boston. The battle of Bunker Hill was a great event in the American Revolution, but it has signally lost its influence and patriotic meaning during the past five years. It is now almost considered reprehensible to refer to this great event, lest the feelings of our English brethren over the sea be injured thereby. In fact, some persons are already apologizing for the Fourth of July, and for the battle of Bunker Hill in the same breath. This fact brings up the question, "What is true patriotism?" The flippant reply, "The Love of Country," is not enough. If it does not involve the principles of right and justice for which that country was founded, then the mere love of one's "Fatherland" has nothing in it of true patriotism. The ideals that were fought for at Bunker Hill are eternal truths; so are those that are expressed in the Declaration of Independence. I thoroughly believe in the observation of Bunker Hill Day, and hope the "glorious Fourth" will always retain its precious legacies of liberty, justice, equality, and brotherhood with which it was so richly endowed by the Fathers of our great Republic.

• • •

Cards are out for the wedding of Mr. Albert P. Blinn and Miss Esther H. Dyson, to take place in Newtonville, Mass., July 1st. Mr. Blinn is well known to Spiritualists as a youthful orator and earnest worker in the Cause. He and his bride will receive the best wishes of many friends. The Banner extends congratulations and bon voyage over the sea of matrimony.

• • •

Every one will be sorry to learn of the accident which befell Mrs. May S. Pepper a week ago Sunday. While on her way to speak at Cempounce Lake, she fell from an electric car and broke her arm. With characteristic pluck she filled her engagement and did not allow the sleeve of her dress to be removed, or the arm properly attended to, until she returned to Hartford at night, although the elbow was cut and bleeding, and the broken arm swollen and very painful. We are inclined to think a Christian Scientist could not have done much better.

Of Things Seen and Heard.

BY SIGMA ZODIAC.

"Mal-content" acknowledges himself as by organization a "timid man." And yet he confesses great admiration for "deeds of daring," and wishes he had the courage to commit acts of violence when his sense of justice is outraged by his "boss," or by some bloated aristocrat, for whom he is "compelled" to work to support himself and family.

To the above "mal-content" I would remark that there are two kinds of athletes—namely: Physical and spiritual, and that mental force and training are indispensable to success in each kind—because, without intelligent perception and discipline, mere "brute force" can never accomplish much in any direction; and, on the other hand, a spiritual athlete can not be successful in any important work, unless based upon and sustained by a healthy and well-balanced physical organization.

Your wish for enough courage to commit an act of violence, whenever your sense of justice is offended, is a wish born of weakness in your mental constitution. The functional condition called "dyspepsia," or that morbid affection known as "a liver disease," is accountable for numerous murders and suicides. Either condition is accompanied by almost uncontrollable irascibility of temper—impatience, fretfulness, quarrelsomeness, anger, and sudden freaks of violence.

"Mal-content" may be the offspring of a mother who suffered under the unjust and cruel behavior of a coarse-minded or drunken husband. If so, then many of his private animosities may be inherited rather than the results of his present environments. He may be a born Ishmaelite—a misanthrope, a man-hater,—his hand against every man's, and every man's hand against his. Better study into these things, dear "Mal-content," and learn exactly how far your trials and feelings are real.

Violence is a habit. At this period of human history (which so plainly repeats itself), the savage and the barbarian are reappearing in the feelings and acts of the civilized. All peoples realize an impulse toward the commission of murderous acts. Highway robberies are multiplying on every hand—with the dagger or the pistol as means of enforcing compliance. If either asks the other's hand in love and marriage, and the request is not freely granted, the next morning newspaper is likely to contain details of a lover's tragedy.

Discontent is almost an attribute of humanity. It needs discipline—culture, intelligence, control, and lo! discontent is the cause of all the restlessness that leads to change, to alteration, to progress, and finally to development.

Discontent is responsible for all pioneering—for the discovery of new lands and seas, for the invasion and population of places which once were deserts or wildernesses—and, wonderful to relate, discontent originated the "fall of man" and the scheme of the "Atonement."

"Strikes" are another expression of discontent, and these violent methods will multiply and become stronger and more imperative until the underlying causes shall be overcome. These causes are the oppressive efforts of the money-people to increase their millions of dollars at the cost and enslavement of the millions of toilers. The demon of selfishness is going about "seeking whom he may devour." He seeks to enchain the bodies and souls of all who are compelled by poverty to work hard to live.

Discontent is becoming organized and brutal—a magazine of destructive violence—to match the police and the military under the command of the money powers.

And yet, amid the din of the battle, you may hear the heavenly voices! I hear approaching (oh, so slowly) the saviors of the world. One is Love and the other is Wisdom. They come in the names of Benevolence, Justice and Universal Brotherhood. A Congress of the Nations!

How is this advent possible? Will it come from the voluntary acts of the national governments? Do you look for this era to come through prayers and ecclesiastical institutions? Do you expect it from Christian Science, or from any other artificial source? Never! The period of Universal Brotherhood and distributive Justice will come from the Summerland! With the deliberate advance of an army of angels—the great and good host of best minds long departed—a mighty flood of harmonious FEELING will sweep like the breath of Omnipotence over and through the homes and hearts of all mankind. Feeling is the cause of Thought, and thought is the cause of Action. This universal action will correspond with this universal FEELING!

Don't fret and worry over what can't be helped. It only makes you more unhappy. Remember that if it rains today, it is all the more likely to be clear tomorrow. Being down-hearted will not mend matters. It is the sign of a weak character to give way to useless complaints. A lady, a client of the celebrated Aaron Burr, once said to him, when threatened with the loss of her estate, "Oh! I can never bear it; to be reduced to poverty will kill me." "No it won't," replied Burr, "people don't die so easy." "Yes, but it will," she replied, wringing her hands; "I shall die, I know I shall." "Well then madam, at least die game," he answered. Burr had seen trouble enough, too, to know what he was talking about.—Ex.

Man is the first dialogue that Nature held with God.—Goethe.

Gala Day at Veteran Spiritualists' Home, Waverley.

Saturday, June 28, from 10 a. m. on through the day and early evening, a Lawn Festival will be held at the Home under the direction of a Committee of Volunteers from the leading societies of Boston and vicinity. The different friends of the Union are providing the tables so the proceeds will go directly to strengthen the treasury of the Union. I hope whoever reads this announcement and wishes in any way to assist the undertaking will come and enjoy the occasion, and if desirous to help directly will communicate with me through the Banner, naming just what he is willing to do. This will help the Committee in charge very much. After all discussion, the fact remains that the problem undertaken by the Union must be shared by every debtor to the ministration of mediumship and a steady pull at every point will accomplish much. Shall we not feel your response in some way on this occasion? Let me say that in addition to a most tempting list of edibles that are to be furnished, the Committee on Entertainment will have prepared for the occasion suitable means for social entertainment.

Hoping to meet on this occasion many a mutual friend of the work intrusted to us, I am,

Sincerely yours,
Irving F. Symonds, Pres.

Jay Chaapel

passed to the broader and more beautiful life from Palmetto, Fla., May 29, aged 73 years. He was an ardent Spiritualist and an earnest worker in every line of reform. He was a well-known anti-slavery man in the past and a friend of the working people always. He spent several seasons at Sunapee Lake (N. H.) Camp Meeting of Spiritualists, where he has many friends. It is to be hoped that some of the productions of his pen may be given to the public, as he was a student and a thinker. In touch with Nature and a natural psychic, he gloried in the beautiful. His wonderful memory enabled him to keep in touch with the history of the past, and in line with the events of the present. He was as fearless in his denunciation of what he considered wrong as he was in his praise of what he deemed right.

His illness was of short duration. He passed away at a friend's, after having packed his belongings to go to Lake Helen, Fla., where he expected to build a home in the Autumn, but was to have spent the summer in the North. He leaves one daughter, Miss Belle, and two sons, Ralph of Granville and Harry of Williamsport, Pa. Sarah Kemble Hart of Belleview, Fla., officiated at the funeral there, and the memorial service at the home of the daughter was conducted by the writer.—Carrie E. S. Twing.

Announcements.

The engagements of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond for the summer are: Cleveland, Ohio, July 6th to 14th; Corry, Pa., Sunday, July 20; Cassadaga Camp, N. Y., July 21st to 31st; Freeville, N. Y., August 1st to 5th; New Hampshire, until August 25th; Onset Bay, Mass., August 26th to August 31st. The services of the Church of the Soul will be resumed at Chicago, September 14th.

Campmeeting at Marshalltown, Iowa, opens August 24 and closes September 14.

Captain George W. Walrond of Denver, Colorado, the well-known inspirational lecturer and test medium, will make a professional tour of the states of Colorado, Utah, Nebraska, Wyoming, New Mexico, Nevada, Oregon, Washington, Montana and California calling at all of the principal cities and towns in these states. Those desiring his services for public or private work should write him at once, as he is making dates and arrangements to begin early in July. Letters and applications must be addressed to Captain Geo. W. Walrond, 174 Ogden street, Denver, Colo.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.

The campers and thousands of visitors to this healthy and beautiful place will enjoy as of old, the band music, provided by the management.

Every Sunday a fine military band of twenty-five men will give public concerts.

There will be dances at the Pavilion or Temple on week evenings, a competent orchestra being engaged to furnish the music.

Now that electric cars run from Greenfield, Turners Falls and Millers Falls, the dancing people in those localities will have every facility for coming to the dances and of returning at a seasonable hour.

The Boston & Maine R. R. will run excursion trains to the Lake if sufficient patronage is assured.

Those wishing to secure furnished cottages or rooms in advance, or programs, should write to A. P. Blinn at Lake Pleasant, Mass.
H. A. Budington.

Springfield, Mass.

When Hinges are Better than Rivets.

We all know people who take things too seriously. They are riveted. They have a grim earnestness about them that makes a man a drudge, and keeps his face in the dust. Too much of this seriousness prevents sane, healthy views of life, because it shuts out the stars and the sky. It is like keeping your finger on the trigger and your eye on the mark,—an attitude which gives a very limited vision. There is a certain amount of humor in things and events which we need to see, or we shall misinterpret them. Humor is one of the doors to the mysteries. Things are often explained when we see the funny side of them. God does not intend that we should take everything seriously, nor write every page of our lives as if it were our last will and testament.

A man is fortunate who is put together with hinges instead of rivets, for he can let himself loose, and relieve the tension. He can let things subside. He can make room for pleasure as well as for prayer; and there are times when a good laugh will do us more good than a prayer. It is not necessary to grit your teeth in order to succeed. Laugh it through if you cannot fight it through, nor think it through.

Laughter is often the front door to a man's heart, and we sometimes try all the others before we think of this one. We do not know people until we have laughed with them. The good laugher makes us all rush to the windows, but the non-laugher bids us draw the shutters. No community is complete without the joker; he oils the squeaky joints in the neighborhood. The buffers and greasers prevent hot-boxes and excessive friction. The peacemaker knows how to laugh,—like the sunlight, which is God's great rectifier. There is a limit to this, of course. Life is not all a joke, neither is it a six-day bicycle race.—E. S. Claflin in The Sunday School Times.

A Spiritualist May Meeting.

May 22, a convention was held in Southplace Institute, Finsbury, London, E. C., at 3 p. m., under the auspices of the Union of London Spiritualists. The President, Mr. G. Tayler Gwinn, welcomed the large audience and expressed the hope that although the meeting was the first of its kind, it would not be the last. He then called upon Mr. E. W. Wallis to read a paper on "The Work Before Us."

Mr. E. W. Wallis said that he did not speak for others, but would present what he himself thought was "The Work Before Us," as Spiritualists. Briefly, it might be summed up in a few words: "To make everybody a Spiritualist." He claimed that Spiritualists were such from conviction, and believed that others would like to share, and would be benefited by the knowledge that "There is no Death," and they therefore worked to make the truth known to those who were in doubt and uncertainty, in grief and darkness. He thought it was necessary to take steps to discover and develop more mediums, and recommended that home circles should be formed for that purpose, as there could be no manifestations of spirit presence and identity without mediums. "Many people who think they believe in immortality are practically materialists, and repudiate the phenomena of Spiritualism as impossible, and the work before us is to combat materialism by obtaining evidences of spirit identity." Spirit manifestations proved that man is a spirit now, possessing spiritual attributes, hence the whole realm of spiritual possibilities comes within our province as Spiritualists. He regarded Spiritualism as the "science, philosophy, and religion of the spirit"; it included all that pertained to the spiritual nature of man, and proved his continued conscious and progressive existence after death. It, therefore, appealed to and aroused in him the sense of spiritual relationship to the Infinite. He claimed that Spiritualists share with the whole race the ideals, intuitions and longings which are involved in the religious consciousness; that the knowledge which Spiritualism gives of the continuity of life and consequences (and therefore of individual accountability) made it a moral force and a religious teacher, and he suggested that Spiritualists should consider whether they could not agree upon certain philosophical general statements which would emphasize that fact, avoiding dogmatism and leaving the way open for future developments. He thought that the era of antagonism had nearly passed and that the work of winning others by showing them the comfort and help that Spiritualism would be to them and of uniting spiritually-minded people in sympathy and service for the good of all, was the most pressing need of the hour. Many Spiritualists thought they should leave their children free to think for themselves, but the speaker thought it was incumbent upon parents to teach the children the truth as they knew it, and help them to think clearly and act wisely and lovingly. The little ones could not grow up without being influenced by some one, and there were many agencies at work to teach and capture them; hence he thought that a very necessary branch of the work before the Spiritualist was to exert home influence by example as well as precept; to encourage the Children's Lyceum movement, and to establish training colleges for the education and preparation of mediums and speakers in those principles of truth and goodness which would strengthen their characters and help them to unfold their own spiritual powers. Mr. Wallis referred to the fact that in the early days of the movement women were to the front as advocates of the new truth, and he thought that Spiritualism has always been identified with the work for the emancipation of women, and trusted that in the future they would be encouraged rather than repressed.

As regarded organization, he was averse to red-tape and thought that "constitutions" were frequently fetters for willing workers "in love" with truth. He did not care greatly for methods, but he did care for the spirit of loving service; then the external expression would naturally follow; and if Spiritualists were to organize for work, then he thought they might have Spiritual Temples everywhere, and that the most capable, sympathetic, spiritually-minded and brainy men and women should be sustained as teachers. The "services" should be bright, optimistic, and helpful; the "after" "communion service" should be lifted above the plane of fortune-telling, and mediumship should be employed for spiritual purposes. While it was wise to welcome the stranger, the members of the household should not be forgotten; they should be made to feel that the Temple was their home, where they could both give and receive help and good. He said that President W. R. Harper, lecturing in Chicago on "The Religion of the Future," had recently declared that: "It will be simple. It must be reasonable. It must stand the test of investigation. It must make no false and pretentious claims. It must be a religion of toleration. It must be characterized by idealism, or the artistic soul cannot endure it. It must be ethical. It must also be a religion capable of furnishing comfort in time of trouble, for this is what art and science cannot do, and this, after all, is the greatest demand of the human soul." In my opinion, said Mr. Wallis, that is an admirable description of what Spiritualism is and does, and the work before us is to demonstrate that fact to the world by our personal example and influence, and by our collective efforts to realize the ideal and disseminate the glad gospel of Life and Immortality brought to light by angel ministry.

Mr. J. J. Morse said that he thought this was the first time in the history of Southplace Institute that its walls had resounded to words in favor of Spiritualism, and he would like to capture it for Spiritualism. He had been pleasantly disappointed by the address of Mr. Wallis, as it dealt with points he had not anticipated, and in a manner with which he in the main agreed. Mediumship was indeed the bed-rock of Spiritualism, as without mediums there could be no spirit manifestations. Thirty years ago, time and attention were devoted to the development of mediums, but today most people are in too great a hurry for results. But developing circles should be private, not public, and, where possible, under the direction of experienced Spiritualists. In his opinion no one had any right to devote time and energy, and take up the time and thought of others for mediumistic development, from frivolous or personal motives; it ought to be sought with the earnest intention to use it for the good of others. He was inclined to doubt the advisability of attempting any declaration of principles, as every one must interpret what comes to his consciousness in his own way. Formulated bases of belief necessarily aroused criticism, and it was better to have a minimum of occasion for dissension and a maximum of liberty for all. He thought that we were impressing the community with our truths; but while he recognized the need for educated workers, he was afraid the movement was not yet prepared to pay for cultured service. It is generally true that we get what we want, and where there is parsimony in the pews there will be mediocrity in the pulpit. It was necessary to recognize that societies exist for the education of the people in the glorious truths of Spiritualism, and to provide conditions of sweetness and goodness congenial to intelligent spirits both in and out of the body.

The Chairman explained that the Union of London Spiritualists aimed at bringing together all the Spiritualist societies in London, for work of a general character, but it did not interfere with the local work of the societies, and he was much pleased with the success of the present meeting.

On the motion of Mr. Will Phillips, of Manchester, seconded by Mr. G. Cole, a hearty vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Wallis for his able address.

At 7 p. m. a large and enthusiastic audience assembled for the evening meeting. The Chairman (Mr. G. Tayler Gwinn) expressed his extreme gratification that the efforts of the Union of London Spiritualists had been blest with such signal success; he felt safe in affirming that Spiritualist May Meetings would become an annual fixture.

Mrs. H. Boddington spoke on "Is Spiritualism a Religion?" and affirmed that it is the universal religion of humanity. Her speech was bright and clever, and appealed directly to the hearts of her hearers.

The Rev. J. Page Hopps said that he was used to meetings of all kinds and fairly sensitive to the note which prevailed, and on the present occasion he felt that this was essentially one of the happiest meetings he had ever attended. For some three years he had been trying to induce Spiritualists to have a great central gathering in London on a Sunday once a year, and he still hoped for the accomplishment of that project. He then delivered a very happy address with all his customary eloquence and feeling, and claimed that Spiritualism had a living relationship to everything that concerned the well-being of humanity.

Mr. Will Phillips, editor of "The Two Worlds," spoke forcibly and well on "Spiritualism Militant." He did not think the fight was over by any means; it had only changed somewhat, and new methods were being employed, but the same bad old spirit existed and had to be resisted and overcome.

Mr. Robert King gave a useful and interesting address on "Clairvoyance," and in response to those who said they would believe if they could see, he urged that sight depends upon our ability to take up and register the vibrations of the ether, and that clairvoyance was capable of being developed if one trained for it along certain lines with sufficient perseverance.

Mr. E. W. Wallis spoke briefly and well on "The Religion of the Spirit."

Mr. J. J. Morse dealt with the "Rise and Progress of Spiritualism," especially in Great Britain, and gave some very interesting statistics. Thirty years ago the societies of the land could be counted on the fingers of the hand; now there are some two hundred and forty meetings held on Sundays, and a national body had existed for thirteen years with which eighty-one societies were now affiliated. The Yorkshire Union had forty affiliated societies, and the London Union nine, while the London Spiritualist Alliance occupied a unique position, with a large and influential membership. He estimated that, including those who openly or occasionally attended the meetings, and the larger number who knew all about it but kept in the background, there would be about a quarter of a million people who were actually Spiritualists, and there were a still greater number who were interested in the subject. The Children's Lyceum movement had grown since 1869, when there were but two Lyceums, and now there are 136, with a total of 6500 officers and members, a result which is largely due to the zeal of Mr. Alfred Kitson. Mr. Morse enumerated the different journals and magazines which had been published in the interest of the movement, and paid a high tribute to the earnestness and ability of their several editors.

A motion, proposed by the International Corresponding Society, was then adopted, wishing Mr., Mrs., and Miss Morse Godspeed on their journey to the Antipodes, and extending greetings to our brethren who may be visited by Mr. Morse.

Mrs. Wallis gave an earnest and impressive address on "Why *are we Spiritualists?*"

Mr. D. J. Davis gave an impassioned and eloquent speech. He contended that it was a false charge to say that Spiritualists were a Christless people, as some opponents did. Spiritual phenomena such as we accept and experience were the very backbone of the life work of Jesus, and Spiritualism would rescue the New Testament from those who misrepresented it to the world.

The Chairman appealed for all to work: there was much to be done. He felt it was a high vocation to be a Spiritualist, and asked those who would pledge themselves "to live henceforth to help mankind" to hold up the right hand, and a fine show of hands followed.

The meeting, which lasted three hours, was a most enthusiastic one, all the speeches being heartily applauded and the interest well maintained from start to finish. A cordial vote of thanks to the workers and the able chairman terminated the proceedings. The collections realized £11.

Verona Park.

This beautiful Vermont camp will open its meetings Sunday, August 3d, and continue them daily until August 30th. The program is nearly completed and will be fully up to its standard. The list of test mediums is unusually large and good. Mr. I. W. Hatch, who has had charge of the hotel for the past two years, will again be the proprietor. The camp itself, situated on fair Lake Champlain, is always charming. Its attractions this season will be fully up to former years.

We are requested to announce that the president, Dr. E. A. Smith, remains critically ill, but is utilizing all the strength he has to superintend the camp arrangements.

Andrew Jackson Davis' Medical Office

will be open to patients only on Tuesdays and Wednesdays during July. Closed during the entire month of August, and Dr. Davis, being absent, cannot answer correspondents. He will be ready for patients on and after September 1st on Tuesdays and Thursdays, at the usual hours, but not on Saturdays until further notice.

"Nirvana."

Do any of our readers know where a copy of this poem by G. W. Chapman can be obtained? It was in September, 1880, published in the "Free Religious Index." We are desirous of obtaining a copy of that paper.

What most people need is less good advice and more good examples.

Never judge a man's courage by the tone of his voice when speaking to the office boy. Wait until you hear him address his wife.

SPIRIT Message Department.

MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

The following communications are given by Mrs. Soule while under the control of her own guides, or that of the individual spirits seeking to reach their friends on earth. The messages are reported stenographically by a social representative of the Banner of Light, and are given in the presence of other members of The Banner Staff.

These circles are not public.

To Our Readers.

We earnestly request our patrons to verify such communications, as they know to be based upon fact as soon as they appear in these columns. This is not so much for the benefit of the management of the Banner of Light as it is for the good of the reading public. Truth is truth, and will bear its own weight whenever it is made known to the world.

☞ In the cause of Truth, will you kindly assist us in finding those to whom the following messages are addressed? Many of them are not Spiritualists, or subscribers of the Banner of Light, hence we ask each of you to become a missionary for your particular locality.

Report of Seance held May 29, 1902, S. E. 55.

Invocation.

As the sunshine pours its flood of warm beauty over life on the earth everywhere today, so we ask that the sunshine of spirituality may flood us with its beauty, life, joy and blessing. Out from material cares, we send our prayer for light and strength, out from the midst of distress, of passion, and toil, and turmoil, we would send our aspiration for all that is sweet, true and beautiful. May we come into the full understanding of all that is best, of all that is everywhere being made manifest of the loveliness of God. Our especial mission we feel is to tear away the veil of pain and of distress which comes from separation, from the misunderstanding of death, from the loss of hearts that know not how to beat when one has passed beyond the veil. With this object, understanding so well what is expected of us, may we be faithful to the task. May we prove our mission and may we be strong and steady in our effort to work unceasingly. Bless us and keep us. We are all one; we may not understand, we may not know, but we are all Thine and with this one thought we leave ourselves in the hands of those who are thy ministers and who are doing thy bidding. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Abbie Ellis, Woonsocket, R. I.

The first spirit that comes to me this morning is a woman who looks to be about sixty years old. She is rather stout, has white hair, deep blue eyes and wears spectacles all the time as though they were as much a part of her as her own eyes are. She comes along to me with a little air of dependence, as though she was striving to gather strength and understanding for her expression here. She says: "My name is Abbie Ellis. I lived in Woonsocket, R. I. I was a little interested in this subject of Spiritualism, but in a very different way. It didn't seem to me to be so important until I came over here myself and saw how many things I might be able to do. I find, too, that not only am I interested with the importance of returning to express my love, but over the fact that our continued existence changes the whole impulse of the earth life. I desire more than I can tell you to send word to Edward, who is my son. I want him to know that his mother is very near to him at times and sees him when he seeks to understand what it is best for him to do with his conditions. He has much trouble all about him, so many things that seem to need disentanglement by his hand, and so it is with this purpose in hand that I may be able to help him to straighten out some of these conditions that I come to him today. I was with him Sunday when he took a walk out on the hill. I felt so happy to see him alone and free for a little while. Tell him to be of good courage."

Jane Carpenter, Middleboro St., Glasgow, Pa.

I see now a beautiful Quaker lady. She is rather plump and has a face as peaceful as an angel, round and sweet and smooth. Her eyes are black as coals; her face is as fair and white as can be. She says: "My name is Jane Carpenter. I lived in Glasgow on Middleboro St., and it isn't so long since I came away. At least, it doesn't seem long to me; but perhaps that is because I have been so busy. Father and I (meaning her husband) are preaching and teaching every day of our lives. Besides, we have our little son, who came over here so many years ago, named Leander, and he is our pride and our help. I have long felt that it was one of the most important things for the people of earth to understand about the conditions of the spirit and how their friends hover often over their households and need vent for the expression of love, and now I plead for it. I beg you to open the doors for your friends and let them say to you what they are longing to say and what they are urging everybody to help them to say. If you please, I would urge that you test the messages that come to you in your homes and see that your friends grow stronger each time they return, proving their growth and their unfoldment, and that you co-operate with them in their efforts not only for communication, but for the good which they may do. We Quakers are nearer you Spiritualists than you believe, although the personal and definite communication we felt was often denied us, we were always conscious of the living presence and of the inward voice of the spirit which should direct us in all our affairs. I see you can believe that I am preaching and teaching, for naturally I drift into that trend of thought when I strive to give a message to my friends. Thank you."

Flora Henderson, Everett, Mass.

The next spirit is a woman about twenty-five years old, as nervous and impatient in her movements as though she was so afraid that she would not get to just the people she wants to. She says: "Oh, do hurry and take my message. It seems as though I had been standing here waiting for ages for just this chance to speak. My name is Flora Henderson; I lived in Everett, Mass. I came over here suddenly. It seemed as though all at once it grew dark and I found myself over here, not alone, but, oh, dear, with things so strange and so different, and I do want to go back. I want, if I can, to get to Fred and will you help me all you can and do tell him that I—oh, I do want to speak to him so and I do want to tell him of my love and I do want to say that I am sorry I had to come? It is too bad, but I couldn't help it. I wish that he would open the door for me some way, either go to a medium or sit by himself, so that I may be able to tell him what it is that troubles me. So many things I'd like to explain, so many things I'd like to have him understand which he doesn't today, and if he would only take a step I am sure I could meet him."

Mertie Holt.

There is a beautiful young spirit comes to me now, just as though she came right out of a cloud of light. She comes and stands by me, reaches out and takes my hand and says: "I am Mertie Holt. I want to go to my mother. She has been looking for a message from me for so long that I hope you will take this one for me to her. Tell her that never a moment since I went away from her have I ever been unconscious of her love or of her desire to hear from me. I am not far away. I watch over you, mama, when you are tired and when you are troubled over what the future may bring, and I try to whisper to you that it will be all right, I am sure it will. Everything is so beautiful over here for me. You know how I used to love the flowers and the trees and everything that was growing. I love them all now and have them just the same and it is such a comfort to me to be able to stand by your side and to know that you feel me at times. I know just how much you have done in my memory and I thank you for it all. If I can only express something of the beauty of the life over here and something of my happiness to get to you, I shall be content. Don't worry; things will be brighter before long. Oh, so much love, I send to you!"

To S. M. Barnett, Mills, Texas.

I see a woman of middle age who is very dark, with bright eyes and a wholesome expression. She comes to me and puts her hand in mine and says: "I wish you would tell him that I am often with him and am trying in more ways than he can know to make my presence felt." A name that I see with her is Carrie, and she says: "I bring with me his father, who sends a word of desire to help him in his material conditions more than the spiritual." This man is a medium. There is a strong mediumistic gift, that, if it were unfolded, would bring a great power and definite purpose into the life of the person possessing it. There is also a little boy that comes. He seems to be not over six years old. He is fair, with blue eyes, and a happy, bright little face, and he says, "I want to come, too, because I will be understood."

Addie Jones, Ontario, N. Y.

The next spirit is a woman about twenty-eight years old. She is tall, very slender, her eyes are blue, her hair brown, and she has a quick, energetic way and seems as though she wanted to clear away everybody else and speak independently and alone. She says: "I want to go to a medium. My name is Addie Jones and the medium that I want to go to lives in Ontario, N. Y. I have been there a number of times to the circle and have been unable to say the thing that I want to. In the first place, I came over here very suddenly. It was not my fault, but it was the fault of somebody else, and I have thought that if I could do as I want to I would stir matters up a little and make different stories than what have been told. It has been said that I was to blame for my coming to the spirit, and I don't like to be accused in that way. I feel more like telling the truth about the matter and letting everybody bear the blame of their own acts. I want to tell Frank that he needn't for one moment think that just because I am out of the body that he is safe from my word of disapproval. You may think this isn't a very pleasant spirit for me to come back in, but I can tell you that when you suddenly find yourself in another life and you know that you ought to have stayed and that there are many demands on you, you kind of lose your sense of extreme love and the need makes you speak with more force than elegance. I have seen my friends and I am in no very despairing condition, but my old sense of right and justice asserts itself and if I can get to the medium that I have been striving to get to, I will tell my story so plainly that there will be no denying it. I thank you people here for giving me this opportunity, and to tell you the truth the most I came for is to get strength to come back and tell my story where I want to, and I feel that I have gained it."

Arthur Hallett, Orange, Mass.

The spirit of a man about forty years old comes. He is rather tall, broad-shouldered, and very fair complexioned. His face is red, his eyes very light blue, and his hair is a very, very light brown. He has a sort of a debonair air, as though he wasn't going to make much fuss about anything, but going to see what he could do here with the rest of these people. He says: "If you please, I will tell you who I am. My name is Arthur Hallett and I lived in Orange, Mass. I was very much interested in the affairs of that place. My wife and I moved away just before I came over here, but she has been in communication with the place since. She has no idea of spirit return. It may seem strange to you people to whom this knowledge is as natural as sunlight, but if you happened to be in a different circle of acquaintances you would find that the subject is never discussed because it doesn't mean anything. I have felt sometimes when I found myself so near my wife that it might be possible for me to send some words which would interest her, so I make this effort. I am not sure just what I can do after I reach her, but at least she will know where I am, and that is some satisfaction, I am sure. Her name is Helen, and she will be honest enough to recognize anything that is given her. I have her father with me this morning, and he says: 'Tell Nellie,' for that is what he always called her, 'that papa has been anxious to give her a word for a good many years.' The poor old man is rather heart-broken because he sees so many things he wants to do for her. For myself, I send love and a continued interest in anything that is of interest to her. Thank you."

Lulu Clark, Malden, Mass.

The next spirit that comes to me is a young girl who looks about seventeen years old. She is just as nervous as she can be, cries all the time, and the tears are just rolling down her cheeks. She comes over to me and says: "Oh, can you help me? I am Lulu Clark, and I lived in Malden, Mass. I want to go to Emma, who is my mother, and I want, oh, so much, to tell her that I do love her. I am sorry to be away from her, and I do try to come to the house and manifest to her. She has wondered if I might not be there, and I have been, oh, so many times. She has a little picture of me that she keeps near her and I see her often looking at it and wondering where I am, and then I put my arms about her and say, 'Oh, ma, ma; I am with you,' but she doesn't hear me, and sometimes it troubles me very much. I have grandma and Aunt Hattie with me, and they both are trying to help me, because they think if they can make me strong enough that ma will pay some attention and we will all be able to return. Oh, I thank you ever so much for letting me say this to you."

Joe Sawyer, Princeton, N. J.

Here is an old man about seventy years old. He steps up to me with a brisk little air, as though he had gained a little strength since he went over to the spirit and is going to show me how much better he is. He says: "My name is Joe Sawyer. I lived in Princeton, N. J., and I was interested in oils and wax and those things. I had a store. I tried to do the square thing and expected to have the square thing done by me. Since I came over here, my place of business has changed hands, and they have added to the things and the conditions so that in a way it is much better, but I was fairly prosperous, didn't see any need of worrying about the future life when the present was so good, and hardly gave a thought to what was coming. Oh, I went to church regularly, paid my pew rent, listened to the choir and discussed the sermon, and thought that was as far as the thing went. I had no conception of the depth and the breadth of the spiritual atmosphere which surrounds all life, and it was with the greatest surprise that I opened my eyes to the real life so interwoven with the life I had left. To my friends who knew me and who knew my ways, this will be a surprise. I suppose I was good morally, but the great science of the truth of the spiritual life might have made me a better man, and my wife Nancy, who is with me, and who came a long time before I did, tells me that I missed more than she can tell me of beautiful possibilities and beautiful things in my life because I did not get at the spirit. I say this because I think perhaps it will help some friends of mine. Tell young Joe for me that I will try to respond to any request he may make."

James McGrath, Charlestown, Mass.

I see now the spirit of a man about sixty years old. He is short, stout and has a bald head, wears glasses and seems a very studious sort of a man when he was in the earth life. He looks up to me with a little quizzical, half comical expression and says, "How do you think you are going to help me to get to my people." Then as though somebody had told him, he says, "Oh, I will tell you all I can. My name is James McGrath, and I lived in Charlestown, Mass. I want to get to Ann. I don't like the way matters have been carried on since I left. It is nobody's fault particularly, but everybody's generally, and if I could get back for a week or two and straighten things out, I think that matters would be much better for Anna. I don't like the way the boys have been carrying on and I think if they knew that I could see them, they would not be so anxious to tell the stories that they are telling or to upset the conditions which they have upset, but never mind about that; I am told over here that a loving thought will right many a wrong, so I am going to see if loving thoughts will do any great things for my family and me. I want to say to Anna that her sister Margaret is with me this morning and says that she is gaining every day and wants to send her love to Anna and to her own girl, Lizzie. That is all I guess for me, and I thank you for your help."

Andrew Lane, Claremont, N. H.

The next spirit is a man about six feet tall, strong and big looking. He has very blue eyes, brown hair with just a little of the gray mixed in, his arms are big and long and look as though they could lift all the burdens of all his friends. He has a very strong, clean looking mouth, a firm chin and a most expressive way of speaking his words so clearly and definitely. He says, "It has been a long time that I have been trying to get here and send a definite message to my people. My name is Andrew Lane. I used to live in Claremont, N. H. I have many friends there now besides some very near and dear relatives. I would like to send this particular message to Clara and to Ben. They have often wondered if I realized that I was going to die, and so I answer them that question because it will be a test as well as a satisfaction. I think I had an idea that that might be the outcome of the operation, but when I began to get better I had more hope and it was only at the last when it was too late to make any arrangements, that I knew I was going. If I had realized, I might have made it easier for you both, but it would have seemed almost like planning a thing that ought not to be, had I planned what was in my mind, and today I can't say that I am dissatisfied with the way things have been settled. It has not brought the best results to you two, but it has opened your eyes so that you are better able to protect yourselves and to make right conditions for the future. You will be glad to know that I have mother with me also Fanny and George. We often see Uncle Elijah; he sends his respects. He couldn't send anything stronger. It would not be like him. Thank you."

Passed to Spirit Life.

George G. Wilsey passed to the higher life from his late home in Cleveland, O., Wednesday, May 28, after 80 years of earth life, lacking one week. Brother Wilsey, formerly of Troy, New York, came to Cleveland in 1863, and has been publicly identified with the Cause of Spiritualism in this city the past thirty-six years; being one of the very few originally elected officers left to us of the "Children's Progressive Lyceum, of Cleveland, O.," founded by Andrew Jackson Davis in 1866. He was heart and soul in the Lyceum work, a general favorite with the little ones, and highly esteemed and respected by all co-workers in the city. The exit from earth life of this steadfast octogenarian worker was a perfectly natural one, and as peaceful as his life had been. While to his family and intimate friends his departure will naturally cause feelings of regret, his well lived life, and advanced age, will reconcile them to their loss. The obsequies called out a very large gathering of his friends, being a well known Spiritualist and an Odd Fellow since 1845. The services at the house conducted by the writer, a co-worker with the departed one since 1867, were spiritualistic, assisted by the Russell family as singers. At Woodland cemetery, where the remains were deposited, the Odd Fellows conducted the exercises, using their ritual. The departed one leaves two children, Mrs. Hattie C. Reding and Alexander G. Wilsey, and five grandchildren.—Thomas Lees, Cleveland, O., June 17, 1902.

From Eden Mills, Vt., May 31, 1902, Mr. Sabin Scott in the 95th year of his life. He was widely known and universally respected. In the rich treasure house of his remarkable mind the mature man and woman found royal companionship, while his genial disposition and generous impulses made him the warm friend and wise counselor of youth. His interest in the affairs of our country and the well being of humanity never abated. In the ordinary sense of the term he never grew old, but like the midsummer sun his life was largest at its setting. Mr. Scott was a steadfast Spiritualist, and for nearly half a century had been identified with its interests. He was the friend and father of all true mediums, and in his departure our Cause loses a most helpful champion. As the world is better for his having lived so, heaven is nearer since he has passed through the lace drapery of its shining gateway. His largely attended funeral transpired June 3, and his oft-reiterated requests were carried out by his devoted daughters and son to the minutest detail.—Emma L. Paul.

Was born into spirit life, at her home, in Woodlawn, Sterling, Ill., June 10, Hannah, wife of Samuel Albertson, in her 83d year. She will be sadly missed in her home by her husband and granddaughter, who so tenderly cared for her in her last illness. But while deprived of her patient helpful physical presence, they know her home-loving spirit will be there still. The Albertsons were originally Quakers, but have for nearly fifty years been earnest, faithful Spiritualists. A large concourse of people attended the funeral services, which were conducted by the writer.—Juliet H. Severance, M. D., Chicago.

From her home, 41 Day street, Providence, R. I., June 4, 1902, Mrs. Louisa C. Smith, aged 50 years, wife of John P. Smith, passed out from the shadows of this life into the light of a more perfect day. She was a devoted wife, a loving mother and firm friend. Those that knew her best loved her most. For several years she had been a great sufferer, and when the physician announced her end near, she was prepared for the change. From early life she had been a stanch Spiritualist and medium. The consciousness of loving ones ever near gave her comfort in years of physical suffering and made her buoyant as she neared the river. She leaves one daughter and four sons, also her much beloved uncle, Mr. R. Cross, now in his 84th year, a Spiritualist of over forty years. These dear ones will miss her physical presence but as Spiritualists they know love will ever seek its own and she will be present with them for many years. The grand old Banner of Light has been a welcome weekly visitor in this home. The undersigned officiated.—James S. Scarlett.

The Seasons.

MARY JANE WRIGHT, M. D

Beautiful May has come and gone. The budding spring evolves into summer. June with its mantle of roses has come, and with it Birth and Decay. Flowers that bloomed in the year that is past come once more to gladden the onlookers, and themselves. All life is budding, sprouting; soon the blossoms will give way to the fruit, and man will eat and become strong.

Woman will arrange the tempting dishes; she it is who must adorn the table, the house. Man partakes of the bounty. The child has no thought for the trees laden with blossoms, or what the harvest will be. Children are like the birds that partake of nature's gifts free—free. They are full of mirth, song, laughter, glee. We listen; we smile and say, "Sing on, sweet birds, for soon, too soon, your wings will be clipped by the relentless hand of fate, and the smiles be turned to tears, laughter to rain."

Next comes the August, the mid-summer, when all earth has dressed herself for one grand holiday. Out she goes into all the walks of life. Sunshine and shadows are all alike to her. This is her visiting day, and in spite of all the ugly surroundings, she smiles, sings the sweet song of fulness, a last farewell to this, her closing year, for in that which is or may follow she will take no part. Another will meet you, another will greet you, as you journey along. She will remind you of the old or former, but will not be just the same.

October, that month of all months whose dress reveals all the colors, will bow to you with a dignified nod, saying:

"I am the fulfillment of all. I carry with me into the great future all the toils, pleasures, sorrows of a fading season. I store away all that is good, scatter all that is bad, for the November winds to whirl them into the abyss of Forgetfulness. I am the gleaner of the golden grain."

December, the purifier, with her soft clasp, turns the green, brown, yellow, to the pure white crystal, holds it for the January blossom, that month which tolls out on the midnight stillness, "1903," and reminds you that all those months in some way must be lived again.

You are a child of your own weaving. You belong not to the seasons, but you control them, to either bring you fruitage or nothing. We are passing, moving, never still; pushed on by one form and another, until at last we cease to measure Time. For Time has measured us. Like the golden leaves we fall. Others walk over us, and forget that we ever were. Life, Plants go on, on—we were, we are.

27 High St., New Haven, Conn.

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY-THREE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Before sitting at my melodeon preparatory to writing for the Banner, it is my practise to put the study in perfect order, and then to select from my ribbon-box a pretty bow to wear. Often this blue one seems beautiful, and that of violet exquisite in tint. And yet, after trying this and that, I do not feel satisfied until I put on a pink bow or neck-ribbon.

Yes, pink is my color now, and it was my color when a little girl. During the strenuous years of middle life, I wore useful browns and quiet greys, and would have thought bright, gay colors very unsuitable to one who found in solid work the warp and woof of daily life. But now that the sun of life is near its setting, and I am walking in Beulah Land with Bunyan's way-worn pilgrim, where he had a more perfect view of the celestial city, all things in heaven and earth take on a roseate hue and nothing pleases me as well as the soft, bright tints that dress the most beautiful flowers and the tender blue of the sky in the horizon.

What an exquisite rosy color often precedes the rising of the sun! This promises a fair day, but should it be red and lowering the weather will be foul. But however soft of hue be the morning of life's day, clouds may come and make one's existence filled with gloomy forebodings. When rosy red colors the close of an ordinary day, we say, "It will be fair weather, for the sky is red." And when these rainbow tints deck the close of the day of life, we may say with even greater surety that Heaven's morrow will be yet more beautiful.

In Mr. H. E. Butler's "Seven Creative Principles," he makes pink express the discrimination which succeeds the force of red in the on-workings of Nature. Then come order, which is expressed by blue; then cohesion, which is green; then fermentation, of an ugly indigo. But this is followed by the beautiful violet of transmutation, while the seventh is of restful yellow, and expresses pure sensation. Whether all these colors really express the respective principles that Mr. Butler designates, does not seem certain to me; but the principles themselves are admirably thought out, showing as they do the different steps in Nature's process.

That certain colors belong to different individuals, and that each hue expresses a particular emotion or habit of thought is a most interesting study. No doubt each person's individual constitution is expressed by a certain color. But the shade of this color depends on the degree of his spiritual development. For instance, a person's leading characteristic being force, red might be his color. But while his spirituality remained undeveloped, the red would be murky, approaching black. But as he gained in spirituality, the red would become clearer, till at last a brilliant scarlet would well express the spiritual illumination of the forces of his being.

I am inclined to think that the color which generally seems the most beautiful and satisfying to a person, is his color, and that he will radiate this hue in spirit life. Some clairvoyants see this tint emanating from the ethereal body of certain individuals. Dante recognized this truth, and represents certain spirits in his "Paradise" as being recognized by the color of their light.

It were unscientific to suppose that the visual organs of the ethereal body can vibrate to the same colors that impress themselves as red or any other hue on the retina of the fleshly body. But by virtue of Swedenborg's law of correspondences, we believe that the tints of earth, as well as every other species of manifestation upon the mortal plane, correspond, faintly and dimly to be sure, with manifestations in the ethereal plane of life.

Hedged in the body, it seems to many as if the only realities belong to the physical life. To such, a spirit's existence is doubted unless they can handle him with fleshly hands. "Let him prove that he is," they say, "by bringing down the scale an appreciable number of pounds." But the idealist, Plato, being the great exemplar, knows that the soul life is the only reality, while what belongs to mortal life, yea to ethereal life as well, is but as shadow compared with the life of the soul.

I knew well that pink was my color, but never chanced to know its special significance, till Mr. Colville enlightened me in the Banner of Light of June 14. There he says,

"Pink always suggests hope."

How delightful! Then when my stepmother gave me the pink muslin dress, and tied my hair with pink ribbons, before she sailed for Burmah with my father, it expressed my hope that after my education was completed, I would go back to Burmah and work under his direction.

This hope was not fulfilled. Life passed on, other hopes missed fruition, and I settled down to work. Pink ribbons faded and went into the rag-bag. Work became a privilege and took the place of hope.

But now in the roseate glow of life's eventide, hope has resumed her sway, and promises the glad hour when I shall go to my father, not to Burmah as she whispered to the bereaved child, but to the fields of Paradise, where her education will never be completed, and where she can try to do good to both mortals and spirits, under his wise and experienced direction.

"And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair."

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,
Abby A. Judson.

Arlington, N. J.

A Symbolic Vision.

INTERPRETED BY W. J. COLVILLE.

Question.—Can you afford me any assistance in my efforts to arrive at a proper understanding of a symbolic vision I had recently? I was in a magnificent building—a temple—of which an exterior view was shown to me. The interior was magnificently decorated, and filled with beings most splendidly arrayed. But the central dome was unfinished, and I have to complete it, decorating its exquisite filigree work in blue and silver. I am hoping that you will be able to tell me your interpretation of this remarkable vision. —Thomas Atwood.

Answer.—The vision clearly refers to an important part of the spiritual life work in which the questioner is at present engaged. Much has already been accomplished, as evidenced by the relatively completed condition of the edifice in which he symbolically discovers himself. The dome of the structure which he has to personally finish by decorating it in silver and blue testifies in a truly emblematic manner to the importance and elevated character of his immediate unseen employment.

This worker in the spiritual temple unseen by eyes of flesh is at present engaged in ministering to many who are in the depths of error and sorrow; it is a special mission of his to comfort and upraise many such. There is no egotism on his part if he interprets this remarkably beautiful vision at its full value concerning his own work, because a large obligation necessarily entails vast responsibility, and it is therefore cowardice rather than humility which causes many to shrink from taking up the heavy cross which is theirs to carry, because its importance and size lifts them in some degree of appearance above many of their companions.

Whenever a vision is clearly seen by one who is in good bodily health and in a state of mental tranquillity, it may rightly be regarded as a picture presented by unseen helpers or as a result of unusual keenness of psychic vision on the part of whoever beholds such a tableau. Speaking of the splendor of garments worn by the inmates of the celestial temple, it is necessary to note that in spirit-life all clothing possesses representative value, and is truly an evolution or emanation from within the wearer rather than a fabric woven from extraneous substances. A similar remark applies to the singular beauty of the decorations of the edifice itself.

All objects which are true to nature are beautiful. The beauty of holiness and the deformity of sin are scientifically accurate descriptions of existing conditions in this world and on all other planes of consciousness. Beauty is our normal birthright, and when we live in complete harmony with universal order we shall all be beautiful both inwardly and outwardly; but our external beauty will be a result, not a forestating of our inward loveliness. There are no workers in spirit-life to whom a more important office is assigned than those who are specially engaged in lifting from depths to heights of moral progress those who as yet unaided cannot climb.

Let the seer of this remarkable vision, in company with other seers of similar visions, take courage to go bravely forward in the work in which he is now engaged, and let him, in common with all others similarly endowed and commissioned, note well the significance of the dome and its special coloring. Blue is always significant of manifested truth. It invariably betokens fidelity and aspiration, while silver signifies guileless innocency of purpose. Herein lies the open secret of the completion of the dome, and that the work may be done exquisitely and delicately, and the worker must do his part alone, is clearly intended to teach the utter individuality of one's special life mission, and the gentle patience which needs to be exercised in carrying out a project of spiritual design.

Concerning symbols in general we unhesitatingly aver that they constitute the universal hierophantic language of all ages, as they are equally comprehensible in all worlds where they are utilized. Seership needs to be quietly welcomed, not excitedly sought after, and whenever a singularly vivid dream occurs which leaves a lasting impression on memory's tablets it is well to diligently seek inspiration to interpret it.

Mrs. Soule's Photographs.

The Banner of Light Publishing Company has secured the exclusive right to sell the photographs of our circle medium, Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, and offers them to its patrons at the exceptionally low price of twenty-five cents each. Every Spiritualist should have one of these photographs. All orders will be promptly filled. Send us twenty-five cents and secure an excellent likeness of this gifted medium.

Sore disappointments of today often prove grand blessings of tomorrow.

Spirit Hand Gave Bouquet to Sardou.

There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.—Shakespeare.

At all times in the history of the world the greatest interest has been taken in the supernatural and inexplicable. In no country has more attention been devoted to occultism than in France.

One of the leading investigators of the various phenomena which have troubled so many people is M. Jules Bois.

M. Jules Bois has written volumes on the subject, and has traveled all over the world to study the question, in which he takes a deep interest. His latest expedition was to India, where he investigated the mysticism which forms so large a part of the native religions. It was with the object of obtaining his views on the subject that a Herald correspondent called on him at his residence in the Rue Taitbout. M. Jules Bois regards Spiritualism from a purely objective standpoint. He does not admit all the claims put forward by its adepts, many of whom are undoubtedly the dupes of charlatans, but he is equally far from rejecting the evidence brought forward in favor of the existence of some force which science cannot explain.

"No," he said, "I have seen too many evidences of the existence of some mysterious power to refuse to admit the possibility of communication with what people call the other world. Men and women of eminence, of whose good faith there can be no possible doubt, have related to me experiences which cannot be treated merely as a 'quantite negligeable.'"

"One of the greatest of these, M. Victorien Sardou, wrote me the following letter:—

"'My Dear Confrere:—

"'I was one of the first to study Spiritualism from the commencement and to pass from incredulity to surprise and from surprise to conviction. The material phenomena observed under the most rigorous control and attested by savants, whose names I need not recall to you, are not contestable, and in the majority of cases they are inexplicable in the present state of our knowledge.

"'You ask me if I believe in materialization? Naturally I do, for I have obtained them at the time when I was a medium and I still await the explanation of the unknown psychic force or the trick—of which I would be at once actor, witness and victim—by which an invisible hand left on my desk a bouquet of white flowers, which I kept for years till they fell into dust.

"'Victorien Sardou.'

"I have also," continued M. Jules Bois, "the testimony of Mlle. Augusta Holmes, the well known composer.

"'I formerly used to obtain spiritualistic communications in writing,' she declared to me, 'but it is only in the last three years that I have obtained phenomena so extraordinary and so conclusive that they seem to me inexplicable if we do not admit the intervention of spirits. Sardou spoke to me of objects which arrived in his room through the walls, but I did not believe in this, as I had never seen it.

"'Three years ago, in the house of friends, the mistress of the house told me she was haunted by the souvenir of Ambroise Thomas, whom she had known well. She asked me to invoke his spirit. We placed ourselves around a table, and Ambroise Thomas at once manifested himself. "I was not made," he said, to our great astonishment, "to compose the grand operas I did. My style of opera was the gay and frivolous one. My masterpiece is the 'Perruquier de la Regence,' which I wrote when I was twenty-two years old. However, I destroyed it later on in order not to interfere with my future success." Our curiosity was aroused, for none of us had ever heard of the opera. I went to the publisher of the late composer and asked him if there existed a score called the "Perruquier de la Regence." A search was made in his books, and it was found that an opera by Ambroise Thomas of that name had appeared, but he had given orders afterward to destroy the plates.

"'Afterward,' continued Mlle. Holmes, 'the phenomena increased in number and importance. In the first place a table for twenty-five people, which required several of my servants to move it, rose off the ground to the level of our shoulders. A rose covered with dew fell into my plate. There was not a single rose in the whole house. When I asked that another flower should be placed in the buttonhole of M. L—— I was at once obeyed, and it appeared there suddenly. Sometimes a light table became so heavy under the influence of the spirits that six of us could not move it, while another enormously heavy one rose off the ground on being merely touched by our finger tips, sometimes without being even touched at all.

"'The occult force having announced that it was going to call the Duc de Fronsac, I replied, playfully:—"I will be charmed to talk to you. Sit down beside me." Immediately a chair which was in the corner of the salon was projected toward my chair. I resisted even this evidence. As my glass was still before me, I said:—"Drink, my dear Duke," and before my eyes the wine disappeared, drunk up by invisible lips. I may remark that irony was unpleasing to this strange visitor, for one of us who treated the Duc de Fronsac as a "fumiste" was thrown from his chair and much bruised.

"'The prodigies became still more wonderful. Sweetmeats appeared on the table and in our serviettes. A piano, the top of which was closed, struck a chord. We obtained direct messages in writing. A pencil wrote by itself on a piece of paper, "You will see me."'

"But the experiences of M. Victorien Sardou and Mlle. Holmes," continued M. Jules Bois, "are nothing in comparison with those of M. Victorien Joncieres, the celebrated composer, the author of 'Dimitri' and 'Lusiauan,' two operas which have remained in the repertoire of the Opera. The good faith of the eminent musician is beyond all doubt.

"'When on a recent journey,' said M. Joncieres, 'a young girl, accompanied by her mother, asked me to hear her sing. In the course of conversation, they admitted they were Spiritualists, and at my request took me to a haunted house. I say haunted house, for everything I saw in it was extraordinary and seems to me inexplicable. M. M—— received me very cordially, but made me promise to keep his name and that of the town he inhabits a secret. He presented to me his niece, the medium, to whom he attributes the phenomena that take place in the house. It is since she came to live with him, after her mother's death, that the prodigies began.

"'She is a girl of about sixteen years; small, blond, lymphatic, with blue eyes, of a timid disposition. She is very religious and believes strongly in the devil. I was conducted into a large room with naked walls, in which ten people were gathered together. In the middle was an enormous oak table weighing more than a hundred kilogrammes, on which were placed paper, a pencil, a little concertina, a bell and a lighted lamp.

"'Suddenly a loud cracking was heard in the table. "Spirit are you there?" asked some one. No one touched the table, round which we formed a circle, holding each other's hands. A violent rap was heard. The niece placed her two hands on the table and asked us to do the same, and this enormously heavy table rose above our heads, so that we were obliged to rise on tiptoe to follow it. It swung backward and forward for some time in the air, and then sank noiselessly down on the floor.

"'M. M—— then fetched a piece of paper with a design on it. He placed it on the table and put beside it a glass of water, a box of colors and a brush. Then he put out the lamp. He relit it in two or three minutes. The design was filled in in two colors, yellow and blue, and the brush had not exceeded the lines of the design by a hair's breadth. The paint was still wet. Even supposing some one present had desired to fill in the design, how could he or she have done so in the dark without going beyond the lines composing it?

"'A number of raps,' continued M. Joncieres, 'were then heard on the table, corresponding to the letters of the alphabet. The spirit announced that a manifestation would take place specially for my benefit. On its order the lamp was again extinguished, and the concertina began to play a little tune in six-eight time. Hardly had the last note died away than M. M—— relit the lamp. On a sheet of music paper alongside the concertina the theme was written very correctly in pencil. It was not possible for any one to have written it between the lines in the darkness. Scattered on the table were a number of freshly cut daisies. "Ah!" said M. M——, "these are from the flower pot at the other end of the corridor." We went to inspect the plant and saw that the flowers had been plucked.

"'Hardly had we got back to the room than a wonderful spectacle awaited us. The bell which was on the table rose up, ringing, till it touched the roof and then dropped back on the table. This time the prodigy took place in full light. The end of the seance was really painful. An intense cold moved round the room in a circle, passing over our hands. "It is a bad spirit," said the young medium, with a look of terror; "protect me." She seemed to be struggling with an unseen force. I seized one of her hands and a professor of physics who was present grasped the other. In spite of this the poor girl was thrown to the ground, and at a certain moment I felt my own chair lifted off the ground. "Oh!" she cried, "he has bitten me," and she held out her left hand, on which the mark of teeth was plainly visible. "Enough," said her uncle; "let us leave the room, or a misfortune may happen to us."

"'I have seen a celebrated medium who was put in a state of trance alongside a glass of water. The water was carried into an adjoining room. When a pin was thrust into the water she started as if pricked, and when the hand was passed caressingly over the surface she showed signs of feeling the movement.'"—N. Y. Herald, April 27.

If you cannot do a kind deed, speak a kind word; if you cannot speak a kind word, think a kind thought.—Unknown.

Our grand business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—Thomas Carlyle.

Boston Advertisements.

New York Advertisements

The Mississippi Valley Spiritualists Asso.

(Continued from page 1).

ceded to be one of the prettiest in this State of growing and prosperous cities.

TRANSPORTATION.

Very favorable rates of transportation have been granted for the meeting by both the railroads and steamboats plying up and down the Mississippi river. The Western Passenger Association has announced a rate of a fare and a third for the round trip on the certificate plan. This covers points in Missouri, Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, North Dakota, South Dakota, Illinois, Wisconsin and the Northern Peninsula of Michigan. Certificates showing the purchase of going tickets on July 24, 25 and 26 and on each Tuesday and Friday thereafter during the continuance of the meeting will be honored for return trip at one-third the fare paid going. The purchaser should be very careful to secure a certificate for each ticket bought, as no certificate will be honored which was issued to cover more than one single trip ticket. If the instructions are carefully followed, there will be no trouble whatever in getting full benefit of the reduced rate.

Those who live near the Mississippi river can take a delightful river trip on any of the Diamond Jo Line Steamboats at one transportation fare for the round trip. These boats are magnificently fitted up, and the service is as near perfect as it is possible to make it, which, combined with the beautiful scenery along the river, make an ideal pleasure ride of the trip. Those living in the interior who wish to make a portion of the journey by water should write or telegraph the Diamond Jo agent at the nearest river point for passage, and time of departure of the boat. Tickets are on sale from July 19 to Aug. 22, and are good to return until Aug. 30.

This Association is entitled to a very large crowd at this, their twentieth annual meeting, and all who wish for further information and official announcements should write to the secretary, Mrs. Stella A. Fisk, Keokuk, Iowa, and she will gladly furnish them.

Children's Spiritualism.

"Floral Heights."

TWO DOUBLE ANNIVERSARIES.

Dear Little Banner Children:

Being so very fond of little children I thought I would write and tell you of Floral Heights, this little home of my father and mine, and of two double birthday anniversaries celebrated here.

When we built our cottage some six years ago, this acre of ground coatained but one tree, a grand old chestnut in the centre, that had withstood wind and storm for more than one hundred years, though all around were beautiful groves, with the brook running through. Now my father has some seventy thrifty young fruit trees of various kinds, and numerous small fruits, and I have my flowers.

Any day from the last of May to December, I can cut roses fresh with the morning dew; but 'tis in June I fairly revel in them. Imagine, if you can, one hundred rose bushes; forty varieties of the choicest kind that grow, loaded with their fragrant bloom; and for a background, harmoniously mingling its beauty and perfume, is the sweet woodbine draping each of the eleven posts of our double porch.

Each morn I go among them to see what new ones have bloomed for me. I talk to them; call them my beautiful beauties, and in all their freshness and sweetness, they answer back to me. Blooming, too, at the same time with these, are the pure white lilies, several varieties of paeonies, and many other kinds of flowers. Oh, the beauty of these roses! To be fully appreciated their exquisite loveliness must be seen in the early morning of a bright June day.

As our home is built on a high hill, commanding a fine view of the surrounding country, do you wonder at my naming it "Floral Heights?" How I love my little cottage home! It grows more dear each year. Nestled in amid the trees, so near to Nature's heart, it seems of it a part.

Here, in the midst of my flowers, ofttimes come to me gems of thought; these I hope to weave into garlands of beauty, to brighten the lives, and gladden the hearts of the sad and the weary. But the greatest pleasure I find in my flowers is the privilege to give them. To man, woman and child, rich and poor, high and low, I love to give of my flowers, and watch the glad light come into their faces. Those who raise flowers merely for show, and never cut them, have yet to learn their true meaning. How they have helped to keep from despair, and all my flowers have been to me, I can never tell.

Through the winter it is very quiet here, but during the summer we have many callers from the valley, where there are some seventy cottages occupied by families from the city of Philadelphia, some twenty miles away. Then there is scarcely a day but several children find their way to Floral Heights to ramble among the flowers; to chat awhile in the cool of the vine-wreathed porch. These dear little sensitive plants! It takes such a little to make or mar their happiness. 'Tis like a taste of Heaven to watch their sweet faces light up with joy at the gift of a flower.

Baby rabbits come to our lawn and feed on the sweet white clover. They seem to know that no harm will come to them here. During the glorious fall weather, the cunning little squirrel, with bushy tail o'er his back, goes nutting with his mouth for a sack; and many a trip does he make to his nest; all through the long winter in abundance is blest.

And oh, the birds! the many beautiful birds that come to our home every spring, and build their nests right here among the vines and roses. Each year more, and some new varieties, come to spend the summer with me, and such charming boarders I find them. Sometimes coming quite near, they put their heads to one side, and look at me in such a cunning way, as they seem to say:

"We are not afraid of you; we know you would not harm us."

Ofttimes during the summer I lie in my hammock at one end of the porch, and as I listen to their sweet songs, I wonder how people can be so cruel as to shoot them, and worse still, tear the wings from their tender bodies for thoughtless ones to adorn their hats and bonnets. This I am resolved: Never again to use as ornament, breast or wing of a poor little dead bird.

From lack of strength and means, there is still much unfinished about our home, but I see many improvements in the future, and here is a little prophecy but partly told:

Friend! this I wish to say:
Years hence should you chance this way,
An arch you'll find at the entrance,
Round which the rose, and vine delight to twine;—
Overhead, in letters of gold,
These words, "Floral Heights," behold.
The meaning of this, be it more or less,
I leave for you to guess;
For it holds within an esoteric meaning,
Quite clear to my seeing.
Those who understand, I need not tell;
Not to tell the rest, 'tis just as well.

There is much I could write of the natural beauty of this delightful rural spot, but must hasten on, that I may tell you of a dear little human flower that came to gladden the home of my brother and his wife, two years ago the 26th day of last June, and as that day was the anniversary of my own birth, they named her for me with the added name of Lois. When she opened her bright eyes to this life, she had three grown sisters, and surrounded with so much love and care, she is indeed a winsome little maid. Just before she was one year old I conceived the idea to have her spend each and every anniversary of her birth at "Floral Heights." So accordingly, some two weeks previous to that date, the United States mail carried to her the following note of invitation, and of all Uncle Sam's very numerous family, perhaps this little maiden was the youngest he ever served in this way.

"Floral Heights,"
Parkland, Eden, Pa.

Miss Lois Elizabeth Fish.

Greeting:—Be it known to all interested, that herein is extended an invitation to Miss Lois Elizabeth Fish to spend each and every anniversary of her birth at "Floral Heights," with her aunt, Elizabeth M. Fish. As the first of these will come on the 26th day of June, 1900, she with her mother, her father and her sisters will be looked for on the morning of that day.

A picnic lunch served to all.

Elizabeth M. Fish.

In due time an acceptance was received. For this first birthday anniversary I filled a basket with La France roses and pure white lilies, not forgetting to mingle some fragrant woodbine, and wrote for her this little poem of welcome:

Sweet little maid to all so dear;
Just one year ago today,
Since thou didst come for a while to stay;
With a bright smile hearts to cheer.

Eyes at first of an azure blue,
All around in wonder gazing,
To hazel fast their coloring is changing;
No matter, so they ever shine true.

To "Floral Heights" I bid thee welcome.
Amid the roses and lilies of this leafy bower,
Thou art by far the fairest flower.
Of these and more an epitome.

A basket for a nest;
I take some sweet woodbine,
Roses rare and lilies fair with this combine.
On all this beauty thine eyes shall rest.

I bring the most dainty bud I can find;
From its slender stem take every thorn,
That thy tender fingers may not be torn;
This I place in thy outstretched baby hand.

'Twas well to come in sweet June!
May each anniversary bring more light,
That all around may be still more bright;
With harmony within, all else must be in tune.

From the fountain of Truth
Mayest thou ever drink;
'Twixt Heaven and earth ever form a link;
In happy age keep thy youth forsooth.

Now, some of you little ones may think this all very foolish; as she was too young to understand, she could derive no benefit. But as one who believes every good thought we have for another must in some way aid that one, I feel the time so spent is not lost. Like the good seed we put into mother-earth will some time come forth and blossom.

Until a few weeks previous to her second birthday anniversary, I had no plan for that day, beyond having her spend it here, and surrounding her with flowers. So one bright morning, I thought it full time to begin, and I searched around in my mind for material. First I took a great big piece from the cloth of Love; this I spread out all around me. Then the thought was born, of how I would make for her a wreath of roses, and she should be crowned our little queen. Then up from Somewhere Land came the thought of a little dress I had worn when of her age; this should be her coronation robe; and next, what would serve for a throne? when lo! I knew it would be her great-great-grandfather's old arm chair. This should be freshened and decorated with the choicest of lilies and roses. The mantle above should hold great bunches of these beauties, and with two lighted candles at her feet, my plan would be complete when I had woven these thoughts into a poem.

So these things were made ready for the little maid, and it was good to see the great delight she took in all these arrangements. A sweetly beautiful living picture she made wearing her crown so gracefully, and as she watched the bright candles burning at her feet, thoughts were voiced in the following words by her Aunt Elizabeth:

Here at Floral Heights, I give to thee
A glad reception, on this second anniversary
Of thy natal day. In thine own winsome way,
With the hearts of others thou wilt ever stay.

To June, the sweetest month of all the year,
As a citizen of earth, thou didst first appear.
Who dare question of thy Heaven born right,
To seek of life only that most fair and bright?

Dear little namesake! I, too, claim this day
As anniversary of the one I came this way!
Silver threads now freely mingle with the brown—I'm told—
Yet in spirit I'll never grow old.

When just thine age—on many a sunshiny day—
More years ago than now I'll say—
Was worn by me, this dainty white swiss gown,
With numerous tiny pink polka dots on.

This little dress—once my very best—
Long yellowed in the old brown chest—
I thought to freshen with water, air, and sunshine,
For it ought to grace that form of thine.

In style, it does not differ far, from those
Now worn by little maids in their two's;
Its ribbon fresh, and dainty lace,
Vying with the smile on thy face.

With gentle touch, in this now we'll clothe thee;
As coronation robe it shall serve thee;
Mayest love, and most tender care, ever attend thee,
Through all days of time yet to be.

Thy great-grandmother's father's chair for a throne—
Though to reach it alone thou must yet have grown—
Round its old frame, I'll twine vine the choicest,
And mingle sweet blossoms of mine the fairest.

This old arm-chair! If it could but speak today,
This is what I think it would say:
"Five generations now, these old arms have sheltered,
Yet a fairer form than this, they ne'er supported.
"Since you do me such honor here today,
Quite a while now, I think I'll stay.
Five generations more, I may yet hold;
Pray think me not too bold."

Those who once found rest within its arms,
And to mother-earth have given up their mortal forms,
Methinks are here today, to smile on thee,
And rejoice in all the good they see.

And a goodly host they make,
Gathered here for thine own dear sake;
With their love, they'll make thee strong,
And guard from all semblance of any wrong.

Next, two candles we will light;
One all green, one all pink so bright,
And place them at thy feet.
Then, when all is quite complete

I'll crown thee, in thy many graceful poses,
With wreath of bright fragrant roses,
Queen of all hearts here today.
Now, we think thee very quaint and gay.

Here, amidst all this floral wealth,
I speak for thee, words of health,
And happiness. In the truest, highest sense,
Mayest thou them well earn as a recompense.

Why do we love thee so well?
Ah! the answer is not hard to tell!
Round the tendrils of our hearts, thou hast woven a spell,
That sparkles as a jewel we would not sell.

O'er our lives is shed its radiance;
As breath from sweet blossom, is its fragrance;
And we know it speaks in the voice of our God,
To teach of all most high and good.

Of all the soul may claim for a dower,
Love is its most beautiful, precious flower.
Sages have sung—and never was logic more sound—
"It is Love that makes the world go round."

Now dear little ones, I have had a long talk with you. The roses are again in bloom; another June is almost here, and the third double birthday anniversary draws near, and if you care to hear, a few weeks later I'll tell of it.

Your loving friend,
Elizabeth M. Fish.

"Floral Heights,"
Parkland, Eden, Pa., May 29, 1902.

The Office of Astrology.

The conflict between our good and evil angels is a very old story; so is Astrology; so is Buddhism; and so, too, is Christianity. And all tell the same thing; all declare that the good and the evil are warring for our patronage and that we must decide between them.

As for Astrology, it goes a step further, and not only apprises us of the existence of the friendly and the adverse powers, but also names the individual members of each opposing band, so that walking as it were with open eyes and informed intelligence we may choose our paths the better, avoiding the concealed pitfalls and grasping with a firmer hand the angels who wish us well.

Looking at a chart showing the relative positions of the planets at a birth wherein I am interested, I discover that Saturn on that occasion was in conjunction with Venus. Then I turn to my Rhyming Oracle and read this:

"To Saturn the Belle in Con-Square-or-Opp View
Predicts of an opening life,
'Neglectful, untidy, unfortunate too
For mother and children and wife.'"

The situation, therefore, is distinctly unfavorable. So I make a capital B for Bad and write the aspect down under it, feeling vexed with Venus for not having done better. But lo! upon looking at the chart again I find that Venus at that same hour was also in conjunction with Mercury, an aspect whereof the Rhyming Oracle says:

"But an orderly mind and a musical soul
And an intellect clear we divine
Should Venus with Luna or Mercury roll
In conjunction or sextile or trine."

This is consolatory. I make a capital G for Good, enter the aspect underneath and look again.

The result is that divers good aspects of varying degrees are ranged against an equal number of bad ones, and a personality stands forth in all its strength and weakness like a photograph of the Ego there, an unspoken sermon, a song without words, a warning from realms invisible conveyed by our neighboring stars.

M. H. Simpson.

The Story of Chancellor Hugo Kollataj.

FROM LA REVUE SPIRITE.

This story is taken from Henri Rzewuski's history "Laska i Przeznaczanie."

In the month of November, 1798, certain Polish gentlemen of note, such as the Abbe Hugo Kollataj, Chancellor of State; Thadie Czacki, Count Rzewuski, the father of the author and several others were together in Count Czacki's drawing-room. Many of them were supporters of the philosophy of Voltaire. The conversation was very animated, and finally turned on the evidence of the existence of an invisible world which it was impossible to deny, inasmuch as the apparition of deceased persons was so frequent. My father, knowing that the Abbe Kollataj was a fervent disciple of Voltaire, said to him, "Chancellor, as for you, is it not the fact that you have never seen any supernatural in your life and that you have no faith in these stories of apparitions?"

After a silence of several minutes, the Chancellor replied: "Nevertheless an extraordinary thing happened to me; I will tell you my story.

"In the year 1788 I was living, as you know, very near the palace of our King Stanislaus, and on account of my services at the Court, I was obliged to be present on days of reception. Every morning, at 9 o'clock, I went in full dress to mass in the king's chapel. After mass I had to work with the king in his cabinet until noon. My service at Court and my social duties took so much of my time that I had for my own affairs only a part of the night.

"At this time great powdered wigs were in vogue and every one who went much into society was obliged to have a skilful hairdresser. I accordingly employed by the year as my hairdresser a certain Bravacki, the most celebrated artist in his profession in all Warsaw, and his duty was to come every day at 7 o'clock in the morning. It was my habit to wake very early and to remain in bed for some time. Bravacki used to wait for me in my dressing room.

"One morning I woke at 6 o'clock and as usual was lying in bed, when the door opened suddenly and I saw a strange looking person enter; he was a veritable caricature of an old German. He was short in stature, stout, dumpy; his face was covered with pimples, and his belly was enormous. He had in his hands a large powdered wig. His coat was old-fashioned, of an indefinite color, with great metal buttons; his trousers were of black velvet, his waistcoat red, his stockings white, and he wore shoes with enormous buckles. He bowed to me several times very low, almost to the floor and disappeared. I dressed myself with all speed and ran into the antechamber to call Bravacki. No one had seen him come in. 'But where, then, is the old German who has just gone out of my room?' I asked. The servants declared that they had seen no one; they had not been out of the room since the early morning, and the only approach to my room was through the antechamber.

"As Bravacki did not come, and as I could not get along without a hairdresser, I summoned another. The next morning, Bravacki came as usual. Naturally I asked him the reason of his absence the day before.

"'Pardon me, your Excellency; yesterday I was very busy. The chief of our corporation died suddenly of apoplexy, and as I am apprenticed to him, I was obliged to make the arrangements for his burial. It was I who made him ready for the coffin.'

"'What sort of looking person was he, and how did you dress him?'

"'Your Excellency, he was the type of an old German, short, stout, dumpy, with a large belly. His coat was an old-fashioned one, his waistcoat was red and his stockings white.'

"'Then I saw him here yesterday at 7 o'clock in the morning,' said I to the astonished Bravacki. 'Now I understand it all; he came to make excuse for your failure to come.'"

Camp Progress.

Sunday, June 15, was the day appointed by the Camp Progress Spiritualists' Association for State Day. The officers of the state association and some of the speakers arrived at the camp at 10.55 and found some of the officers of the camp association were present. The weather was dubious, but preparations were made for the afternoon sessions; a bountiful dinner was supplied and at 2 p. m. Mr. Milliken, the president, called the meeting to order, and introduced Mr. J. B. Hatch, Jr., first vice-president of the Massachusetts State Association, who took charge of the meetings. Mr. Hatch brought the greetings of the president, Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, who deeply regretted his inability to be present. Mr. Hatch welcomed all who were present; thanked them for braving the elements, and showing an interest in organized efforts. The session opened with a selection by the Mowerland Park Quartet. Mrs. Bonney of Boston offered an invocation; Mr. E. W. Hatch rendered a vocal selection, which was well received. Mr. J. S. Scarlett said in part: "Friends, it always seems like coming home when I step upon your platform, for this is the seventh year I have had that pleasure. Today this pleasure is intensified, as I am here as a guest and a worker in and for the State Association. We welcome you all to the service of the hour; we invite you all to investigate the facts upon which Modern Spiritualism is based. Nothing has done more to bless the world, to elevate and uplift humanity, than Spiritualism. Spiritualism comes as a spiritual religion based on demonstrations of nature. The manifestations of Modern Spiritualism are a part of the manifestations of nature. We are all immortal, and from my standpoint, we are all eternal. I belong to the great over soul of the universe, therefore must be eternal.

"Spiritualism teaches the religion of love, teaches that man by the law of nature is a progressive being, teaches a natural conception of death, teaches us if we are spiritual bankrupts here we will be so over there; forces human duties and responsibilities; teaches living right and the enforcement of the Golden Rule."

The Moreland Park Quartet then gave a fine selection, after which Mrs. Bonney of Boston said: "I am pleased to be here and to meet those who are seeking for the truths of Spiritualism. Friends, I know if you come earnestly seeking for truth, you will receive it." Mrs. Bonney closed with many very fine tests, which were all recognized. Mr. Fred Taylor rendered a fine vocal selection, which was much appreciated. Mr. Fred de Bos was the next speaker. He was very enthusiastic. He said: "We have been told that Supreme Power is Love; the very thought of that love sends a thrill through my soul; it must be true. Did you ever think you were part of the God Love! We must not say simply 'I love you,' but we must prove our love to each other by deeds and actions. You may be degraded, selfish or vile, but true love will transform you, and I want to impress upon you that the only religion that can conquer all evils is the power of love." He closed his remarks with a poem.

An intermission of one hour followed. At 4 p. m. the meeting was called to order again, and opened with a selection by the quartet. Mrs. Abbie Burnham was the first speaker. She said: "If we could understand the vibrations around us we would better understand the making of our lives; we look at things so differently that life is often a conflict." She spoke of the power within ourselves not yet developed, and said many of the phenomena that were supposed to be manifestations of disembodied spirits were the results of our own undeveloped spirit. "I hope the time will soon come when we shall know each other better and then there will be fewer misunderstandings." Mr. E. W. Hatch sang "Light of Our Way," which was well received. Mr. James Smith of Cliftondale spoke briefly. He read a poem, "Help Your Fallen Brother," and said that was the truest Christianity that could be found upon the earth. He then told of many instances that occurred in early life, of the temperance cause. He said every wrong we committed we would have to ask pardon of the one injured before we could progress. After a vocal selection by Mr. Fred Taylor, Mrs. Bonney gave excellent tests, which were enjoyed by all. Mr. J. S. Scarlett was the last speaker. He said our Spiritualism was for the rich and poor alike, but he thought we should all realize we had a financial obligation to the societies who were trying to work for the truth. The meeting closed with singing by the quartet. Thanks were extended to the society at Camp Progress and to the ladies and all who assisted in making this meeting a success.—Carrie L. Hatch, Secretary.

If I am building a mountain, and stop before the last basketful of earth is placed on the summit, I have failed.—Confucius.

Hope.—There is always hope in the man who actually and honestly works. In idleness alone is there perpetual despair.—Carlyle.