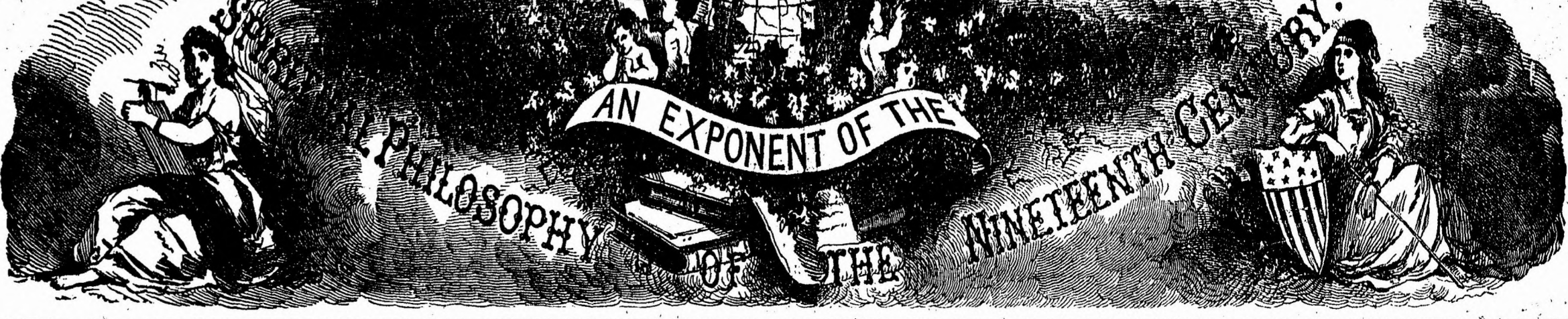


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GOD HATH PAVED THE WAY.

BY W. S. HASKELL.

Lift up thy head, oh! man,
Behold the light of day;
Shrink not thy duties here,
God hath paved the way.

Thy mind may rest in darkness,
Thy soul enshrouded in clay;
Fear not, the goal is near,
God hath paved the way.

Thou art that ill-leaved flower,
Thou art that fading ray,
What care, what fear need borrow,
God hath paved the way.

Oh! joy in truth eternal,
No darkness here to-day;
I trust, believe and know
God hath paved the way.

Dimond P. O., Alameda Co., Cal.

(To be issued in pamphlet form.)

The Evolution of Worship.

A Lecture by Harrison D. Barrett.

Published by special request.

(Concluded.)

At this point a question arises as to the next sequential step in the evolution of worship on the part of the human family. We have hurriedly traced man's progress from animistic worship to that of the Creator of the physical universe. Is the next step the worship of the lesser deities whom he created in fancy to preside over the various orders in the vegetable and animal kingdoms, or the worship of that which he conceived to be the source of life? It is thought by many that Phallic worship preceded Sun worship, while many contend that they were contemporaneous. We feel, however, that Phallicism followed after all of the forms named, hence have placed it after the worship of the Creator of the physical universe. There is not time to enter upon a full discussion of Phallic worship. It is a most interesting study, and presents many lessons of transcendent beauty to the students of religious history, when examined in a truth-seeking spirit. One thing is certain: had the reverential spirit and the purity of thought that were associated with the original sex-worship been adopted by the Christian peoples in full, there would be far less sexual depravity and fewer moral monstrosities than exist to-day. Phallic worship is a study of itself, and could well be made the basis for a series of many lectures.

Man's God now was the Creator of the earth and all of the heavenly bodies, but not yet could he endow even this Power with that omnipotency of strength and wisdom to account for all of the manifestations upon the earth, in the sea and air and sky. The plants, the flowers, the birds, the animals and all objects that greeted his sight could not spring from the self same Power that made the earth, so he sought to account for them by ascribing them to the special creative agency of some god or goddess, whose united Powers ruled the universe. Wherever Man was dispersed, there his ruling deities partook of the characteristics of the men who worshipped them, and were especially adapted to the climatic conditions of those countries where Man lived. Egypt, India, Greece, Rome and Scandinavia all contributed to the Pantheon of the world's family of gods, and each nation manifested its own nature in the gods and goddesses with which the universe was filled. In truth, as Dr. Gansaulus, of Chicago, so well says: "Man has ever been like the gods he worshipped, while the gods have always been like the men who worshipped them." A warlike people were always ruled by fighting deities, while a nation that loved peace was always governed by deities who were peaceful by nature and lovers of the beautiful in all things. Even to-day, in Christianity, we find the god of the Partialist a revengeful being, full of anger every day against the wicked members of his own family, and delighting in an opportunity to send his children into everlasting torture. A Universalist, a Unitarian, or a Free Religionist makes his god kind, gentle and loving, whose boundless affection ultimately restores all of the children of men to a state of peace and happiness in Heaven.

But in the early history of the race man did not hesitate to create deities, gods and goddesses at will, and placed them as tutelary divinities in the several departments of nature. In the countries named, Ra, Ptah, Isis, Osiris, Horus, Zeus and his family on the heights of Olympus, Jupiter and the minor gods of Rome, Brahma, Vishnu, Siva, Odin, Thor, Freya, and the satellites that shone from their reflected lights, as well as the deities and sub-deities of other nations, of other ages, all came forth at the command of Man's fancy, poetic creations of childish mind. Yet the worship of these minor divinities was most intensely real to millions of people, fear being the chief factor that served to influence them for many centuries. To every phenomenon they could not understand they ascribed a supernatural author, hence permitted their minds to grow idealistic gods and goddesses, even as an apple tree grows its luxuriant blossoms in May. Greece borrowed her gods from Egypt, and to some extent spiritualized them, yet even the people of cultured Greece yielded to the influence of poetry, and failed to become Rationalists in religion. She added many members to the Pantheon of the gods, and gave many wonderful fairy tales to posterity as evidences of her religious spirit.

But how is it to-day? The evolution of worship has rolled Man forward despite his attempts to cling to the poetic myths of his ancestors. All is now changed. Go with me to Egypt, and there you will find a civilization differing widely from that which obtained in the days when Isis and Osiris were supreme. To-day you hear no stories of Isis wandering up and down the valley of the sacred Nile, weeping for the lost Osiris, and moaning over the fate of Horus. No Sun-God is reputed to catch people up into his chariot of flame to take them with him in fiery pomp in his journey across the sky. No flaming Gehenna awaits with rapacious maw, the coming of the condemned, to be burned forever. No weeping nor wailing is heard over the fate of the beloved dead—all is silence—as silent as the Sphinx, the Pyramids, and the majestic Nile.

No mighty Zeus, with his great family of gods and goddesses, engage in Bacchanalian revel on Mt. Olympus by night or day; no muses are seen or heard. Art speaks only through fragments of marble, while Poetry and Philosophy give forth their messages from the pages of the histories of a age that has gone forever. Brahma, Vishnu and Siva have disappeared, and their voices are no longer heard even in echoes along the corridors of time. Rome, the

Eternal City, stands upon her seven hills, but the Rome of Jupiter and his host of gods has gone for aye. Silent are they all, even as are the tombs of the Caesars. No warlike Odin calls his warriors to daily contest; no Thor is heard striking blows with his mighty hammer, that carry with their echoes terror to every heart; no slain Balder appeals to his worshippers to mourn his sad exit from earth; no Valhalla echoes to the tread of martial feet, resounds not with the din of battle, hears not the shrieks of the Valkyrias from the heaps of the slain, sees no tables spread for feasting after conquests—all are silent now; silence and nothing but silence abounds; the gods are dead, killed by Common-sense, buried by Reason, and their memories only treasured in myths and poetry. Yes, the gods are dead, "gone into the glimmering dreams of the things that were." Yet all that was ever true in religion remains for us to-day, as true as Truth itself and as eternal as Time.

A new era dawned when the gods went away from earth. A man sounded the keynote of its coming when he said upon Mars hill, "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are very religious (not superstitious, as erroneously rendered by some writers), for as I passed by and beheld your devotions I found an altar with this inscription: TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you."—Acts XVII, 22-23. A great teacher had preceded the preacher of Mars hill, and had said: "God is spirit." His thought had been taken up by his apostles, of whom the speaker at Athens was one, and carried far and wide. Philosophers and sages, wise scholars and inspired teachers, began to throw the light of their intellects, their spiritual natures, upon this problem of the creation. What did it? Where was the First Great Cause? Religionists wrestled with the question and scientists experimented in the laboratories of nature, until it was proved that the visible or tangible things were the unreal, and that the invisible real was something beyond, yet not outside of the so-called material universe. Analysis, synthesis, reasoning, speculation, could not account for the Invisible Real that caused things to be.

The evolution of man's thought caused him to see that Life was this Invisible Real—not an over-ruling Power, but an inner ruling Principle, the source of all things, the divine matrix in which all finite manifestations germinate: Life, that involved all things, and from which all things were evolved. Universal Life supplanted all of the gods of all ages and nations, drove out all of the imps and demons of churchianity, enthroned itself in the Universe, and commanded man to know himself that he might know something of the life from which he sprang. Polytheism, anthropomorphism, speculative theism and agnosticism were forced into retirement by the demonstrations of the immanence of Life in the Universe, that revealed the pure pantheism of Spirit—the only Real, the only true God. Jesus and Paul referred to this Eternal Principle, and had their followers correctly interpreted their premises, the higher Pantheism of Spirit would have long ago dominated the religious thought of man.

But what of man himself? Has he no share in the revelations of this Universal Life Principle? Most assuredly he has, for man is the unit of the problem, and we have thus far been engaged in tracing his origin. We are now face to face with the question of his destiny. We have no time to review the teachings of the ethnic religions upon this question. Since the dawn of history all peoples have held to some form of a belief in a future life, and have lived in consonance with that belief. In some countries oracles gave messages from the unseen realms, counseling the people of earth as to the way they should live, and how they should act. The Jewish nation, as will be seen from the Hebrew Scriptures, had little to say about life after death. The man of Nazareth came, and gave a new revelation of the power of the spirit to the world. Spiritual phenomena were wrought in his presence, and upon them he and his followers founded a new religious system, that was to bring life and immortality to light. For almost three hundred years spirit communion was acknowledged by the Christian Church. The comforting assurance that death was but another name for change was emphasized by the inspired teachers of the early days of the Christian era. But as the followers of Christianity increased in numbers, they became the objects of envy on the part of the rulers of the Roman Empire. Constantine, the pious hypocrite, the religious murderer, conceived a plan by which Church and State could be united. He laid the mailed hand of Imperialism upon the churches, and the light of the spirit at once began to wane. Temporal or material things and things spiritual do not dwell in the same household. He made the Christian Church a staff of support to his Empire, and spiritual gifts were forgotten. Mammon worship and a wholesome desire for the treasures of the spirit can never be made one and the same. Wherever Imperialism and Ecclesiasticism dwell, there is always spiritual darkness. Take care then that Imperialism and Ecclesiasticism never join hands to assume power in this America of ours. There are signs that indicate that there is danger in this direction. Look out for it, and be ever on the alert to protect and defend civil and religious liberty.

A thousand and more years of spiritual darkness followed the action of Constantine. Only a few rifts in the clouds appeared in all that time, to allow the light of the spirit to shine through. Ecclesiasticism and its powerful ally, Imperialism, were ever on the alert to stamp out what they were pleased to call heresy, with the iron heel of despotism. Every spiritual reformer and seer was either put to death or to torture for opinion's sake. The door between the two worlds was closed and hermetically sealed to the multitudes; it was opened to a favored few of the Catholic prelates who used it as a means to increase their own power over the people. The Catholic Church, through its creed, said: "We believe in the communion of saints," and deliberately refused to permit the sorrowing millions of its followers to enjoy that communion. So arrogant did it become that it even declared that its Pope had power to sell pardons for sins, before they were committed. Black, indeed, was the spiritual outlook. A new revelation was needed, a reform must take place. Martin Luther came and hurled defiance at the hierarchy of Rome. He gave some spiritual truth to the world and succeeded in effecting some reforms. But his followers, unable to see that the people should be given some knowledge of their destiny, formulated a creed in the name of the reformed religion. Spiritual progress in and through Lutheranism was effectually stopped. Let me say here in passing that creeds have ever been stumbling blocks athwart the pathway of human progress, and that I believe they ever will be. Beware, then, of iron-clad creeds.

John Calvin came. He improved somewhat upon some of the teachings of Luther, and gave the world an idea of

Justice that had never been emphasized before. But his theology—how terrible, how pitiless! It would seem that no sane mind could ever teach such diabolism as was involved in Calvinism. Zwingli, Melancthon, Servetus and other reformers of the periods of Luther and Calvin added each a little to the sum total of knowledge; but in common with the great leaders mentioned, they failed to demonstrate the fact of life beyond the tomb. The immortal seer, Emanuel Swedenborg, came; he declared the reality of the world of spirit, told of his visions thereof, and did not hesitate to say that there was a future for man. His followers, however, could not realize the beneficial effect this truth would have upon the masses, hence virtually repudiated spirit-communion, and established another church.

The Wesleys, John and Charles, were the next great teachers to speak to mankind. They believed that religion should be brought home to the humblest children of earth—that it was a heritage for all, and not for the few, that its consolations in another life were alike for the rich and the poor, through salvation by grace. They were helped by unseen influences in their great work. The story of the spiritual manifestations in that Epworth Cottage over the sea is a strangely instructive and interesting one. Take the autobiography of John Wesley, in its unabridged form, and read the story for yourselves. Robert Dale Owen refers to it, and quotes from it in one of his great works. You may not find the story in some of the more modern lives of Wesley; the hatred for spiritual manifestations was so great as to induce some writers to commit the pious fraud of expunging the references in question from the work in the name of religion. Had these spiritual revelations recorded by John Wesley been permitted to exert even their natural influence upon the masses, Modern Spiritualism might have appeared a century earlier than it did. But it was not to be. The Wesleys established a creed, and placed another block in the pathway of progress.

Next came the reaction against Partialism. John Murray began to teach that Scriptures promised happiness in heaven to all men. "God," he said, "was too good to punish his children eternally, hence death was the bar before which he arraigned them all, and was their final punishment." All men must be saved, whether they wanted to be or not; it was so foreordained, and they must accept their destiny. He failed, and so did his successors, to say that there was any opportunity to commune with the inmates of that heaven, but declared that such was not even remotely possible. The Universalists adopted another creed, and again blocked the bar of progress. The next step was an easy, and perfectly natural one. The question of man's life and welfare on earth was raised. The dignity and grandeur of human nature were emphasized, and the absurd speculations of the theologians about the oneness of three, and the threeness of one, were rejected as mathematical impossibilities, therefore absurdities. Monism as to the Godhead, and man's duty to his brethren on earth were the essentials of this new gospel. Priestly and Channing, and ultimately Theodore Parker were its exponents. Unitarianism was born. It said nothing of the future outside of the pale of hope. There might be a future life, if there were, it was all right; if there were not, God knew best, and they would gladly leave it all with God. Robert Collyer wittily defines the difference between Universalism and Unitarianism as follows: "The Universalists believe that God is too good to damn man, while the Unitarians believe that man is too good to be damned." I would not do my Unitarian friends any injustice in my references to their belief in a future life. Many of them hope for immortality; some believe in a heaven similar to that of the Universalists; others care nothing about it, while none of them have consistently and persistently emphasized communion between the two worlds. I have heard some of their wisest leaders say that they believed in another life, in which each individual became a floating entity, without form or power of speech, or ability to see or hear, but would sense the presence of other entities when he happened to come near enough to them, to recognize father, mother, wife or child.

What a pitiless, soulless philosophy is this! I have referred to the Unitarians at this length from the fact that they are the most progressive of all religionists, hence are supposed to entertain the most logical views of life here and hereafter. The Unitarians have been and yet are leaders in the field of scholarship, but their erudition will never make them spiritual, nor will it give them the right to assume that outside of their thought there is nothing of value in the realm of religion. They have done a great deal of good as a body, and the influence of their thought upon the questions pertaining to theology has been most salutary. But they have been content to rest upon the uncertain couch of hope with regard to life after death, or have fallen into agnosticism and positive denial of a future state of existence. It therefore follows that man has been forced to look elsewhere to find evidence of the survival of the soul over the change called death.

He turned to Science, the greatest of all his teachers, and asked for light. Science took hold of the material world, analyzed and classified its phenomena, told of their relationships, proved the indestructibility of so-called matter, revealed the existence of over seventy constituent elements in chemistry, demonstrated that the globe was myriads of ages old, numbered the stars of the heavens, told of the innumerable constellations outside of our own solar system, brought into view the wonders of the Milky Way, decomposed a ray of light and revealed its history, rediscovered the art of annealing brass and steel, taught man to make illuminating gas from water, showed him the wonderful powers of electricity, girdled the globe with talking wires, spanned the continents with roads of iron, made the rays of the sun paint pictures of faces and landscapes, caused them to furnish heat for our houses and light for caverns within the earth, showed him the wonders of the mineral kingdom, revealed the values of the precious metals, told of their uses in the arts and as money, taught him the power of steam, applied it to commerce and manufactures, caused him to study his own being, discovered to his astonished gaze the circulation of his own blood, showed him the relationships and uses of the various parts of the wonderful house in which he lived, related him consciously to the physical universe in which he dwelt, and led him to the very threshold of the laboratory of the soul. There it left him, saying "I can go no farther. In my study of the body I found no such thing as a soul. Neither did I find any place where it had ever dwelt within your house of clay. All is mystery."

With streaming eyes and trembling lips, man stood alone between the dark peaks of Doubt and Despair. He cried aloud, and the echo of his grief-stricken cry was thrown back upon the bleeding wound of his sorrow. Again he called, saying: "Tell me ye winged winds that around me

sign and moan, tell me, I beseech ye, of my loved ones who have gone from this life away." The winds sank down to a hoarse, despairing whisper: "We cannot, we cannot; all is mystery, it is mystery still." "Tell me, ye priests and prelates of all the churches, tell me of my darlings who have vanished from my sight." And the winds brought back his answer from the graves of the centuries: "We cannot, we cannot, it is mystery still." "Tell me, ye kings, princes and rulers of earth, tell me whither the souls of my dear ones have flown, whom ye slew in battle for mad ambition's sake! Where oh! where are they?" And the winds once more brought back the answer from the tombs of the ages: "We cannot, we cannot; it is mystery still!" "Tell me O mighty Science, prove to me by thy wondrous power that my loved and lost yet live, that there is another life in which I shall greet them once more!" Once more the mournful voice of the winds gave back an answer: "I cannot, I cannot; it is mystery still!" "Is there no answer? No blessed boon of knowledge, no comfort for the sorrowing, no solace for my pain?" None? Hark! a subtle sound strikes in upon the ear! The mystic rap is heard at Hydesville and the stone is rolled away from every sepulchre, and in clarion tones the angels reply: "Yes, thou sorrowing one, there is an answer to thy heart-cry, there is knowledge for the soul. Thy loved ones live in a happier, better land, and they can and do return to thee!" So, with these words, light breaks in upon his mind from countless sources, and the darkness of the tomb is banished forevermore. He now sees no longer through the murky glass of Hope, but face to face is he with the glorious truths of the spirit. He realizes, as one of our gifted speakers has said, that Methodism cut away the shrubs and the thorns, Universalism prepared the soil, Unitarianism planted the seed, while the flower and fruit thereof was and is Modern Spiritualism, the most precious treasure ever vouchsafed unto man.

The rap shivered, burst, scattered across the continent, leaped over both great oceans, touched the hearts of the thousands in all lands, by its mystically strange story of life beyond the grave. It brought joy for sorrow, pleasure for pain, life for death. It made the bitterest sufferings and the heaviest burdens of earth endurable through the knowledge it gave of the life beyond the tomb. It tore the mask from the face of false theology, and revealed the deceit that had long been hidden within its basilisk eyes. It told the world of the illusions of faith, and proved the unreliability of its promises. It probed deep into the philosophy offered by the theologians and churchmen, and showed that they rested wholly upon dogmatic assumption, and not upon even one atom of evidence. It analyzed the promises of hope and proved them to be mere chains of sand, who y devoid of strength or of interest save as curious freaks of man's inventive mind. It led man out of the valley of tears, away from the mountains of Doubt and Despair, and placed him in possession of the grain-laden fields of demonstration. It fed him with the food that gave him life, and permitted him to drink of the water that quenched the thirst of the soul.

It led him out of the maze of speculation into the golden sunlight of Truth. It enabled him to grapple understandingly with every problem affecting human life, and helped him to realize some of the grand possibilities of his own soul. It proved the fallacy of promises without effort to redeem them, showed the hollowness of the utterances of the pulpits and revealed the hideous image of a Partialist God in all of its ghastly deformity. It analyzed the studied essays of the preachers of all faiths, and showed that Fear had been the main prop to their support for thousands of years. It threw the refulgent light of truth upon the fearful dogma of eternal punishment, and showed that it was but a hideous creation of man's fancy, solely designed to give added power to the priests and prelates who were supposed to be placed in charge of spiritual things. It revealed the stupendous error of an infallible Church, an infallible Pope, and a specially appointed priesthood, to which man had long been bidden to submissively bow. It took up the idea of justice to all men, spiritualized it, and proved that every soul has certain inalienable rights, of which no being has the power to deprive him. It enlarged upon the idea of rewards and punishments, and taught the eternal law of compensation. It emphasized the sublime truth that man is only entitled to that which he has earned in spiritual as well as in material things, and told him he must work out his own redemption from his errors through sincere repentance and noble living.

It taught man his duty to his fellowman, and showed him that injury done to one was an injury to all. It placed him face to face with the law of consequences, and made him feel the effects of his hatred for his brother. It gave him a broader view of life and its responsibilities, fitted him to assume them, and showed him the royal road to a perfectly just and stable government. It placed in his hands the keys to the universities of the world, and told him to take a thorough course of instruction in them all. It led him to throw away assumptions, and to refuse to accept inference as evidence. It made him test every mental and spiritual concept, every phenomenon of whatever kind in the crucible of the soul, in order that the pure gold of truth, refined to the highest degree, might be given to the world. It took hold of the hands of Science, led him away from the icy peaks of Annihilation, and suborned Reason, into the realm of the soul, where it placed in his hand the magic wand that gave him the power to discern the sublime realities of spiritual things. It bade man, through Science, to prove all things, and to hold fast only that which is good. Demonstrated religious truth was made the object of his search, and he was taught to test everything most crucially ere he formulated an opinion.

It told Science to enlarge his vision in order that the missing link between the physical and the spiritual phenomena of life might be found, and placed in its true position in the chain of evidence. It told man to accept every truth that had been revealed in the past, but cautioned him lest assumption be mistaken for evidence. It bade him go forward ever in his quest for wisdom, even if he had to unsay in hard words to-day that which he had felt to be true only four and twenty hours before. Step by step, principle by principle, it evolved the science of the soul, through which man realized that life was universal, was the only real, was the source of all existing things. It enabled him to trace the relationship between finite forms of life, and the Universal Principle of Life from which they emanated, and as the latter was eternal in duration, so likewise must be that which is evolved from it. It opened his vision to the sublime realities of the life beyond the tomb, and scientifically demonstrated the fact of open communion between the mortal and spirit spheres. It proved that seeming death was swallowed up of life, and placed man's feet upon the rock of eternal truth. It not only proved that man lived beyond the grave, but it opened

Children's Spiritualism.

A Right Royal Feast.

BY SYLVANUS LYON.

"A contented mind is a continual feast."
 "Some have meat that cannot eat,
 And some would eat that which is not;
 But we have meat, and we can eat,
 So let the Lord be thanked!"—*Turner.*

Feasting is a blessing when spoiled with hunger and seasoned with happiness. It is a glorious time of thanksgiving if it comes to the very poor, who are cold and hungry. The real good, the great joy, and the keen relish of delightful pleasure is never known by the rich, proud gourmands of life.

A chance meeting, with a pleasing incident, caused these reflections, and this story:

One winter's day I was startled from some care, and a revelry, with such cheerful, glad, some, happy notes:

"Oh! isn't it delightful? ah! so good! and how I do love it! this lunch tastes better than anything I ever ate; for it's real fresh bread and sweet cream butter, and with it you gave me a nice Florida orange; and the lunch is so good, for I had none to day, leaving home early, and a sick mamma. Oh! yes; it is more than a meal, and makes me feel so happy."

It did really seem a charm and delight to hear the dear girl thus prattle with trills of pleasure and heartfelt thanks, whilst thus feasting. And pray what did it consist of? There was no large bill of fare, many courses, fine service, liveried servants and foolish display, losing all true enjoyment in cold formality. Oh! none of these or the grandeur and style with bought cheer, and seeming gaiety of some dinners and grand feasts. But from the childish joy notes it seemed better for it had the heart cheer and the light of health, with the true grace of rejoicing. This will savor and give happiness with the "les finesse delicatise," as the French truly tell it.

Eating or feasting is one of life's pleasures; the daily necessity of our being, it should be a perpetual round of good, if partaken rightly with moderation or wisdom (always) of good food, moistened with love, the feast time sparkling with wit and humor. Thus partaken, the plainest food and simplest viands will nourish and grow beauty, giving vigor and life.

In such contrast to this real picture, is the revelry of mirth and pleasure, the glitter and tinsel of the gourmand's feast, and all those "who live to eat." The one is "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," the last only "a thankful feeder of a foolish feast."

Moderation is the true dividing line in all things. Overstep it, and all pleasures, and so much good vanishes, and if you do wrong in eating, how the miseries come. Indigestion, dyspepsia, insomnia, and all the fierce pains of evil, and many with gluttony, welcome disease and death.

But how we philosophize, let the fancies play and run real, forgetting our story of the right royal feast!

Come now, to prove my moral, let me introduce this happy one and describe her feast of luxury.

As I mentioned, it was a dark wintry day—our scene a small inner office downtown, with continual bustle and worry of every-day life. And here this little typewriter girl feasted with happy content and enjoyed bliss, existing in these merry notes. And to her this (in spirit) was more than a regal feast, though only a little French bread and good butter with a Florida orange, coming by chance from a visitor.

The cost was nothing—only a little thought, with loving kindness. Coming thus all unexpected, oh, how it did feast the little working girl! Who can tell how just such little gentle acts and aids might cheer and protect through evils so many of life's beautiful children that destiny or chance so rudely place alone to struggle? And thus this feast and trifling act of kindness, with its joyfulness, seems to point a moral for you and me.

If so much can come from so little, should we not seek continually to minister and aid all we can "to smooth life's necessities," do some thing to rejoice the weak, weary ones we meet?

You and I can thus (in spirit) enjoy their feasts of gladness and share their feelings of rejoicing, and a thankful nature makes life good and beautiful. Thus living and acting our parts, it may be loving angels will come to feast with us, and the Father's spirit dwell in our souls, for happiness is most the result of spiritual conditions and not of earthly environments. Would I could show you how little can make one very happy with peace and contentment, but truly miserable with fret and worry.

Mayflower's Snowball.

Having been asked several times to do something for this column I will now try to have a visit with the children.

Mrs. Carrie Twing's letter, "Edna's Pet," is very interesting. Seems to me the little girl's mamma ought to have let "Katie," the pet pig, remain with Edna as she loved it so. No doubt Edna wished her parents had been vegetarians when she returned and found Katie had been butchered. I presume our little readers will be pleased to hear that spirit children are attracted to earth and love pets also.

The writer has a little spirit control called Mayflower, who passed to the spirit world, an infant, a few years ago. A beautiful spirit lady came often to the medium and laid a little spirit baby in her lap. This continued for about three years, and both the medium and her husband became very much attached to the little darling.

One day a new intelligence, quite childlike in nature, controlled the medium, and said she was Mayflower. She continued to do so, and act out her childish pranks for some time. One day she told the medium's husband she could see people and objects which he could not, and began describing and giving names of spirits whom she said were present. From that time she has been able to give spirit messages to earth's people. Sometimes she does so in public, but on these occasions loses much of her childish ways. She says she is "spired" at these times, as older spirits have charge of her.

Little Mayflower has made many friends and seems to love everybody. About two years ago she was presented with a lovely white kitten, only a few days' old. She named it Snowball, and said it was to live in her medium's home, but also insisted upon its being short lived. She loved Snowball as dearly as little Edna loved her pet pig. He grew to be a lovely fellow, large, and spotless white. Many of our friends would say, "That cat is almost human." It seemed to us that he was.

When Snowball was almost a year old, a poor little starving maltese kitten came to the door begging for protection. We took him in, fed him, and Snowball, turned motherlike nestled "Boy Blue" (as we afterward named him) to his bosom, and they grew up together, loving each other very much indeed. Last summer they went with us to Mt. Pleasant Camp, Iowa, making many friends, among them Mrs. Twing, who fell in love with them, and I know will regret to learn that Snowball passed away Dec. 30.

Mayflower claims to have him now, and her medium has seen him many times in the home since his departure. He has been seen on three different occasions by a lady who knows nothing of Spiritualism or mediumship. This of course will be scoffed at by some people, but until it is satisfactorily explained, we'll always feel that Mayflower's pet is with us still. A little yellow kitten came to the house just a little while before Snowball left, and is now company for Boy Blue.

Time and space forbid me saying any more upon this subject, but will say with Mayflower that your little pets love you, dear little readers, just as much as you love them. Though you do not understand their language, they speak to you in tones clear and distinct. Be kind to the animals and you will always have them for your friends.

Mayflower says she will come some day write you a letter herself, and tell you of Pearl, the little white she found and is helping on her side of life, and hopes it will teach little children that they can be helpful to each other and do lots of good in both worlds.

Though it is late, Mayflower and myself wish all the little ones and their pets a very Happy New Year.
 (KROKIA GLADYS COOLEY,
 93 30th St., Chicago, Ill.)

LITERARY.

THE WILDERNESS OF WORLDS—A Secular and Up to Date Scientific Work.—For over two score years Mr. G. W. Morehouse, the well known author, scientist and astronomer, has been actively engaged in gathering the materials for his grand work called "The Wilderness of Worlds."

The book is a popular treatise on the "Evolution of Matter from Nebula to Man, and the Life of a Star."

The facts given by Mr. Morehouse are based on the latest discoveries of modern research; the authorities quoted include the most advanced thinkers and specialists in the various branches of scientific enquiry; the arguments used are as plain and clear as they are concise and convincing, and the entire volume is as interesting as it is instructive—as eloquent as it is profound.

Indeed, "The Wilderness of Worlds" is so plain, so earnest, so impartial and so reasonable, that, to quote a popular scriptural text, even "The wayfaring man, though [not necessarily] a fool, need not err therein." In his preface, the author says:

"I have in my mind a wilderness of trees. Those near me are of gigantic size; in the distance they seem smaller and smaller, fading gradually until the utmost limit of vision is reached. Not a single clearing is to be seen. The ground is covered with seeds, many of which are beginning to vegetate. There are innumerable seedlings and young trees and mature trees; all stages, the living, the dying, the dead, and the prostrate, mouldering trunks—a fair, a wonderful, but natural scene."

"I raise my eyes, and look outward into space. I see the wilderness of worlds. The one on which I stand seems of immense size. The innumerable multitude beyond fade in the distance. I run to the telescope; my vision is extended a thousand fold; millions more come into view, and in the thousand times more distant circle of vision fade gradually, until in the outer limits only glimpses can be caught of faint points of light. The worlds, too, are of all ages, like the trees, and the great deep of space is strewn with their dust, and is pulsating with the potency of new births."

"How grand, complete and sublime are the works and workings of Nature. We stand with bowed heads, entranced and speechless in the presence of the Universe. Held in its all-embracing arms, we are of it—one and inseparable."

"The Wilderness of Worlds" is printed from large clear type, on fine paper, and is substantially bound (uniform with the "Library of Liberal Classics") in brown, silk ribbed cloth, with gilt top, and specially designed stamp. The engraved illustrations add interest and value to the text; and, to insure a large sale, the price has been placed at \$1.00 per copy.

Peter Eckler, publisher, 35 Fulton street, New York.
 Order of Banner of Light Pub. Co.

DRIFTWOOD is the title of a choice brochure of poems from the facile pen of Addie L. Ballou, the well-known Spiritualist lecturer and writer. These soulful songs have been written at various times and in different lands whither the author has drifted in her public work of carrying good tidings to the people. For many years Mrs. Ballou has been a public worker in the cause of Spiritualism and humanitarianism, and in this, her first literary venture in the line of book-making, is expressed the broad, philanthropic nature and sentiments of the author. "Driftwood" should find a place in every Spiritualist's library and command a ready sale everywhere.

J. S. Order of Banner of Light Pub. Co.

WORRY, the insidious epidemic of our strenuous age, while disastrous in its influence upon the body, has a yet more destructive effect upon the mental and moral nature. Worry is not suspense. Worry is not anxiety nor regret nor fear nor doubt nor resolve. All these are definite mental states. Worry is that vague, chaotic condition—that anarchy of the mind—in which hopes, fears, resolves, doubts, anxieties, regrets, anticipations, suspicions are admitted, a ravening, destroying horde, under the attacks of which thought is precluded, action is paralyzed, and the integrity of the mind itself is endangered—often destroyed.

Worry is a curable disease, but he who would be cured must cure himself—must work out his own salvation. He must engage in a civil war of the intellect, must reduce anarchy to order. He must, in other words, achieve self-control.—*January Health Culture.*

IMMORTALITY, edited by J. C. F. Grumbine. The December issue of this quarterly publication takes up, and exhaustively treats, of the subject of "Telepathy." Mr. Grumbine continues the lessons on "Realization," which are proving to be so helpful to all students of the spirit who aspire to realize their Divinity, and become masters of their psychic powers and conditions.

W. J. Colville writes luminously upon the theme "Telepathic Suggestions." He says, among other very helpful things:

We are often asked to define our own position as clearly as possible with reference to the necessary qualifications of the long-distance healer, and also to give our reasons for our decided opposition to treating people against their will, or whenever we believe it to be against their will, whether it be actually so or not. "Physician heal (or qualify) thyself" is always a pertinent text from which to discourse when answers to such questions as the foregoing are in demand. The mental attitude of the telepathist toward the person to whom the message is telepathically sent is of the highest importance, therefore, if the one who attempts to give a treatment to another is laboring under the opinion that this other is opposed to a mental act which he is seeking to perform clandestinely, this adverse mental attitude on the part of the mental telegrapher disqualifies him from sending out such a current of thought as may be virtue of its intrinsic nature, convey health or blessing of any sort to the recipient.

So widespread is the belief that all mental treatment is hypnotic in the unpleasant meaning of that word that we find it necessary again and again to combat a false view which many honest inquirers are taking of the entire subject of suggestive therapeutics. Our own position is decidedly as follows: Physicians, surgeons, dentists and others who occupy highly reputable positions in the community stand ready to give the benefit of their services (for compensation or gratuitously, as the case may be) to those who demand this of them, but in no cases save those of pronounced incompetency, permanent or occasional, on the part of a sufferer do any one of these reputable women or men seek to forcibly administer medicine or perform an operation. We claim for mental therapeutics the same high moral and intellectual standing which is claimed for the practice of legitimate medicine, surgery or dentistry; we cannot, therefore, sanction the advocacy of either a doctrine or a practice which in our judgment violates the canons of ethical sanctity.

Because it may be possible in certain circumstances to force our attentions upon others by no means proves that we are acting morally or righteously if we take advantage of another's ignorance or undue susceptibility and enter the specious plea constantly put forward in justification of tyrannical conduct, that we know better than other people and have only acted for their good. This is so anti-republican, so utterly opposed to the spirit of all democratic institutions, that it may well be termed an illicit assault on human liberty.

Our own method of suggestive and telepathic treatment as we elaborate it in our classrooms is entirely at variance with even the slightest attempt to override or in any way interfere with the mental liberty of whoever may apply to us for aid or information. Of course it may be well maintained that we are constantly influencing each other by a mutual interchange of thought, and consequently we are not so absolutely free or such unfettered free thinkers as we may imagine ourselves to be. Admitting all that can reasonably be claimed for the above position, we still remain unshaken in our declarations that influences unconsciously exerted is by no means a piece of willful determination to coerce a neighbor.

Until we are so highly individualized that we are numberable with initiates, hierophants or adepts, we shall continue to be influenced more or less by the thoughts of those around us without our knowledge or consent; but one of the chief glories of a true psychological system is that it fundamentally aims at helping the hyper-susceptible, who are far too frequently swayed by the feelings and beliefs of others to rise out of their weak susceptibility onto a plane of conscious individual freedom where they can exert, as never before, the right of control over what enters their psychical as well as physical receptacles. Young people who easily fall into pernicious habits are only too ready to take a glass of whisky or to gamble or do some other unwise or perhaps immoral act because solicited to do so by a companion. Mental healers fail entirely to work moral reformations which abide unless they seek first of all to stimulate to unwonted activity the dormant selfhood of the persons to whom their silent or audible appeals are made. We are quite well aware that we have our own school of philosophy and that we teach along some distinctive lines which serve to differentiate our lessons from those of many other advocates of mental healing; our very strongest point being the stress we lay upon one of our favorite expressions, which is, put your will together for two will be better than one.

Willful cooperation between healer and patient is one of our most decided inculcations. For all who wish to experiment with telepathy we advise the following simple, decisive attitude of mind and body. Select a place whenever and wherever you are least liable to intrusion or disturbance, and while keeping your thought centered on the person you desire to reach in thought, annihilate all sense of intervening space; for it is one of the prime requisites for success that there be no sense of distance intervening between the sender of the mental telegraph and the one whom the sender hopes will prove a receiver thereof. Speak silently, with clear and distinct enunciation; let no doubt of faltering enter into your articulation, and never attempt to force your communication, but simply project it as a simple suggestion, a piece of news or information which may reach the one to whom it is addressed, but a message which carries with it no coercive suggestion whatever.

Within the limits of one brief paper so vast a topic can be little more than introduced; but the experiences narrated and the hints given even in this brief essay, will, we trust, be of some service to the very many who are now seriously seeking to make practically use of a powerful hidden force in human nature, the result of whose philanthropic influences, if used and accurately will eventually, rid the world of sin, sickness and misery in all their hydra forms.

An exceedingly interesting article, as showing the trend of modern occult thought in England, is the one by Mr. James Knowles on "Brain Waves."

Frances D. Baker has a short poem on "Telepathy" in the Editor's Tripod, and Miss Anita Trueman of New Haven, Conn., has under the same department a charmingly-told and finely written story on "A Kindergarten Christmas."

Mr. Grumbine writes a frank and fearless article on "The Trance." He says: "No phenomena of Occultism and Spiritualism has been so widely and so popularly exploited in England, Europe and America by a lot of charlatans and self-deluded 'speakers and mediums' as the trance. It is safe to say that ninety nine per cent. of all materialization through alleged mediumship is fraud; it is also safe to affirm that the same per cent. of the alleged trance speaking or trance mediumship is fraud. A genuine trance is as rare as a snowflake in Siberia. The fakir, charlatan and necromancer, who exploits his wares for a living, is keenly aware of his tricks in trade, and the general gullibility of the people, but the self-deluded and deluded trance speaker, who shuts his eyes to his audience and ignorantly or knowingly assumes to receive for himself or his audience a special revelation by a guide or a control, and thus to prove Spiritualism is an intolerable ignorance or a dangerous lunacy. It is of here denied that the trance is possible and that it is demonstrable; but not all who are nicknamed trance speakers and, trance mediums are what they purport to be.

They are in most cases erratic, unreliable and spurious forms of either inspirational and clairvoyant or hypnotic and auto-suggestive subjects, and are barely grazed or touched by the superior spiritual state or condition to which we refer. We have known many such mediums, and if all were as honest as Lyman C. Howe, who, some years ago, in the *Light of Truth*, under an article signed by his own name, pierced the popular delusion regarding his catleptic trances by declaring that he is not entranced, as people suppose, but is influenced and inspired by the thought of an exalted spirit, while he retained full possession of his faculties, will and consciousness, much of the rubbish and noise which passes for trance mediumship and trance inspiration would be ridged out of existence. Look out for the man or woman who puts his alleged trances above consciousness and intuition. They are usually charlatans, and their trances are mere quackery for deception.

For sale at the Banner of Light office: for 25 cents.

STUDYING OUT OF DOORS. What is Being Done for School-Children in Washington.—Elizabeth V. Brown tells the readers of *St. Nicholas* about the outdoor studies that are pursued by the school-children of Washington, D. C. The children of the national capital are going to Paris in large numbers—by photographs. Perhaps you would like to see a few of them before they set out on their long journey. Several hundred pictures have been taken, representing all the grades, and showing the pupils at both their indoor and outdoor work. Do you go to an out-of-door school? If you come to Washington, you will find classes studying plants and animals, history, government, geography, science and art, and carrying on this work in the parks, fields, woods, libraries, public buildings, or art galleries.

Visitors from different parts of the United States are frequently surprised, in the course of their sight-seeing, to come across these groups of children busy with note-books and sketch-books. Furthermore, at any hour of the day a street-car full of happy children is apt to speed past a group of waiting passengers on the corner, branches and flowers, collecting nets and cases, baskets, hammers and trowels, all telling the story of a day in the field. Perhaps it may seem more like play than work, but in all of these ways these children are cultivating their own powers by observing things, doing things, gathering experiences and information with which to interpret the knowledge stored up in books.

All the photographs for the exposition are intended to show children getting the experiences which in time are to lead to book-learning.

The wee folks of the kindergarten are sent to work in their garden, where early in the spring they planted flower-seeds, peas, beans, corn, and radishes. Though too young to study botany with a great big B, even these babies are studying plant growth.

At the Smithsonian Institution and its next-door neighbor, the National Museum, the children spend many happy hours among things which constantly interest and delight them. On Saturdays many of them go alone to see again the objects which they studied with their teachers during the school week.

Over-work Weakens Your Kidneys.

Unhealthy Kidneys Make Impure Blood.

The Prompt Way to Cure Yourself when Symptoms Show That Your Kidneys are Out of Order.

The way to be well is to pay attention to your kidneys.

They are the most important organs of the body—the blood filters.

All the blood in your body passes through your kidneys once every three minutes.

The kidneys strain or filter out the impurities in the blood—that is their work.

Purifying your blood is not a question of taking a laxative or physic.

Does your blood run through your bowels?

What the bowel-cleaner does is to throw out the poisons confined in your bowels ready for absorption into your blood, but the poisons which are already in your blood, causing your present sickness, it leaves there.

There is no other way of purifying your blood except by means of your kidneys.

That is why bowel-cleaners fail to do their work—they fail to help the kidneys.

When you are sick, then, no matter what you think the name of your disease is, the first thing you should do is to afford aid to your kidneys by using Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root, the great kidney remedy.

In taking Swamp Root you afford natural help to nature, for Swamp Root is the most perfect healer and gentle aid to the kidneys that is known to medical science.

Dr. Kilmer, the eminent physician and specialist, has attained a far-famed reputation through the discovery and marvelous success of Swamp Root in purifying the blood, and thereby curing chronic and dangerous diseases caused by sick kidneys, of which some of the symptoms are given below:

Pain or dull ache in back or head, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervousness, dizziness, irregular heart, sleeplessness, sallow complexion, dropsy, irritability, loss of ambition, obliged to pass water often during the day, and to get up many times at night, and all forms of kidney, bladder and uric acid troubles.

Swamp Root is for sale the world over a druggists in bottles of two sizes and two prices fifty cents and one dollar.

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To prove what Swamp-Root will do for you, every reader of the BANNER OF LIGHT will be sent free by mail, prepaid, a sample bottle of Swamp Root and a book about Health, Disease as Related to your Kidneys. This book contains many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women cured.

The great discovery, Swamp Root, is so remarkably successful that our readers are advised to write for a sample bottle, and to kindly mention BANNER OF LIGHT when sending their addresses to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

A NEW WORK ON Practical Psychometry

BY J. C. F. GRUMBINE.

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BY F. HARTMANN, M.D.

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The hosts of children who go only to the indoor school, with arms full or bags full of books, books, books, could learn twice as fast and more than twice as much if they could go to the out-of-door school, too. This has been proved in the city of Washington by the very children whose intelligent, happy faces are seen in the photographs shown you.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From the home of her daughter, Mrs. H. L. Incalls, of Concord, N. H., Jan. 5, 1900, Mrs. PAULINA CROSBY.

Mrs. Crosby was born at Groton, N. H., May 4, 1816. Her beloved husband, James H. Crosby, died in 1860. They had lived together over sixty years. They took the BANNER OF LIGHT from its very first number, and it was indeed a beacon light to them both. Gently did the Angel of Death take her loved one, and as the sun was sinking in the west, a large was moored on the sun-kissed shores of Summerland.

From Brownston, Minn., Jan. 1, 1900, J. P. NEWCOMB, aged 67 years.

He was a pioneer citizen, and a devoted Spiritualist since the advent of Spiritualism. Funeral services were

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What Is Spiritualism?

This is an ever recurring question, and one that many persons have assumed to answer, as they firmly believed, in a way that was absolutely correct. The opponents of Spiritualism have boldly, arrogantly and ignorantly declared it to be a system of fraud and imposture born of the devil, and used by that ruler of the sulphurous regions and his imps, for the purpose of deceiving innocent and well intentioned people. Such egoists have gazed around with an air of triumph as they pronounced their learned (?) exegesis of Spiritualism, and were most properly shocked when some dignified, well intentioned person ventured to disprove their premises with the logic of irrefutable evidence. No thoughtful, honest student of to-day thinks of accepting the definition of Spiritualism as given by its opponents along the above lines.

When Spiritualists are asked to tell what Spiritualism is, the vast majority of them have been non-plussed for a suitable reply. Many of them feel that the various phenomena presented in the name of Spiritualism are all there is of it. Some claim that it is a science, and refuse to go beyond that one dogmatic statement. Others loudly assert that it is a philosophy, and in the most abstruse terms attempt to interpret that philosophy to the world. Others come forward with the assertion that Spiritualism is a religion, and declare that all other interpretations are false. Like the six blind men of Indostan, these four classes of people are both right and wrong from our view point; right in assuming that phenomena, science, philosophy and religion are expressions of Spiritualism, but wrong in declaring that any one of them furnishes the only true answer to the question at the head of this article. The four divisions must be considered as a unit in order to give an answer that will be thoroughly correct to the all important question under discussion. No supporter of any one of the phases named has the all of spiritual truth in his possession, hence has no right to assume the position of Sir Oracle for all Spiritualists. Spiritualism embraces a system of truth that gives the most rational interpretation of the cosmos, the most reasonable explanation for life, the most sensible hypotheses as to man's origin, and the only positive demonstration of his survival over the change called death. For this reason alone Spiritualism is of greater value to mankind than all other systems of thought now extant.

Recognizing the supreme importance of Spiritualism to the world, the next question that naturally arises is this: Who shall expound its principles to mankind? Another query at once presents itself—how shall that exposition be made? It is perfectly reasonable to assume that the people want the truth in regard to spiritual things—in fact, it ought to be said that they desire the truth in all things; but the latter statement is not borne out by the facts, and the present condition of Spiritualism tends to throw doubt upon our assumption with regard to spiritual matters. It is possible that genuine phenomena, the facts of science, pure philosophy and true religion may be correctly explained to the world by consummate hypocrites, thieves and robbers, yet we venture to assert that very few self-respecting people would knowingly join churches pastored by such villains. Rogues might enroll

themselves under such banners because like seeks like, even as water seeks its level.

We conclude, therefore, that honest men and women prefer the spiritual, political, social and educational leadership of men and women of pure characters, noble aspirations, cultured intellects and spiritual natures. If this be true, it would seem reasonable to assert that the interpreters of Spiritualism ought to possess some or all of these essentials. Throughout the past fifty-two years it is safe to say that the majority of our spiritualistic workers have fully held their own in character, erudition, spirituality and intellectual attainments, when contrasted with the leaders of other ethical or religious movements. If noble leaders and teachers are placed before the people, their methods of work cannot fail to be of a high and satisfactory order. They will not fail to present phenomena of the most positive character, scientific demonstrations of fact, correct philosophical deductions from the facts presented, and religious conclusions that are absolutely irrefutable in their relationship to Life.

Vivisection.

In the sixth annual report of the President of the Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists, published on our second page, will be found some ringing words upon the subject of vivisection. President Fuller does not mince matters; he speaks plainly and to the point, and when he says that the torture of animals is worse than that inflicted by the Spanish Inquisition upon its victims, his words are grandly eloquent and indicative of the depth of his own feeling with regard to the matter. No Spiritualist can fail to be interested in this important subject, and President Fuller's brief paragraphs concerning it are replete with information, and correctly interpret the horrors of this most barbarous practice. If Spiritualists would be consistent, they should not only oppose war, legal murder and lynchings, but also the cruelties inflicted upon the animal creation by pseudo scientists. President Fuller has shown up the specious claims of these wiseacres, and his scathing denunciation of their barbarisms will be heartily applauded by all progressive, humanitarian people.

The President's suggestions with regard to war, capital punishment, compulsory vaccination and restrictive medical legislation are most timely and full of solid thought. It is difficult to see how an earnest Spiritualist can be an advocate of war between men and nations. War is murder on the wholesale plan, and the mother of myriads of ills that follow in its wake. If murder is virtue, then war may be admitted to be an attribute of divine love. Capital punishment is a relic of barbarism, second only to war in its iniquity. Against every intelligent Spiritualist should utter a protest whose influence will be felt in all State Legislatures as well as in the halls of Congress. This nation will not be truly civilized until war and legal murder are forever abolished. To the abolition of both of these monstrous evils, President Fuller exhorts the Spiritualists of Massachusetts, and we trust that his eloquent words will inspire the people to act as well as to approve of his utterances.

Among other important reforms to which President Fuller has called attention are compulsory vaccination and medical monopoly legislation. We echo his sentiments with regard to both of these questions, and trust the Spiritualists of Massachusetts, as well as of the nation, will present a united front against them. Compulsory vaccination is of the same order as capital punishment; the latter takes the spirit out of the body before its time, while the former makes the body unfit for the spirit to dwell in. Capital punishment has the virtue of freeing the body from pain and disease, while vaccination fills it with both. Of the two evils, therefore, we believe capital punishment to be the lesser to the individuals concerned. It is an anomaly too great to be described in words to find men and women of intelligence actually defending the destruction of physical health through the introduction of vaccine poison into the veins. Health is wealth, and none know this better than the physician; hence some of them are determined that the people shall never be blessed with health. They needs must poison their systems through vaccination, in order to add to their incomes. If a law were to be enacted requiring free vaccination at the hands of all physicians not one in a hundred of them would have any interest in the enforcement of compulsory vaccination upon the people. The physicians who now advocate it are actuated first by a desire for the fees it brings, and second by a hope of securing additional patients through the diseases created by vaccination.

We need not argue the medical question at any further length. President Fuller has, in a nutshell, clearly stated the whole matter. We urge our friends to act in unison against any legislation upon this question that will further restrain the liberties of the people. Citizens of the United States, who are Spiritualists, we appeal to you to secure the repeal of all laws that enforce capital punishment, compulsory vaccination and medical tyranny. Take the aggressive, and petition for the passage of laws that require physicians to cure their patients before they can collect pay for their services. If compulsory vaccination must remain, ask for laws that will enable all whose health may be ruined by it to recover damages in full from the doctor who inflicts it. Strive to secure a limit to the powers of the Boards of Health in your respective cities and towns. Be ever on your guard to protect your rights, and lose no opportunity to show up the terrible evils connected with the iniquities under discussion. Defend the rights of the dumb brutes as you would your own. By doing each and all of these things, you will live your Spiritualism, and show the world that you are not ashamed to stand by its glorious principles.

Robert Dale Owen.

An appropriation of twenty thousand dollars is asked of the present Congress for a statue of Robert Dale Owen, to be erected on the grounds of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D. C. It was through the efforts of Mr. Owen that the gift of James Smithson to the United States was put into practical form, through the establishment of the Institution, under the care of the government. Mr. Owen was a member of the Twenty-Ninth Congress, and, in the face of a strong opposition, secured the passage of the measure that made possible "the diffusion of knowledge among men" through the Smithsonian Institute. Mr. Owen also represented this country in the diplomatic service in foreign lands, to the honor of the nation, as well as to his own credit. He was a

man of eminent talents, and did much to advance the welfare of his adopted country.

The measure now pending should become a law. Mr. Owen deserves well at the hands of his countrymen, and the honor of erecting a statue to him is one that should be no longer delayed. The value of the Institution he helped to establish has been demonstrated over and over again, while his other services in behalf of his country amply entitle him to this mark of recognition. His work as a philanthropist should not be forgotten, and his efforts to ameliorate the condition of the toiling masses deserve more than a passing thought. He was great in soul, just in action, and generous in thought. Such a man always leaves the world better because of his life, and this is especially true in the case of Robert Dale Owen.

We regret to note that some secular journals see fit to sneer at his belief in Spiritualism, and to ascribe the cause of his transition to his disappointment occasioned by his discovery of the deceit that had been practiced upon him by certain pretended mediums. It is true that he was deeply hurt by the cruel and malicious tricks put upon him by the pretended psychics, yet he was not overcome thereby, and his final illness was due to causes antedating his unfortunate experiences with the conscienceless frauds who deceived him. Like many other honest men he was misled and cleverly duped by people without heart or honor, who were in search of money, regardless of the methods by which it was obtained. Mr. Owen did not lose his faith in the higher Spiritualism because of a few pretenders. His health was none of the best, and the failure of several projects in which he was deeply interested served to break him down. He passed away in full possession of the comforting assurances of Spiritualism.

A Free-Thinker in Court.

Daniel T. Ames, the well-known apostle of Free Thought, and hand-writing expert, was subpoenaed as a witness in the famous Molineux murder trial in New York City. Mr. Ames declined to take the prescribed oath, and availed himself of the law permitting him to affirm, as he had a perfect right to do. Molineux's lawyer, Attorney Weeks, sought to discredit the testimony of Mr. Ames because the latter refused to swear and gave his affirmation instead. Weeks tried to hold Mr. Ames up to ridicule, and heaped the most unwarranted abuse upon him because of his advocacy of the doctrines of Free-Thought. Lawyer Osborne, of the prosecution, interposed, and asked the Court to protect Mr. Ames from Weeks' abusive language. Recorder Giff calmly stated that a man's religious belief or non-belief had nothing whatever to do with his ability to testify in court, and by no means vitiated the evidence offered by him. Judge Giff's decision is eminently just and right, and his rebuke to Weeks was well deserved. But the fact that a lawyer would attempt to impeach the testimony of an honest man on religious grounds is an ominous sign that Spiritualists should observe and profit by. Religious bigotry is not yet dead in America, and Spiritualists should be alive to that fact.

Life's Anomalies.

Public sympathy for the widow of the gallant Gen. Lawton, who lost his life in the absolutely inexcusable contest in the Philippine islands, has taken a practical form, and a fund of over eighty thousand dollars is now at her disposal. This generous gift shows the gratitude of the people who contributed, and of itself is a well deserved testimonial to the memory of a true patriot. Gen. Lawton's wife and children are provided for, and we rejoice thereat. But—who and who will answer this question?—what about the widows and children of the men who have been sacrificed in this same wicked and uncalled for struggle? Are they less worthy than the Lawton family? What of that gallant Colonel who fell on the field of action at the head of his men? His wife receives a pension of fifty dollars per month, out of which she must support herself and children. The widows and children of the private soldiers must live on less than twenty dollars per month if their pensions are to support them. Strange indeed are some of life's anomalies—unto some abundance is given, while unto others, equally worthy, equal in suffering and equally needy, absolutely nothing goes save the pittance of a few dollars in the form of a pension.

Roger Williams.

Some of the friends of this eminent disciple of the Baptist faith are endeavoring to secure the repeal of the decree of banishment passed against him by the General Court of Massachusetts in 1635. It would certainly do no harm to do this, yet we venture to assert that the eloquent preacher cares very little now, whether it is done or not. At one time it would have been a very graceful recognition of his services to the struggling colonies of New England, but at this late day the repeal of the decree will only remove one of the blots of religious bigotry from the pages of the history of Massachusetts. It is tardy justice when a wrong is righted two hundred sixty-five years after it was committed. True, "better late than never," but in this case the act of banishment should never have been passed, or, once passed, should have been repealed during the life of the man who suffered from it. Religious bigotry and hatred hesitate at nothing when once aroused. Roger Williams is only one sufferer from a crime committed in the name of the Christian religion. Millions of martyrs and tortured victims of the church's hate keep him company.

A Strong Document.

These words will come to the lips of our readers when they have thoroughly digested the contents of the annual report of President Fuller of the Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists. It gives an interesting account of the progress of the Cause in the State, dwells upon its relationship to public affairs most instructively, shows the necessity of a more loyal support of the local spiritualistic societies, and makes several very practical recommendations with regard to the duties of individual Spiritualists in connection with reform work. It is assuredly an able paper, and reflects much credit upon the one who wrote it. We venture to remark that President Fuller is not only capable of writing an able report, but that he is also one of the best equipped and most eloquent platform speakers in the ranks of the Spiritualists of this nation.

The address of Prof. W. Seymour, formerly of Cleveland, O., is wanted by Thomas Himes, of New Philadelphia, O.

"Science and the Spirits."

Under the above caption, a writer in the Brooklyn, N. Y. Eagle of Jan. 12, shows that he does not know the facts in regard to Spiritualism. In response to an inquiry in regard to the spiritualistic beliefs of Sir Wm. Crookes and Prof. Tyndall, this erudite (?) literature admits that Prof. Crookes really did investigate Spiritualism on various occasions from 1870 to 1874, but declares that he and his coadjutors were not so successful in detecting fraud, and the hallucinations caused by hypnotic suggestion as have been the investigators of the past few years. This purveyor of astonishing information further declares that Prof. Crookes did not claim to see more than has been shown again and again within the past few years in public halls, at fifty cents and one dollar per head, by those who have headed their show bills with the words "Spiritualism exposed."

In the first place this anonymous correspondent of the Eagle disregards truth when he asserts that Prof. Tyndall was ever claimed by the Spiritualists as one of their number. No sane Spiritualist could read John Tyndall's words, and make such a preposterous claim afterward. Tyndall was the master mind in Materialism, whose philosophy was summed up by him, when he was elected President of the British Association of Science, in words like these: "In matter I find all of the promises and potencies of Life." After that declaration, made about 1874 no Spiritualist, unless he were one of those who declare that there are over twenty millions of Spiritualists in the United States, would presume to call Tyndall a Spiritualist. Spiritualists may well expect such attacks as are made in the Eagle when they permit the most glaring misrepresentations of their own writers to pass unchallenged. The Eagle man will please take notice that no intelligent, up to date Spiritualist ever claimed Tyndall as a believer in Spiritualism.

With regard to Sir William Crookes, the Eagle correspondent is equally inaccurate. In 1899, Prof. Crookes, on assuming the presidency of the British Association of Sciences, positively reasserted his belief in the demonstrations made by him in a most painstaking manner from 1870 to 1874, and boldly reversed Tyndall's philosophy in words similar to the following: "In LIFE, I find all of the promises and potencies of matter." If his reaffirmation of his adherence to his scientific demonstrations of a quarter of a century ago, and his reversal of Tyndall's materialistic position with the positive declaration of Life as the explanation of the cosmos do not prove him a Spiritualist, we would like to know what is lacking in the chain of evidence.

The cases of Professors Zöllner, Fechner, Scheibner and Weber have been so often referred to as to make further explanations on our part unnecessary. The same absurd, grotesque and insulting references are made to these gentlemen as have been made with respect to all bold experimenters in new scientific fields of thought. They are known to have been as painstaking in their work as any materialistic scientist has ever been in his experiments, with this difference—they were willing to follow the leadership of Truth, while the latter stopped within the narrow circle of his own prejudice. If the Eagle correspondent will but divest his mind of the prejudice of bigotry and of ignorance, then read the able works of Crookes and Zöllner, he will learn something of great advantage. No one but a zealous bigot or purblind hypocrite can read the accounts of the careful experiments of Prof. Crookes, and declare that scientific evidence is wanting as to the verity of spiritual phenomena.

The Drawing Medium, Mrs. Therese Vallent.

In our next number we shall publish an account of the wonderful phenomena produced through the mediumship of the gifted German psychic, Mrs. Therese Vallent of Berlin, Germany. The article in question is an exceptionally good translation from the German of Prof. Carl Oberthimer of Berlin, in the December number of the well known scientific journal "Die Uebersinnliche Welt," by Mr. V. M. Berthold of Needham, Mass. We shall also present specimens of her drawings under spirit control, together with a dispassionate statement of the facts in the case. This one article will make our next number of more than ordinary interest and value to all students of psychic science. Extra copies should be ordered at once and mailed to friends of progressive thought. Let us hear from all readers of these issues in the form of an order for one or more extra copies.

Gone Home.

On Monday, Jan. 8, Dr. T. G. Woolsey of Hartford, Ct., took leave of earth, and passed to his reward in spirit at the early age of forty-nine years. He was a friend to those in need, a good medium, and a physician who endeavored to serve the higher powers of the spirit faithfully and well. His life on earth is ended, and his record is one of good deeds, performed in love for the weal of his fellowmen. The funeral services were held Wednesday, Jan. 10, and were conducted by Mrs. Hortense G. Holcombe of Springfield, whom he had selected to speak words of comfort to his surviving relatives and friends. He will be much missed by the many to whom he ministered while in the form, but those who knew him best realize that he is yet with them in spirit.

Pro Bono Publico.

Such words can well be spoken of the philanthropic offer of Theodore J. Mayer of Washington, D. C., whose proposition to give property worth nearly or quite fifteen thousand dollars to Spiritualism provided the Spiritualists contribute ten thousand dollars in cash, electrified the country a few weeks since. Shall one man, true and tried, be more generous than thousands of men united as one body?

Mrs. Robert White, of Taunton, Mass., a well-known Spiritualist and a life-long subscriber to the BANNER OF LIGHT, took leave of earth Jan. 14, 1900. A true Spiritualist and friend of humanity has gone to her reward. Peace to her memory.

The consolations of Spiritualism are best known to those who live from within, and constantly seek for the unfoldment of the soul. Such persons are spiritual Spiritualists. May their numbers wax great in the world!

Ero. H. C. Dorn of Newark, N. J., has our sincere thanks for two excellent photographs sent us as a New Year's remembrance.

The Governor of Mississippi has asked the Legislature of that State to pass a law prohibiting Mormon propaganda within its borders. It is claimed to be an "anti polygamy act," but as the Mormons no longer teach polygamy, there is no necessity of any such law. It is a virtual case of religious persecution, and cannot be considered otherwise. Should this suggestion of the Governor assume the form of a law, unpopular minorities in religious circles may well tremble for their liberties in Mississippi. Congress has set the pace for religious persecution in America, and it is not strange that its tyrannical action is already bearing its legitimate fruit.

An anti-capital punishment measure has been introduced into the Legislature of Massachusetts. Spiritualists, Liberalists, all who are opposed to that relic of barbarism, send in petitions signed by representative men and women in your respective communities, praying for the repeal of the law enforcing this great wrong. Make your influence felt, and watch your representatives that they correctly interpret your wishes by their votes. Through union of effort the noble State of Massachusetts will be relieved of the blot that now stains her escutcheon.

The latest triumph of "Christian" Solence is the case of a woman in Plymouth, Mass., who, when her foot was crushed to a jelly by a street car, declared she felt no pain, and that she has felt none since, even though the foot in question has been amputated. Of course she was etherized during the operation, but she declares that the taking of ether was wholly unnecessary, as she would have felt no pain without it. She blessed the name of Mrs. Eddy as a devout Christian blesses his God. How wonderful all this is! It is equal to Jonah and the whale made over to suit the times.

An esteemed contemporary asserts that Massachusetts is the only State in the Union that enforces by law the reading of the Bible in the public schools. Has our exchange overlooked Pennsylvania, several of the Southern States, as well as the remainder of the New England States? It was not so very long ago that Bible reading was enforced in several of the States named, as we can personally testify.

A clergyman recently said that he felt his God was so powerful and so wise as to be able to make two plus two equal five if He chose to say so. Such a God could make a clock strike less than one, create a yearling colt in a moment, and cause mature men and women to be born into earth life. N. B.—No such God has been found up to date, yet the world is moving on.

The many friends of Dr. E. A. Smith, of Brandon, Vt., will regret to learn that he has been seriously ill ever since his return from Boston, where he attended the sessions of the State Spiritualist Convention. He was reported as improving at last accounts, and we trust that he will soon be strong and well again. He has our sincere sympathy in his long continued suffering.

Those who declare that the eighteenth century closed with the year 1899 do some very queer figuring. Life is too short to discuss their arguments at length. They will find some very interesting facts in connection with this subject in the writings of Miss Abby A. Judson, in her able reply to some of her correspondents.

Dr. A. A. Kimball, of Malden, will have something to say upon an interesting topic in a future issue of THE BANNER. His advertisement entitled "Spiritual Healing," in another column, speaks for itself. Dr. Kimball is a conscientious worker in the field spiritualistic, and sincerely endeavors to do good to his fellowmen.

Send in petitions praying for the repeal of the compulsory vaccination law that now disgraces the statute books of Massachusetts. Reform is in the very air we breathe. Let us make it visible by noble, practical results.

We received a very pleasant call from Mrs. M. J. Coburn of Lewiston, Me., one day last week. Mrs. Coburn is one of the leading representatives of Spiritualism in her residence city, and is known to be a sincere medium. We trust that she may be eminently successful in her good work.

Those who desire copies of the pamphlet containing the lecture entitled "The Evolution of Worship," the last instalment of which appears in this issue, should send in their orders at once. Single copies, twelve cents each. The first edition will be ready in a very few days.

If mortals would but seek the larger good of the masses rather than their own selfish advancement, greater spiritual growth would come to them. Spiritualism teaches its followers to find their own in their neighbors' good, hence is the medium through whom this greater spiritual growth will be made manifest on earth.

What a Secular Journal Says of the Banner of Light.

The prospectus of the BANNER OF LIGHT, the recognized leading publication of the "Spiritual Philosophy," will be found in our advertising columns. THE BANNER is a handsomely-printed journal of eight pages, filled with the thoughts of the ablest and most advanced thinkers of the day. Whether one agrees with all the "isms," or none of them, which are promulgated in its columns, they at least furnish food for thought. It is a clean, wholesome family paper. THE BANNER has been published for nearly half a century and occupies a commanding position in the newspaper world. Copies of the paper will be mailed free, upon request, to any address.—From the *Havre De Grace (Maryland) Republican*.

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

Notice under this heading, to insure insertion the same week, must reach this office by Monday's mail.

On the third Sunday in February Oscar A. Edgerly will conclude a four month's engagement with the Spiritualist Society of Chattanooga, Tenn. On the fourth Sunday in February he will begin a three week's engagement with the Southern Cassadaga Camp at Lake Helen, Fla. Mr. Edgerly's engagements as made for later in the season are as follows: May, Grand Rapids, Mich.; first two Sundays of June still open; from June 17 until July 8 engaged with the Ponsenling Camp Meeting, Michigan; from July 18 until the 25th engaged with the Briggs Park Camp, Michigan; August engaged with the Vicksburg, Michigan, and Chesterfield, Ind., Camps. On suspension of meetings of the society with which Mr. Edgerly was engaged for April, he at present has that month at his disposal; will be pleased to hear from societies who may desire to employ speakers and test mediums for April. Address 524 Lookout street Chattanooga, Tenn.

A Letter from W. J. Colville.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Dear Sir: As I have received several very kind Christmas letters from old friends in America, many of whom are inquiring as to my movements, I venture to trespass briefly on your valuable space to make a few statements which may prove of some public interest.

In the first place let me say that all phases of work in England in connection with Spiritualism are being carried forward by earnest and energetic people. Wherever I go I find active centres of work continually open, and though I cannot say that the ideal has yet been attained either in the case of meeting-places or the conduct of public gatherings, there are many encouraging features.

The Lyceums seem better supported as a rule than in America, for in many towns of only moderate size the Lyceum exercises are held in large, well-filled halls, and are of great interest to the young people and the children. A typical instance I met at Hyde, a few miles from Manchester. Though Hyde is not by any means a large city, the Lyceum on a very dull Sunday morning was larger than any save the very largest I have met with in America. The lectures which I gave later in the day were (as usual) as fully attended as the dimensions of the hall would permit.

I have been lecturing almost incessantly since my arrival in England, and though my own taste in the winter season would be to confine my operations chiefly to London, so very numerous have been applications from all over the country that I have felt compelled to go about a great deal more than my own wishes would have dictated. Everywhere I have gone I have been greeted by large, enthusiastic audiences. Manchester is a very active centre of work at present, and were I able to devote several months to its immediate neighborhood I might arrange to speak for all the societies and various people who request my services. As matters stand, I am doing my best to go everywhere once, but can pay no return visits. The feeling on behalf of the British Memorial is naturally at its height in Manchester, for in that great manufacturing city Mrs. Britten lived for many years and did an immense amount of work. Mrs. Wilkinson (Mrs. Britten's ever-faithful sister), is busily occupied in preparing for immediate publication a fine autobiography of Emma Hardinge Britten, which she offers to subscribers in America at one dollar.

As hosts of friends of that truly remarkable woman all over the United States, where she worked so long and faithfully, are sure to want a copy of this fascinating book (some of the MS. of which I have read with extreme interest), I expect descriptions will quickly pour in upon Mrs. Wilkinson, whose address is 2 Winfield Terrace, Chester Road, Manchester. In Mrs. Britten's autobiographical narrations a great deal of important historical matter is fascinatingly interwoven, and all who are interested in a reliable history of Modern Spiritualism will find very much of real value.

Christmas, though it has passed pleasantly has not been as gay as usual, for the terrible war in South Africa has thrown a cloud over all family and social festivities. The music in the great London churches has been as grand as ever, and the pantomimes at the various theatres are fully as attractive as in days of yore. Weather in winter is always an uncertain factor, and this season has been no exception to the rule. We have had some severe cold and a good deal of rain, but many days have been bright and balmy. I am engaged definitely in Australia. I have secured passage on the Orient Line steamer *Ormuiz*, leaving Marseilles for Sydney Feb. 9.

I expect to leave London two or three days earlier. I am to speak in London for the last time Feb. 4 and 5. My address is still 99 Gower Street, W. C., where I shall be very pleased to receive letters, etc., from America till date of sailing. I made no effort to secure a position in Australia, but the unseen intelligences directed me to announce special departure thither while as yet I saw no way of going there. Suddenly I was sent for by parties who had read and culminated my books, and I have now signed a contract with Mr. Cardew, a well known publisher in Sydney, for six months' work under his management, to be followed, in all probability by a season in New Zealand. I have for many years been promised great success at the Antipodes, and I am now taking the long new ocean voyage, with full confidence that it is the right step, therefore I go unflinchingly. Trusting this new year 1900 may bring great peace, joy and usefulness to us all, with hearty good wishes I continue.

Your sincere friend, W. J. COLVILLE.
[Orders for Mrs. Britten's Autobiography will also receive attention at this office.—Ed.]

Spiritual Ordination at Galveston, Texas.

The second ordination by the Spiritualist Society of Galveston, Texas, was performed Sunday night, Dec. 31, by Mr. John W. Ring. The rostrum was neatly decorated with palms, ferns, tarlatan and an abundance of sunflowers. Portraits of the Fox Sisters and character from the Texas State National Association of Spiritualists were also conspicuous.

The usual evening service consisted of an inspirational lecture by Mr. John W. Ring from subjects proposed by the audience, and spirit-messages by Mr. Charles B. Brookway, the candidate for ordination. A recess was then taken, and shortly before twelve o'clock the choir rendered two appropriate songs. As the ordination party moved up the aisle to the rostrum, "Give the Charge," music arranged for the occasion, was rendered in a manner to add beauty to the simple but impressive ceremony. In way of explanation, Mr. Ring said: "As Spiritualists, we recognize the ceremony of ordination as simply an expression of mortal emphasis of the action already taken by angels. It is not for man to ordain or set apart his life or the life of any one else for any particular purpose. But he who moveth in strange and mysterious ways (to men), he who has called order out of chaos, and has brought out of error, beauty, truth and life, has already ordained his children—to each a peculiar gift, but to all of earth's children an abundance of his love.

"There comes to us this evening one who has already been ordained for the work of a Spiritualist minister by the spirit world; and it pleases us to emphasize this ordination of the spirit-friends by this ceremony. Sir, brother, child of earth, you have been taken through the forges of life, although young in years; you knew no soul communion until the cleansing fire had threatened to scourge your body until it would no longer be a fit place for the indwelling of the spirit. Through all these burning experiences there came the sweet influence of your spirit friends.

"You have faithfully labored for the spirit-world and for humanity; and now you present yourself at this altar of humanity with a desire to accomplish good for all earth's children. With your soul flaming with love for humanity, with a mind teeming with an illumination not of this world, you pledge this to your spirit friends and to us your friends—your brothers and sisters—to carry forward this trust as long as you have power to think and act." In a clear and decided tone, Mr. Brookway said, "I do." "Then," replied Mr. Ring, "dear brother, child of this mundane sphere, may the power of the Infinite God of the universe, through those ministering spirits that guide you, pour out upon you an abundance of the fire of truth until you shall be able to cleanse darkened places of the gloom and sorrow there; may you be able to take away the tears from weeping eyes, and woe from the soul in distress. We, reposing perfect confidence and trust in you, do by these presents ordain and set you apart to be a minister of the Gospel of Spiritualism, to minister unto humanity in all its needs and requirements, giving help to the friendless, peace to the sorrowing and joy to the distressed. We know that by carefully following the holy impressions of your spirit friends, you will long continue in this grand and noble work."

Mrs. Nettie M. Wood, Vice-President of the

Galveston society, here presented Mr. Brookway a beautiful bouquet, and said in a most impressive manner: "Rev. Charles Brookway—Brother, in behalf of the members of the Spiritualist Society of Galveston, I have the pleasure of presenting you these flowers, fitting emblems of your future life. On the threshold of this year, grand possibilities for benefitting mankind are opening before you. To-night you have assumed nobler duties. You go forth with higher aims. May your influence for good be as far reaching as the aroma of these fragrant blossoms. May your life be as stainless as the lily; may you grow in wisdom and knowledge; may your principles be as firm as the unyielding oak; may your elucidations of our beautiful philosophy be as clear as the crystal waters. When you look on these everlasting flowers, may they remind you of our unending interest in you. We ask your acceptance of these flowers, and with them our appreciation of your labors for the Cause of Spiritualism and the uplifting of humanity."

Mr. Brookway received the flowers, and Certificate of Ordination, and said: "It is with pleasure that I accept these flowers, and this charge. I believe that I realize the responsibility which you have placed on me, and of which you would remind me by these emblems of nature's beauty and greatness. I trust I may always be able to fill the place to which you have assisted me, and ask you (turning to the audience) to bear witness with me as I pledge myself to those who have given me this charge (holding up the Ordination Certificate) and to my spirit friends, to always do the best I can." Just as the choir sang,

"Joy, oh! joy attend thee
Through thy life, short or long,
May grace and patience be
Thy virtue and thy song;"

and as Mr. Brookway moved down the aisle, the changing bells declared the old year gone, and hearty hand-shaking and congratulations occupied the advent of the new year.

Mr. Charles Brookway is a member of the noted Brookway Family of mediums. Mrs. A. Brookway, the mother of Chas. Brookway, is a minister of the gospel of Spiritualism, having been ordained by Moses Hull in the First Spiritualist Association Clackamas Co., Oregon, July 22, 1894.

Minnesota Items.

Mrs. Kates and self were sent into Duluth by the State Association, to make an effort to resuscitate the cause of Spiritualism. We find that city has been without a local society for some years, and any previous organization was of that ephemeral character we have seen in many places, living a short spasm of activity, without making proper effort to unify the workers and people upon a spiritual basis.

Certain unsavory persons have dragged down the public estimate of Spiritualism until the common idea is that it possesses no virtue whatever. Hall owners hesitate to rent for spiritualistic meetings, the press declines notices, and the public sneers at the possibility that we have anything worthy to present. A policeman told me that the Spiritualists should be arrested for setting people crazy; and the editor of a daily paper said their reporter caused the last medium to be run out of town.

We could not obtain by mail a single promise of material help to hold meetings here. The State officers thought it high time to stir Duluth a little. We came, and rented Odd Fellows' Hall for Sunday, Jan. 7, afternoon and evening. We paid for advertisements, and assumed all expense. Although the notice was short, we had large meetings, and many friends came forth urging continued effort. We are to hold two more meetings in another hall, and one or two in West Superior. Soon as possible we shall return, and try to organize a local society.

Duluth is ripe for good work, and should be prepared to select the workers, and prevent being at the mercy of the misers who are without either conscience or capacity. When we can obtain proper cooperation, and institute means by which the public may know that reputable and capable mediums and speakers will be presented, then will prejudice and defamation pass away, for the people are hungry for spiritual truth. The field is ripe for a glorious harvest, if we but sow proper seed, and have earnest reapers.

Our work in Minnesota is proving the real need of our Cause; and that is devotion, support, unity, honor, cooperation, and the presentation of truth in its constructive power.

We need to comprehend that duty calls us to labor. By unfolding the ethics of Spiritualism, and incorporating them into personal character we shall stand before the world defying criticism and exacting investigation.

G. W. KATES.

The Lord's Prayer.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The reading of the criticism on the Lord's Prayer and the revised reproduction of the same by Mr. Charles Gray in your issue of Jan. 6 awakened in my memory vivid recollections of an early period in my life, when I was a member of a select class of twenty-five persons who met each week for social enjoyment and for the culture of spiritual and mental thought. One of our number (doubtless more religiously inclined than myself) proposed that, upon being called to order by the Chairman, we should commence the exercises by repeating the biblical Lord's Prayer in unison. To this I made no objection, but after two or three sessions it was noticed that I did not participate in the rehearsal; consequently I was questioned regarding it, and I simply answered that, while I freely granted to all the privilege to enjoy their own opinions, I merely claimed the same right, and could not join with them for the reason that their prayer was not an appeal to my God, for I believed in a God not alone all-wise and all-powerful, but a God of Love and Benevolence, a God supremely superior to man; while in their appeal they transposed the positions, making man the superior and God the inferior, by asking Him to follow in man's footsteps, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. I also told them that I had implicit confidence in the judgment, purity and benevolence of my God and deemed it entirely unnecessary to jog his memory by making each week urgent appeals to him not to lead me into temptation.

After this explanation I was invited to open the next session. I accepted the invitation, performed the duty to the best of my ability, and transmit herewith a copy of my prayer:

Our Father and our Mother God,
We come to thee with our accord,
Asking in fervent prayer,
That thou wilt bless this precious hour;
Send guardian angels clothed with power,
To our sweet communion share.

Author of everything that's grand,
We now before thee humbly stand
Seeking for aid divine,
Wilt thou to the needy comfort bring,
Give to the downcast joy to sing,
And illumine every mind.

With gratitude for favors past,
And each day more perfect than the last,
May we possess lives pure;
And for blessings that attend our days,
We will render to thee our grateful praise,
For to thee is all praise due.

This prayer came very near being the means of my introduction to the pulpit of a Congregational church, for the pastor, after perusing it, pronounced it an improvement on the original, and gave me a cordial invitation to enter the pulpit with him on Sunday, and open the morning services, but my aspirations not running in that direction, I respectfully declined.

Truly yours, R. HOLMES.

The Temple of Health and Psychic Revival, No. 14, is brimful of spiritual thought, as well as of practical health-suggestions and useful information. Such a paper should be liberally patronized. It is only twenty-five cents per year, Dr. J. M. Peebles Editor and Proprietor, Battle Creek, Mich.

The Purpose of Life,

Or the Phenomena and Philosophy of Modern Spiritualism Reviewed and Explained, is the title of a book written by O. G. Oyston of this city, and is a work that is most valuable; one that should be read by all Spiritualists. It elucidates the philosophy of Spiritualism from its broadest, deepest and most scientific standpoint, and contains numerous beautiful gems of thought. I find spiritual problems solved that have puzzled my mind for many years. My desire to have others read the same who are searching for the light of truth, prompts me to write these few lines, hoping they will find a place in your paper. M. SPAULDING.
Seattle, Wash.

Passed to Spirit-Life,

From her residence, 60 Gayburn Avenue, Chicago, Ill., on Jan. 11, 1900, Mrs. ELISA S. MOSIER, wife of Mr. Edwin Mosier, aged 54 years.

Mrs. Mosier had been a Spiritualist for some years, and a zealous worker in the Cause. Her demise will be felt by many who had learned to love her. She leaves a son. The funeral services were conducted by G. V. Cordingley, pastor of the Progressive Spiritual Church.

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To Foreign Subscribers the subscription price of the BANNER OF LIGHT is \$2.50 per year, or \$1.25 per six months, to any foreign country embraced in the Universal Postal Union. To countries outside of the Union the price will be \$3.00 per year, or \$1.50 for six months.

J. J. Morse, 26 Osnaburgh street, Euston Road, London, N. W., is agent in England for the BANNER OF LIGHT and the publications of the Banner of Light Publishing Co.

Fred P. Evans, 103 W. 42d street, New York City, agent for the BANNER OF LIGHT and all Spiritual and Occult Literature. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis may be addressed at 243 Alexander st., Rochester, N. Y. Jan. 7.

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J. M. PEEBLES, A.M., M.D. Ph.D.

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Mrs. Nellie L. Harvey, who had suffered from Catarrh for years, writes:—
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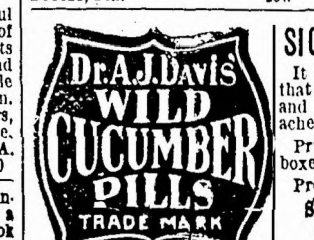
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MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
MRS. MINNIE M. SOULE.

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 special representative of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and are given in the presence of other members of THE BANNER staff.

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.

MESSAGES.

The following messages are given through one of Mrs. Soule's guides, Sunbeam.

Report of Séance held Jan. 4, 1900, S. E. 52.

Ella Simpson.

The first spirit is a young woman about eighteen years old. She has dark eyes, dark hair, pushed back from the forehead. She smiles prettily when she walks up to me, and I see a small mouth, with even teeth and quite a fresh color. "I have been gone some time to the spirit, but still find my interest as much with the people I left to-day as I did when I first went away. My mother is alive, and to her I often come, and try, with some influence or power from the spirit, to make her feel my presence, to uplift her when she is lonely or sad, or to bring some special beam of joy or gladness into her eye. My name is Ella Simpson. My father's name is George. He is with me. My mother for a long time mourned us both as being gone forever from her midst; but of late she has become a little interested—seems to be getting some hope that perhaps the way will open for us to come to her. I have a little sister, too, in the spirit. We lived at Camden."

George Corliss.

I see a young man. He is quite tall, has blue eyes, brown hair, and a long, thin face. He has quite a light mustache, and his arms are very long; look as if he hardly knows what to do with them; but he laughs good-naturedly, as though he had found many a job where his long arms came quite handy, and even since he went to spirit he has found them convenient for many things. He says: "My name is George Corliss." He was a farmer and came from Rockland, Me., and he did not know anything about this; in fact he did not know much about anything that was religion. He just took life as it came. So one day, when he went out rather suddenly, it seemed such a strange thing to open his eyes and find that there was no special duty that was awaiting him for that day. He says: "The first one who met me was Aunt Abbie—she has been gone since I was a little boy—and I tell you it seemed good to find somebody that I knew. If you ever went to a strange country, and landed on the wharf and saw a sea of faces, and then all at once some face with which you were familiar, you may know how I felt when I saw my Aunt Abbie. She seemed as glad to see me as I was to see her. She said to me: 'Come, George, come with me, and we will find something to do and some more of our friends.' I went to get to Mary Corliss. Say, please, that although I never professed religion, and never had any special wiping out of my sins, I have tried to do what was right since I came over, and trust that the endeavor to do only good to my fellowmen will keep me from needing any washing away of my sins."

James Murdock.

Then there comes to me an old man. He is short and stout and has thick gray hair. It hangs down on the sides a little bit thick. His eyes are a very dark gray. Right on top of his head is a little thin place. "Will you please say that my name is James Murdock, and that I lived in Waltham; that I thought it was about time for somebody to speak from Waltham, and say what they found on the other side. I have the most of my people over here with me, but there is now and then a friend of mine who wishes he could find me in the store again, to whom I might say some word. I looked like a farmer, but I was not one. I dealt a great deal with them, but Waltham has changed greatly since I was there; so if I were to walk down the streets again I would feel as though I were in a strange city. My wife is with me. She sends greetings to all her friends who remember us. We were Baptists." He seems sure that somebody will know about him and will send some word back.

William Webster.

There comes a man, quite tall, dark mustache, dark whiskers around his face. He has rather square shoulders; eyes dark blue, with dark lashes. He puts his hand up to his head, and says: "My name is William Webster, and when I came to the spirit it seemed as though I could not bear it, the separation was so sad." (He came from Lynn.) "Even now, when I try to get back to my own people, my hands go up to my face to wipe away the tears from my eyes. So many conditions of sadness or unhappiness have come into the family that sometimes I feel that I must get back and say a word or do something. But I have learned this, that many sorrows come to the spirits because they see so much they could do that these people who are suffering cannot see the way to overcome. Our suffering comes in seeing the way to overcome it; it disturbs us, when it looks so easy, that it is not done; but the one who is suffering scarcely ever sees the path that will lead out to happiness, and so has not the double suffering that is ours when we come back. There is a Charles Webster with me, though we called him Charlie. He is younger. He says: 'Yes, I too want to get to the people who bear the same name as do.' I am quite sure they will understand because they know more or less about Spiritualism."

Amanda Talbot.

An elderly lady walks up to me now; I should think she weighed about one hundred and eighty-five pounds. She has a full, fat face, bright blue eyes and soft gray hair. She has a very sweet expression. She says: "My name is Amanda Talbot. I have been trying to come for a long time. I lived in days when the

fashions were different from what they are to-day, and that is why I am dressed in this peculiar way. (She has a hoop skirt on and a big full dress.) I want to get George Talbot. He resides in Ridgeway. He has been looking, and thought perhaps it would be possible for me to come, and so here I am with love and good-will and the promise to do more when future opportunities open to me. I am just as fond of flowers as I was the day I went away, and children bother me no more the same way. I always said that if children behaved themselves and did not make too much noise, they were very good ornaments to have around; but if they were asking everybody to wait on them and fussing all the time, I did not care so much about having them."

Bill Rogers.

Here is a man by the name of Rogers from Calumet. He is tall, looks strong as though he lived out of doors among the trees and the clouds. It seems as though he came pretty near the top of the room in the house where he lived. I see the house; it is a small old-fashioned one with a door in the middle; it is dark-colored with some light streaks around the top near the eaves. There are hills and trees and everything that is beautiful in nature around it. It looks well kept and well cared-for, although it does not look like the residence of a very rich man. This man says: "My name is Bill Rogers. Everybody will know me better by that name than by the name of William. I used to live there with my mother. She is over here with me now. She said perhaps it would be a good thing if we could get back to-day and speak, and we would like to read Jane Rogers. It gives me a certain amount of independence, too, to get here and speak for myself. I did not know much about travel. I never traveled on the railroads. I walked almost everywhere I wanted to go, and it seemed as though it was the proper thing for me to walk here and give my message, and then go on and do the work that is mine to do."

Hiram Wentworth.

This man's name is Hiram Wentworth, Monongahela. He seems gentle and quiet, more like a woman in his ways. He has a thin face and rather dark brows and lashes, and he seems good, as though he never wanted to make any trouble for anybody. He is more like a peacemaker than one who would stir up strife. He says: "It may be the place I came from. It is a peace loving people, and it seems as though the country round about speaks of the love of God. I was a church member and a community-loving man. I thought as much of the community where I lived as I would if they had all been members of my own family. I have since found that to be the real secret of perfect peace and happiness. As we enlarge the borders of our hearts and take in communities, we will find ourselves growing without limit until we can take in creation everywhere, and then we are sure to know that there can be nothing but peace—universal peace. God speed the day when arms and a union shall be cast away. Who would ever dream of war in heaven? It ceases to be heaven where war is; and so my word to my people is that if heaven ceases to be a heaven because of war and aggressive spirit, so they can make life here nearer heavenly as they eliminate war-like spirit." He seems to have been quite a leader among those people, but always in a sweet and gentle way. He says: "Yes, you speak well when you say leader. Some ministers are like drivers, and stand with whip in hand to lash those who are listening to them into some special state of mind; but I believe that to open the heart to the sweet influence of truth and the understanding of good, one should be an honest leader."

Annie Cummings.

Here comes a very nervous woman, a little below the medium height. She has a dark skin, dark eyes and dark hair. She speaks quickly and sharply, hardly opening her teeth, but rather speaking the words out through them. She says: "Oh, dear! It is not half so easy as I thought it would be. I thought all in the world I had to do was just to come here and tell you I was and have it over with. But, goodness! when I come here I find that it is an effort to speak intelligently about myself and my past conditions. I have not forgotten anything, and I am conscious of having lived a conscious existence every moment since I passed out of the body, and yet there is something in striving to recall it that bothers me. My name is Annie Cummings, and I lived in Toronto, Canada. We knew something of Spiritualism, though not as you people know it. It was more as a thing apart, than it was the whole existence. I am glad to give any word I can. I have not been gone so very long, and yet long enough to desire to speak and give evidence of this continued life. Tell Fred, please, that I would like to help him."

George and Lucy Dobson.

Here are two spirits coming together. One is named George and the other Lucy. The last name is Dobson. They came from Providence, R. I. They are about the middle age. They come in a bright, chatty way, as though they belonged together before they went out, and that they had stayed together. They both committed suicide! They went away to do it. They say: "Our friends thought it was very strange when they heard of our death, and so we desire to come and say a word about it. It was not as mysterious as it seemed. We knew all about it, and we planned for it, but we planned to have it look as though it was not planned. Now, what we want to say is, that the one against whom there is some little taint of suspicion is all right, and, while nothing has ever been done in public about it, in the minds of some of our friends this taint has been like a poison toward the person, and we would like to have that overcome by this thought that we bring."

Margaret Kane.

Margaret Kane comes. She is about medium height, not very stout, but has a very pleasant way, pleasant face and remarkably pleasant eyes. Her hair is parted and combed down rather plainly. She says: "I do not know why I should not be allowed to come. I have felt for a long time that a word from me might help some of my people as well as help me. Never was a person more maligned than I have been, and never did one try to do for a specific cause as I did. I suffered and lost. Some others have suffered and won. And to-day I stand in the soft light of the spirit, and quiver for my weakness and sigh for opportunities that are passed. I am happy—not from any special mention or adulation, but I am happy in proving to my soul that which I was able to

prove to others. I cannot thank you enough for this opportunity to speak. I have thought it over and wondered how a message from me would be received. I am not the guide of any particular person, but I could not forget the work that is being done, or neglect to do my part to-day as I did in years gone by. I may have been a weak woman, I was not a bad one. To my many friends I give this word, that I often visit them, often mourn with them that we did not cooperate and bring even into better use the powers of many of us who were unfolded at about the same time, but trust that a power can come from us to-day that will be potent to lift up the Cause I love so much. No priest, no church, no people can kill the knowledge that is mine."

Leander Hill.

This man is named Leander Hill. He is about sixty-five years old, wears glasses; his hair is pushed back right up straight from his face like pompadour style; his forehead is white. He has a short bushy beard. He looks as though he was not very well; was rather consumptive. He came from New York, Greenfield, I think. He says: "Ugh! I had no use for this sort of stuff when I was here. If it could be done, I did not understand why the knowledge could not be universal, and so I have come to prove it to myself. It is good for me to send word to Frank that I am alive, and that I think if he could get into communication with me I might be able to help him in some ways. Let the world move as it will, ups and downs come, reverses, whatever they may be, the heart longs to communicate with those it loves, and that is where I stand."

Emma Whitmarsh.

A woman comes now about thirty-five years old. She has light brown hair, blue eyes and a round, full face. Her name is Emma Whitmarsh. She sings like a bird. While her voice is not particularly cultivated, it is sweet and clear. She came from Allston: "I heard in a way of these things, but I had not any particular use for them because my life was full of other thoughts. I sometimes think more people would understand this if they were not so busy with other duties or in other lines of thought; to me it is a lesson that we be patient with everybody, and that sooner or later they will understand the truth. I am so glad to speak, and want to send word to John. He is good and faithful, but he does wish that I could speak to him sometimes. Tell him I have seen Nellie."

A Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND FIVE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I alluded, in letter one hundred and two, to the generally accepted fact that the year 1900 is the last year of the nineteenth century. But since the publication of that letter I have received requests that I would explain the whole matter so clearly that it can be made plain to those who claim that we have entered the twentieth century. It is by no means strange that they should do so, for so bright a man as the poet Heine, who was born Dec. 31, 1799, jestingly claimed to have been born Jan. 1, 1800, so that he "might be one of the first men of the century."

Just as a year consists of twelve months, so does a century consist of one hundred years. Taking the birth of Jesus as a starting point, the twelve months after his birth formed the year one A. D. The year two contained the next twelve months, and so on to the end of the century. When one hundred years, each containing its full number of months and days had gone by, the people who then lived came to Jan. 1, 101, A. D., and that was the beginning of the second century. In the same way, every century after contained one hundred full years. The nineteenth century like the others, must contain the same number of years, and for this reason we do not enter the twentieth century until Jan. 1, 1901. May all who read this letter have a very happy and prosperous year, and thus make an appreciable journey toward that spiritualized condition that will invite good and progressing spirits to attend them during the remainder of the pathway of life!

Many persons are not aware that the Christian Era is itself founded on a mistake, for the birth of Jesus really took place four years before the date that has been handed down. So, instead of its having been 1899 years since he was born, it is really 1903. But though scholars agree that this is so, the dates will never be altered to fit the facts of the case, for it would be too confusing. For instance, it would be troublesome to have to say that the Declaration of Independence was signed July 4, 1780, and that our Civil War began in 1865, and lasted until 1869. All of our birth years would also have to be altered, and we might become so confused that we could not tell how old we were. In fact, some persons are now confused on that point; for, thinking that they have lived as many years as they have had birthdays, counting the day on which they first drew breath, they make themselves out to be one year older than they really are. All of this goes to show how limited the human mind really is. All agree that two and two make four. But as we go on and on from simple elementary statements, different minds begin to see the same objects differently, and what seems perfectly clear to one mind, is but a tangled maze to another.

We said the human mind is limited, but not so with the human soul. The mind is the soul expressing itself through the physical or psychical brain, and, as these are limited at any one period of development, the soul with its limitless possibilities can express itself in only a limited way at such and such a period.

I beg to call the special attention of our readers to a paragraph by W. J. Colville, on page 7 of the BANNER OF LIGHT of Jan. 6. Having been asked to define the difference between soul and spirit, he says:

"The soul is the entity, the real individual; the spirit (from *spiro*, I breathe), is the out-breathing therefrom. The soul is the breather, the spirit is the breath; spirit is therefore the result of the soul seeking expression, and is the soul's manifestation of itself."

Though the above is in exact accord with my own view, I could never have expressed it so clearly; and I feel indebted to Mr. Colville for this weighty little paragraph, and shall keep it carefully with my most valued slips.

In the same number he says the universe contains only life and its expressions, that God is Life itself, and the prime author of all life's manifestations. At a little party I attended lately, some persons turned the subject of conversation to Spiritualism, and I was at once pilled with questions. I thankfully

availed myself of this delightful opportunity. As we were breaking up for departure, a young man asked me: "Miss Judson, what is God?" I said: "God is Life, the Infinite Life of the universe. We are each of us finite expressions of this Infinite Life, out of which we came, and on which we wholly depend. That being our parentage, we can never be lost, and it is our destiny to progress forever."

As we cannot see life itself, and can see only its manifestations, we can never see God, even though we should, after untold ages, become wholly blended with God. Among other things, Pythagoras said of the one Universal Soul that it is diffused through all creatures, and that it is invisible. This Pythagorean doctrine was doubtless a divine intuition. It is contradicted by some who claim that they have seen this Being as a living light. Being finite themselves, they cannot possibly see what is infinitely diffused, and what is, according to the Pythagorean conception, wholly invisible, though light resembles it, so far as light, which is substance, can resemble that which is wholly immaterial.

An ancient philosopher said: "What God is I know not; what he is not, that I know: he is not Zeus." In like manner we may say that light resembles him; but he is not light, for light is one of his manifestations, and he may thus be partially manifested to a finite being. But let not such a favored one presume to say that because he has seen such a light he has therefore seen God. John said, "No man hath seen God at any time."

Jesus said: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." While this is not to be taken literally it has a deep spiritual significance, which has been well expressed by a poet in the following lines:

"God dwelleth in a light far beyond human ken.
Become thyself that light, and thou shalt see him then."

While God is everywhere, is universally pervasive, those who are developing into a likeness to God have a light about them and emanating from them, which is a manifestation of that development. This development is toward what we may call spirituality, and is betokened by being gradually loosened from material fetters. These fetters may be our present fleshly ones, or they may be the more ethereal fetters of the psychical body. As the latter becomes more refined and less material, giving the soul a chance to reveal itself more clearly and brightly, the soul comes to be seen as a bright light by other finite souls. But this cannot be said of that which is infinite, which enters into the constitution of every finite being, and which is diffused through regions to which the nebula in Andromeda is but a vestibule.

Persons on earth who have begun to develop spiritually have a light on the top of their heads, the region called by phrenologists the bump of veneration or spirituality, and the point whence the soul, clothed in its spiritual body, issues at the time of transition. Our own who have become incarnate know us by that light. We may be walking in a crowded city, but they have no trouble in finding us or in attending us, on account of our own little light. When sitting with others at a table clairvoyants often see such a light over persons, who are at the time in spiritual exaltation. But if persons on whom such a light is seen should begin to feel proud of it, and feel superior to those about them, that light would grow dim, and if such a feeling were persisted in it would go wholly out. It is only "the poor in spirit" who possess the kingdom of heaven.

Lights were seen upon those who had felt moved to gather on the day of Pentecost, about the year 33 A. D. First, a wind was heard, and then what looked like a tongue of fire sat upon each one present. The clairvoyants in the company could have testified to this, and all of them were at once inspired. This was

"The sealing unction from above,
The breath of life, the fire of love."

It was a great pity that in after ages the church became eager for temporal power, and greedy for material gain. Thus the light of the spirit was quenched. As this dead condition continued and intensified, a spirit of skepticism crept in regarding all manifestations from the other side of life; and Christendom in general sank into a materialism from which only a new baptism of spiritual fire could arouse it. On that period we are now entering, and by many avenues the light now penetrates human souls.

Spiritualism will advance still more rapidly as the church realizes its beneficent vitality; but it must receive it with docility and humility, for "Except you become as little children, ye can in no wise enter therein." Eagerness for temporal power, greed for material gain, and the spirit of ecclesiastical tyranny must be wholly abandoned. In this way alone can the church of to-day have an important share in the new dispensation.

We are constrained to write these lines, though we are well aware that the church contains many truly spiritual souls. But we are not to estimate the attitude of the church as a whole by those persons whom we all know within its pale, "who deal justly, love mercy, and walk humbly before God."

A new dispensation came to mankind through the teachings of Jesus nearly two thousand years ago. It was accepted by spiritual souls in many parts of the Roman Empire. But as science was then in its infancy, the manifestations from the other side of life were regarded as supernatural.

Similar manifestations, ushering in another "new dispensation," are now occurring. But science is now so advanced that, instead of being regarded as supernatural, they are found to proceed from the workings of natural law. The Christian church in general clings to the supernatural, and refuses to accept these manifestations as coming from God. In fact, many ministers believe and declare that they come from the devil. The church thus makes a great mistake. It also shows a wrong spirit toward Spiritualism. Instead of receiving the new light in a humble and loving manner, many of them maintain a haughty and censorious attitude toward Spiritualism and toward Spiritualists.

We are sorry to be constrained to say these hard things, but we must say the truth. He who directs these thoughts was well known in earth-life as a missionary of the Gospel, and spent a life of hardship in promulgating it to lands beyond the sea. And she who writes these lines was herself a member of the church for the thirty-seven years extending from 1833 to 1890. We know, therefore, whereof we write, and we reiterate our statement that, unless the Christian church retraces her steps, and begins to see and acknowledge that Spiritualism is of God, and not of the devil, she will

have small part in the "new dispensation" by which (God and the kingdom of heaven are now being revealed to the children of men.

Yours for humanity and for spirituality.

ABBY A. JUDSON

Arlington, N. J., Jan. 6, 1900.

Answers to Questions

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
W. J. COLVILLE.

QUREN.—(By Elsie Winthrop Owen, Boston.) Will you kindly publish in the columns of THE BANNER the facts ascertained regarding obsession? If investigation has proven true what is said to have been revealed, then we are indeed standing before a new and most important branch of knowledge.

ANS.—It would be entirely beyond the range of immediate possibility to elaborately furnish evidences for and against the most unpleasant doctrine of obsession in this department of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and as we know that the theory of complete and ruinous diabolical possession still haunts the minds of some people, though it is a losing rather than a gaining dogma.

We have always vigorously insisted that there are but three causes for obsession, and not one of these is unremovable. The first cause we wish to draw attention to is *isphysical degeneracy*, which may be compared to an instrument badly out of tune, which by reason of its disorderly condition cannot give proper expression to the efforts of the performer. The second cause we name *weak-mindedness*, or general irresolution of will and purpose, which opens the hyper-sensitive person to all varieties of influx desirable and undesirable, as the case may be. The third cause is a well known one, viz., indulgence in such modes of thought and practice as inevitably attract influences of a low or perverted psychic character.

In dealing with a case of obsession belonging to the first class it is only necessary to treat the sufferer both mentally and physically in a wise, firm, health inducing manner, abundant simple food, plenty of fresh air, and outdoor exercise, and some useful bodily occupation are all necessities in such cases. Do not take any notice of disturbing phenomena, but set to work to build up the patient's health, as in any other form of sickness.

When the case clearly belongs in the second division it is necessary to surround the victim as much as possible with strong-willed, determined, but thoroughly kind-hearted people. Harsh measures are a total failure and worse, for they serve to greatly increase the malady by stirring up the very conditions most favorable to its increase. Should the case with which you have specially to deal be one belonging in the third category, even then nothing but high moral suasion and firm kindness will prove of permanent avail.

There is far too much ignorance and prejudice in the way of curing obsession scientifically to make the path of the mental healer in this field either smooth or easy; but if insane asylums are ever to become needless, and mental aberration in general a thing unknown, measures must be resorted to, which strike at the root of the disease. So far as results are concerned, it makes very little difference what particular views you hold on "evil spirits," provided the right treatment is administered, and the only treatment we can conscientiously recommend is to hold the patient as mentally and morally superior to all unwelcome influences.

For the past many years we have been led to teach that it is never wise to encourage mediumistic development so long as you hold the thought that you are at the mercy of unseen influences with whom you are unacquainted. The errors of Spiritualists have brought deep shadows upon Spiritualism, and the fundamental mistake has been indiscriminate submission to you know not what. Remember that the unseen state is peopled with individuals of all descriptions, and where there is no sufficient development of individuality, there are perils attending mediumship, perils which can only be surmounted by cultivating a spirit of complete consecration to a noble ideal, especially when you are seeking to commune with unseen intelligences.

Exorcism is always to be deprecated, because when dark or undeveloped spirits are in your surroundings you can so act as to elevate them in place of being degraded by them. Precisely the same attitude should be taken to the incarnate as to the incarnate tempters, the only way to overcome either being, first, to prove too strong to yield to their seductions, then to turn round and help them higher. We know a great many people whose first experiences in mediumship have been with earthbound spirits whom their good offices have subsequently upraised, and who are now proving valuable assistants in many righteous undertakings.

It is essential to a right understanding to know that there are three distinct classes of obsessing influences: First, our own unkind and unjust thoughts which take form in our surroundings, and often constitute the "elementaries" of occultists, or at least a bond of union with those unfriendly psychic elements which have no power over the right thinking, because they are protected by an aural wall which entirely shelters them from the influences of unclean thoughts and results of unclean thinking which pollute the common atmosphere. Second, persons yet living in the flesh who have vested interests in unrighteous traffic, including all who are weak enough to support iniquity because they think it fashionable, and induce others to join them in profane or any form of unfair dealing. Under the heading of "Corrupt and Corrupting Institutions," we place all prisons, and other places of confinement where incipient criminality is fostered through psychic propagation, despite the plea that jails, etc., exist for the protection of society and the punishment of evil-doers. Edward Bellamy, in "Looking Backward," showed true insight when he said that during the regeneration of Boston the old Charlestown jail would be one of the first relics of effete barbarism to be destroyed, and banished jails would have, in the new cycle, no successors. Third, unseen influences, who are yet hovering in the atmosphere of earth because, during their natural existence, they cultivated no desires and gave vent to no aspirations for a higher life than that of sense. These "dwellers on the threshold" are not necessarily wicked spirits, but they are so bound down by material affections that they are very glad of an opportunity to make use of sensitive persons on earth whose organisms afford them opportunity for partial realization of material things.

All phases of so called obsession are amenable to live suggestive treatment, and it should be one of the leading triumphs of mental healers to cure otherwise incurable cases of mental aberration coupled with physical degeneracy due to inharmonious psychical conditions.

So long as investigators of Spiritualism at low more frivolous, and often much that is far worse, to pollute the sick room and profane the séance, there will be a continuation of the orderly phenomena; and just so long as highly sensitive people are called upon to exorcise their mediumship in surroundings altogether opposed to the higher intelligences, there must be what is termed obsession.

Let no one take a hopeless view of this dark subject, because there are no spirits so dark that they cannot be enlightened or so low that they cannot be uplifted. Very often an obsession is ancestral, by which we mean that there is really a "family ghost" who has attached himself either to a certain member of the family or to his old abode. We know of many cases where obsession has been entirely overcome by reasoning with the annoying spirit and helping him to go higher. We take very strong ground against all harsh measures which can only serve to aggravate the disorder.

In such a case as that of "The Great Amherst Mystery," which people have recently been re-discussing because of the wide sale of the book in public stations, had there been some intelligent people with rational conceptions of the unseen world to deal with the afflicted girls the disturbances could have been quelled, whereas the fear, superstition and folly of the people immediately connected with the distressing episodes could only serve to aggravate the disorder. Over and over again have we met cases which yielded to wise, firm, humane remonstrance, after all frantic, violent and aggressive measures had worked decided harm.

A great deal that passes current for obsession is only aggravated hysteria, brought about and fostered by the exposure of hyper-sensitive people to perpetual discord and unrest. Wherever a case is serious and of long standing it needs isolation, and the one giving treatment should be a person of firm, fearless disposition, and intelligently aware of the close relation always existing between the seen and the unseen. If, the earth is to be blessed with a baptism of spiritual light from the higher realm of spiritual being, it is only right that those who rejoice to receive such blessing should be willing to contribute in their turn toward the elevation of the dark spirits in the earth's atmosphere.

The Mystery in the Cipher.

BY GEORGE A. BACON.

The writer of the celebrated Junius letters, which created the most intense and widespread feeling more than a century ago, has succeeded in keeping himself undiscovered. It is claimed, however, by experts, with a great show of probability, that the "author" of the Revolution was the distinguished culprit. Certainly he was known, both in England and in this country, to be a prolific public writer, *sub rosa*, and always in the interest of the people. In fact, all through his life he wrote under assumed names. These various *nom de guerre* were employed by him, as likewise by Franklin, for obvious reasons—for self protection, for public policy, as well as for greater efficiency, freedom and liberty of expression. But whether he was or was not the responsible author of those famous and classic philippics against the king and his ministry is only incidentally germane in this connection.

Recent researches make it questionable whether it was Paine or Jefferson who wrote the Declaration of Independence, although the latter has always had the credit for it. But supposing that there had been unearthed a long-hidden document in the handwriting of Paine, in which he affirmed himself to be the original writer of the Declaration, and explaining how, by following certain rules, the fact of the authorship would be established within the body of the document itself. As this would destroy one of the world's idols, how many, does the reader think, would accept the real writer for the hitherto supposed author?

If in Longfellow's "Psalms of Life," which Poe once intimated was a literary mosaic gathered from various writers, there were discovered within the body of its lines a hidden history that told with mathematical precision a startling story as to how this poem came into his possession—it not being his own. Even then the world would be disinclined to believe him, such is the tenacity with which we cling to our preconceptions; such is the hold that our prejudices have upon us; such is the vitality of our long continued belief.

But these are only suppositions. Granted. Well, take an inconceivably genuine instance—the original epitaph on Shakespeare's tombstone:

"Good Friend, for Jesus SAKE, forbear
To digg T-H Dust Encl-Ased H.E.Re.
Blese be T-E Man 7 spares T-Es Stones
And curst be He 7 moves My Bones."

Surely no stonecutter, however ignorant, unless specially instructed, would naturally have carved on the headstone of so important a personage as we are led to suppose Shakespeare was, such an anomalous combination of small and great letters, and such rude punctuation as is here found. A very ignorant cutter might have carved the word "Jesus" large, and "sake" small, but he never would have reversed the words as we here find it. The same is true of inserting a period (.) in the middle of the word "Bones," as thus indicated—H.E.Re. There could be no sense in it.

The reading world has always been in despair at the impenetrability of the mystery connected with Shakespeare. His greatest and most conscientious biographer, Halliwell Phillips, confesses that "a fatal obscurity appears to surround nearly every incident of Shakespeare's life." The first mention we have of Shakespeare in London is by Greene, the eminent playwright. In his "Groatsworth of Wit," published in 1592, he sneers at the incongruity of the man with his supposed writings. He speaks of Shakespeare with the greatest contempt and personal disparagement, referring to him as an "upstart crow, beautified with his feathers (pretending to be a dramatist when he was nothing of the kind), that with a tyger's heart wrapt in a player's hyde, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you, and being an absolute Johannes Factotum, is, in his conceit, the chief Shakespeare in a country." Again, he says: "He that cannot write true English without the help of clerks of parish churches, will never make himself the father of intruders." Even Ben Jonson refers to him as "Poor Poet, Ape, that would be thought our chief."

Knight, in his sketch of Shakespeare, in Appleton's Cyclopedia of Biography, says: "There are not many circumstances of the mention of Shakespeare, during his lifetime, by writers of his period." And to the same effect we quote from a "Life of Shakespeare," by Mr. Charles Symonds: "If it were not for the record kept by the church in its register of births, marriages and burials, we should at this moment be as personally ignorant of the 'sweet bard of Avon,' as we are of the old minstrel and rhapsodist of Meles." Dickens says: "Shakespeare's life is a fine mystery. I tremble every day lest something should turn up." The eminent scholar, Dr. William H. Furness, says: "The life of William Shakespeare and the plays of Shakespeare cannot be brought within a planetary space of each other." Emerson also found it "impossible to marry the man to his verse." Verily, there is a profound mystery here. As Halliwell Phillips truly declares "the mystery which surrounds the personal history of Shakespeare cannot be penetrated."

Conceding the mystery, why should not every effort to unravel it be cordially welcomed? The truth is that the world needs most. This mysterious epitaph, the puzzle of the literary world, contains a cipher, and it does not. If it does, what is its import? The reasons for supposing that it does are numerous and potent. It was an age of ciphers, anagrams and secrecy. Freedom of thought and speech were only partially tolerated, as the Tower, the scaffold and the block bear witness. Intrigue and counter-intrigues were a necessity. Owing to the con-

diction of the times under Elizabeth and James I. prominent men could express their real views only under cover, by the substitution of false names, by anonymous correspondence, by *nom de plume*, and various crypto devices.

An elaborate "Book on Ciphers" was published in Holland in 1621, the very year the Folio of Shakespeare appeared. Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" was published in 1621 under a pseudonym. Some of Spenser's poems were published anonymously, and did not bear his name until he had been dead a dozen years. Seventeen plays of the Shakespeare collection never saw the light until they appeared in the Shakespeare Folio of 1623, seven years after Shakespeare's death, nine of which plays were heard of then for the first time. A number were originally brought out without any author's name being attached to them. "Othello" was first published in 1622, six years after the supposed author's death. It was republished in 1623 with many changes, additions, etc. By whose authority was this done? More than a dozen other plays than those found in the Shakespeare Folio, appeared in his life time, with either his name or initials on the title pages—such plays as "The London Prodigal," "Sir John Oldcastle," "A Yorkshire Tragedy," "Fair Em, Arden of Feversham," "The Two Noble Kinsmen," the last as being the joint production of Shakespeare and Fletcher.

So in whatever direction we explore, Shakespeare is a continuous mystery. Truly does Emerson say: "Our poet's mask was impenetrable."

But what of the epitaph and its mystery? That the inscription signifies more than what, superficially considered, appears on the surface, has long been surmised. It was placed there no one knows when or by whom. It does not mention Shakespeare's name, but its one line of curse, it seems, was so effective as to prevent Mrs. Shakespeare from being buried by the side of her husband, although she greatly desired it.

Entering into the spirit of the times, experts of to-day have sought to re-read its lines, and if possible to reveal its obscure meaning. Hon. Ignatius Donnelly, whose microscopic insight, phenomenal industry and innate love of research have heretofore been fully demonstrated in various directions, has sought to throw a gleam of light of strongest intensity upon this subject, conceiving it to contain a secret, he, by the law of association, applied to the bi-lateral cipher alphabet invented by Bacon, which is fully described in his "De Augmentis."

His was in truth "a nimble mind." He had much to do with ciphers. As Secretary to the Earl of Essex, all the State papers received were in ciphers, which had to be translated and answered in ciphers.

This particular bi-lateral alphabet depends upon the commingling of two sets of different letters distinguished by the size or shape of the letters. Bacon says: "The perfection of a cipher is to make anything signify anything, subject, however, to the conditions that the infolding writing shall contain at least five times as many letters as the writing infolded. The way to do it is this: first, let all the letters of the alphabet be resolved into transposition of two letters only, for the transposition of two through five places will yield thirty-two differences—much more than the number of letters in our alphabet." He proceeds to give several examples and illustrations which meet all requirements, and which, it is said, really forms the working basis of the present telegraphic alphabet of dots and dashes.

Mr. Donnelly says: "If there be a cipher on Shakespeare's tombstone, and that cipher is precisely the one invented by Francis Bacon, then it follows that it must have been put there by Bacon or some of his friends to tell some hidden story. The dead man, Shakespeare, was not likely to have prepared, before he died, a cipher for his own grave, and framed according to the formulae of the philosopher of Verulam. If Shakespeare was Shakespeare, he would have had no secret to reveal in a cipher. All that would have been needed on his gravestone, so far as he was concerned, was his own name, and that, strange to say, did not appear upon it."

But what do we find? Following the instructions laid down by Bacon—applying the Bacon bi-lateral cipher to the epitaph on Shakespeare's headstone, Mr. Donnelly finds revealed, no less to his own than to the world's amazement, these words: FRANCIS BACON WROTE THE GREENE, MARLOWE AND SHAKESPEARE PLAYS.

This is not the result of any *hocus* *pocis* method. There is no hop-skip-and-jump exercise. Everything is orderly and regular. The cipher words are in continuous groups. And it is enough to note in this connection, that arithmetical results are not the offspring of chance, but the children of intelligence.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 1, 1900.

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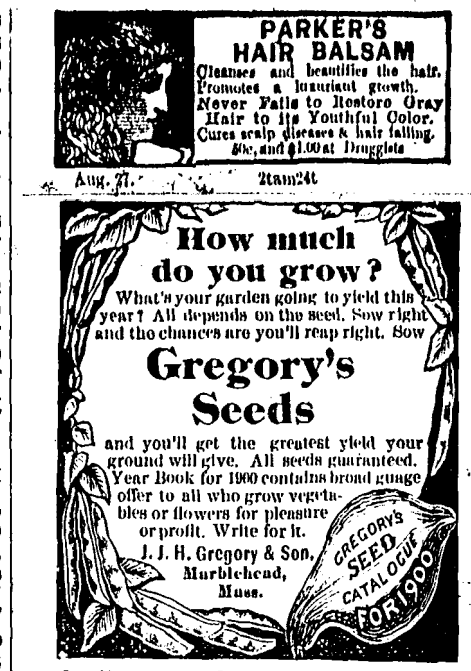
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Mrs. M. A. Chandler,
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Mrs. Fannie A. Dodd,
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DR. JULIA CRAFTS SMITH is again able to see patients in her office. 101 Albany street, 282 Columbus Avenue, Suite 2, Boston. 25w Dec. 9.

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